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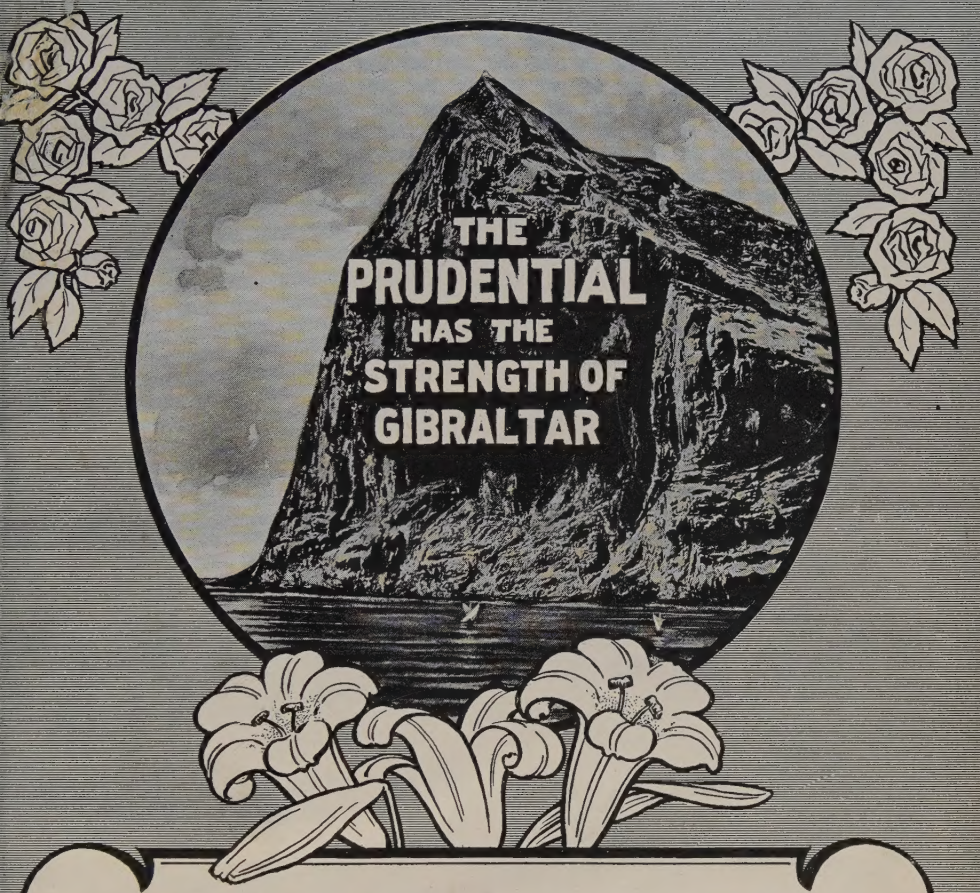

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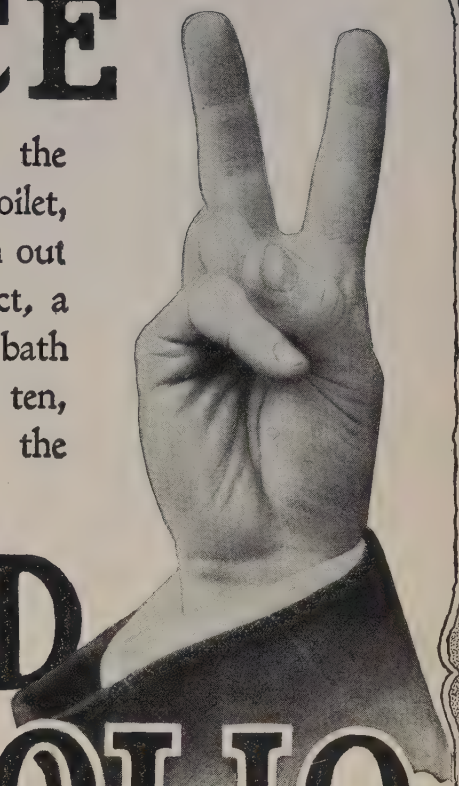

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A NEW WRITING BY CHARLES FERGUSON

"Probes as deep as Carlyle and smites with the strength of Ruskin."
—*Boston Transcript.*

THE NATIONAL is pleased to announce a series of six papers by CHARLES FERGUSON, the author of *The Religion of Democracy* and *The Affirmative Intellect.* Mr. FERGUSON entitles this series

THE GENIUS OF THESE STATES,

with the explanatory sub-title,

For the University, the Free City and the Unlimited Expansion of the Republic.

The first paper will appear in the May number of this magazine. Mr. Ferguson offers this following statement as a preface to his new series:

THE first and second articles will deal with the University. I want to show that the word university has an historical and etymological right to stand for something quite other than a finishing-school for young ladies and gentlemen. In its broadest sense, the university is one of the three great historical conceptions of universal social order. The other two are the church and the empire. The church has held on to the "ideal" but let go of realities; the empire has held to the real but has let slip the "ideal." Both have a great tradition, but in the nature of things neither the church nor the empire can, in and of itself, organize the modern world. The university can. It is the legitimate heir both of the idealism of the church and the realism of the empire. It corrects the exaggerations of both. The university holds impartially to the humanities as well as the sciences; to the passion of art and the power of knowledge. In this broad sense of the word, the American republic is a vast university — a partnership of the people for the prosecution of the arts and sciences. And from this point of view there are no insoluble social problems — because there are no rights except such as are demonstrably useful. It becomes possible to escape from the dead-lock of our inherited conventionalities into the open air.

In a narrower sense, the university must come to be understood as the name of a local institution in every town and city-ward that shall stand for the sovereignity of the people — the organization of the public will. This can come to pass as soon as the public succeeds in achieving a will. Public sentiment has been a great power for ages, and recently public opinion has cut a large figure. But public will—a communal resolution to go and make improvements—is a new thing in nature, now being born and of unpredicable omen. Upon the organization of the public will there must follow a general break-up of the sects and parties. For people who really care about making improvements are all of one and the same religion and politics. It is easy to prove this to the satisfaction of people of that type; to others it is very difficult.

The third and fourth articles will treat of the Free City. The city is the true unit of politics, always has been and in the nature of things, always must be. Civilization is the building of splendid and cosmopolitan cities — free cities of

art and commerce. The machinery of states and nations (legislatures, congresses, postal unions and Hague tribunals) exists for this end and has no other right to exist. According to sound democratic theory, there is no sovereignty in any of this machinery. The sovereignty is in the free assembly of the people in the cities and towns.

Of course no city can be free without respecting and making good use of machinery of this kind and a great deal more of a better kind that is about to be invented. A free city, like a free man, is one that uses its powers for the advancement of civilization. No city, and no man, has a right to put obstacles in the way of civilization or a right to secede from the human race. And, practically speaking, a city, if it would have its own way, must not only make for progress, but it must also convince the world that it is heading in that direction. The case is the same with an individual.

The point here is that the initiative of social progress is to be looked for henceforth not in legislatures, general governments or international diplomacies, but in the cities. The municipal governments are going to solve the social problem in the United States; the rest of the political machinery will be worked only to register the results. The cities and towns can break the yoke of monopoly because they can produce the only commodity that cannot be cornered, the commodity that gives value to all others, to-wit: the artistic and scientific conditions of social life.

In the fifth and sixth articles I intend to consider the Expansion of the Republic, showing how the political and industrial system of this country can be rapidly extended to Canada, Mexico, South America and throughout the world — if we will only quit thinking and talking of the old-world myth of national sovereignty, and will deal with our neighbors on sound business principles, *i. e.*, on artistic and scientific principles. We must come to understand and we must make our neighbors understand that our fundamental law is simply the primal instincts and the elemental forces — that the constitution of the United States is the constitution of the universe. And we must make propositions to the Cubans, the Filipinos, the Canadians, the Mexicans and the rest, that are good propositions from their point of view — propositions that they can see their own future in. That is the mature genius of these states. We shall be able to give expression to it when professional good men and professional smart men have loosened their ancient grip a little bit — when we have built a few free cities, each with a university in it, a university of grown-up people.

NONE of the many thousands who have read *The Religion of Democracy*, or *The Affirmative Intellect*, Mr. Ferguson's remarkable books, will need any urging to follow this series with the closest attention. And we are very sure that all other readers of this magazine will thank us for introducing them to one of the most brilliant and engaging writers of the time. The impression his writings have made upon some of the ablest thinkers of the country may be gathered from these following quotations:

EDWIN MARKHAM — "He condenses in fresh and forceful phrase well-nigh all that is noblest in the hope and aspiration of the people."

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W. H. LOEB, JR., THE NEWLY APPOINTED SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT

Mr. Loeb was formerly President Roosevelt's personal secretary; on the promotion of Secretary Cortelyou to the cabinet, Mr. Loeb was assigned to the more important position he now holds.

MADAME A. VON CALLENBERG, WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE AUSTRIAN EMBASSY, AND HER BABY

be not only the deliberative but the legislative body of the nation. No senate was ever stronger, saner and more capable than the fifty-seventh.

True, it may be open to criticism concerning the delay of treaties; but the brilliant leadership of President Roosevelt has been marked in many of the important measures passed, even if there were treaties left over and things undone which many feel would have made the fifty-seventh congress a more complete success. And this is not a matter for purely partisan congratulation. The democratic senators have had an important influence in balancing matters; and the dissension in republican ranks has revealed an unimpeachable senatorial independence which is only amenable to the people direct. When Senator Hanna's remarkable public career is noted in history, even his blunt modesty cannot dim the luster of his achievement in connection with the passage of the Isthmian Canal bill.

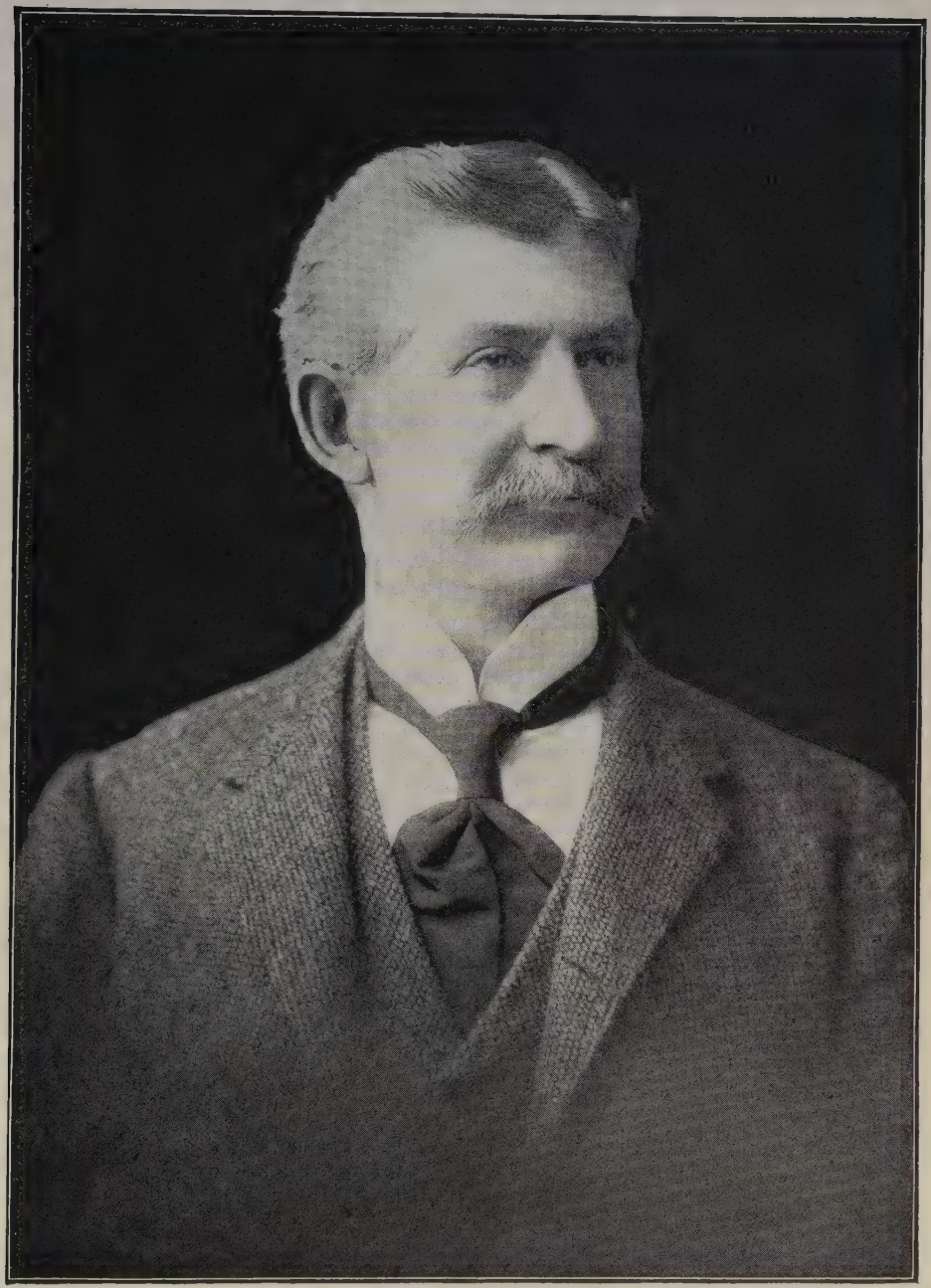
—

THE city has been filled with visitors, and that is when the congressman "gets busy;" the Daughters of the American Revolution were in session and the "spirit of '76" came with the first breath of spring. And a better natured lot of visitors and hosts never assembled. There was certainly an "open door" atmosphere everywhere.

—

IN making a resume of what the fifty-seventh congress has accomplished, it is interesting to take a glimpse at the men who have been identified with the various measures which have been brought forth from the committee room and assembled on the floor as parts of machines made for public utility. The addition to the cabinet of a department of commerce and labor is preeminently constructive work, and in keeping with the march of events. Secretary Cortelyou took the place at the cabinet table so naturally that there was no feeling as of a "new man," but as of one who belonged there. Congress was slow in its appropriation, and Secretary Cortelyou modestly exchanged desks with Secretary

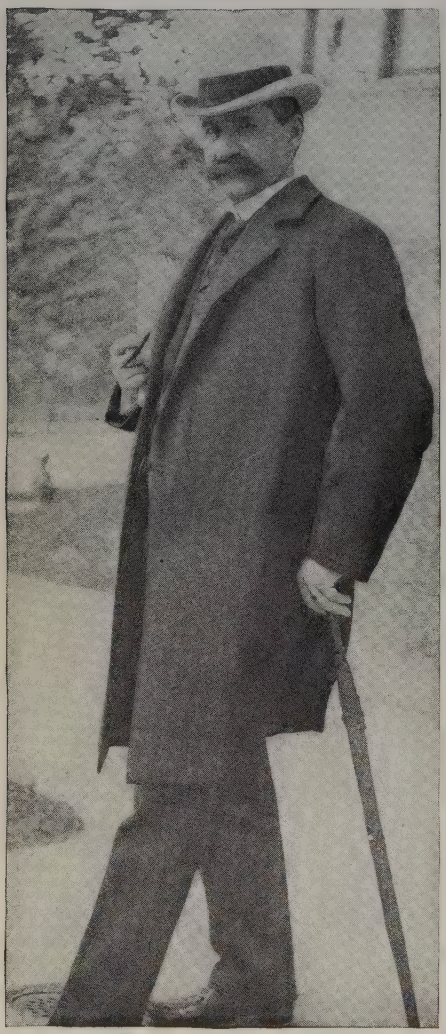
UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT LEVI ANTHONY OF WASHINGTON



Loeb and remained in the White House offices in a business-like way until he knew his department could pay its bills. The department truly had that modest beginning which bespeaks a healthful growth; and if there ever was a man who fitted right into a cabinet position it was George Bruce Cortelyou.

Well I remember when the idea of the new cabinet department first crystalized, of riding down in a street car and talking about it with sturdy Senator Nelson. His keen blue eyes had a thoughtful look, and he chewed fast as he contemplated the construction of an addition to the cabinet. His sturdy Norse nativity suggested first a broad foundation and permanent purpose, and when his final amendment providing a publicity clause, to cover the trusts, came, he chewed with more satisfaction than ever. As a New England senator said: "When Senator Nelson chews a matter over, it is pretty well masticated."

SENATOR HANSBROUGH OF NORTH DAKOTA GIVES THE SNAP-SHOTTER A CHANCE



—

BIG-FRAMED men, like Senator Elkins, always impress one with broad ideas. Long ago he was calculating with real business acumen the problem of railroad rebates, and the Elkins law ought to strike deep at an evil which is not only a menace to interstate commerce, and the inherent constitutional rights of the individual, but to the railroad as well. The interstate commerce commission will now have the power to enforce punishment for the flagrant acts which these reports have recorded. Senator Elkins spends a good deal of time in his committee room and operates largely on "strictly business lines."

—

WITH his fighting fund increased to half a million dollars, the sturdy little Attorney General Knox is going to enforce the Sherman anti-trust law along the most effective lines. Incorporated now in the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation acts, the whole power of the federal government can be brought to bear to control combinations that break the laws. Late at night and early in the morning has Attorney General Knox pored over the phases of the trust question, with a purpose of attacking existing evils in the most effective and thoroughly constitutional manner. His whole plan of action seems to be to obtain results, rather than parley over paradoxical propositions and passionate feeling.

—

THE towering form of Congressman Littlefield in the house corridors brings to mind the anti-trust bill which passed the house, but failed in the senate. While it failed at this session, Mr. Littlefield and his friends are still sanguine

MLLE. IRENE DESPLANQUES, ONE OF THE FAIREST BRIDES OF THE WASHINGTON SEASON

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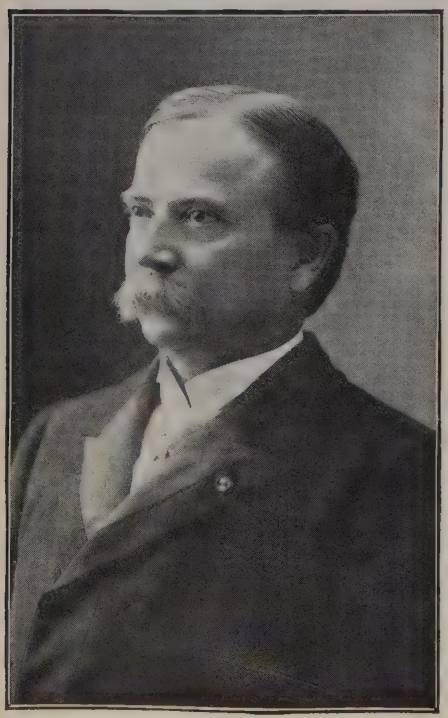
On the evening of February 19, at the Russian embassy, Mlle. Desplanques became the bride of M. Alexandre de Pavlow, the Russian minister to Korea. The engraving shows the Countess Cassini at the right of Mlle. Deslanques, and at her left two of the maids of honor. The bride's mother stands in the doorway.

that they have touched a vital phase of the question which public sentiment will focus into a law before another session ends. The day the bill failed in the senate, Mr. Littlefield complacently ate two pieces of hot mince pie for lunch; he was cool, but his deep-set eyes and firm jaw indicated a purpose that means something when the Pine Tree state campaigner is aroused. The democratic

COLONEL WILLIAM H. MICHAEL, CHIEF CLERK OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT



senators who supported the measure made a move which they hope will count in their favor in the political campaign of 1904.

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THE removal of the tariff on coal of all kinds coming from foreign countries was the President's suggestion, promptly acted upon as a first move toward trust control, rather than disturbing tariff legislation; and perhaps no bill was signed with more positive satisfaction, showing the purpose to meet squarely, as far as possible, the exigencies of the coal situation. This was where there were many millions with a "coal bill," all having a common and personal interest in national legislation.

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SECRETARY ROOT is serene over his general staff bill, which was passed, providing better means for the defense of the country and the mobilization of the army, and to give the secretary of war necessary expert assistance. In conjunction with this, Congressman Dick's militia bill, providing for a general organization of the militia and making its services available for the government, was in line with the keen, progressive interest which Major Dick has always taken in militia matters. Congressman Dick has a long list of militia titles, all well earned and deserved; and the quick dispatch with which he secured the passage of the bill after it was under way has added to his laurels as a legislator.

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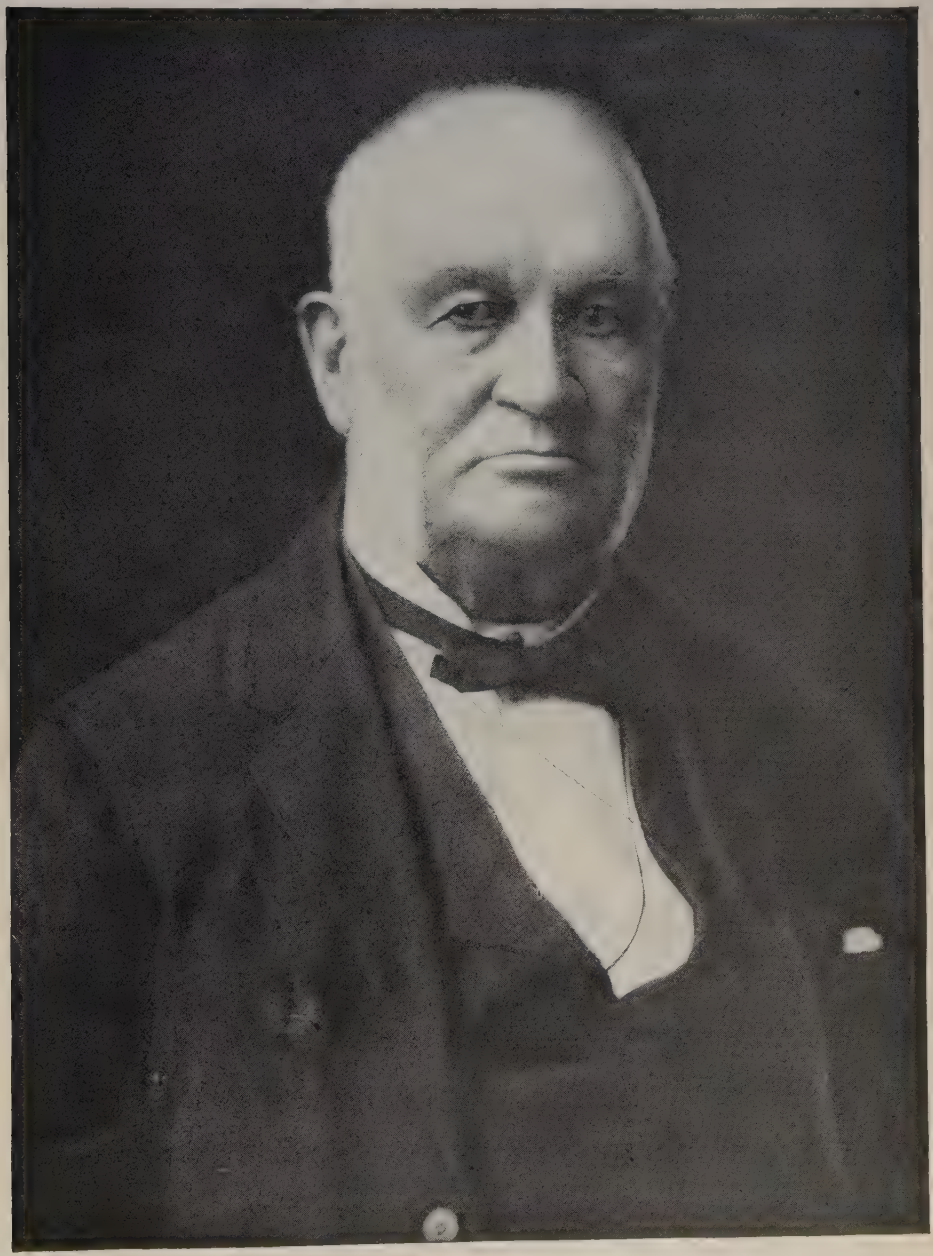
WITHIN eight minutes the senate passed the $80,000,000 naval appropriation bill. There is no money expended by the federal government with a more hearty public approval than that for the navy. The interest and enthusiasm permeates voters in districts which may never hope to see a battleship; but they have pictures of Dewey on the wall. The growing demand for warships and men has been met by Senator Hale and Chairman Foss of the house committee. The latter is winning a world-wide reputation as a naval expert; and no navy will be more aggressively and effectively expanded in the next four years than that of the United States. These days of prosperity find Uncle Sam keeping pace with his people in spending money. It goes out in millions and billions — but this is a billion-dollar age.

ALEXANDER RAMSAY OF MINNESOTA, THE LAST OF THE CIVIL WAR GOVERNORS

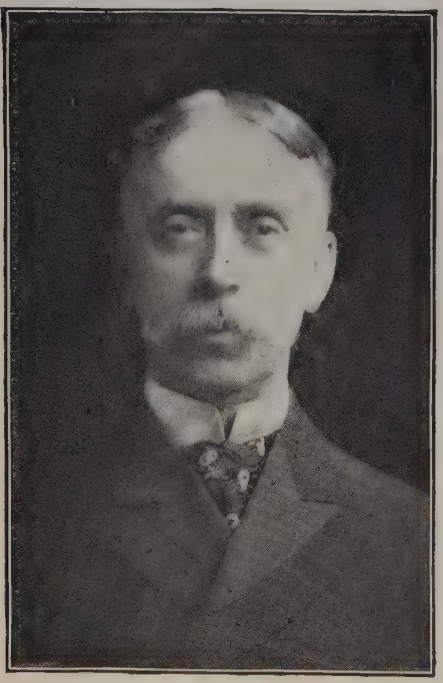
Though his years date from 1815, and his activities have been many and arduous, former Governor Ramsay is still vigorous, enjoying a hearty old age in his pleasant home in St. Paul. He was born in Pennsylvania and became a lawyer, making speeches for Harrison and Tyler in 1840. Pennsylvania sent him to congress, after which he became territorial governor of Minnesota, mayor of St. Paul, governor of the new state of Minnesota and United States senator from 1863 to 1875. He is now president of the Germania bank and a large land-holder. Mr. Ramsay was the first governor to respond to President Lincoln's call for troops to put down the Rebellion, and he has lived to see all the other governors of that period pass away. But he is still far from the condition of the "last leaf" of Holmes' funny, pathetic poem.



THE President's appeal, after despatches received from Governor Taft, brought $3,000,000 for the Philippines and a readjustment of tariffs. This for the people it was contended we were oppressing. The appeal, sent through Governor Taft, from all classes in the islands, was promptly and generously met. The visit of Governor Taft to the United States

MAJOR THOMAS WILLIAM SYMONS, U. S. A.

Major Symons graduated from West Point at the head of his class in 1874 and received his commission in the engineers corps. Since 1895 he has been located at Buffalo.



did much to bring about a better understanding of the vexatious insular possessions problem. Vice-Governor Luke Wright was right on the ground until the business was closed. This generous policy toward the people of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines is without a parallel in the history of nations. The Hawaiian silver currency is to be redeemed and appropriations made for the losses incidental to quelling the bubonic plague.

GREAT, generous Uncle Sam! The present congress was caught in a good-natured appropriating mood. Even Uncle "Joe" Cannon was mild mannered in his protests as the "pork barrels" rolled by and he realized that he was soon to take up the gavel. Secretary Wilson wears a "smile that won't wear off" since he has $1,500,000 for a new building for the agricultural department, and says even his new span of Iowa colts have begun to feel their oats in consequence.

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THE two sessions have seen a large number of private bills passed. The river and harbor bill is as thick as a dictionary, with a shower of gold in every section. Private pension bills have thinned, and Commissioner Ware has been too busy to indite any more verse or woo the muse. The bunch of public buildings ordered predicates a building boom in Uncle Sam's domain, where he will take up rights of ownership, instead of continuing as a tenant in the thriving, growing cities throughout the country, which are the real vital development reservoirs of industrial and commercial, as well as agrarian, resources of the nation.

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WHAT need of a bankruptcy law in these halcyon days! And yet the smooth face of Congressman Fowler was wrinkled and his necktie awry after a long session of his committee trying to provide a substitute for the Payne-Aldrich bill. He and Congressman Lovering had pie together and stuck out for two per cent. on government deposits, while the senators asked only one and one-half per cent., and the final conference on Sunday of the banking and currency committee necessarily caused a slump in church collections on that day. The purpose was to get the half-billion dollars locked up in government vaults into circulation with securities from

UNITED STATES SENATOR GEORGE CLEMENT PERKINS OF CALIFORNIA

Mr. Perkins has just been reelected. He was a Maine farmer lad who began an independent career as a cabin boy. He arrived in California in 1855, having come around Cape Horn as a sailor "before the mast." With Yankee thrift he went into merchandising, turned from that to banking, milling, mining and shipping, in which he has been engaged for twenty-five years. He has been state senator and governor of California, president of the San Francisco Merchants Exchange and the San Francisco Art association and is a director of the California Academy of Sciences. He entered the senate in 1893, succeeding the late Leland Stanford, by appointment. After making a thorough canvass of the state he was in 1895 elected to fill out the unexpired term of Senator Stanford. He was reelected in 1897, and again early in this year.

state, county and city lands, as well as that of the government, as pledges, and a paramount claim on the assets of the banks.

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CONGRESSMAN NEWLANDS, so prominent and active in passing the irrigation bill, is one of the house

SENATOR PERKINS "LOOKS PLEASANT."

recruits who will take a seat in the senate. His promotion is well deserved and he will do honor to the state of Nevada. The irrigation bill with its provision for utilizing the proceeds of $9,000,000 from the sales of lands in developing irrigation, is right in line with the work of the fifty-seventh congress — expansion, development and aggressive progress. Mr. Newlands is said to have made 1,492 irrigation speeches without taking even so much as a sip of water; now he will wear a senatorial toga of the democratic brand, but with a distinction won in a republican congress and through republican votes.

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DEEP in Uncle Sam's pockets in distributing all this wealth, the thoughtful statesman is not blind to the fact that there are serious questions to be met. The distribution of wealth has been the one disturbing problem of the world since the days of Adam -- and likely always will be. With this generous expansion, there are some overlooked. Then trouble begins. In the great wave of prosperity, some get it in drops, others in waves, and that means more trouble. Acute observers note signs of unrest and the perils of prosperity. Some insist that it is a wave of socialism — but that is scarcely exact. The principles of Marx would scarcely suit the wide-awake and energetic American; but they call it socialism, and it is simply a confusion of terms. It's the dangers of prosperity that face us,— the difficulty of getting adequate distribution of the favors of nature, God and man.

It means a campaign of education for congress and people to enlighten themselves on the rising issues — and this is no time for timidly shirking or evading. A member of the cabinet told me that if the real facts were known to the people there would be less dread among capitalists about "socialism" and less of the rabid imported article talked, but that cooler, saner and fairer American ideas of justice would prevail. There are not so many whispers now when the subjects of socialism and labor unions are brought up. As far as they are right they will prevail; but once trample in-

herent individual constitutional rights—then look out.

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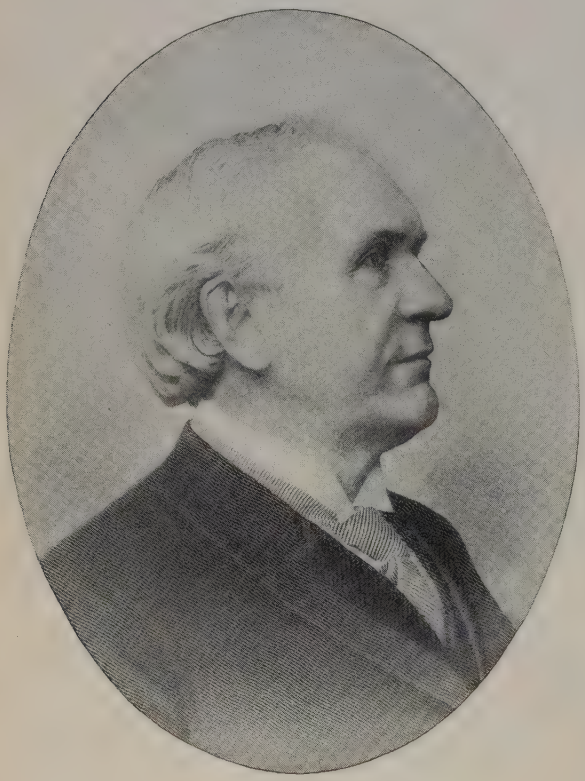
SPEAKING of open doors, I was interested in hunting up the "door-keeper" of the house. Down in the basement, through a winding passage, I found Mr. F. B. Lyon installed in a snug room. The word "door-keeper" scarcely indicates the importance of the post Mr. Lyons occupies. He has nearly 300 appointments to fill, and has to possess the tact of a Talleyrand. Of the twenty-eight door-keepers, the fourteen

FRANK G. BIGELOW, PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF MILWAUKEE AND THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

old soldiers in the gallery are appointed for life. But one vacancy creates an avalanche of applications that requires a force of clerks and printed circulars to answer. Back of Mr. Lyon's desk is a large, gilt-framed mirror surmounted by a pair of keys. The office has been held by a number of men who have become distinguished in national affairs. Colonel Samuel Donaldson and the present Congressman A. P. Brownlow held the position. In fact, Tennessee appears to have been the popular door-keepers' state in early days. Mr. Lyon is from Cuba, New York, and served with the late Mr. Glenn seven years before he was promoted, on March 17, 1902; he is the youngest door-keeper the house ever had, being still in the thirties. The forty-three pages are a battalion that requires special attention, and the common title of the door-keeper has been grimly styled "trouble clerk," for that is where troubles are reported. The door-keepers are taxed to remember faces when a new congress comes in. Only recently a crank got in and took his seat beside the speaker before he was noticed, and this has occasioned stringent vigilance. The office of door-keeper is one of the few important elective offices of the house, and it is safe to say no more efficient and popular official ever served the house than Mr. Lyon.

HORACE A. TAYLOR OF WISCONSIN, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY SINCE 1897



The new congress, with 117 new members and two new delegates—one of whom is Prince Cupid of Hawaii,—counts a total of 386 in the active list, to say nothing of the scores of old members who have the privilege of the floor. Fifteen minutes before and fifteen minutes after each session the floor is cleared, and the presence of an outsider is subtly felt as well as seen, when a stranger appears after a session is well under way.

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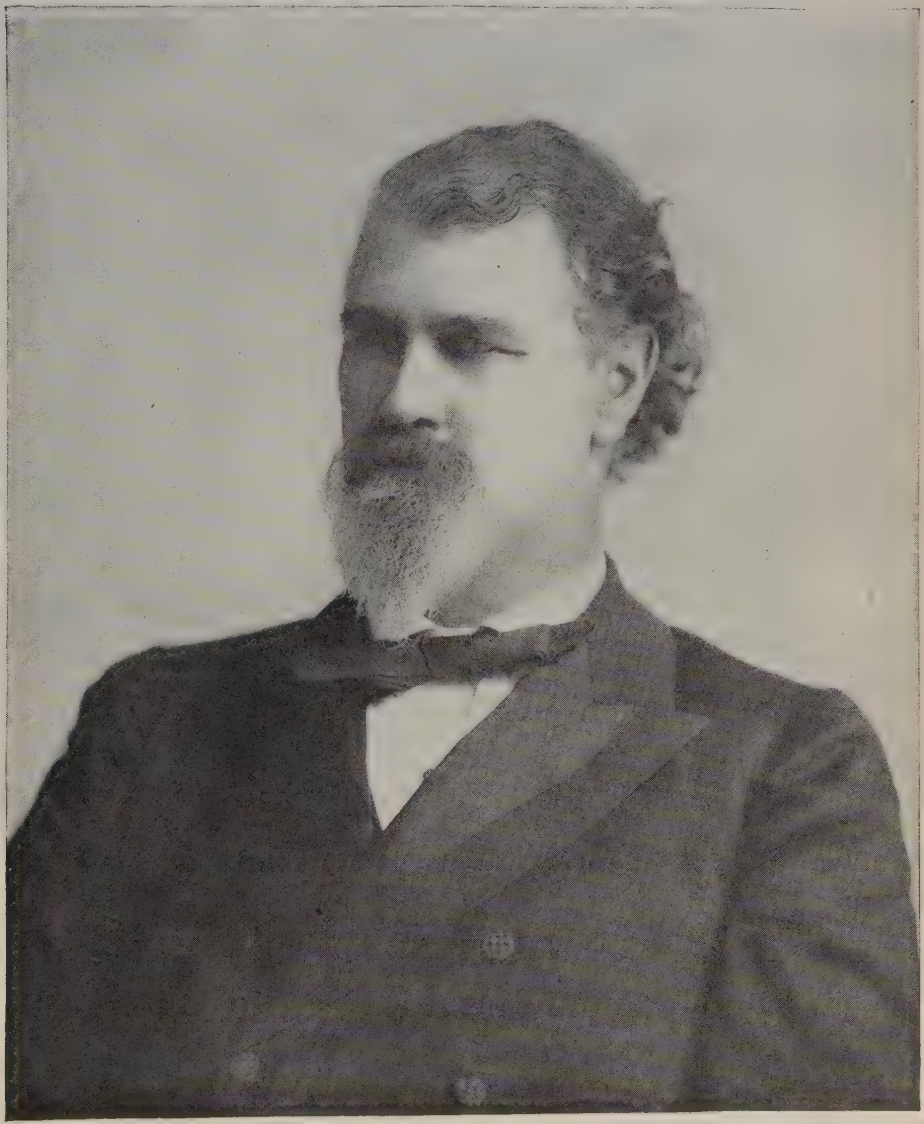
WEST VIRGINIA is a magic name in the roll call of states. It has come before the country in a very sunburst of prosperity. The picturesque mountains have indeed paid their tribute to the welfare of mankind. Originally a portion of one of the thirteen colony-states—the Old Dominion, the mother of presidents—West Virginia remained comparatively an undiscovered country until the last quarter of the nineteenth century, during which time and since then the increase and development has been by leaps and bounds, until no

state in the Union has shown a more marvelous record of industrial development in the great strides of the Steel Age than West Virginia. In making a trip over the Chesapeake & Ohio through the state, I was first enchanted by the beauty of the scenery. It invited a poetic spell, rugged and yet restful. The seamed and scarred sides of the gorges were sweating with the freshets of spring. The great rock formations revealed the subtle magic of Nature's harmony. Along the valleys were nestled quaint homes with large chimneys and spacious verandas.

UNITED STATES SENATOR JAMES HENDERSON BERRY OF ARKANSAS

A native of Alabama, resident in Arkansas since his seventh year; a lawyer; second lieutenant in the Confederate Army and lost a leg at Corinth; member of the state legislature from 1866 to 1872, and speaker in 1874; judge of the circuit court in 1878 and governor in 1882. He entered the senate in 1885.



SAMUEL SIDNEY McCLURE, EDITOR OF McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

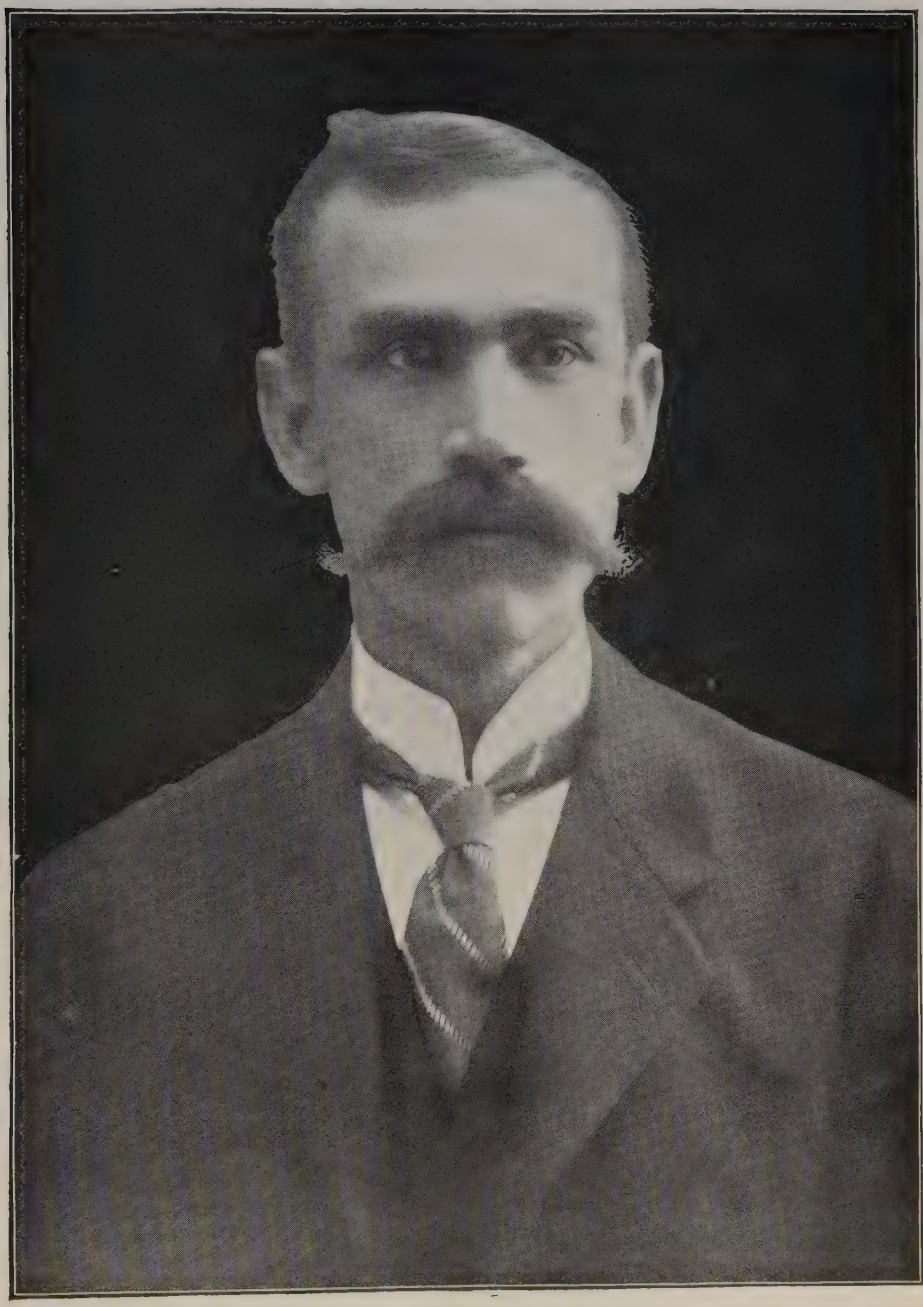
The man who has achieved one of the most conspicuous successes in the history of American magazine-making was born in Ireland and educated in Illinois. He is a graduate of Knox College, at Galesburg, and took everything the college held essential to his happiness, including the charming daughter of Professor Albert Hurd, who became Mrs. McClure in 1883, the year following Mr. McClure's graduation. Following his success with the McClure newspaper syndicate, he founded the magazine that bears his name, branched out into book publishing, and has set a pace that, though hard to follow, is the best sort of an inspiration for younger publishers.

Here and there along the streams an old deserted mill, which brought to mind stories of Henry Clay, the "mill-boy of the slashes," and the early days of the Great Compromiser. But even so high and rugged, the mountains silvered with cascades rushing to greet the swift rivers, there was always a streak of fertile valley farm-land in view. Now the mountains have given out riches of coal, iron, oil, and a varied array of mineral wealth which has as yet only been touched at the fringe. The coal, iron, oil and limestone lying so close together have made West Virginia initially the great industrial laboratory of the Steel Age. The castle-capped peaks look down upon the valley, and with the early verdure of spring are pluming for spring and summer's festal seasons. Out of these ragged mountains come the long lines of gravity railroads—an industrial "shoot the chutes." From the sides of these mountains is poured the wealth of black diamonds for shipment,— perhaps direct to the seaboard for export trade—coal to Newcastle; maybe on to concentrate into that essence of steel wealth—coke— coke that has out-heated the very conception of Dante's Inferno according to the Fahrenheit standard.

Friezed along the mountains are red-tongues of flame, which tell in the glare of midnight and noon-day the story of the American industrial conquest in the Steel Age. The long rows of solid masonry are the black diamond treasure vaults, —granaries of the mountains' crops.

UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT REED SMOOT OF UTAH

He is forty-two years old, over six feet tall—a fine figure of a man; a strong republican; a Mormon but not polygamist nor a believer in polygamy; a successful manufacturer and business-man. He was elected by the votes of Mormon and non-Mormon members. He was in Washington during the last days of the closing session and made a good impression. At fourteen he entered a woolen mill. Six years later he was its superintendent, and since been at its head. It is now the largest woolen mill west of the Mississippi.



ATTENTION is once more directed toward China, because of reports that the Boxers are again in the field, menacing the peace of the ancient empire and the safety of foreigners resident there. It is interesting to recall that some of America's most distinguished diplomatic triumphs have been achieved in the far East, most notable of all Secretary John Hay's magnificent leadership of the negotiations whereby the imprisoned legations were saved and China's national entity was preserved, after the recent great Boxer insurrection. And speaking of that affair, there was one American in it whose services, though of the greatest value, are too little known to his countrymen. I allude to Robert M. McWade, our consul at Canton. One of the National's friends in China, Mrs. Alice Hamilton Rich of Canton, at the National's request obtained a good snapshot photograph of Consul McWade and set down some facts concerning his services to America and the world generally in the pursuit of his official duties. Mrs. Rich writes:

ROBERT M. MC WADE, UNITED STATES CONSUL AT CANTON, CHINA

"Mr. McWade has, during his three years of service at this trying and responsible post, accomplished more than all of his predecessors. Ever since the advent of clerical and other Christian missionaries and of business representatives of the fan kwei—"foreign devils" religious quarrels have arisen resulting in desperate and bloody clan fights. Many thousands of lives have thus been lost and an untold amount of valuable property destroyed, village contending against village, and walled towns against border villages. The unhappy discussions others began were made more virulent and bitter by the unjustifiable interference, often at the most inopportune seasons, of Christian missionaries in cases that were purely Chinese and of an absolutely secular character. The mandarins, civil and military, were also in that way drawn into the hateful and bloody turmoil. It will not, therefore, be wondered at that cities, towns and villages were in turn beseigers and beseiged and; that the missionaries who kept true to their life of duty, by preaching Christ crucified and the love He bears for all mankind, were often confounded with the French missionaries who, acting as political pioneers in certain localities, were not infrequently provocative of bitter and bloody strife. So it was that unjustly all missionaries fell under the popular bane and many lost their lives. Through his shrewd diplomacy and persistent, untiring efforts Consul McWade induced the French Consul at Canton and the French bishop of the provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi to agree to a series of missionary regulations which he had carefully drawn up and to which he had previously gained the hearty approval of the leading American and British Christian missionaries in his consular jurisdiction. The prompt promulgation and stringent enforcement of those regulations specified, brought about a wholesome change. Missionaries were respected; Christian converts and heathen lived in comity; cruel and bloody clan fights were less frequent. The viceroy and the governors of the provinces and all the mandarins from the highest to the lowest soon saw and admired the salutary effect of Consul McWade's missionary regulations and shortly thereafter proclamations were issued commending them to the officials and the people, native and foreign, and extolling the courage and sagacity of the American consul. The Wai-Wu-Pu (Chinese Foreign Office) took a similar course and the Emperor Kwang issued an imperial edict conferring on Consul McWade the high distinction of the Order of the Double Dragon, the Golden Star of China, in recognition of his work.

"Mr. Wade's consular jurisdiction embraces the vast provinces of Kwangtung, Kwangsi and Yunnan—a stretch of territory of over 170,000 square miles, with a population of 86,000,000. He enjoys the proud dis-

tinction of being the first foreign consul through whose efforts in 1900, after the Boxer massacres, the claims of the missionaries and their converts for damages to missions and other property, amounting to a large sum, were paid promptly by the Chinese authorities. Through his remarkable popularity with the native officials and people he has materially advanced American commercial interests. All infringments of American trademarks he has indefatigably investigated and detected, causing the severe punishment of the guilty persons and the issuance by the viceroy and other high authorities of proclamations forbidding all infringements of American trademarks and copyrights. His most notable achievements in that direction were the Standard Oil prosecutions, the delinquents having filled tins bearing the Standard Oil brand with Russian and other inferior oils. The loss to this corporation footed up over $6,000 a day until this practice was ended effectually by Mr. McWade's decisive action. The extent of the trade of the Standard Oil company, in Canton alone, may be estimated from the fact that the twenty merchants belonging to the Kerosene Oil Guild of Canton handle over $700,000 worth of it monthly.

"As an evidence of Mr. McWade's popularity it may be mentioned that he is the president, and the only foreign member, of the famous Five O'Clock Club of China, an organization of the leading civil and military mandarins of south China. He is also the chairman of an association of American and British merchants and high native officials and bankers for the erection and maintainance of a college for Chinese in Canton, the site of which has been purchased by him of the imperial government."

MADAME SHEN, WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE CHINESE LEGATION, AND HER BABY
Photograph by Clinedinst

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DR. LEE De FOREST, a young American, is the inventor of the system of wireless telegraphy which has recently been adopted by the United States Navy Department in preference to that developed by Marconi. During the navy department tests, which were conducted under the direction of a special board of officers, of which Lieutenant Arnold was chairman, Dr. De Forest sent to President Roosevelt the following wireless message, or aerogram as it is called:

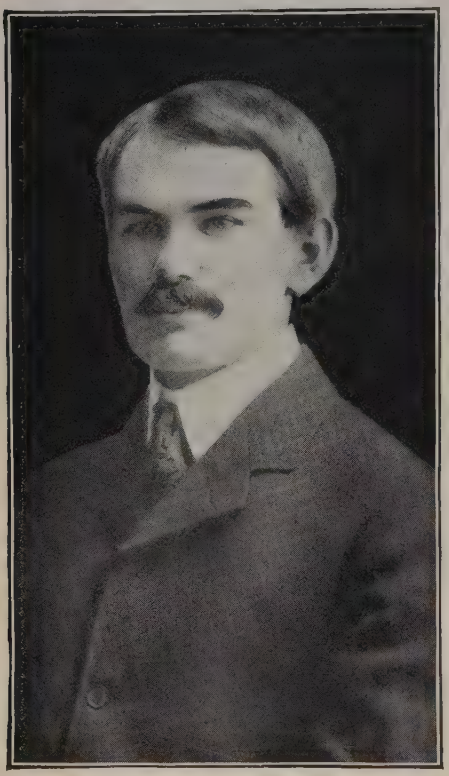
"I have the honor to send you the first greetings by an American wireless telegraph system from Annapolis Naval Academy to Washington, with the conviction that within eighteen months we shall do the same from Manila, via Hawaii to California."

This latter clause gave to the world its first knowledge of what is undoubtedly destined to take rank as one of the most important projects of the century. That the plan is not exactly a new one, however, is attested by the fact that long before trans-Atlantic wireless telegraphy was publicly demonstrated, Dr. De Forest had completed plans for an elaborate system of gigantic power stations, to serve as links in a chain spanning the Pacific. Two of the stations — one in the Philippines near Manila, and the

other on the northernmost of the Hawaiian group—will far exceed in power those in existence today for trans-Atlantic work. Indeed, the range from Manila to Honolulu is the longest and most difficult in the world.

A smaller station will be erected at Hongkong, China, to work with the one

DR. LEE DE FOREST, MARCONI'S AMERICAN RIVAL



at Manila. At the Chinese terminal the towers will be but 175 feet high, while at the Manila and Honolulu stations the steel masts will rise to a height of 250 feet. The American terminal will be located near the southern end of the peninsula of lower California and will be fitted with towers 210 feet high. The four stations will cost, all told, $182,000. Of this sum, $25,000 has been allowed for the terminal at Hongkong; $56,000 each for the installations at Manila and Hawaii and $45,000 for the California plant. It is hoped that it will be possible, in the transmission of messages, to maintain a regular speed of twenty-eight words per minute between the Chinese and American terminals.

Dr. De Forest, the inventor of this marvelous wireless system, is only twenty-nine years of age. After leaving his boyhood home in Iowa, he worked his way through Yale, where he studied electrical oscillation for six years and won the degree of doctor of philosophy. He next took up practical electrical work in Chicago, and it was while thus engaged, in 1901, that he conducted his first outdoor experiments. He first attracted the attention of the officials of the national government during the naval maneuvers on the New England coast in the summer of 1902. He seized the opportunity to establish several wireless stations on the coast, and so successful were they in their operation that they were forthwith purchased by the United States Signal Corps.

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UNCLE SAM thinks well of his army, but he believes it can be improved. Hence the Army War College, a new feature of the military establishment of the United. Its corner-stone was laid in the old Arsenal grounds at Washington on February 21. President Roosevelt, Secreatry Root and Major General Young, who is soon to succeed Lieutenant General Miles in command of the army, made addresses. The President congratulated the country upon the establishment of the college, as an indication that the army is to have the best and fullest means of preparing in times of peace for the problems of war. Secretary Root explained that the college is rather a growth than a departure, adding:

"It is a natural and necessary development of the views with which General Grant established the artillery school at Fort Monroe, General Sherman established the infantry and cavalry school at

Fort Leavenworth, and General Sheridan established the school of application for cavalry and light artillery at Fort Riley. Following the same policy, an engineers' school of application, a school of sub-marine defense, and an army medical school were afterward established. All of these institutions were practically suspended during the war with Spain and in the Philippines.

"When the time came for their reestablishment it had become evident that not merely restoration, but an advance and enlargement of military education were demanded by the enlargement of our army, the advance and greater complexity of military science, the increased proportion of officers who had not the benefit of a West Point education, and the wider range of military problems which the possibilities of our national growth force upon our attention. The growth of separate institutions had reached a point where their efficiency could be increased and the results of their work could be utilized best by bringing them into relation as parts of a general system of military education under the inspection and supervision of a single co-ordinating and controlling body and by supplementing their work with a post-graduate course which should carry their best men onward along the lines of research and of thought by which experience and theory combine to the making of skillful commanders of armies.

"Such a system the army is now put-

GLIMPSES OF LIFE ON THE SUNNY PACIFIC SLOPE

A LIVELY GALLOP DOWN A MOUNTAIN STAGE ROAD

LICK OBSERVATORY, THE FAMOUS ASTRONOMICAL WATCH-TOWER

DESCANSON CANON, IN SANTA CATALINA ISLAND

ting in force as rapidly as possible. The controlling and directing body is the war college board, consisting of five officers of rank, specially detailed, and the chief of engineers, the chief of artillery, the superintendent of the West Point Military Academy and the commandant of the Leavenworth school, all under the presidency of that gallant, experienced, and able soldier, Major General Samuel B. M. Young. Under their direction the school at Fort Leavenworth has been reestablished and reorganized as a general service and staff college, with the school at Fort Riley as an accessory school of application. The special service schools have been reestablished. A system of schools has been established at the principal ports and is being extended to all the considerable posts of the country, under which a compulsory course, following a prescribed curriculum, is required from all junior officers. It is the design of the board, already provided by general orders, that the best men from the post schools shall be graded up to the Leavenworth college and the special service schools shall be graded up to the post-graduate course of the war college, there to study and confer upon the great problems of national defense, of military science and of responsible command. The courses of instruction in all the schools at all stages are in the highest degree practical, as well as theoretical, and military aptitude, tested by the exercise of actual command, will hold a leading place in the

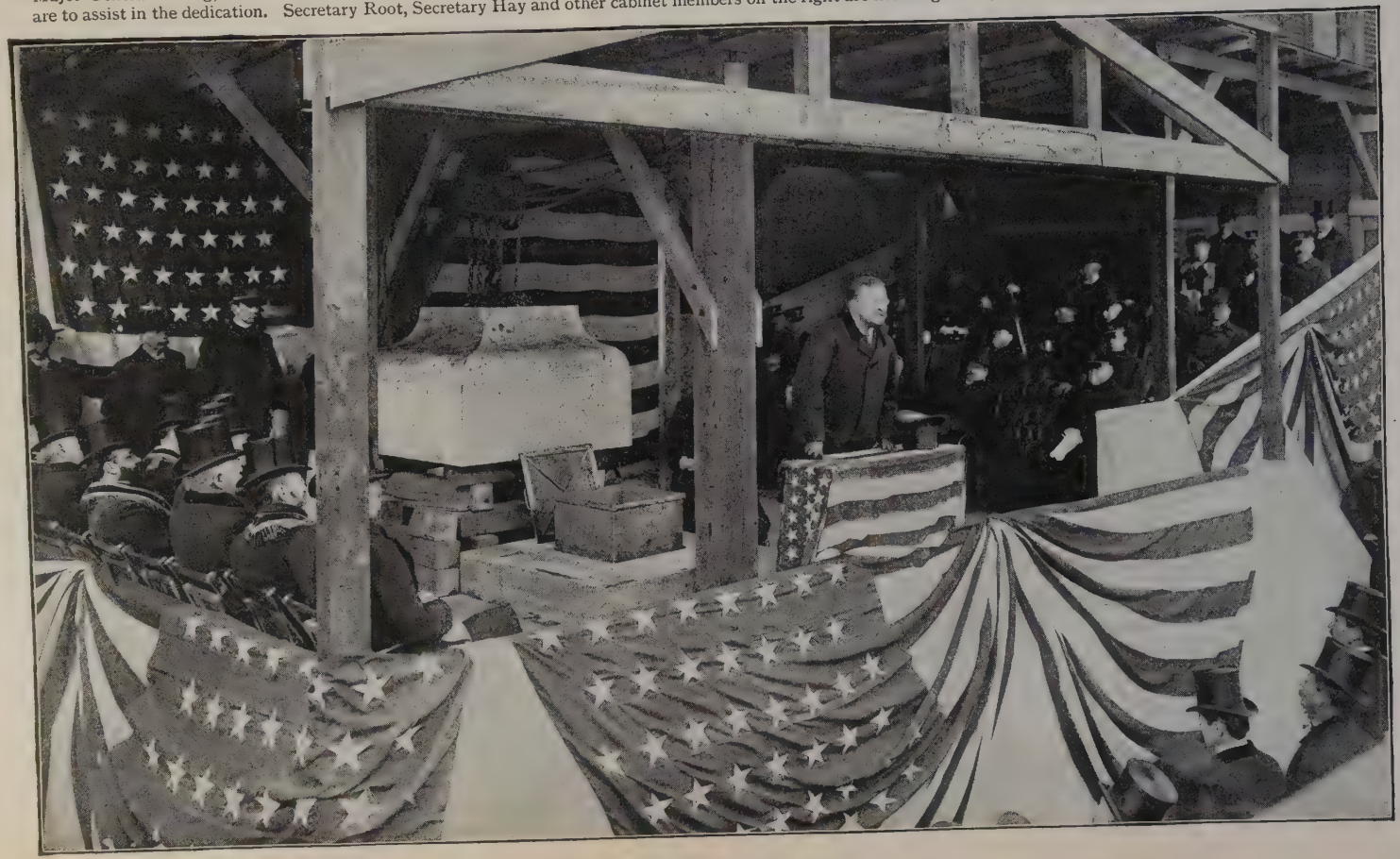
MRS. FAIRBANKS, PRESIDENT OF THE D. A. R.

The Daughters reelected the wife of the senior senator from Indiana at their annual meeting in Washington. The picturesque event of the meeting was the raising of a flag on the site of D. A. R. hall, to be built at a cost of $500,000.

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKING, ON THE OCCASION OF THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW WAR COLLEGE

Photograph by the Illustrated Press Association.

On February 21, in the old arsenal grounds at Washington, the first stone was laid for the Army War College. Addresses were made by the president, Secretary Root and Major General Young, who is soon to succeed Lieutenant General Miles at the head of the army. In this picture the six-ton stone is seen surrounded by the Masons who are to assist in the dedication. Secretary Root, Secretary Hay and other cabinet members on the right are listening closely.

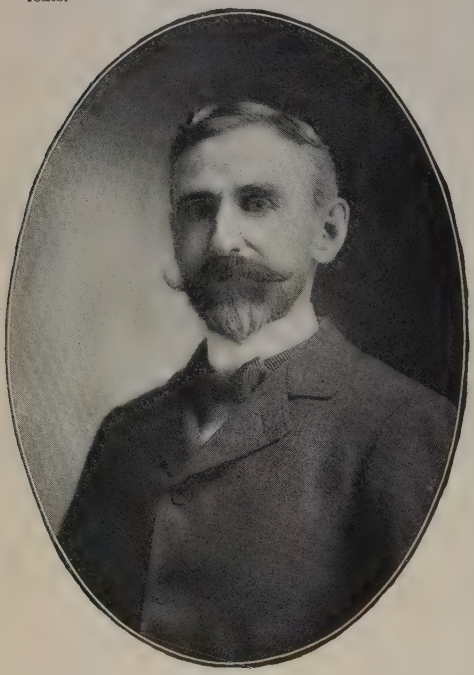


determination of merit. To the men thus sifted out from the great mass of officers by the demonstration of superior intelligence and devotion to their profession, the commader-in-chief will naturally turn for details to important service and promotion to higher rank.

"Membership in the War College will mean honor and opportunity. In its confidential archives will be garnered the results of the best thought of the army, and in the continuous existence of the institution, always changing in its elements as men come and go, but remaining itself unchanged, will be found continuity of knowledge, of thought, and of military policy always available for practical uses under the supervision of the general staff, of which the War College board will form a part."

BEN WILKINS OF ASHLAND, WISCONSIN

Mr. Wilkins, a veteran in the telegraph service, has found time also to write and publish a book telling the story of his experiences in a canoe trip down the Mississippi, and to contribute verses to many periodicals.

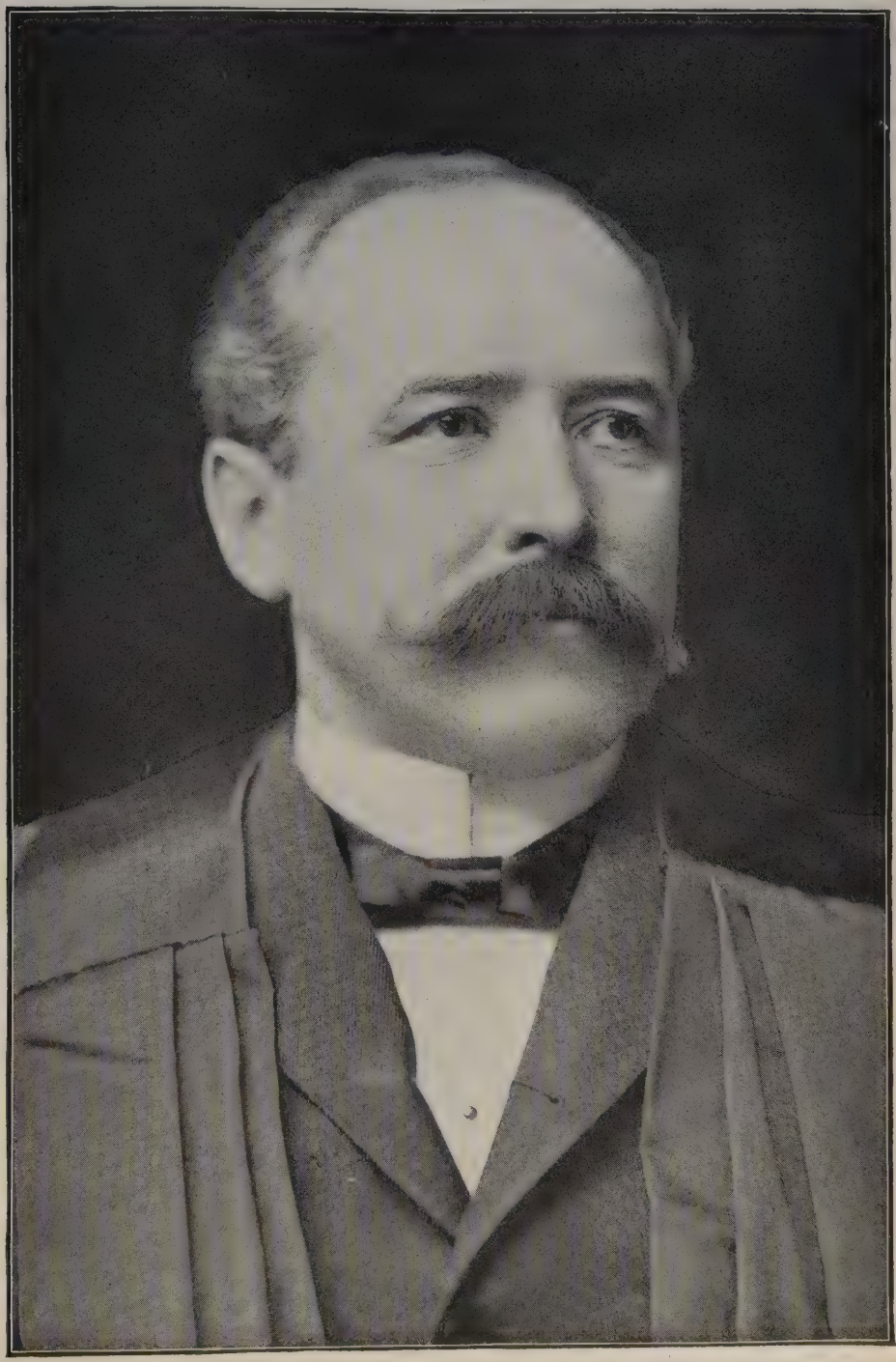


IF the United States of America owes any man in the diplomatic service a special debt of gratitude it is Henry W. White, secretary of the legation in London. He is one of those big-brained, jovial, and modest men of affairs, who make friends and obtain results. Known to every one of political prominence in London, he is the trusted arbiter in many important matters and is diplomatic in the broadest sense; he talks but little, except at the dinner table, where he is an ideal host. When we heard of Premier Balfour calling him "Harry," and other European diplomatic celebrities using the same cordial title, I concluded he was getting on pretty well. He is always busy, and no man has given the diplomatic service more thorough and conscientious study. Beginning at Venice, over twenty years ago, he was later transfered to London, and, although officially out of the service for a few years, he was during that time sent to England on a special mission from Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. White entertain largely at their home in Whitehall Gardens, an historic old place near where Queen Elizabeth lived. The Duchess of Buccleugh, one of Queen Alexandra's most intimate friends, lives near by. Many Americans friends call at the White home, leave cards — with names only — no London address, anticipating of course that Mr. White can find out where every American stops who arrives in London. With a salary of $2,500, he spends many times that amount in looking after the interests in his charge at his own expense. He is in the service because he is eminently fitted for it, and because he loves it. The one great crying need of the American embassy in London is a building of its own. The embassy is in cramped quarters on Victoria street, on a lease which subjects it to removal at short notice. With all the invaluable archives exposed to fire, and

JUDGE ALTON BROOKS PARKER OF NEW YORK, A DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY

Mr. Parker is chief justice of the court of appeals of New York state, to which office he was elected in 1897. The democratic party leaders appear to agree upon the wisdom of naming a New York man, and Judge Parker has been widely endorsed in that connection,— South, East and West.



with inadequate quarters, it is certainly curious that third and fourth-rate powers can own ground and buildings for their legations in London, and the United States be still a "renter." The legation is filled with papers of great historical value to Americans. The knob is in the center of the door; the entrance is through a dark hall. During the tourist season, the writing table is covered with letters. There are all sorts of demands upon the secretary, but through it all Mr. White maintains a cool head and poise that has justly entitled him to a high rank in the diplomatic service.

AMERICA'S YOUNGEST "NEWSPAPER-WOMAN"

Miss Helen Hannen, daughter of the editor of the Evening Record, Traverse City, Michigan, is at twelve years of age a reporter and assistant editor for her father's paper. Her English is terse and clean, and her work has already attracted attention outside her home city.

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THE election of officers, which takes place every two years, has an effect of keeping matters in active motion no the house side. Rev. Dr. Couden, the blind chaplain of the house, is a candidate for the office of chaplain of the senate, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the retirement of Dr. Milburn. There was some surprise among the members of the house when the announcement was made of his desire to leave.

"Why should you want to leave such a bed of roses and such a beautiful flower garden as the house of representatives? Here where you can bask in the sunny glow of the great activities of the nation —to go to the senate?" This was the burden of Uncle "Joe" Cannon's regret to the chaplain.

"Well," said the chaplain, with a smile, "you know people stay longer in the cemetery than in flower gardens."

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AS early as 6 a. m., during the radiant March mornings at the close of the session, Congressman "Cy" Sulloway and Congressman Wood of California were to be seen roaming about the Capitol grounds, waiting for the continuous session to assemble.

"It's just like getting up and looking over a good farm," said the tall man from New Hampshire.

"What kind of a crop do you think you would grow here?" asked the man from the Golden State, sarcastically, thinking of the banana trees on Balboa's shore.

"Crops? Why hay, of course, you hayseed. With this diet of forty-minute roll calls going on continuously, night and day, we need a steering committee. And some better steers are needed just now more'n anything else."

The wind sighed through "Cy's" whiskers as he meditated, seeking the real point of the joke.

"Well, if this goes on another session, I think we'll try raising a little hell on this plot of ground next winter."

In the Shadow of Lachesis

By ALBERT LATHROP LAWRENCE

NIGHT comes swiftly in the forests of the Manistee. There is a moment when the soft light of day seems temporarily clouded, but instead of recovering its mellow tones it is quickly followed by an inky blackness that obliterates everything. Alling felt this moment when he tossed aside the stray newspaper which had come into the primitive home, wrapped about some parcels from Parker's. He had been reading, but now he walked to the open door, and, with one hand pushed above his head along the rude, unpainted casing, braced himself while he stood in the opening, his weight falling on one foot, before which the other was crossed and lifted to rest easily on the toe of his heavy boot.

"Where's Minty?" the man asked presently, turning to his wife, who was beginning preparations for their evening meal. Absorbed with forebodings of the time when the forest, and with it the deer, should vanish before the demands of wealth-hunting men, there had crept into his mind the consciousness of but a single presence beside his own in the solitary hut that had long been home for three.

"I guess if y'u look sharp along the path to Parker's y'u 'll see her comin' purtty soon. She's had time 'nough to go an' come. She went more'n three hours ago. I forgot to tell y'u to get sody when y'u went this mornin'; an' we can't make no biscuit 'thout sody. Minty 'lowed she hadn't b'en to Parker's in a month, an' was glad of 'n excuse."

"I hope she'll get past the gully before it turns dark," said the guide and hunter, resuming the easy position in the door. "It's a bad place to cross in the night. She hain't got no lantern," he added, seeing the one she sometimes carried hanging from a peg in the wall. His tone and manner showed less worry for the girl than his words otherwise would convey. In the main he knew Minty was able to care for herself.

"I see Ike over on Indian Run today," continued Alling presently; "an' he 'lowed he might drop in towards evenin'. He's purtty much discouraged, too. Says we've either got to give up gunnin' an' go to work in a loggin' camp, or move along o' the sun beyond the lake."

There was hopelessness in his words that smote his wife. She stopped suddenly in her work and looked at him.

"Y'u've b'en over to the camp ag'in," said she, in tones of provocation.

"I was there yeste'day," he acknowledged, half-sheepishly.

"That's right; I would too. If there's any place 'at 'd harry up bad feelin's an' make me sick I'd go right there. I'd go there an' live, I would!"

"Meg, I can't help it!" cried the man in real distress. I can't seem to keep away. An' it's jes' like a blow across my back ever' time one of them great trees comes tumblin' down. I don't want 'o be there, an' yet I can't help wanderin' off that way when I'm in the woods. Somethin' seems to draw me. They've cleared a place nigh as far as y'u can see, an's workin' this way all the time—There's Minty now."

A girl of about twenty, a little above

the average height, appeared where the path lost itself in a crook in the pine forest, a hundred yards from the house. She came swiftly out of the descending gloom, her head erect, her hat swinging in one hand, her fluffy, yellow hair blowing about her brows, her breath short, and her face flushed with the haste she had made in the last few minutes. She had a fine lithe figure, and her movements were full of grace and beauty.

"Was y'u lookin' for me, uncle?" she called, with the joy of youth, when but half way to the house.

"Not lookin' 'xactly," returned Alling. "Ike's comin' over 's evenin' an' I 'lowed y'u'd like to know it a bit before hand. Or mebbe y'u've seen him sence I have?"

"I ain't seen him," answered Minty, unmoved by the banter in her uncle's tones.

She pushed by him through the doorway and placed the cubical package of soda on the table with a glance at the woman getting supper. She half expected some complaint about her tardiness, but there was none. A little guilty feeling made the girl wait humbly for a duty to be assigned her, and then she fell to with a will.

Minty's position in the house was an unusual one. She was an orphan and niece of Alling's first wife, who had been dead six or eight years. She had lived with her uncle ever since she could remember. Alling had vaguely felt that he hazarded the peace of his home when he brought this second wife into it; but the girl had proved herself one never to give or make trouble. She recognized, as it were, intuitively, this woman's right here; and the reserve put upon herself but nourished and strengthened the hope which became the passionate and all determining force in her life.

Naturally quiet, Minty was not at all morose. On occasion she would break into the greatest animation, and the mood being on her, she would lead all with vivacious wit and rollicking spirit. Though living with others her world was strangely apart from them. There were in the house a score of books, mostly second-rate novels and impossible romances. The greater number of these had belonged to Minty's mother, but new ones had occasionally been added by sportsmen who would leave behind such of their luggage as had served its purpose once and would never be required again.

Minty had read these books many times. From them all of her knowledge of the outside world not gained from the infrequent visitor had been derived. They had given her the material of which day-dreams are made, and had taught her to fashion it to the end that many an idle hour had been turned into light and joy, not entirely freed, however, from some uneasiness and an increasing discontent. With them rested the responsibility for a certain desire which had grown within the girl's mind till it dominated her being, and which as yet remained unfulfilled.

Minty was easily swayed by emotion, and though her lot was among the roughest in life, her sensibilities had not been seriously blunted. The sight of suffering always moved her strongly. She had however, an easy faculty of putting unpleasant things out of mind if she could once turn her back upon them. Did a task promise to bring pain she would put off performing it from day to day, hoping that eventually she would escape it entirely. The present moment outweighed the entire future.

"Four plates?" questioned Alling's wife, as she saw the number Minty had placed on the table. "What's that fur?"

"Ike will be here before we get through," answered the girl, lifting the last plate and pausing; at a sign from the other she would return it to the shelf. But the older woman merely gave a toss

of the head which was interpreted as an assent, and the plate remained where Minty had placed it.

"Sam, supper's ready," called the wife, and Minty disappeared into the dark of an adjoining room from whence she presently returned with hair a little smoothed and a fresh ribbon at her throat.

A lamp had been lighted and its flame brought out the picturesque points in the rudely finished interior. Trophies of the hunt were numerous. Alling's rifle stood in one corner, and before it, curled on a bear's skin, was Alling's faithful dog. The animal bestirred itself now, lifted a muzzle and looked toward the door. The patter of paws was heard coming up the steps, and beyond, the heavier tread of a man.

"Jes' in time, Ike," shouted Alling. "We was lookin' for y'u. Set down an' have somethin',"—and he waved him to the place that had been made ready.

Lowden put his gun in the corner beside the other, and with glances at the women, first and last at Minty, took the seat assigned him. He was younger than Alling, very tall and very lean of flesh. The men talked of the woods, the game, the disappearance of the forest, and of promising new fields. Ike addressed all remarks to his host, but his eyes were oftenest on Minty's face. When he spoke of his errand to the supply store at the end of the path, Minty gave voice to her first words since the scanty salutation at his coming.

"Parker's got a new man workin' for him," she said with a brightening of the eyes. "An' he's got a talkin' machine—something he calls—well, it sounded like he said *photograph*; but it wasn't that. It talks and sings and plays music jes' like you was to a concert! My! it made me feel as if I was in some other world—New York or London."

"What for lookin' feller was the new clerk?" Ike enquired. "Seems to me Parker's tryin' a good many new hands. He had a new feller 'bout the las' time I was in."

"He's got a mustache," said Minty, —"a black one. He's good size, but you wouldn't say he was tall. He's good lookin'. He's young—'bout twenty-five, I guess."

"The' ain't a scar on the back o' his right hand, be the'?" asked Ike.

"Yes—I see it when he held some perfumery for me to smell!"

"He's b'en there six or more weeks. He's the feller I saw when I was in las' time, though I didn't hear nothin' 'bout no talkin' machine. Parker called him John."

"John Durry — that's his name; Parker, he introduced me," said the girl excitedly. "The talkin' machine is newer than the clerk is, I guess, if you've seen him before, 'cause that 'jes come this week." And Minty led the conversation for a time, recounting and explaining, and vainly trying to realize the marvelous performances of the instrument for the benefit of her listeners.

Lowden left early because of his errand to Parker's. As he stood in the door with some reluctance to be gone, Alling spoke to his niece, who was moving about the room doing something that was as yet hardly apparent.

"If y'u're goin' a piece with Ike y'u better take the lantern," he said. "I'm al'ays a leetle afeared o' the gully come night."

"I don't know as Ike wants me to go with him," returned Minty, shortly. "He ain't said nothin' 'bout it."

"Hain't I?" questioned Ike rather awkwardly. "Well, I thought y'u knew anyway. Y'u gen'ally does go a piece with me."

The girl took down the lantern and lighted it, and then, drawing a knitted scarf about her shoulders, followed Lowden and his dog into the forest. They walked along the path in silence for a

time, the light of the lantern causing shadows of themselves and the forest to sway and swing about in fantastic shapes. Where the path was wide enough Lowden tried to walk by the side of Minty, but he ever kept a little in advance. He was the first to speak and then it was something very commonplace about his dog; after this a longer silence ensued, lasting till they reached the gully.

Lowden paused on reaching the tree which had been felled to bridge the ravine. Minty held her lantern aloft and tried to peer beneath it across the gully. She waited for Ike to proceed along the prostrate tree; his dog was already half way over. Alling's dog, which had followed them, pushed his muzzle into the girl's hand, as if recognizing for their part they went no farther. Ike cleared his throat.

"I'm goin' 'way to be gone some time," he said, a little roughly to hide the feeling he was ashamed to show. "Your uncle an' me thinks we better move in the spring, an' I'm goin' to hunt up a place where they ain't cuttin' off the timber, an' where the's better huntin.' I may be back soon, an' may be gone all winter. I don' know's y'u've changed towards me. An' if y'u hain't, when it comes time to leave for good an' all, I want we should be married, if y'u will give the word. I ain't good 'nough for y'u, Minty. But y'u know how I feel towards y'u. I'll take good care on yu. I ain't one to 'buse or cuss much, or say cross words—"

"You've always b'en good to me, Ike," said the girl, as he hesitated. She had placed the lantern so they both stood in shadow. When Ike talked to her like this she preferred not to see his face. If it was dark he seemed more like the lovers in the books she had read.

Minty had never had any lover but Ike. Long ago in her most despondent moment she had told herself that she should never have a lover, and then Ike had surprised her with his heart's story.

It had been haltingly told in a few words, nearly two years ago. She had never thought of him in that light before, he was so much older than she; but swayed by his emotion, and her own desire, when his hand found hers in the dark, she had taken it and said that she "cared" too. For the moment Minty had really thought her feeling was for Ike, and afterwards she could not give him the pain of correcting her mistake. Besides, the new situation fed her fancy, and she liked it.

"I don't know as I have changed any towards you," Minty went on. "Ever since you told me that you cared for me that night you found me in the hollow, I've meant to marry you sometime, an' I don't know but next spring is jes' as good as any."

Perhaps Minty would have liked Ike better had he been one to act his affection for her. She had never put out of mind certain contrasts between this lover of hers and the ones she knew in the books. Certainly her fancy would have been more complete had he indulged in some show of sentiment. Ike had never once kissed her.

"Well, next spring it is then," he said. "I'm much 'bliged for y'ur comin' so fur with me." He moved toward the log that spanned the gully. "Goodby," he added.

"Goodby," returned Minty, and they parted without so much as a hand clasp. She went to one side and held aloft the lantern so the light would fall on the log and not throw Ike's shadow in the way of his feet.

Then she called her dog and they returned slowly along the path to the frame house in the woods. Her thoughts were not long of Ike and his going away. He was commonly gone a week at a time, and once or twice his absences had been prolonged for a month. Till next spring seemed scarcely longer. Besides, her

visit to Parker's in the afternoon had given her no end of material for thought; and at last she fell asleep, her mind full of John Durry and the talking machine.

Parker was well pleased with his new clerk. The young man was sober, faithful and a jolly entertainer with story, or trick at legerdemain, which he had picked up in the larger cities of the East. Thus gifted, he had quickly become a favorite with his employer's patrons.

Durry had seen little of forest life before coming into the lake region, and it was a joy to him, when off duty, to roam through the woods with a gun under his arm and a fancy in his mind that he was stalking some great game. The second day after Minty's visit to Parker's the two came upon each other suddenly where the girl was picking blackberries in a little glen two miles from home.

There was no hunting done after that —though for that matter there had been none before; but there were no more berries picked, either, and previously Minty had gathered ten quarts. Durry told her stories of the city, of his previous life, and withal made himself very companionable. He openly admired the girl's beauty, and when they came to depart he accompanied her as far as the path that led to Parker's, carrying the pail which she had filled, leaving her encumbered with only a little empty basket. He would have gone all the way home with her, but Minty convinced him of the danger in crossing the gully after nightfall; and the sun already rested on the horizon.

After repeating his invitation to come to the store and listen to some new music which he had received for the phonograph, and after she had renewed her directions about the path which would lead him most directly to Parker's, they parted. A certain lingering in their adieus promised further meetings before long.

It was, however, several miles to the supply store, and the girl only occasionally had an excuse for going there, so Durry was forced to make the move which brought them together the next time.

Night was just falling when he arrived at the hut in the woods. He had been out for a few hours with his gun in the afternoon and strayed farther from home than he had been aware. Alling was glad to meet him, and invited the young man to make one more at their table.

Later, after he had made a favorable impression on his host and hostess, the uncle suggested that Minty light the lantern and see him safely across the gully.

It was a lingering pace which Durry set when once they were out of the house. He took the lantern from Minty, and was not at all offended when she made fun of the way he carried it. He had his fun, also. Holding the light close to her face he made a show of finding wrinkles; for had it not been years since they saw each other last?

At the gully it occurred to him for the first time that she must return through the forest alone. He would never allow that, and they had a pretty dispute over the question. Explaining that she had been there a hundred times with Ike Lowden, she was forced to tell who Ike was—yet, needless to say, not all.

However, Durry was quick to see a lover in Lowden; and Minty was not deeply displeased. The young man from the East was not to think her so ill starred as to have no lover at all. Finally they separated with goodnights called a second time across the chasm; but Minty had been gone so long that her uncle questioned her on her return.

"Oh, no, I didn't get lost!" she laughed, with good nature. "He's foolish," she declared, with happy animation. "He asks so many questions. He thinks he's got to treat me just as he does the girls in the city—carry whatever

I've got, tip his hat, and things like that. He seemed kind o' scared to think I wasn't afraid to come home alone. He would 'a' come back with me if I'd 'a' let him. I told him I'd done it before; an' I had to tell him about Ike. That's what made it late."

Durry quickly learned at what hour he would find Minty in certain quarters of the forest, and thus they were often together, but, as it were, by accident. Nor were these meetings alone, all. He came frequently to the house, sometimes to consult Alling on questions pertaining to rod and gun, sometimes to fetch his phonograph that the "ladies" might listen to some new record lately received from the East. Always he came before dark, and always it was Minty who lighted him back across the gully.

That he was thoroughly in love with the girl Durry confessed to himself from the time of their initial meeting; and, after the first passionate avowal, he had no difficulty in finding his way to Minty's heart. He was a lover after the most ravishing type in her favorite books. He could express such delicate sentiment, and act his passion in a way that would kindle flame in the heart of a glacier. He had such a maddening way of holding her close to him, and following the calm in which he would search the depths of her clear blue eyes, there came the storm when he seemed fairly to kiss her blind, and her head whirled with the fierceness of his ardor.

The intense cold and the deep snows of winter made long solitary meetings with Durry less frequent, but a stolen moment was all the sweeter for being rare. Minty herself had advised the secrecy; for, as she explained to her chosen lover, her uncle wished her to marry Lowden, and she was not prepared yet to meet his opposition.

Ike was not a pleasant subject of thought at this time, and for that reason the girl kept him out of mind as much as possible. Her oddly compounded nature shrank mightily from giving him pain. However, a hundred things might happen which would make explanation unnecessary; and on this she long pinned her hope. She did not stop to formulate any particular event. Why should she dwell on matter that was distracting when there were a thousand thoughts of John crowding her mind, ever impatient to fashion the most delicious reveries?

But spring came at last and brought with it Ike from his mission to spy out the distant land that was to become their new home. To Minty it brought not the courage necessary to confess to her early lover the faithlessness of the heart he had trusted. For a time she led a double life, with the constant fear of an exposure sapping her happiness day by day.

Ike early saw that something was amiss, but to his questions he received no satisfactory answer. Minty still hoped to escape the pain of witnessing his disappointment. To the last he should believe her true. It was the easiest way. She was bound to give him a mortal blow anyway—and would it be less if her suffering was more? Letters were to be left behind that would explain all, after she and John were far, far away.

Ike met John several times at the Alling's in those fine Spring days. No feeling was manifest between the two; but the elder had his suspicion aroused enough to transform his nature into a powder-magazine which required but the application of a match in the shape of some unmistakable act on the part of his rival to cause an explosion that would be direful in its results. This was finally precipitated through a misunderstanding on the part of the plotting lovers. They had met at the gully to perfect the last details, when an altercation arose as to the time that should

witness their departure. Durry wanted to go that very night, but Minty's plans demanded another day.

"But I tell you it's got to be to-night, or not at all," repeated Durry, his face warming with the dispute. "You want me to yield everything to you. I didn't want to run away in the first place. That's all your planning. I don't see why we can't be married here—but you say we can't, and I've agreed to the other thing. I've made all my arrangements supposing that to-night was the time we had set. If we wait till to-morrow it will be to meet exposure; and how will you like that?"

"It no need to," she returned doggedly. "You can fix it so it won't. You've done things before now. And you can again, I know. Besides, I've got to write a letter explaining things. An' the's no time for it if we go to-night. An' I just won't."

"You're mighty 'fraid of hurting old Lowden's feelings!" retorted Durry. "I swear sometimes I think you're playing with me, and he's the one you really care for. If it's so, he's welcome to you!"

Durry sprang on the log that spanned the gully and made as if to leave her without further words.

"John! Wait!" she cried, in real alarm, and followed swiftly toward him.

This was not their first quarrel; but always a reconciliation had followed, after which their love seemed to burn only the brighter. However, no human eye had ever witnessed any previous falling out, and this one was fated to have a beholder, the last in the world whom its actors would have chosen. Ike Lowden was coming through the forest along the left side of the gully from the north, with the intent of crossing over when he should reach the tree that formed a passage way. Suddenly he heard Minty's voice raised in troubled protest above the noises of the wood, and, pausing in his tracks, he beheld the two in angry dispute in the very path whither his steps were leading him.

Ike could not hear all their speech from where he stood, but their attitude and movements told him a story that needed no words for confirmation. This cur from Parker's, then, was the cause of Minty's unhappiness. She was pleading with him for something that he withheld. Ike ground his teeth in rage and lessened the intervening space. He gathered that somehow the fellow had obtained an evil hold upon the girl—his promised wife. With each moment a jealous fury was gaining possession of the woodsman's nature. He could see Minty's face now, and its lines of entreaty were enough to move a heart of stone.

What was the fellow saying?

"Once for all, now—will you, or will you not, come with me?"

"But, John, listen! You do not understand. After knowing Ike all these years—"

Her voice trembled with emotion, but there was yielding in her movements. Ike from his hidden position saw, and the passion of a man avenging the woman he loved seized him. He meant it all for Minty's happiness—the crack of the rifle that echoed among the tree trunks. Durry's arms, extended in an angry gesture, were lifted suddenly above his head; for the briefest space his body swayed, then without a murmur it fell, lifeless, from the primitive bridge to the rocks in the bed of the gully, a hundred feet below.

A woman's wild, despairing shriek met Ike in his flight to join Minty. He was just in time to prevent her from throwing herself headlong into the gully in frenzied determination to follow her lover. Not till she saw Lowden with his smoking rifle did Minty realize what had taken place. Ike was not prepared for what followed.

"You! you!" she screamed. "You have killed him, you jealous dog. He hasn't wronged you. Stand away and let me go to him! I will go to him! Kill me then, and finish your devil's work! Why did you not kill me in the first place? Do you think I can love you after this? I never loved you! I've b'en a fool. I tried to spare you, an' this is the way I'm served! Oh! I could kill you! you! you!" And, woman that she was, she flew at him with fingers extended like fierce talons, determined to tear him in pieces.

Ike, dismayed beyond measure, was compelled to defend himself against her mad attack. Like slow-dealing death-blows the conviction was forced upon him that she loved Durry blindly, madly, and that she had never loved him. He had made a horrible mistake!

"My God, Minty!" he groaned, holding her off by the wrists, "I didn't know you felt like this. I thought he had wronged you. I thought y'u would be glad. I didn't know—God knows I didn't know. Be quiet now. I'll do what I can. I'll do what you say. Lord, I'd 'ave killed myself first 'f I'd known; be quiet, Minty, an' I'll take y'u to him. We'll go together. Come."

He led her, not knowing what else to do, and she followed, passively; for a child-like weakness had succeeded the passionate outburst.

They found a rough, narrow path that led a tortuous course down the side of the ravine to the water, some distance below the over-spanning tree. Thence they pushed along up the stream till they came to Durry's body. The lower extremities were lying in the purling water, and however much the limbs might be mangled, the head and face were scarcely marred. Minty cast herself upon the lifeless form, crying out her passion wildly, giving endearing names to the stark thing she held close to her breast.

Ike was dumb before the grief he had caused. A thousand mad longings to exchange his life for the life he had just taken seized him. In his utter impotence he became as weak as a fever-stricken child. Despair took hold on his heart. He turned his face, no longer able to look on her suffering, and the lines about his mouth twitched as he groaned aloud.

"Ha! you may whimper," cried Minty, mistaking his act. "They'll hang you for this. Yes, hang you! hang you! hang you! And I hope I may see it done! Or will you kill me, and save your precious life? There'll be none to witness against you then. Come! kill me as I hold him close to my heart—him that I loved. I never loved you! You coward! You cur! I dare you to kill me!"

Lowden pressed his hands hard over his ears and staggered away.

"Minty," he said, returning by and by, when she was quiet; and his voice was strangely tender, like a mother's. "Shall I carry him to the house? We can't leave him here, you know. It's turnin' dark: night is comin' on. Y'u'll wish to help, won't y'u? There—this way: it won't jar him so much—so—y'u see."

Lowden made a clean breast of the affair to Alling, as the two talked it over in the forest. At a little distance was the house, in one room of which lay the dead man's body. In another the two women sat in the dim light of an oil lamp, silent, with a pallor that was heightened when their few awed words were exchanged.

It was Alling who advised and planned for the escape of the murderer. Ike wished to give himself up at once to the authorities, but he was at last prevailed upon by his friend, backed by a fleeting notion that the time might come when Minty would yet need his protection.

"Y'u know the place," said Alling,

with secretive voice, as they stood alone in the impenetrable gloom of the forest. In the silence the other divined his thoughts though no movement of the features was discernable. "I'll bring y'u food there. An' after it's blowed over a bit, we'll quietly slip off to the region y'u've b'en to beyond the lake. Minty's bound to feel diffe'nt by an' by, though, of cou'se, I ain't sayin' it can ever be as we all once allowed. But the's no sense in y'u givin' y'u'self up. It was a mistake as was natchal under the ci'cumstances. Y'u're no murderer, Ike. An' y'u do as I say."

For several days the Alling home was the Mecca of many pilgrimages. Officers of the law came there in the discharge of their duties. The curious for miles around also journeyed thither to gratify a more or less morbid bent of the mind, for a glimpse of Minty, and for a word with Alling or his wife. The idle curious were successful in their aims, but the officers were only partially so: the coroner held his inquest, but the sheriff failed to get his man.

Meanwhile Minty had proved a sore problem to those with whom she lived. There had been a time when she would not be moved from the side of her dead lover's body and a wild and painful scene had followed when Durry's remains were at last taken away for burial.

After this she went about the house and wandered through the woods in an unkempt condition, her long tawny hair flying from her head, her gown held in place by one button in three—a perfect picture of an untamed beauty mad with despair. She had long lived with Durry in a castle in the air, and Lowden's rifle had rudely sent its gilded wall tumbling about her head. The awakening found her in a world of never-ending pain, of sleepless nights, of longings that ate out the heart, and yet starved, mocking one eternally with the death's-head grimace. At last things real became a fancy, and mad fancies became real, with moments when there was no telling one from the other.

The fourth night after the tragedy a pale moon gave a sickly light through the dark pine forest. Minty, with noiseless tread, stole out from the house and glided swiftly down the path toward the gully. Alling's dog, fearful of being sent back, followed at a distance, hovering on her tracks like some dark specter, sinster, alert.

"This is the night he set," murmured the girl's lips in response to some fancy of her disordered brain. "I am goin' away with him at the time he set, and not at my time. Ike can find it all out the best way he knows how. I'll not quarrel with John any more. He's goin' to come for me out of that blackness far down the gully. I must watch for him with all my eyes. If he should come and I miss him!—

"I dreamed once that he fell from this log. Ugh! There was a limb snapped like a rifle, and he lost his balance—But I'm not watchin' the blackness!

"I can see it better from the farther side—Ha! if my foot should slip in crossin'! But his did—it was no dream! He fell—fell—fell! down—down—down! It does not hurt to fall. I have fallen—and the breath has stopped and I awoke an' was not hurt. John fell, an' he was not hurt. He is comin' for me out of the blackness—an' I'm not watchin' for him!

"Foolish thing! you're not worthy of so fine a lover—

"John—John is dead! They buried him over in the glen where the blackberries grow. And you came here to throw yourself from this log so as to die where he died. But you cannot die. You begged Ike to kill you—but he could not. He was sad because he could not. Minty Alling, you cannot die. John is dead—but you cannot die. You've got to live—and suffer—forever, and ever, and ever, and ever!

"You dare not jump from the log! And you will not slip as you run back and forth,"—continuing her words as she acted—"back—and forth—back—and forth—Your foot will not slip—back—and forth—You're to live—forever—and ever—and ever—and ever—back—and forth—faster—and faster—back—and forth—

"Ha!" turning suddenly to the blackness up the gully—"John! O-oh!"

The last was a scream that awoke the echoes far through the forest, far up and down the ravine. Her footing had slipped in that moment when she really saw a form come out of the shadows deep in the chasm below. Through the shimmering light her body descended swiftly to the rocks where her lover's had lain a few short days before. There was just one moment of consciousness, when she beheld the man bending above her. "O John! You did come!"

"My God! It's Minty!" groaned Lowden, stabbed to the heart. But the girl did not hear his cry. Death had come between and put at rest her troubled spirit.

Again and again Ike spoke her name. His words took on the most endearing accents he had ever used—all to no avail. He drew her lifeless form into his arms, and thrilled with the sensation, while yet cold despair claimed his heart. She was more truly his now than she had ever been in life. He pushed back the hair that was silvered in the moonlight, and gazed into the stilled, clear-cut features, while the muscles in his own face ran riot, and tears that would have been a relief only burned dry in his eye-sockets.

Then he lifted the sacred burden and staggered up the crooked way—staggered for the load on his heart, and not because of any physical weight. Three times he stopped before reaching the hut in the woods, loath to part with what was strangely his, and his alone, for the time.

* * *

Alling walked twelve miles to the nearest hamlet where lived a home missionary, who, returning with him, repeated a burial service over Minty's body. At Lowden's suggestion they laid her by the side of Durry in the glen where the blackberries grow. This done, Ike had a few calm, decisive words with Alling, after which he tramped through the forest to the county seat. There, just at dusk, he appeared, an old man, bent and grizzled beyond twice his years. Seeking out the sheriff, he revealed his identity, and gave himself up to the law. In the first early light of a May morning, Alling and his wife appeared, heavily laden, on the banks of the Manistee above where a boat lay moored. Leaving her to dispose of their effects in the dug-out, he retraced his steps into the forest, and was gone some time. The woman grew impatient when all was ready, and, after waiting long and calling several times, she, too, disappeared the way they had come.

"Well, I vum," she snorted, meeting him ere a dozen steps had been taken; "y'u had to go back for a last look! Y'u beat all the men I ever see for wantin' to make y'u'self mis'able. Thank goodness! by to-morrow we'll be so fur away the'll be no sech foolishness!"

Alling made no reply; but when she had taken her place in the boat, he pushed off, and the exertion—was it?—caused him to sigh heavily.

Dream Travels

By EDNA CARTER GATES

THE years to come must be full of journeying to keep pace with the travels in my sleep. Traveling is my only occupation in dreams. That portion of the brain that sends me skipping about the world every night has no sentiment concerning the old home, haunts of childhood days, or happenings of the past. It even ignores the street I live on, and the majority of my friends. It sends me to new and wonderful countries and only occasionally allows a familiar friend near me.

The greatest detriment to some of the journeys is the lack of proper equipment, especially in the matter of clothing. I am often in such a hurry to catch a train that I start forth with some important article of dress conspicuous by its absence. And sometimes, even though I have plenty of time, necessary portions of my ordinary clothing mysteriously disappear.

I have spent hours searching for my shoes and finally gone in my stocking feet, or worse, bare feet, and then suffered such mortification that I could not rise above it only at intervals. And again I have been in such a condition and have as brazenly and confidently found my way about as though there were not the slightest disorder in my dress.

Once I was in a desperate hurry, and after a frantic search for gown and shoes, hastened to the station in my short pink petticoat, plaid stockings and an old checked shirtwaist that had been given to the scrub woman several summers ago,—but I had on my best hat. I bought a ticket and jumped onto the train just as it was moving out. This was one of the times that I was indifferent to dress and I enjoyed the view from the car window and the faces of my fellow travelers.

We seemed to be crossing the continent, and I had been on the train hours and hours when we at last pulled into the huge station and the passengers slowly filed out of the car. I followed, across a wide platform, and into a street. It seemed a wonderfully big, noisy city, but I wandered through crowds entirely oblivious of my traveling costume. Suddenly some one walked close beside me and took my arm—it was my husband.

"Where are we going?" I asked, not in the least surprised.

He was silent. We went into a big building near, stepped into an elevator, were shot up fourteen stories or so, and then traversed a long hall. I trotted obediently by my husband's side, although he seemed to take no notice of me, whatever. (There must be something in that old saying, "Dreams go by contraries," because in real life I fear I don't trot obediently by my husband's side, meekly waiting his will.) We entered a room, and my eyes were delighted with the scene before me.

A long table covered with flowers and the most delicious eatables, everything of which I am specially fond. I quickly recognized them all; caramel ice cream, chicken and spagghetti, chocolate loaf cake, stuffed olives, roast turkey so beautifully browned—and I dearly love the brown crisp skin alone—and hundreds of other good things. Around the table

were seated a large party of ladies and gentlemen in evening dress. There seemed to be only one vacant chair, and my husband immediately dropped my arm and slipped into this chair. Beside the astonishment of his behavior I was dreadfully hungry and I started towards the table to expostulate, when I became aware that the ladies were looking at me with great disgust.

In an overwhelming flash I realized my shortcomings in the matter of dress and glanced down at the plaid stockings, the pink flannel skirt, barely reaching to my knees, and the faded shirtwaist. Then I remembered my best beflowered hat and I flung up my head in defiance. I saw my husband calmly disposing of a big brown turkey leg—it was too much, his cruelty, my intense shame —I tried to hide my feet—I was suffering everything—when I woke up.

But the delightful trips I have had when I rose above such a trivial matter as dress or the lack of it. The blue seas over which I have sailed, the placid harbors we have entered and the deep, fragrant woods we have explored.

Flowers of such colors and entrancing odors. Whole avenues of white and rose-pink blossoms, like a fragrant wall above my head, the path of delicate green ferns, over which I tread lightly — and at the end, flower paths leading in every direction; each one a straight and beautiful road of color and sweetness. One of sweet peas—they tower far above my head, and with them is mingled the scent of mignonette which I am crushing with my feet—there is an opening in the white and purple hedge, I slip through and find myself in a vast rose garden.

In the center is an American Beauty bush the size of a cherry tree, under it a white marble bench, and I seat myself, faint with the fragrance. In the bush above me a bird is singing; he swings down on a big red rose close beside me, then, frightened, flies away; the rose sways back to its place, sending a shower of petals over me.

Banks and hedges of red and white and pink roses—yes—at my feet the little bright yellow ones that grow in old-fashioned gardens. They are dear friends, and I smile down at them, then lift my face to the stately rows of Marechal Neils, that extend in either direction until my eye tires of following them.

I rest my head against the cool marble and close my eyes. Birds are singing softly, some with a strange subdued thrill in the tone. The breeze sways a rose against my cheek, I feel its velvety touch and breathe its sweetness —from beyond the row of sweet briar, a bird of deeper note calls softly—it slowly changes into a voice—"Phyllisie, little Miss Phyllisie!"—why, that is what my father used to call me.

"Yes, I am coming"—and oh, why do I find myself in a brass bedstead with a blue and white counterpane over me?

I adhere to one planet, so there is no soaring in space, but I sometimes get over the country in a phenomenally rapid manner, and am transported from a given place to a strange country in an entirely inexplicable way.

I was touring across a trackless desert once in an automobile. I have forgotten whom I allowed to accompany me that trip, but I seldom journey with my husband or members of the family. I seem to take up with complete strangers and have the pleasantest time imaginable with them. I believe I was correctly dressed for this little spin across a desert of a thousand miles or so. I gazed around at the intensely blue sky, the grey sand, and felt the sun upon me but nevertheless seemed very comfortable.

At last we came to a fringe of palms and I knew that beyond them lay my usually deep woods. Because I live in the far, frozen North and a few geraniums and tenderly nursed begonias is the ex-

tent of my conservatory, it is kind of that unnamable part of the brain to give me free access to such tropical places.

I alighted from the automobile, waved my hand lightly to my companions and strolled into the shadow. It seemed more dense than ever and I was almost frightened at the darkness, when the trees became smaller and further apart, the undergrowth disappeared and I stood on the edge of a little lake, framed in an outline of white pond lilies. I thought of the blue water color I had at home in a white frame. Of course there was a boat and I was so proud of my rowing as I glided over the water. Now in real life I have never had an oar in my hand, but on this occasion I handled the oars like the crack stroke of a college crew.

I saw a purple bank, and softly swishing through the lilies ran the nose of the boat into it. As I leaped out I discovered that it was a bank of violets, the double-double kind, and so sweet-smelling that I threw myself face down into them. I lay there and thought of my friends by whom one little bowl of violets would be cherished, and here was I rioting in acres of them—they were so cool and purple and exquisitely fragrant.

I sat up and began throwing them into the cockle-shell boat as fast as I could pick them. "I'll take a boat-load home," I thought, and stepped in.

Down, down through the cool water, will I ever reach bottom? or the top, for that matter? I gasp, throw out my arms and am staring through the frosted pane in the moonlight and hear a sleepy voice,

"Are you trying to freeze me?"

But I have had my dreams. Who says they are not some compensation and comfort, the dream travels?

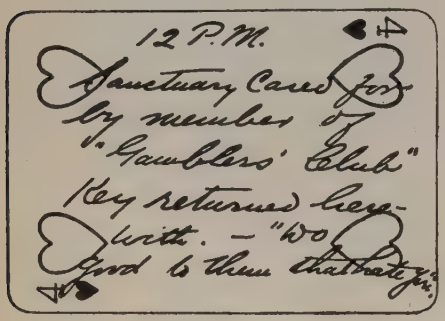
The Hebron Revival

By G. M. L. BROWN

IT was commonly admitted that religion in Hebron had reached a low ebb. A faithful few of Zion Church could remember when more than a hundred attended week-night prayer meeting; now the average attendance in fine weather was eight; on rainy nights, four. The Young People's Society also had languished. Organized with a great flourish about six years previously, it had gradually dwindled down until one starlit night the attendance became a blank, even the leader failing to put in an appearance. True, he afterwards explained to the pastor that he had been detained by important business in a neighboring town; but why listen to him alone—every member had a plausible excuse, not excepting Lucy Parker, who lived half a block from the church and "was all ready to start when mamma said she was sure it was going to rain."

Nobody being there, of course the lamps were left burning—the retiring attendants at week-night services, by arrangement with the sexton, always looked after lamps and doors—and would have burned until morning had not Will Smith happened to pass. Smith was on his way home from a whist tournament, and the hour was late. Attracted by the lights and suspecting that

something was amiss, he stopped to investigate, and thereupon crossed the church threshold for the first time. Finding the place deserted, he extinguished the lights, locked the door, and dropped the key in the pastor's letter box, and with it an anonymous note. That it was Smith was proved by the writing, which he had taken no pains to disguise. The note was inscribed on a four-spot of hearts, and read:



The reproach was obvious. The pastor, only two Sundays before, had referred in his sermon to the existence of certain dens of vice and lawlessness where, he asserted, Hebron's youths were fast going to ruin. Moreover, not content with a general denunciation, he had singled out the "Gambler's Club," describing it as "one of the most potent factors for evil" that Hebron had yet seen. Unfortunately for the youths concerned — or fortunately — the pastor's charges were accepted without question. Hence an anti-gambling crusade.

Now as a matter of fact and common admission there was no club at all, and practically no gambling. Those that frequented the billiard room over the barber shop were the average village crowd; jolly, well-meaning, with a natural but not inordinate hankering after excitement. That this could not be found among more wholesome surroundings—certain townsmen argued—was surely their misfortune, rather than a grievous fault to be laid to their charge. But the pastor couldn't see it in such a light—or wouldn't, Smith asserted.

Will Smith, although a new arrival in town, had not been slow to take a hand in the proceedings of the "club" and was already accounted a ruling spirit. For this reason, possibly also because his position as a stranger made the selection comparatively safe, the aforesaid "faithful few" unanimously chose him as the scapegoat of his fellows, a subject therefore for prayer—and incidentally for much gossip.

In reality Smith was what is termed "an uncommonly good fellow," and many towns less laodicean than Hebron would have deemed him a highly respectable young man. To be sure, Hebron blushed, as it were, at her hypocrisy, and wavered, at times, in her judgment. For who could deny that he was a gentleman? His appearance, certainly, was altogether prepossessing; his manners, moreover, charmed all the young ladies and not a few "mothers in Israel;" indeed he went about with such an air of good will that his severest critics were sometimes disarmed. Thus one day he astonished the onlookers by drawing a joke—and a match for his cigarette, which was worse—from Brother Duncan, the strictest member of Zion.

"If I could just treat 'em all once," he remarked to a friend, "I think I could get that Gothic window squint out of their faces." Failing this he politely treated the children, until every youngster in town knew where the price of a bullseye could be had for the asking. Even the most ill-favored cur counted on a friendly pat when the quick-steping stranger came whistling down the street.

Smith was employed in the Hebron mills, where he made himself so indispensable that his salary was raised at the end of three months. "More money to gamble with!" sighed the pastor when he heard of it.

"Wel', it won't be more for the collection plate, at any rate!" said Will, the remark having reached his ears; and for the first time the scapegoat showed signs of a ruffled temper. That night came the incident already mentioned. Provoked even more than he admitted to himself by the constant criticism, he had hailed with no slight satisfaction the opportunity of the deserted church to heap "coals of fire" upon the reverend gentleman's head—and well he had succeeded, as he presently learned.

The pastor, on the following Sunday —his sensitive scalp still smarting— raked off what embers remained, and flung them, in a heated discourse, on the scattered pates before him. He recalled the times of prosperity in Zion; the hearty revivals of the past; their former faithful attendance at all the means of grace, when outpourings from on high fell on crowded assemblies. He contrasted the present state of the church —their indifference and worldliness. "And at last the Gambler's Club must adjourn," he ejaculated, "to look after the house of the Lord!" Whereupon he gave a graphic account of the occurrence, suitably embellished with scriptural metaphors; and concluded his discourse with direful warnings from the minor prophets, which he applied with no less ingenuity than zeal to the village of Hebron and the congregation of Zion.

The pastor's exhortations were not in vain. His sermon in fact created a deep impression, the outcome of which was a series of protracted meetings. In due time, moreover, an evangelist was procured; the people were urged to prepare for a spiritual awakening; there was a perceptible quickening throughout the town; a "shaking of the dry bones;" an ominous murmur in the distance; then came the fury of an old-fashioned revival.

Hebron, to be sure, had seen powerful revivals before, and when a sufficient number of converts have backslidden, it may see yet others; but never had it experienced—and it probably never will —anything to equal this memorable occasion. First, of course, came the impressionable young ladies; next the matrons; then a sprinkling of sons and husbands capitulated. After that the engagement became general, and unbelievers and hardened sinners began to surrender.

Soon the ranks of the ungodly received such a thinning that business in the town came almost to a standstill. Travelers and visiting sports even found it difficult to put up the treats, there being no one to invite but poor Billy Simpson, who soon became hopelessly drunk. Indeed Billy should long since have been deposited in his snug quarters in the barn, and would have been had he not been found so indispensable to the bar's fast-emptying cash drawer. The hotel-keeper, thoroughly out of temper, talked of closing the premises and going off on a fishing trip, to stay "till the loons get thirsty again."

"'I reckon they'll wire me to come back in a fortnight, or mebbe sooner!" he remarked, puffing a cloud of smoke contemptuously in the direction of the offending assembly.

Nor had the "Gambler's Club" been unaffected by this sudden upheaval. One by one its members were striven with till they had sought the penitent form; one by one they had turned their backs on the "devil's prayer-book" till whist became an impossibility and three-handed euchre was the only alternative. However, as whist had been played steadily so long, this was not an unwelcome change to the trio—who held the fort for four nights. Then Benson was lost to them, and the reputation of the "Club" was left in the hands of Smith and Anderson.

"What are you looking for?" said the latter, one evening.

"The rule book; I want to study up solitaire."

Sure enough, solitaire it became, and after that—solitude. For Smith deserted the billiard room to become a lonely wanderer through the town, still obdurate, though the target of a hundred prayers. Through the day he was frequently appealed to; his former companions urged him to attend the meetings; his landlady addressed him between courses; the manager of the mill tackled him—even the office boy dropped a "word in season." But after seven, the hour of service, he was left to his own resources, an outcast, though not forgotten, a stubborn though not as yet a hopeless case.

The meetings were extended another week; then the hotel-keeper, whose excursion had been postponed, was brought to his knees, and with him two drummers; finally little children were led to the front and fell to weeping for their tiny transgressions. It began to look as if the whole community, except poor Simpson—who now occupied a snake-infested haymow—and our friend Smith, would be gathered in.

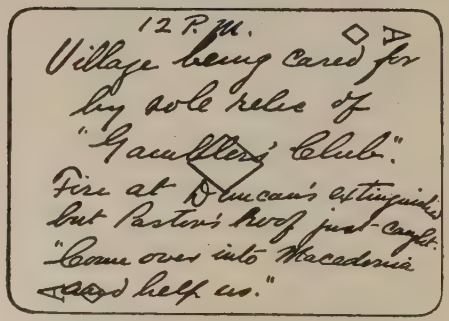
The last night came. Many still expected to see Smith. It was fervently hoped that he might turn up at the final moment, and several faces were inclined toward the half-open door. The pastor looked nervous; Brother Duncan was indignant and began to hint at the "unpardonable sin;" the evangelist was plainly nonplussed. By common consent the hour for closing was put off, and the patient multitude prayed and waited.

Eleven came—no signs of Smith; half past—several sweet maids were now in tears. At ten minutes to twelve Benson and Anderson, who had gone to try persuasion with their former leader, returned without having succeeded even in finding him. But at the stroke of twelve a quck step was heard by eager watchers; the door was opened wide, and in came—not the prodigal, but Brother Duncan's hired girl. She was hatless and breathless and could barely gasp "From Smith!" as she handed a bit of cardboard to the man nearest the door.

"From Smith!" he shouted, then dashed to the front.

The pastor had his glasses wiped and adjusted, and eagerly snatched the missive. To his disgust he beheld an ace of diamonds on which a few words had been hurriedly scribbled, more likely a message of defiance than of contrition. Suddenly he gave a start. The next instant glasses and card were in the dust, and the astonished congregation beheld their pastor sprinting towards the open door. Brother Duncan, who picked up the uncanny thing and essayed to read it, got but half through when he too bolted. The evangelist, who by the way was boarding with the pastor, was similarly affected, but made his exit through the window. The pastor's wife when she heard the news, hurried through the back vestry. The congregation, now too excited to wait for particulars, squeezed out as best it could and learned the truth from the front steps—then it changed to a frantic mob of helpers and hinderers such as collects at every village fire.

Next morning the sexton found the mysterious message in the sweepings. It was characteristic of Smith:



The Hebron revival was over.

VIEW OF BROOKVILLE, INDIANA, FROM RESERVOIR HILL Photograph by Swayne, Brookville

A Cradle of Great Americans

By LANDON KNIGHT

NESTLING in a quiet nook of the picturesque White Water River valley, in southern Indiana, is the sleepy little village of Brookville. Twice a year nature is prodigal with her favors to that peaceful spot. No where else in that valley does the languorous breath of Spring woo back to life so many bright flowers nor elsewhere does the magic brush of Jack Frost paint the foliage with such rare and exquisite coloring. No where else does the bluebird come so early and linger so long nor elsewhere does the goldenrod flaunt its yellow banners so close in the face of Winter.

In such seasons one might well imagine it a fitting birthplace for poets and painters, but no one would ever think of it as the spot where statesmen and warriors were born. And yet in that peaceful village a greater number of distinguished men than can be claimed by any other place in America first opened their eyes upon the world whose history they were destined, in no small measure, to influence.

Eight governors, three United States senators, one of the world's greatest engineers, a distinguished painter and sculptor, two novelists who are read wherever the English language is known, a poet whose songs have thrilled millions of hearts, a rear admiral and a gallant commander whose heroic and tragic death is known to everyone, together with almost innumerable state legisla-

HOUSE WHERE GENERAL LEW WALLACE, SOLDIER, GOVERNOR AND NOVELIST, FIRST SAW THE LIGHT

tors and a number of financial magnates constitute Brookville's contribution to the genius of the world.

Of the eight governors James B. Ray was the first. The house in which he was born is no longer standing, but in almost the center of the town and surrounded by a big lawn is the home he built in 1828 while a candidate for the governorship. It is not so pretentious as many others on the same street now occupied by clerks and small tradesmen.

HOUSE WHERE J. B. CLARKSON WAS BORN

But the standards of living are not what they were in the good year 1828 and that house came within an ace of wrecking the political fortunes of James B. Ray.

The campaign was well on and Ray was having smooth sailing, when the proportions of his new home began to dawn upon the simple folk of that region. His friends viewed it with uneasiness, then with consternation, for a window had appeared in it the like of which had never been seen in that country. People came for miles to see it and returning could talk of nothing but that marvelous window with its gorgeous panes of red and green glass. But wonder was not long in changing into resentment, and the political friends of the opposing candidate took a new lease of hope. Was not this political structure with its gorgeous windows a dangerous innovation, a vulgar display of aristocratic tastes and plutocratic tendencies which deserved rebuke? No man had a moral right to build a house with any such window in it while living in a democratic community. The marble palaces and triumphal arches of decaying Rome were resurrected to point a moral and adorn a tale. The splendors of La Petite Trianon were summoned before the bar of the people to testify to the dangers confronting the state if any such sybarite were elected its governor. Some wondered what the mansion had cost, others where he got the money to pay for it, and many were the dark in-

sinuations voiced upon the hustings during that remarkable campaign in which the gubernatorial candidate's house had become the prominent issue. Altogether, Ray's friends were brought to the verge of despair and in the bitterness of impending defeat they christened the new house "Ray's folly," a name which has clung to it ever since. Ray, however, was elected, but by the smallest plurality ever given to a governor of Indiana; and later, upon the same all-important issue, he was defeated for the United States senate.

BIRTH-PLACE OF MAURICE THOMPSON, POET, NATURALIST AND NOVELIST

Almost within a stone's throw of "Ray's folly" were born Hammond, Wallace and Noble, all of whom became governors of Indiana. Wallis, who became governor of Idaho; Harding, a future chief executive of Utah, and the eminent apostle of prohibition, St. John, who was destined to make history as the governor of Kansas, were also born in the same neighborhood and the homes of their childhood are still standing. With the exception of Governor Noble, it is not recorded that any of those distinguished gentlemen ever ran counter to prevailing ideas of plain living and high thinking. But in his case the result was even more disastrous than Ray's folly. He, too, built a house during a campaign and in an unguarded moment fell a victim to the wiles of a Philadelphia agent and bought some fluted iron columns for his front porch. Ray's reprehensible conduct had been condoned as a first offense. Plainly leniency had been a mistake, for were not fluted iron columns even more subversive of democratic simplicity than a new fangled window with red and green glass in it! Evidently an example was needed, and the simple citizens of Indiana proceeded to defeat Mr. Noble by such a tremendous plurality that, presumably, all other political aspirants took warning, for we hear no more of fluted iron columns and bay windows as leading issues in state campaigns. Mr. Noble, however, seems to have lived down the fluted columns, for some

"RAY'S FOLLY," A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY

years later he was elected governor.

Of the houses where Brookville's three United States senators were born only that of Noah Noble stands, and it has been so altered that it bears little resemblance to its original self. But just below it where the birds held high carnival in a tangle of briars and underbrush, stood the boyhood home of Senator Jesse B. Thomas, the author of the "Missouri Compromise." Whether, like his famous legislative expedient, it was founded upon sand and like it fell when the winds came and the waters beat upon it, I can not say, but certain it is that the spot has long stood tenantless save for the birds.

Likewise, the house in the southern part of the town where General Ambrose E. Burnside first saw the light of day has long since disappeared. The Burnsides returned to Rhode Island, where the future commander of the Army of the Potomac was a small boy and the spot where he was born is almost forgotten, except by the "oldest inhabitants," of whom Brookville has several. The birthplaces of General P. A. Hackleman and of General Francis A. Shoup of the Confederate army still remain respectable farm-houses in the suburbs of the town.

THE OLD SEMINARY, AN EDUCATIONAL OUTPOST

The old Eads homestead lies a short distance from the village and is still in a state of good preservation. It was there that the baby was born and grew and made mud pies and hauled chips with a goat hitched to a soap box, who in after years became famous as one of the world's greatest engineers. There are no traditions that the principles of cantilever bridges and jetties disturbed his youthful imagination. He seems to have stuck to his goat and soap box all oblivous of the name and fortune that awaited his maturer years.

But not so Hiram B. Powers, the painter and sculptor, whose parents lived in a log cabin not far from the Eads place. Stories are told in Brookville, even at this late day, of the wonderful images fashioned from the white clay of the river's bank by the hands of the young genius at an age when he too should have been engaged in the mud pie industry. But it is safe to say that most, if not all of them, are apocryphal, as such stories usually are.

Perhaps Brookville's proudest distinction is that her kindly environs cradled the infancy of Joaquin Miller, Maurice Thompson and General Lew Wallace. The exact spot where the poet of the Sierras was born is uncertain. He himself failed to locate it some years ago. But it is certain that his infancy was spent in the vicinity of the old town.

The Wallace homestead has suffered little from the attrition of passing years. The comfortable old-fashioned house with its long, broad portico stands amidst a grove of oaks and elms, one of the most attractive residences in the place.

The house in which the Rev. Mr. Thompson lived at the birth of his son, Maur-

ice, is on one of the principal streets of the village. It stands close to the pavement and is surrounded by a plain white-washed picket fence. The thick foliage of ancient elms almost obscures the front view, but in the rear there is a large garden where the spring air is always redolent with the perfume of apple and cherry blossoms. There innumerable birds pay the tribute of song to the haunts of the childhood of that other singer who went forth from there to tell the old but always beautiful stories of how love and faith and honor are after all God's best gifts to the world.

OLD YELLOW TAVERN, WHERE DANIEL BOONE LODGED

Of the birth-places of Brookville's remaining celebrities that of James B. Clarkson, the prominent republican leader, is in the best state of preservation. The house is a low brick structure surrounded by spacious grounds shaded by spruces and elms. The Clarksons were wealthy people for their time and place and that was one of the most elegant homes in the village. The residence of Doctor Oliver has not yet fallen under the tread of the years. It is a modest structure even for that time. It was there in the first quarter of the last century that a little, ragged, barefoot boy came to live as the adopted son of the good doctor. Some years later he was sent to Annapolis and there in the fullness of time he became known to the world as Rear Admiral Oliver Glisson of the United States Navy.

Not far from the Oliver house was born Captain William Herndon, father-in-law of the late President Arthur. The old building has long since crumbled into dust, but not so the fame of the hero whose early years it sheltered. Brookville and the country yet remember the man who off the coast of Cuba in 1858 sacrificed his own life that others might be saved and of whom it may be most appropriately said:

"Beautiful was death in him who saw
that death,
But kept the deck,
Saving women and their babes,
And sinking with the sinking wreck."

No flowers whiten over the coral tomb of Captain William Herndon; may his memory ever remain as green in the hearts of his countrymen as it is in the bosoms of his townsmen, for the world is always better that such a man has lived.

The old seminary where so many of the Brookville boys who became distinguished men went to school must not be omitted. It is now used as a dwelling, but in the days gone by there reigned in it a line of "old-field" schoolmasters who, if the scriptural injunction be true, spoiled no children. In fact, according to the general concensus of opinion of that ancient and respectable class already mentioned, the way embryonic governors and senators and generals were thrashed was a caution. Shoup and Burnside both received some pretty severe drubbings in after life, but

it is doubtful if they were ever so thoroughly routed during the Civil War as by that stern old commander who went furiously but confidently to the assault with a long hickory wythe. The Burnside rifle of after years was a tame weapon compared with it!

It is somewhat remarkable, but all of this future greatness, as a class, seems to have been bad. Hackleman was bad. Eads was worse than Hacklemann. Thompson was not so good as Hackleman and Wallace was worse than Thompson. In fact, the progression could go no further than Wallace. He capped the climax of mischievousness, and from the account given of those old days by the author of *Ben Hur* himself, the first two numbers on the daily program seem to have been to open school with prayer and then thrash Lew Wallace.

Before taking a final leave of the memorable places in Brookville it may be well to mention the old "Yellow Tavern." No great man was born there, it is true, but many a time and oft in the olden days it was the scene of assemblages that included many if not all of the eminent men of that day in the great Northwest Territory. George Rogers Clark, Simon Kenton and Daniel Boone clinked glasses together and planned Indian campaigns; and when Indiana became a state it was a favorite meeting place for Whig and Democrat alike. There General William Henry Harrison planned the campaign that resulted in "Tippecanoe." There, also, over sparkling tankards of hard cider, and other beverages less sparkling, perhaps, but somewhat harder, he and his political friends inaugurated that other campaign which culminated in that other victory of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

Many a tale well worth the hearing could that old tavern tell if it were but endowed with the loquacity of its guests of long ago. But like the town, it is sleeping so peacefully, so beautifully, to the music of the White Water's flow, that it seems almost like sacrilege to disturb its shadows of the past, even for reminiscences of the great men that both have known so well.

SERVICE

I KNOW not whence or why I came,
I know not where or how I go.
This fact beyond all doubt I know—
(For Plato, Christ and me the same,
Since we are made of one same clay
Lit by the same eternal mind)—
While I can serve your need I stay,
When I do not I fall behind.
I am immortal as the tree,
The poet, soldier, mother is.
My service is the span of me.
'Tis just. I ask no more than this.

Frank Putnam.

A Ship-Canal That Will Make Southern Florida an Island

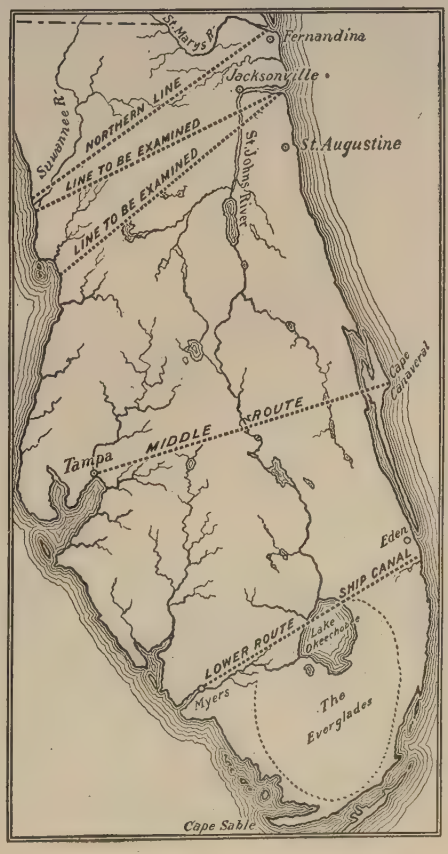
By LEONORA BECK ELLIS

ONE of the most important waterways now projected is a ship-canal across peninsular Florida, and the plans for it promise early consummation.

Long discussed, with the need of it fully conceded, this canal was once projected by the United States government; but after great expenditure on surveys and other preliminary work, the undertaking was abandoned, not for lack of feasibility in plans or route, but merely because all such projects were pushed aside to wait upon the long-pending decision regarding the great inter-oceanic waterway.

The briefest survey of the situation will show how greatly this canal is needed. The Florida straits are a dreaded menace to navigators between the Atlantic ports and those of the Gulf of Mexico. The tariff for insurance on bottoms through the dangerous channels and among the reefs and bars south of Florida is very heavy, eating up profits to such an extent, indeed, as to lessen commerce. Again, by the present route, there is a long trip through the Gulf stream, the tepid waters of which heat the cargoes and thus prove deleterious to most freight. All these difficulties will be obviated when a ship-canal traverses the peninsula. The economy of time in the traffic that plies between the busy ports on the outside, and the rapidly growing ones of the Gulf shore, will be the largest gain accruing from the new thoroughfare.

MAP OF LOWER FLORIDA, SHOWING THE ROUTES UNDER CONSIDERATION BY THE PROMOTERS OF THE SHIP CANAL PROJECT



That American trade in the aggregate shows, for ten years past, a growth surpassing anything previously recorded in the history of the world's commerce, is an acknowledged fact; but it is not so generally known that incomparably the largest rate of increase is found in

EX-SENATOR A. S. MANN OF FLORIDA, WHO IS PROMOTING THE SHIP-CANAL PROJECT

exports of New Orleans, Galveston, and Mobile, and neighboring ports whose carrying trade would chiefly be done through the Florida canal. The foreign commerce of these ports, aggregated, at present approximates $300,000,000, and their coastwise trade is estimated in figures even larger.

Many other considerations enter into this matter, but we can scarcely touch them in the present paper. The gain to the many upper states drained by the Mississippi river into the great southern sea, the consideration of a rapidly approaching future, when a thick population shall cover that portion of the West which finds its tide-water connection with the East through Texan ports, the matter of the War Department's long advocacy of this canal as a judicious war measure,—all these are merely suggested in passing.

Some inquiries may be made as to the practicability of the project. The construction of this waterway is not the vast undertaking it appears at first thought, The route is confessedly long for a ship-canal, the distance it must traverse to cross the peninsula even in its narrowest parts being something over 100 miles. But against this difficulty must be weighed numerous points of constructive advantage. It will run through a region little above sea-level, no engineer-

SCENERY ALONG THE PROJECTED CANAL ROUTE—AN INNER YACHT HARBOR

ON THE CALOOSAHATCHEE RIVER ABOVE FORT DENAUD, FLORIDA
The favored canal route follows this course.

ing problems block proceedings, no ridges to be pushed through, no rock-ribbed soil, multiplying labor. A large part of either route chosen will prove already water-way; and Florida soil is not difficult of excavation.

During the session of the Florida legislature, in 1901, a charter of generous terms was asked for and granted to the company which now proposes to construct this canal, ex-Senator A. S. Mann, of Jacksonville, being at the head of the undertaking. Surveys and preliminary investigations have been steadily pushed, and it is intended to commence constructive work as soon as the all-important decision can be made regarding the most advantageous route.

The two routes mainly in question are designated as the upper and the lower. The former is the line from the mouth of the Suwannee river to the St. Mary's, which has in its favor the greater saving of time between our Gulf ports and the Atlantic seaboard. But the preponderance of advantage seems now to be conceded to the so-called lower route, the path of which makes from lovely Charlotte harbor, on the Gulf, to Jupiter Inlet, on the Atlantic, via the Caloosahatchee river and Lakes Hickpochee and Okeechobee. This is practically the route favored by General Gilmore in his survey of 1881, ordered by act of congress. It is more than likely that the fleets of commerce and of pleasure will, in a comparatively short time, be plying hither and thither through this beautiful region, now known to few save the shy birds and deer, or the shyer Seminoles.

ART MOVEMENTS OF TODAY

III

THE REVOLT FROM THE MACHINE

By FREDERICK W. COBURN

"I RECENTLY visited, for the first time, a great wood pulp mill," an eminent artist said to me the other day, "and, if you will believe me, for half an hour I quite forgot my life-long hatred of modern machinery. The scene was grandiose, inspiring: men pushing and hustling with whoop and huzza amidst the noise of machinery that appeared almost human in its intelligence; a forest of spruce logs stood huddled about the mill, awaiting their turn to be chewed by the devouring monster. I wandered about the mill, fascinated by the display of American energy and skill.

"But when I arrived at the end of the intricate processes and saw the result of all the tremendous efforts of inventors, promoters, superintendents, workmen, I experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling that brought me back to my normal state of mind. Sense of admiration left me as I looked at the wretched white trash, unworthy to bear the name of paper; fit only to meet the uses of yellow journalism, and destined to crumble into grey powder within a decade — was it for this that a thousand men were toiling their hearts out? I came away convinced more strongly than ever of the evils of machine production."

Whether or no this feeling of disgust at the quality of the products of the modern machine is justified by the facts of the case I have no wish to discuss as an academic proposition. But that such a feeling exists; that it is shared by most artists and has been experienced by a great many people genuinely, and as a sort of fad by almost innumerable others; that it has already found material expression in a great variety of enterprises looking toward restoration of hand-work to a place of honor among the great occupations, and that every third artist one meets has up his sleeve a prospective enterprise of the same sort of still greater pith and moment; that belief has grown general in the handicrafts as the ultimate basis of the fine arts — these facts, perhaps, carry sufficient news interest to justify a little exposition of the causes of this revolt from the machine.

SHOP SIGN BY EDMUND H. GARRETT

A sign recently designed by a well-known Boston artist for an enterprising restauranteur. It suggests interesting possibilities in street decoration.

But first, for the benefit of those readers of the National whose interests have lain in other than art lines, some further justification ought, perhaps, to be given to the assertion that such a revolt has already broken out in this country, and that it bids fair to spread. It is well known to almost everybody that in England, thanks to the preachings and practice of John Ruskin and William Morris, all sorts of societies for the creation and sale of hand-made articles have come into existence; but it is not so well understood that the list of handicraft colonies or guilds in the United States is already a long one. Yet it includes among many ventures now in active operation, such notable achievements as the rug-making industry, started by Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Volk at Center Lovell, Maine, and another ruggery at Chocorua, New Hampshire, headed by Mrs. John Albee; manifold undertakings under the auspices of the Boston Society of Arts and Crafts, among which may be mentioned especially the revival of lace-making at the South End House, Dorchester, Massachusetts, and the making of hand-wrought silver articles at the Society's shop, No. 1 Somerset street, Boston; the many crafts cultivated by the United Crafts at Eastwood, New York, the furniture standing as a special feature; revivals of hand-weaving at Berea and other points in the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee; Rev. E. P. Pressey's inauguration of village industries at Deerfield, Massachusetts; Elbert Hubbard's well advertised plant at East Aurora, New York; important handicraft experiments by Arthur W. Dow and Everett Hubbard, at Ipswich, Massachusetts; Mr. Nickerson's Merrimac Pottery at Newburyport, Massachusetts; numerous shops and guilds, such as the Nordhoff Bindery, in New York City, and innumerable activities of the arts and crafts kind that have their center in the Fine Arts Building, Chicago. The list might, in fact, be continued almost indefinitely, and to it might be added all manner of contemplated art colonies,

BASKET-WORK, EXECUTED BY MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS AND CRAFTS AT HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

cults and communities, which await only the co-operation of people with money or energy to get started. In fact, almost every sizable American city now has an arts and crafts club which is determined sooner or later to start a dozen artistic industries. The fact that so many of these projects have already made headway, some of them meeting a considerable degree of financial success, indicates that they have come in response to a demand. True, the projectors of these schemes do not always state their economic position with clearness. In many instances industries are being promoted upon the strength of a semi-charitable argument; through representations that the revival of ancient arts and crafts will give employment to worthy poor in their country homes, stopping the ever rising tide of migration from the countryside to the towns; that it will give to thousands of workingmen jobs which they will take delight in, instead of disliking, as they must, so it is urged, the task in front of the machine; that it will furnish outlet for the skill and taste of thousands of people who have received training in the art schools but who cannot all make a living in the crowded professions of painting and sculpture: — all which worthy objects very probably are included in the arts and crafts revival; but inclusion of them is of course insignificant unless it chances that a considerable portion of the great purchasing public wants to buy the hand-made furniture, textiles, pottery and literature made by the handicrafters. The best test of an undertaking is that it can stand on its merits. That a good many such people are willing to spend money at the handicraft shops and sales, because they believe that they are getting value, good value, has become very evident; and the fact, which may demand a little explanation, ought to be regarded by the artists as the encouraging circumstance of the present situation.

TABLE SILVER FROM THE HANDICRAFT SHOP, BOSTON

This effort to revive the ancient art of silver-smithing has been meeting with gratifying success.

Seemingly from the artist's point of view, however, the fact should demand no explanation. The tiresomeness, to look at, of most of our boasted apparatus of civilization: the long rows of dull city or suburban houses, in many streets each exactly like the other, with the gingerbread ornamentation on the outside and within the interminable repetitions of wall paper and the dreary monotony of the machine-turned furniture; the irradicable ugliness engendered of steel construction in public

REPRODUCTION OF OLD BRIDAL CHEST

Made by Dr. E. C. Thorn, Mr. Caleb Allen and Mr. Cornelius Kelly of the Society of Arts and Crafts at Deerfield, Massachusetts. This Deerfield industry was organized by Rev. E. P. Pressey.

and private buildings, in bridges and industrial plants; the eternal sameness and tameness of the clothes we wear, the books we read, the service from which we eat—all this makes the artists and the artistically minded tire of the vaunts of the glorifiers of the steel trust and the shipping merger. Their standpoint, of course, may not be fairly taken. Man does not live by looks alone; only woman can do that. But it is certainly interesting to consider how the world created by machinery appears to people who may justly be regarded as specialists in the beautiful; who hold that man may not possess peace of mind and permanent happiness amongst ugly surroundings, and who find the tawdry trappings of our average rich quite as unsatisfying to the eye as the squalid environment of our poor. This censure of the artists, though nothing new, is worth restating once in a while, even in this, which is an optimistic periodical, edited by breezy optimists and read by optimistic Americans; and it is well to include now, as I shall again have to do in one of the later articles of this series, a reminder that modern progress has been attained only in the midst of great sacrifices.

That mechanical perfection consorts regularly with ugliness of appearance seems to be pretty generally agreed upon by the specialists in the realm of the beautiful; though, naturally, some are more vehement in their opinions than others. One man will admit that in machine productions there are occasionally extenuating artistic circumstances; as that high mechanical finish sometimes reveals beautiful interior qualities of the material; another man, of more austere and reactionary type, will condemn in toto. But, as a fair proposition, it may be stated that, if the judgment of specialists in any line is worth anything at all, then most of the details of our present civilization are hopelessly ugly. Our waking hours are passed in the midst of the artist's nightmare. Not every reader of the National will see that this is so—any more than every reader sees the literary beauties of Shakespeare or the Bible. But it is so.

That it need not be so, that it will not always be so, is the central proposition of the arts and crafts movement,—in so far as it moves at all. Doubtless no sane person expects to turn the wheels of progress backward; to renounce voluntarily the lowered death rate, the increased comforts in food, shelter, clothing and transportation that scientific and mechanical skill have brought about in

the past hundred years. No one seriously purposes to derail the trolley car or to ruin the manufacture of roll-top desks. But a good many people seem to be proposing to get a little more interest and variety into the monotonous strenuosity of our civilization, through the making and using of things that shall be as grateful to the sight as they are satisfactory from the consumer's standpoint.

REPRODUCTION OF OLD ENGLISH HONITON

Executed by Elizabeth Feely and Alice Riordan at the lace-making department of the South Bay Union, Dorchester, Massachusetts. This lace-making craft, inaugurated by Mrs. E. J. Weber, has attracted attention throughout New England.

Good things made by hand, or by machines of primitive type, say these crafts advocates, are of necessity more interesting than articles of the same class made by complicated machinery; and as a rule, where all the facts are taken into consideration, they are not more expensive. Certainly the well known artist, Douglas Volk, who has lately built for himself a hand-made house at Center Lovell, Maine, found somewhat to his glad surprise that the actual cost of the structure done in the right way, with hewn beams that will last for three centuries, was considerably less than any contractor could have put it together for, even using the flimsy materials that characterize most modern houses built from plans printed in popular magazines for ladies. And, in general, this superiority of the hand-made over the machine-made manifests itself in all those things that concern supplying the simple, elemental needs of society. Delicate instruments for use in scientific and industrial departments of human activity require greater precision than can be effected by hand; but not so the ordinary apparatus of daily life. Thus, I have before me at this moment (with a view to spending the check I shall receive from this article upon a Spring suit) some samples of the Ruskin homespun cloth, made in the Isle of Man and warranted to give excellent satisfaction in the wearing. The fiber, with its slight mottling, due to little necessary and intentional irregularities in the weave, is certainly very pleasing to the eye, and, although the price per yard is a bit in excess of that of the products of the woolen mills, I rather think that when the check comes I shall order a suit, or recommend my friends to do so. Perhaps the latter course will be the safer.

But, seriously, in the matter of household effects, clothing, and implements of sport, these arts-and-crafters seem to have discovered a human need that has suffered neglect during the remarkable industrial expansion of the past century and a half. They are not, as a rule, commercialists. They do not in their talk lay so much emphasis upon the things they produce and expect to produce as on the spirit of the production, the joy of the work. But these, of course, are, strictly considered, technical considerations. It is a fact that whatever love a man puts into anything he is doing, that love will appear in the finished product, ennobling and beautifying it. It is also a fact that so far as is humanly possible society ought to give men a chance to do work they enjoy rather than tasks for which they feel indifference and aversion. But many of the artists and artistically-minded probably make a mistake in supposing that work before the machine is to everybody the deadening grind that it would be for them, just as they err in supposing that the monstrous houses in which most of us live render most of us as unhappy as they would make the artist. They take no account of the rhythm of the great shops, which is, in some cases, as inspiriting as music to the march of weary troops. They see agony in labor that perhaps no one ought to enjoy, but many do. In brief, they ignore the fortunate circumstance of human blindness to environing horrors and hardships. But that they have a very strong argument, a special plea, in the artistic superiority of most things hand-made to most things machine-made, may be admitted even by the man in the street—who admits it cheerfully, and then pays two dollars for his shoes.

OH, FOR WINGS TO BE FLYING!

By MAUDE MORRISON HUEY

OH, dove! down on my window-ledge flying,
With wistful sad eyes and wild throbbing breast,
Of what are you dreaming and sighing?
Are you tired of beating the air with strong wings?—
Are you longing to cuddle,—
Cuddle and coo close to the down of a mother?—
Somewhere or other a mother?

Say dove! is it an old barn, I wonder,
With lop-sliding door and low-drooping eaves,
And June hay bulging in under?—
Hay so sweet!—and a swing there fast to the beams,
Dangling and sweeping
A path through the chaff?—Yes and dark swallows diving and winging,—
Everlastingly singing and singing?

And, dove, clinging to cross-bar and rafter
Did you say was a boy with a glad, happy face,
Filling the place with his laughter?—

Hide and seek round the old red fanning mill there,
Somersaults in the clover,
Hands, eager hot, in the cool grain plunging and dipping,
Elbow-deep dipping and dripping?

List, dove! and a path through the grasses and posies,
Black-beaten by feet, and a house 'mongst the trees,
With its hand-breadth of porch strewn with roses?—
And a woman—Oh, dove! did you say that you saw?—
Patient and smiling,
There in the dusk? Oh, begone from my ledge! Cease your sighing!
You with wings and not flying?—Not flying?

MEN AND AFFAIRS OF MODERN MEXICO

By S. GLEN ANDRUS

VII

WILL THE AMERICAN INVASION END IN ANNEXATION?

MANY shrewd students of history believe that during the present century the United States will annex the Republic of Mexico, which belongs to this country geographically, as do the provinces of Canada.

For the past five years there has been a strong under-current of public opinion in the States, setting in the direction of annexation. This opinion is coming to the surface, and men of influence in affairs and in moulding public opinion no longer hesitate to give expression to annexation sentiment. Recently one of the best known railroad officials in the West, a close student of international relations, a friend of the national administration and a man familiar with Mexican affairs, prophesied that annexation would be accomplished within the next twenty-five years. Although this may be an extreme view of the case, it was the result of intimate knowledge of the rapid change in conditions experienced by the republic during the past ten years.

Like this railroad official, I do not see how any thinking man can visit Mexico, give careful study to present conditions there, note the forces at work upon the complete regeneration of the republic and not be convinced that annexation is inevitable. The truth about Mexico is that it is becoming thoroughly Americanized. The process of evolution from the condition of a chrysalis nation to one trying its new-found wings in the marts of the world has been too rapid for public knowledge to keep apace. This

evolution is being accomplished largely by American capital and its sure and logical conclusion is annexation. The financial invasion from the States is in full swing, and is sweeping over the country in a tidal wave of seemingly irresistible power. It has already become the most remarkable invasion of its kind in history, and if permitted to go on will surely end in the complete subjugation of the republic. America is awakening to the fact that she has overlooked at her very door one of the most wonderful countries in the whole world.

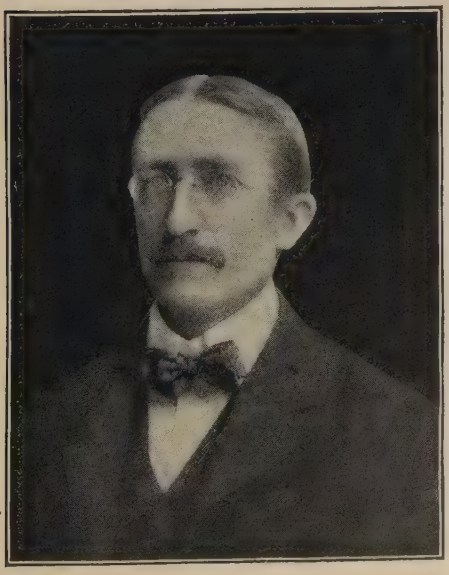
The awakening has been followed by strenuous action and now the power of over $500,000,000 of capital is pushing Americanism on and on and still on, until it is spreading throughout every district and state of Mexico. These American millions, like huge magnets, are attracting other millions with rapidity unknown in any similar movement in the history of the Latin race. The process which is working toward eventual annexation is one of friendly assimila-

VOLNEY W. FOSTER OF CHICAGO, A LEADER IN THE MOVEMENT FOR CLOSER RELATIONS BETWEEN THE TWO REPUBLICS

tion, not of warfare — an assimilation of the industrial, commercial and financial interests of the republic. When this process reaches its conclusion, will not the sequence be annexation? With a predominating American influence in all the industries of the republic, what will there be left for Mexico but annexation? On the other hand, what will there be left for the United States government but the annexation of Mexico adequately to protect the American industries?

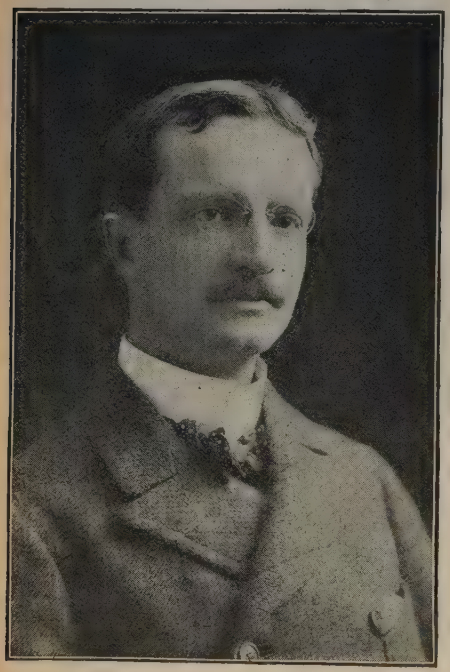
An extreme and startling theory, it will be claimed by many. Not so extreme, perhaps, when one pauses to think that eighty per cent of the money invested in Mexico's sixty railroad systems is American capital, which controls every railroad threading the republic, except the Inter-oceanic and the National Tehauntepec. In the Mexican Central

CHARLES R. HUDSON, TRAFFIC MANAGER OF THE MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILWAY, A TYPE OF THE HUSTLING AMERICAN IN THE SOUTHERN REPUBLIC



alone, American capital is interested to the extent of $160,000,000, actually expended. Lines of railroad such as this which make direct connection with American railroads such as the Rock Island system, have developed and spread until they have brought every portion of the Mexican republic within the quick grasp of American markets.

JAMES DEERING OF THE DEERING HARVESTER COMPANY, CHICAGO, A STRONG ADVOCATE OF A NEW TREATY WITH MEXICO



It is one of the remarkable facts of modern railroading that, by the extension of the Rock Island system to El Paso, the Mexican capital has been brought within as easy reach of the eastern and middle-west states as are the Pacific coast points in our own country. The influence of this new and quick means of communication between Mexico and the United States cannot be over-estimated. It is being felt daily, for within the past twelve months travel between the countries has increased with amazing rapidity. The argument against American investments in Mexico, that the scene of action is too far removed, no longer has force. The same argument might as well be used against investments in our western states and territories.

Again does the cry of ultimate annexation become less remote when it is learned that about $28,000,000 of capital from the States is invested in tropical agriculture in Mexico; that the city of Chicago alone has forty Mexican investment companies which are sending more than $1,000,000 a month into the republic; that in the past five years the majority of 1,200 Mexican investment companies have been organized in the United States, and that in the city of Monterey alone $10,000,000 was recently invested by Americans in a single manufacturing enterprise. Annexation can be seen from a still nearer point of view when it is known that one of the most powerful capitalistic combinations in the United States, the Standard Oil company, has invested within the past two years more than $18,000,000 in Mexican mines, has in hand deals which will necessitate $40,000,000 more, and stands ready to add another $50,000,000 when occasion presents.

It is well to remember, also, that American capital is bringing annexation still nearer by the expenditure of over $50,000,000 in the construction of a railroad from the border to the Pacific coast, threading the republic's richest mineral districts, providing a much-needed outlet for them and bringing them within easy reach of the markets of the United States. Early in February, American capital scored another bull's-eye in the republic, when an announcement was made of the purchase by the Astor family of New York of land whereon to establish the largest cattle ranch in the world, thereby rivaling and even surpassing Don Louis Terrazas, the world's greatest cattle king and the world's greatest landed proprietor. In manufacturing is to be found a

remarkable example of the regeneration which American capital is bringing about in the republic. Until recently there was practically no manufacturing in Mexico. Capitalists from the States saw the opportunities which increased railroad facilities, new-found fuel and changed conditions were offering in Mexico, and factories are building in many states; industries have been started which will first supply home consumption and afterward have their bearing on foreign markets.

One of the most important phases of the American invasion is to be seen in the banking interests of the republic. Only a few years ago, the American methods of banking and financing were unknown there. Banking in Mexico was run on a social, rather than a business, basis. At present the amount of American capital invested in Mexican banking is small when compared with the total investment, but it is rapidly increasing, and its power cannot be over-estimated. In three of the leading banks of Mexico City, American capital has recently acquired a considerable interest. These are the London Bank, the Central Bank and the International and Mortgage Bank. Two small American banks are operating successfully in the city and more are being started; two trust companies, which are controlled by American capital, are on the high road to success, and, lastly, the Mexican government has asked the United States government to give it aid and counsel regarding the rapidly diminishing value of its national currency.

One needs only to travel hastily through the principal states of the republic to become imbued with national pride, for there are to be seen on all sides evidences of American influence — in short, of the Americanizing of the republic. American influence and American money have changed the capital city and are changing the other large cities of Mexico from cesspools, breeding death and pestilence, into well-sewered, healthy and delightful places of abode. In every important center a citizen of the States can ride on an American electric railroad, can send his telegraph messages over American wires, can talk through American telephones, can drink water

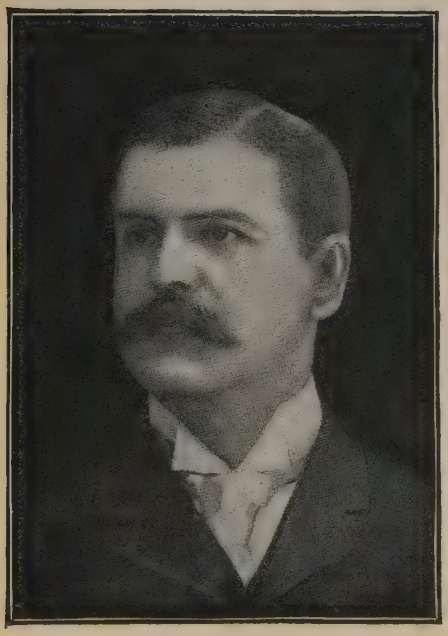
COLONEL G. WATSON-FRENCH, CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE REPUBLIC IRON & STEEL COMPANY OF CHICAGO, ALSO ACTIVE IN PROMOTING THE NEW TREATY WITH MEXICO

pumped and filtered by American waterworks, can read his paper by gas or electric light manufactured by American capital, can construct a home with money borrowed from American building and loan associations, and can equip it with modern improvements provided by American companies. Seeing and experiencing all this brings annexation still closer in the fancy of the intelligent tourist. Consul General A. D. Barlow, in his recent report to the government at Washington, shows how this has been accomplished when he states that in the

federal district alone there is invested $320,800,000 of American capital; in the state of Coahuila, $48,700,000; in the state of Sonora, $37,500,000; in the state of Chihuahua, $31,900,000; in the state of Oaxaca, $13,600,000, and in Nuevo Leon, $11,400,000.

The mistake should not be made of thinking that the Mexican government is not alive to the situation. There is no way of telling what the members of President Diaz's cabinet think of the annexation problem, but I do not see how they can fail to comprehend that the American invasion which is in full progress can have no other logical conclusion. This being the case, it might be asked why the Mexican government welcomes and fosters the rapidly increasing power of American capital. Undoubtedly it is because of their broad-mindedness, their subordination of personal ambition to national advancement and their recognition of the fact that in Mexico's case national advancement is necessarily coupled with individual prosperity.

C. H. MC CORMICK, JR., ONE OF THE FAMOUS CHICAGO MANUFACTURING FAMILY, INTERESTED IN SECURING A NEW TRADE TREATY WITH MEXICO



Presumably, too, they have come to the conclusion that in its masses the republic does not possess the material which can produce commercial, financial and industrial independence. Upon no other theory can we account for the passage of the most liberal mining laws to be found on any statute books — laws which are an invitation to foreign capital. Upon this theory, only, can we account for the flattering subsidies which have been granted to Americans who have dared to take the risk of spending millions in the construction of railroads tapping new territory rich in undeveloped and oft-times undiscovered resources. Presumably, also, the government has recognized the fact that Mexico lacks the ingredient most essential to national development by native forces — the middle class. Practically, there are but two classes in Mexico — the very rich and the very poor. The former have become somewhat incapacitated for strenuous national existence by the love of comfort bred through centuries of perpetual sunshine. In the peon class, on the other hand, there is no hope of a Mexico for Mexicans. If it is possible eventually to transform the peon from the most hopeless human imaginable to a useful member of a progressive society, it will only be accomplished after the superstition and ignorance of ages has been eradicated by a new civilization born and nurtured in the public schools. Mexico, with its almost limitless resources awaiting development, cannot lie inert while this transformation is being accomplished, for the country is too near the center of the march of progress. Seeing this clearly, the Diaz government is making the most of necessity, and is aiding instead of opposing the American invasion. At the same time, everything that wise statesmen can do to save the republic for Mexicans, by mak-

ing them able to hold their own with foreign forces, is being done. The men of the north, for example, are of an English-speaking race. Therefore has President Diaz made the study of English compulsory in the public schools. The men from the north are intense patriots, therefore is patriotism being stimulated in the school children by military drill and in their fathers by a national reserve. Thus it is that patriotism and education, which the masses now sadly lack, but which are being fostered and supplied by the government, may put off the day of annexation.

Before the annexation of Mexico is accomplished, however, many changes must occur in the relations between the two countries. When it does come it will not be through design on the part of the government of either country, but as a result of our financial invasion of Mexico, to stop which would mean the throttling of Mexico's national development. Probably the next great change in conditions will be a new treaty placing the countries on a reciprocal basis, so far as interchange of trade is concerned. Preliminary steps have, in fact, been taken toward securing such a treaty. The project was started by the railroad interests of the republic and is being materially aided by the owners of the Rock Island and other roads which have direct Mexican connections. The manufacturing interests of the States have been intrusted with the work of preparing the way for the desired legislation. Nothing regarding the project has been permitted to be made public, because it has been decided to work quietly until after the next presidential campaign. This is due to the fear that the proposed treaty would be made a campaign issue, and the avoidance of this is much desired.

Owing to this fact, the men who are engineering the deal in the States deny that there is such a move on foot. Nevertheless it is true, and recently an agent of the railroads in Mexico, who has also the sanction of the Mexican cabinet, went to Chicago, where he held several important conferences with the men who are representing the manufacturing interests of the States in trying to secure a new treaty. The men with whom he conferred are Colonel G. Watson French, chairman of the executive committee of the Republic Iron and Steel company; James Deering, of the Deering Harvester company; Cyrus H. McCormick, Jr., of the McCormick Harvesting Machine company, and one or two others. These men are doing the missionary work with the manufacturers of the country, and it is known that certain leading national politicians have been consulted and that President Roosevelt has been approached upon the subject.

I. H. KENNARD OF MONTGOMERY, WARD & CO., ACTIVE IN PROMOTING BETTER TRADE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO

American interests concerned and the national administration have been assured that a reciprocal trade treaty between the countries would receive the hearty support of the Mexican govern-

ment and of the railroad interests which are the most powerful in the republic. It needs no argument to prove that such a treaty would, at a bound, bring Mexico much nearer the annexation period.

The agitation over Mexico's depreciating currency is also drawing the countries closer together. Already the Mexican government has appealed to the United States government to appoint a member on a commission to devise means of providing a stable currency for Mexico. This move is peculiarly significant of the trend of affairs. Should Mexico, in the end, be forced to adopt a gold standard, the impetus that would be given to American enterprise in that country could not be over-estimated.

In the question of Mexico's currency, American investors are vitally interested. The problem, from a financial standpoint, is one of the most interesting. That the greatest silver-producing country since Cortez' time should be forced even to consider the advisability of borrowing $25,000,000, with a view to establishing a gold standard, is an interesting phenomenon. Leading financiers the world over are discussing the problem presented by the Mexican dollar, which literally begins to "look like thirty cents." With the mints of Japan closed, the demand for silver in China temporarily stopped, with India the only silver-purchasing nation, and with the republic's mines pouring out a constantly increasing volume of the white metal, President Diaz and his cabinet know they are facing a grave financial crisis. That it will be dealt with wisely and for the best good of vested rights, there is every assurance in the character of the men who will have to find the solution. Although this solution is of vast importance to every nation having commercial relations with the republic, this fact has not checked the tide of American investments in Mexico.

SENOR DON MANUEL DE AZPIROZ, MEXICO'S AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

Since 1899 Mexico has been represented at Washington by one of the most accomplished of all the foreign diplomats in this country. Senor de Azpiroz is a lawyer, an author, and a far-sighted, broad-gauge public man.

The general opinion in financial circles that a solution will be found which is best for all interests is significant of the rank which the republic is attaining in the congress of nations. This opinion has been promoted by the career of Jose Ives Limantour, Mexico's secretary of the treasury, her future president and undoubtedly one of the great financiers of the century. He represents the new era in Mevico.

Despite many drawbacks, Mexico is on the crest of a brilliant future — a future which will undoubtedly find its crowning glory in annexation. Men with unlimited millions are risking them in the republic, and are banking upon this denouement of the most fascinating national romance of modern times.

"RIVERS RHINE AND MOSELLE," a decoration of the Germania monument

Germania, The Watch on the Rhine

By CAROLINE DOMETT

HAVE you ever heard the German soldiers singing *The Watch on the Rhine?* Have you ever seen a company of German students as they spring to their feet to join with boundless enthusiasm in their national anthem?

If not, you have missed an inspiration. It is a baptism, a fire, a consecration, a triumph.

"A voice resounds like thunder peal
'Mid dashing wave and clang of steel."

It comes full-throated, heart-weighted, soul-stirring, from a people educated to patriotism through the songs of her country — a patriotism brought to successful fulfillment by an army that marched to the resistless power of

"Fatherland, dear Fatherland, no danger thine,—
Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine."

When once you have heard it sung by Germans—and the true German sings as if he couldn't help it, and wouldn't if he could — then, and not until then, do you realize the force of the well known saying, "Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who makes their laws."

It is not necessary that a man be either a great musician or a renowned poet to write music or words that will beat to the cadence of heart throbs. Usually, he is neither the one nor the other. Oft-

"THE SOLDIERS' FAREWELL," a decoration of the Germania monument

times he fills an unmarked grave. But in moments of great emotion sentiments may be expressed that are overwhelming in effect. In Germany, at every phase of her history, there has been an outpouring of national song, so potent that she may be said to have preserved by the harp as much as she has lost by the sword.

"WAR," a decoration of the Germania monument

The words of *The Watch on the Rhine* were written by Max Schneckenberger, who was not a poet but an everyday business man. He died before the song became famous, as it did not attain world renown until the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war. Carl Wilhelm wrote the melody. The emperor, recognizing its influence on the army, pensioned the musician, and at his death a monument was erected to his memory in Crefeld, his native town.

On a point of land where the Moselle and the more famous river meet in friendly union, there is a colossal equestrian statue of William the Great. Stepping forth beside him, proud and grand and free, is a magnificent figure of Victory, bearing in her arms the crown and a wreath of laurels. The strong, rugged face of the emperor

"THE RETURN OF THE VICTORS," a decoration of the Germania monument

is turned toward the river as if to voice that oft-repeated cry:

"WHO GUARDS TODAY MY STREAM DIVINE?"

From every point there comes reply. From the pleasure garden, where helmet and suit of armor in bas relief or statue bear underneath them the inscription, *Watch on the Rhine.* From ruined castles, holding the traditions and the stories that have been woven into national songs, from underneath the iron cross, where the heart of Vogt was put to rest, that it might always watch the Rhine; in every form the watch is kept, from lightest play of fancy up to the stern and inaccessible rock where stands the mighty fortress Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of the Rhine.

High up on the Niederwald, far above rows and rows of vineyards basking in the sun, is the national monument, symbolizing all watches on the Rhine. A queenly Germania, wearing richly embroidered robes and upholding the insignia of royalty, looks proudly out over the beautiful Rhinegau. At the corners of the massive monument upon which she stands are the allegorical

"PEACE," a decoration of the Germania monument

figures of Peace and War, below them, those of the Rhine and the Moselle. On one side, in relief, is *The Soldiers' Farewell,* on the other *The Return of the Victors.* In front is massed the German army. Representative groups from all parts of the country, among them the portraits of German princes and generals, cluster around the central figure, that of William the Great. Underneath this inspiring group is cut into the granite the full text of *The Watch on the Rhine.*

Sometimes survivors of that old army meet on the plateau of the Niederwald. From up and down the river come the boats, gaily decorated with streamers and many flags — among them your flag and mine. The soldiers gather about the noble statue of Germania to talk and laugh, embrace and feast the whole day long.

With the warning rays of the late afternoon sun, they start down the hillside; down through rows and rows of vineyards to the waiting boats below. They are on the river; they have passed from view; but in the quiet of the sunset you can hear their voices singing:

"Our oath resounds, the river flows
In golden light, our banner glows,
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine,
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine.
Dear Fatherland, no danger thine
Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch
the Rhine."

THE NEW BERLIN, A MONUMENT TO WILHELM II.

By CHRISTIAN A. LUHNOW

TO revisit Berlin, after an absence of one decade, is to realize how strongly the personality of its present aggressive, resourceful ruler is impressed not alone upon the geographical and material development of the German capital, but

POTSDAMER PLATZ, ONE OF THE BUSIEST SQUARES OF THE NEW BERLIN

FRONT OF THE NEW NATIONAL MUSEUM, BERLIN

upon its art, its society and above all in its readjustment of social as well as political intercourse with other civilized nations. Certainly no one ruler of the famous Hohenzollern dynasty will leave behind so many creations of art, more or less praiseworthy, as Kaiser Wilhelm II. On all sides the visitor encounters evidences of the remarkable activity of the present Kaiser in every branch of art.

Ten years ago, Berlin was a stopping-over place; a mere provincial capital, in which the aristocratic tourists of England, Russia and the United States scorned to waste more than enough time to view the schloss, stroll along *Unter den Linden* and take a luncheon before going to the mountains of Switzerland or the German watering resorts. Ten years ago, students of music made Paris, Leipzig and Vienna their rendezvous. Today Berlin stands unexcelled as a musical center, whither the hungry who yearn for golden rewards from a musical career, or seek glory, come to imbibe the genuine atmosphere. The master teachers discovered that somehow all musical roads led to Berlin, and they have transplanted their studios in the German capital.

How much of all this artistic development is due to the modernizing influences of the reign of Kaiser Wilhelm II. cannot be directly computed. In the first place, from a city provincial Berlin has grown into a city beautiful. Its police, instead of serving as an instrument of simon-pure imperialism, to make the life of the sojourner unendurable, has been made a democratic institution guarding the rights of all classes with equal impartiality, and to all appearances instructed to make itself especially useful to strangers and transient visitors. Every rational-minded foreigner, visiting the German capital, has only words of praise for the courteous, dignified *schutzman*. Additional reasons for Berlin's emancipation from the way-station rank are the ample provisions

made for pleasant residence, the exhaustless artistic and musical entertainments, the clean streets and squares, and the changing of the Thiergarten from a wild bramble-wood into one of the most magnificent public parks of the world.

It is an entirely new Berlin which has grown up during the reign of Wilhelm II., modern in every respect but remaining true to German traditions and characteristics.

KAISER WILHELM MEMORIAL CHURCH
A splendid structure that was recently completed.

Ere the stranger has reached his hotel on *Unter den Linden* he has caught sight of the grand *Siegesallee* with its wealth of statues picturing every Prussian ruler from the thirteenth century; his eyes have compassed the stately proportions and gilt dome of the new Reichstag building, with its ponderous, impressive Bismarck statue by Begas; the new City Hall, with its tall clock-tower overlooking the city; he has caught a glimpse of the grand New Dome Cathedral, which is to be the Westminster of Germany; of the impressive new Kaiser Wilhelm memorial church, with its Romanesque architecture; he views massive new buildings devoted to the exhibition of art treasures, colonial products, anthropological, educational and other public purposes.

To view Morocco from the harbor is to realize, with astonishing vividness, how the new world of commerce, of business and civilization is pushing back the low, dirty hovels of the old world. To walk down *Unter den Linden* to the schloss is to realize how the almost superhuman force, in keen sympathy with the modern world, has been moving back old Germany, with its crusty feudalism, its ancient traditions and staid architectural affectations. I have heard it said that Kaiser Wilhelm II. is one hundred years ahead of his people, and at least twenty years ahead of the rest of the European world at its best. One is very apt to approve the statement upon revisiting Berlin after ten years' absence.

No other European monarch has devoted so much wealth and influence directly or indirectly for the beautifying of his capital or residence city. When it is known that there is almost a constant ill-feeling and clash between the Kaiser and the municipal authorities elected by the preponderating socialistic element of his capital, his generosity appears more praise-worthy. Within the last few months the Avenue of Fame in the Thiergarten was completed with the unveiling of the statue of Roland of Berlin, standing at one end of the fam-

ous boulevard and overlooking two solid rows of statues of Prussian rulers, and crowned at the other terminus by the tall Column of Victory, with the gilt figure of Victory perched on top. The socialists and comic papers make fun of the *Siegesallee*. But it is nevertheless a contribution to posterity from the Kaiser which will make his name remembered for many generations. The New Dome Cathedral, costing nearly 40,000,000 marks, is nearing completion and will be one of the most magnificent temples in the world. Another artistic architectural feature of the new Berlin nearing completion is the new Herren House or Chamber of Delegates. Barely two months ago the Kaiser presided at the opening of the massive Royal Academy of Fine Arts, which shelters the greatest music school and most brilliant corps of instructors in the world, attracting musical and art students from every nation of the earth.

THE NEW CITY HALL OF BERLIN

For centuries the historic *Unter den Linden* was kept sacred from the hands of gardeners and builders, until it became an eyesore. The Kaiser called a staff of artists to his side barely a year ago, and, with their aid, unfolded a scheme for the modernizing of the German show street, with the result that it has become regarded as one of the finest boulevards in Europe, comparable in some respects to the Parisian Avenue des Champs Elysees, and Hyde Park in London. Not even the time-stained old residential palace escaped. Its exterior was not touched, but the interior was completely renovated. Electric lights succeeded the old flaring gas lights. The old schloss buildings and environing statues remain, but they harmonize with and seem necessary to the large number of artistic new buildings and ornamentation with which the Kaiser has surrounded his schloss. Nevertheless the Dome, the colossal statue of Kaiser William the Great, the new Marstall, the new National Museum, the new Pergamon Museum, all loom up grandly and overshadow the simple decorations and waning splendor of the old palaces. When one stops to consider that these artistic embellishments and features have all been built during the present reign and under its paternal eye, it seems truly a wonderful achievement.

Not many years ago, the Englishman sauntered down *Unter den Linden* with something of condenscension and disdain in his manner. The American was a rarity, an object of general curiosity.

Two foreigners, meeting on the corner of *Unter den Linden* and Friedrich strasse, could be heard saying to each other apologetically: "Oh, I've just stopped here for a breathing spell; I'm going on to Dresden," and, "So have I — I'm going on to Vienna." Today *Unter den Linden* is one of the greatest of international thoroughfares. Linger for one moment on the street corner and there will pass by groups of Russians, Frenchmen, American businessmen and students, the unmistakable types of Englishmen, the Hungarian, the Japanese and the negro. All languages are heard at times — except the German.

While the artistic attractions and the entertainments of a winter season in Berlin are largely responsible for this cosmopolitan growth, one of the greatest factors in the maturing of the German capital into a great metropolis is its commercial and financial importance. Hamburg may be the great port and commercial center, but in the great Berlin banking houses are transacted the deals and planned the syndicate operations which have extended Germany's commercial prestige to all parts of the world. This commercial prestige of Germany, when studied from the statistical tables, is seen likewise to be mainly a growth of the last ten years of the present reign.

But Berlin has learned how to attract and entertain strangers, especially of the wealthy, aristocratic kind, who leave large sums of money behind. Paris may still excel as the Mecca for this class of pleasure seekers and tourists who want a brilliant social environment. But Berlin is making its way forward and stepping upon the heels of Paris in a manner which bodes ill for the latter in days to come.

Another observation which I made recently, and which appears very signifi-

BERLIN DOME, IN FINAL STAGE OF CONSTRUCTION

The Dome is to be the Westminster of Germany. Its cost will be forty million marks.

cant, is the growing popularity of the Kaiser in his capital. Ten years ago the Kaiser was greeted by sullen, undemonstrative throngs as he rode down *Unter den Linden.* When His Majesty appeared in public on his last birthday, there was wild enthusiasm. Crowds formed in regimental order and marched up and down the street singing *Die Wacht Am Rhein.* Little by little the Kaiser is overcoming the prejudices caused by his earlier impulsiveness and eccentricities. Little by little the people of Berlin, who have been excited by revolutionistic promises, appreciate that they have a real monarch of flesh and blood, with human sympathies and the strength of his convictions.

DR. GEORGE C. PARDEE, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA, AND HIS FAMILY

California's First Native Governor

By CLARK ALBERTI

DR. GEORGE C. PARDEE, the newly inaugurated governor of California, was born in San Francisco in 1857, and is the first native of the Golden State to be elected its chief executive. He is of French Huguenot ancestry, the first of the family name in America being George Pardee, who came from England in 1715 and settled in Connecticut. Twenty-nine of his descendants fought in the cause of the young republic during the Revolutionary War.

The father of the governor, Dr. E. H. Pardee, was one of the best known public men of California in the early days; he was one of the organizers of the republi-

can party, and served in both branches of the legislature, also as mayor of Oakland, his home city. The son followed with success and distinction in the footsteps of his father. After graduating from the University of California and taking a course in Cooper Medical College, San Francisco, he went to Europe and graduated from Leipsic. In Berlin the young student struck up a friendship with the great Virchow and enjoyed the benefits of his lectures. During this time the young American acted as correspondent for a San Francisco newspaper, and wrote many letters which showed powers of close observation and forcible expression.

Returning to California in 1885, Dr. Pardee began practice as a specialist, devoting himself to the eye and ear, and soon attained a leading rank in his profession. He was married in Oakland in 1886 to Miss Helen Penniman, herself of old Massachusetts Revolutionary stock and a lady possessing the pleasing graces which adorn domestic life. Four bright young daughters, Florence, Madeline, Carol and Helen, bless their home, and, with their mother, enter heartily and intelligently into all their father's plans and works, and he is seen at his best when in his cosy home study with his family about him.

As a member of the board of health, the city council, and as mayor of Oakland, Dr. Pardee achieved such signal success in delivering his home city from the clutches of rapacious corporations, after many a hard-fought battle both in and out of the courts, that he soon became a notable figure in Pacific coast politics; and the republican state convention at Sacramento last August, after a few ballots, which showed a hopeless antagonism between old factions, nominated Dr. Pardee for governor with overwhelming enthusiasm. In accepting the nomination, the only pledge he would make was brief and quite characteristic of the man:

"This nomination came to me absolutely without a pledge on my part as to my future conduct, except the pledge to give the state, if I am elected, a righteous administration."

And when he presently started out upon his campaign, he again upset all the traditions of the politicians, for there were no special trains nor special escorts. Accompanied only by his devoted wife, he quietly journeyed from place to place, meeting and mingling with the people, asking their opinions and advice, and addressing them clearly and comprehensively upon the needs and concerns of the various sections of the commonwealth. Mrs. Pardee was always among the most interested of his audiences, whether in the elegant auditoriums of the cities or the remote mining and logging camps of the far Sierras. California is a land of magnificent distances, and together they journeyed many thousands of miles by rail and stage and various other means, in order to visit every part of the state. Sometimes the state central committee at San Francisco found its plans overruled by Mrs. Pardee, when she deemed it more important for her husband to catch much-needed sleep than an early train.

The four handsome young daughters of the Pardee family became a factor in the campaign in a somewhat singular way. The democratic nominee, in his earlier speeches on the stump, laid much stress upon the statement that the people ought to vote for him because his little son longed to be able to say that his father was governor of California. The republican orators were quick to improve upon this style of argument by insisting that if this contention were true, then there were four-fold reasons for voting for their nominee. This idea pleased the people immensely, and the "Pardee girls" became one of the pleasing watchwords among the campaign amenities.

A Yellow Dog

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

"WHERE did I get him?" replied my host, looking affectionately down at a common yellow dog at his feet, 'Oh, he came to me," and bending over he took the homely face between his hands, adding in an undertone to the dog, "And I haven't forgotten how you came, have I, old fellow."

Even back in our college days Jack Hilton had a reputation as a specialist in dogs. We called his rooms "The Kennel", for he never had less than one dog with him at college. He knew a dog through and through and he loved the creature—the one with "points", with blood, form and intelligence. And just as ardently he disliked the low-bred pariah—the yellow dog of the streets. It was Jack (and he has long since been ashamed of it) who wrote the college song of "The Yaller Purp and the Empty Can."

If I was mildly astonished to find Jack waiting at the train for me with this forlorn mongrel at his heels, and if I asked was it *his*, even before asking him how his system "segastuated," why,—Jack understood.

Yes, the dog was his, and in answer to my question as to how he came by the creature Jack replied quietly, "Oh, he came to me," and later on told me the story of the coming.

"Just after graduating," he said, "I took a year off and spent it cruising about out of doors. Early in June I was down on the great salt marshes bordering the Delaware Bay, making notes of the nesting habits of some of the marsh game birds. I was a stranger to the marshes, always having lived inland here.

"I had left Caesar, my dog, at the village tavern that morning, for I wished to move among the birds without disturbing them. Caesar was perfectly trained, but a perfect dog is a bother upon an excursion where our only object is to watch.

"So I tied him and started out alone. I had hardly cleared the village, when, as I was entering the meadow road, a cold nose was suddenly poked into my hand, and I turned to look into the face of a strange dog—a village outcast.

"After the friendship of a fine natured setter one is not likely to pat such a creature as this into companionship. I

"Where did I get him?"

was a good deal of a Pharisee, I suppose, but nothing seemed to me lower down than a yellow dog; and this specimen looking at me was the lowest of his caste.

"'Get out!' I commanded, making threateningly at him. He hung his head but did not budge. 'Get out, you homely tramp,' and I stopped to pick up a clod. Instead of running, the dog edged up to me and waited to be hit.

"I couldn't hit such a creatnre. But some one had hit him before, and often, too, for this was all he expected of me. The very soul—for he had a soul, though I didn't know it then—the very soul of the dog had been stoned and clubbed out of him. There was a light in his eyes that's gone now—a light that was darkness, a mute, hopeless appeal that will ever haunt me.

"I could not touch him. Still I could not have him following me, so I backed away, shouted savagely and hurled the clod over his head. He stood till I started on, then tagged along after me.

"And he kept tagging. At last, fearing that my day would be utterly spoiled, I got a stick and ran at him. He simply lay down to take the beating, apparently without the slightest notion of what it was to be for. But I tossed away the stick, and half hoping that it was mere food, and not friendship, he wanted, I threw part of my lunch at him and hurried off.

"He wasn't hungry. The dog wanted me, wanted human fellowship, some one to serve in his poor dumb way, and on he came.

"I was sadly put to it to be rid of him. Suddenly I remembered a heavy piece of cord in my pocket. I would tie him.

"I did not want to return by this way, though, to loose him; for I had planned to beat down the marsh and go back along the river, five miles across. Yet there was nothing else to be done. He must not go with me, and no matter how worthless he must not be allowed to die on the marsh, for the mere sake of five miles and my day's plans.

"With the cord about his neck I led him along, watching for something large enough to fasten him to. I was well out into the sea-like level when I came upon a long cedar pole, evidently used once for pushing a gunning skiff among the river reeds.

"This would be a sufficient clog. The dog couldn't possibly drag it far through the matted marsh grass. So, tying him to the butt end, I left him, the same mute appeal still in his eyes.

"My conscience troubled me a little. One hates to be looked at by such eyes. That cringing, doubtful, dazed expression on a tramp dog's face was always disquieting to me. I should have felt better had there been a little more shade for him than the mallow-bush afforded, and had the mosquitos been less appalling.

"It was still early morning and the wide, sky-bordered marsh was being flooded with a tide of summer light. Behind the misty blur of the trees, away on my left, was the river village; off, blending with the more distant sky on my right, rolled the bay. The green about me was wide and free and silent, except for the singing of the sea-side sparrows and the wierd, whistling cry of a circling hawk high up in the blue.

"Alone without a human being nearer than the light-house keeper, a long misty league away! Alone with the early June morning, the rolling, briny-brilliant marsh and its wary but unfrightened wild life!

"I walked on for an hour in the joy of my freedom, forgetting my foolish irritation at the strange dog, forgetting even the inconvenience of having to cover this same ground again in order to loose the dog at night.

"Over all this section the grass was of that low, fine, matted kind which is cut for salt hay. It was clean, of a rich emerald hue and all of a height, showing that the whole area here was yearly mown.

"Soon I came to a place, perhaps half

an acre in extent, that was fringed with a wide border of coarse, scanty sedge, and which seemed to be covered at the center with an extremely short, thin grass.

"I had already seen such patches in the distance, and started to cross this without any particular thought, though the presence of two or three rails sticking up just within the sedge border struck me as rather odd, and a shingle, lying near, upon which something had been printed, gave me just a pause. Half questioning the piece of board I dropped it, thinking it had drifted here on some high tide. Just then a marsh-hen skulked across the open center of the spot and disappeared. I went after her, hoping to find a nest.

"When not yet across the border of sedges I noticed the ground quaking unusually. I stopped, then shook the hummock under me. A tremor, like a wave, passed clear across the place.

"A very mucky spot, certainly; but there were soft places in every marsh, and though I had been warned about the quagmires of this region, still I took little stock in their reported peril. This one was doubtless mushy beneath, but the tough grass web over it would hold me up.

"Between me and a clump of heavy grasses where I thought the nest might be was quite a large open spot of mud, dotted with only a tussock or two of grass. Making a long step to one of the tussocks, I gathered myself together for a jump to another, but slipped and fell flat into the mud.

"I landed upon knees and hands, the latter sinking to the shoulder.

"With a sudden jerk backward, the moment I struck, I threw my body to one side, freeing my arms and coming to an upright position on my knees.

"It was a foolish move—just the thing I should not have done. With my wits about me I should have known that in an upright position with all my weight upon my feet, or even upon my knees, I would sink much faster than if lying outstretched, the weight distributed over the length of my body.

"But in fact I had not thought of sinking. I was only trying to get out of a very muddy, ridiculous situation. I had not made the effort, however, before the stories of the quagmires came to me. It was too late! The moment I got to my knees I knew I had broken through into thin liquid mud, bottomless it might be, and something of the terrible danger of my situation flashed over me.

"I was settling into the mud. The big tussock toward which I had jumped was close, and throwing myself out flat I reached for it. My fingers just touched it. I lurched forward and stretched, but something seemed to fasten about my feet and draw me down. Instead of touching the tough grass I clutched the oily ooze an inch short.

"It was not till then that real alarm came over me. I was slow to understand. Danger? Death? in a flat grass-covered marsh? And for one swift instant I lost all self-control. A terror beneath me, about my feet, seized me. I was not merely sinking; I was being drawn down alive by something alive in the blue ooze quaking about me. There was nothing beneath my feet, no bottom, nothing but the ooze from which every effort to escape meant only the surer, swifter death.

"I have felt the sickening fear of an earthquake shock—a shock that causes even the cattle to tremble and moan. To a human being it is absolutely unnerving; but it is soon over. This was a different quaking here, with a slow kind of terror that grew as I watched the slime creep slowly up toward my mouth.

"The delirium of fear passed as quickly as it came, leaving me with all the terror, but calm and self-possessed. I had some time still to live and all thought and energy became absorbed in

the struggle to prolong that precious time. While my head could be kept above the ooze there was a chance of rescue. Something might happen; some one might cross the marsh; the light-keeper might discover me when he came out upon the top of the light-house to polish the windows. So real seemed this hope that I turned my head toward the light. It was gone. I had sunk so deep that the tall rushes and sedge had cut off all sight of the high white house on the edge of the bay.

"Even this slight motion of lifting my head sent me down perceptibly. If only I had something to grasp to stay me! I spread out my hands and bore gently down; but it was not enough. The mud encircled my waist. Then I thought of my cap—my coat!

"I snatched my cap off, spread my fingers in it and pressed it on the mud. It helped. Now if I could get my coat off and spread that under the other hand, might I not arrest the sinking entirely?

"But I dared not move to take it off, lest the exertion send me under. I counted the cost. I was sinking slowly, but certainly, all the time. If the coat would stop me, what matter at what point I stopped so long as my head was above the ooze. I would risk it, and reaching back I grasped a sleeve and pulled.

"It was pure animal instinct that made me let go and throw out my arms again. I seemed to shoot down. The mud came above my breast. The attempt had cost me only a few inches, but measured in minutes, in chances for life, the cost was incalculable.

"It may have been two hours or longer that I sank down before the ooze reached my armpits. I could not reckon. I suppose I suffered from the heat and the mosquitos. The sun, I know, beat down out of a cloudless sky and the millions of mosquitoes were free to prey upon me, for I dared not raise my hands. But I don't remember minding the heat or the stings. Every other pain was lost in the terrible pain of trying to crowd the whole of life into the moments left me before I should be sucked into this smothering, bottomless grave.

"With my arms outstretched and their entire length bearing upon the mud I almost ceased to sink. I could hold out some hours this way, I knew, and though I was nearer the end than at any time before, the position and the arrested sinking brought me real relief.

"I had time to think. Would they ever know at home? Would they come to the village and get Caesar? And the other dog, the poor outcast back in the grass, would they find him before he died? Poor thing! his would be a longer, more fearful death than mine!

"Up to this time I had not dared to shout; it would have hastened me down. And it was useless, anyhow, but now at intervals I began to call, a long-drawn cry that went rolling far across the level.

"The mud would tighten about my chest with every shout. I had little hope of being heard. The road to the light-house was far beyond range, and there was no other travelled road across the marsh this time of year.

"I had been shouting for a long time. Noon was past; the mud was quite over my arms and close about my neck. I was ready to give up when something moved in the tall sedges. I heard it distinctly.

"Was it a bird? Was it—I could not hope—not a man! Before I could call the rustle sounded again. There was a waving of the sedges, they parted, and the eyes of the yellow dog were looking into mine!

"I can only remember that in my new despair was a feeling of relief that the dog had broken loose, that I should not be the cause of his suffering and death.

"But he was not loose! He had

pushed farther through the sedges, showing the cord still tied to the pole. The creature had heard my shouts across the marsh and had come, tugging at the heavy clog to which he was tied. The cord had slipped out close to the butt end, which allowed the pole to slide through the grass. The dog had doubtless heard my first cry, and through all these hours he had struggled toward me, dragging the pole foot by foot through the matted grass.

"At sight of the pole a fierce hope came over me. Once my hand touched that I need not sink. I could keep my head above the ooze till I died of thirst —till help came.

"The dazed, reproachful eyes still looked into mine. Would the dog stop there? I thought of my own faithful dog. Were he in this mongrel's place would even he dare this quaking death for me! I waited, too intent to think—to even speak.

Slowly, laboriously, without a sign of feeling, without a change of countenance, he drew nearer to me. Then I spoke, kindly, coaxingly, and he stopped, staring blankly at me. I feared to speak again. He reached the edge of the soft mud and paused. The treacherous ooze quaked under him. I watched while he scanned the sun-crocked surface, my life hanging on his decision. If his natural instinct of self-preservation asserted itself, I was lost. If his hunger for human fellowship held out and he reached me —I should live.

"Carefully he advanced a paw and tried the bog. It bore and he came on. Hardly three feet separated us. The pole was between his paws, and free now from the grass it moved easily.

"He came forward another step, giving the pole a lurch that sent it so close to me that a hand-breadth more and I could get it. Again he raised a paw, putting it down directly upon the cracked ooze. It broke.

"Instantly he pitched forward, struck his hind feet upon the pole and turned a somersault across my arm. I clutched the cord, jerked the dog to me and with both hands seized upon the pole.

"No, that isn't all," he added, after a pause, "not quite all. We watched out that night together. It took me that long night to see into the soul of this yellow dog. I could have let him sink. Indeed I nearly forced him under once, so frenzied was I with fear; but as he sank he turned his eyes upon me and ceased to struggle, saying by an almost human light that came into his face: 'I have done all that a dog can do.'

"Could a man do less? I reached out my hand and laid it on his head, speaking to him as he had never heard a human speak before. The fear went out of his eyes, and his whole life yearning for kindness and human love came flooding in. We watched out the long dark hours of that night, and the morning found us together and understanding each other.

"It was nearly noon before the village people found us. Following the lead of Caesar, whom some one had the thought to loose, they made their way to the mallow-bush where I had tied the dog. From that point the trail was plain. It was the mark le ftby the long cedar pole."

ON TAKING A WIFE

"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,
There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake,—
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife."—
"Why, so it is, father,—whose wife shall I take?"

THOMAS MOORE.

The Disinherited Fathers

By FRANCES WILSON

THERE was a rap at the door and the bell-boy handed in some letters. Young Staymore examined the superscriptions eagerly.

"Here they are, Rose, both of them," he called to some one in the next room, selecting two from the number and tossing the others carelessly on the table.

At the words a vision of Spring—if Spring can be imagined in a pink morning gown with a halo of sunshiny hair—appeared in the doorway with an expression of pleased expectancy.

"Dear old papa!" she said, dimpling, as she took her letter and dropped into a chair—"Here's where he forgives his angel child for being bad and we all live happy ever after!" She took the letter out of the envelope and unfolded it, while her husband occupied himself in a similar manner.

At the sight of the contents—only a few brief lines—her face lengthened with amazement and the amazement changed to bewilderment as she read the note, which announced with a verbal economy which was, to say the least, pointed, that Mrs. Thomas Staymore, having made a free and untrammeled choice of her path in life, was at liberty to pursue the same without fear of molestation from one who, nevertheless, wished her every happiness in that life.

That was all save the curt "Yours sincerely, Drayton Gladish" and a postscript—the letters of which seemed to be expanding and contracting in a watery medium—which informed her that her personal belongings had been forwarded to her address that day.

She winked hard to keep back the tears and then glanced at her husband, only to behold that gentleman scowling over his letter with an expression rarely seen upon his debonair countenance.

"What does yours say?" she asked with a gulp, while a flicker of interest lighted up the somberness of her face for an instant.

Her husband laughed ruefully.

"Read for yourself!" he replied, throwing it into her lap and picking up hers.

In effect, it was like her own—a formal and final intimation that Mr. Staymore considered that in marrying the daughter of his neighbor and inveterate enemy Drayton Gladish, his son had committed an act so disloyal that any future intercourse between them would be forever impossible.

When two weeks earlier Jack Staymore and Rose Gladish had decided to take matters into their own hands, they had expected, at worst, a scene, quickly followed by forgiveness and general reconciliations. To their thinking that ancient quarrel which had divided their fathers for twenty years was nonsense. They could not take it seriously.

So they drove blithely away one morning and none of the friends who saw them leave the Country Club together suspected that that drive would be described in the newspapers next day as "A Sensation in Society." In New York they disappeared temporarily, waiting for the parental blessing which they confidently expected and for a cessation of attentions on the part of reporters.

"Disinherited, by Jove," ejaculated young Staymore at last, thrusting his hands into his pockets, to the end that he might comprehend the situation more fully. "It isn't the money that I mind," he continued with a grand air—"We can get a neat sum for Snowflake and the auto, and I'll go to work—but I'm fond of the governor!" He broke

off abruptly and stared hard at the carpet, while Rose gulped audibly.

"The idea of papa acting so—so ungrateful," she wailed, "when I've always been so good to him! Such ingratitude is horrid!"

She dabbed at her face in an aggrieved manner and did not notice the gleam of amusement in her husband's eyes, which, however, quickly vanished in gloom as he sat down on the arm of the chair and put his arm about her.

"This thing of parental affection isn't what it's cracked up to be," he remarked with new-born cynicism. "I'm astonished at the governor! Didn't suppose he was that sort of a man!"

"And I've always humored papa when I could," chimed Rose, as her grief began to give way to a sense of injury. "That's just the reason he takes this advanage of my good nature! He couldn't expect me to give you up just because he quarrelled with your father before I was born. I leave it to you, Tom, could he?"

"I should think not," replied her husband with emphasis.

There was more talk of this sort and then they decided that a spin in the open would revive their drooping spirits and that there was no use of worrying, anyway.

"Only, you may be sure of one thing," Rose said firmly, as she pinned on her veil, "that when papa has cooled down and writes for me to come home, I shall not do it,—or that is—not right away! I think he should have a lesson," and a half hour later they were skimming through the park as radiant and care-free as if there were not a speck on the horizon, let alone two wrathful fathers.

Six months passed and still the letter from a humble and repentant father which each secretly looked and longed for did not come.

"I fear, Madam," said Tom one morning, "that we shall have to leave these luxurious apartments and find something a little better suited to honest poverty. We have lived up poor Snowflake and the auto is practically exhausted and the governors seem to have forgotten us!"

Underneath his cheerfulness, Rose saw signs of real chagrin and a black fear hovered over her heart. Could it be possible that their seniors were never going to forgive? She had never hated anyone and she tried in vain to conjure up the feelings which had set at odds the two dearest people on earth to her and Tom. But she could not make it seem other than ridiculous. She thought of her father—elegant, reserved and haughty—loving but few persons, but those devotedly. From what Tom had told her, his 'Governor' was the very prince of good fellows—warm hearted and generous to a fault, but a very fiend for obstinacy, once his pride was aroused. In youth they had been warm friends; then a break came and each believed the other guilty of treachery. Her brow wrinkled with the worry of it! Something must be done to reconcile them—but how to do it, that was the question.

Both were stubborn, both as proud as Lucifer. She thought and thought and at last an idea came to her.

"Tom," she cried, with kindling eyes, crossing the room to where he sat engrossed in the paper and taking it away from him, "I have a plan for bringing papa and your governor to terms," and she sat down beside him and talked rapidly for some time, scarcely pausing for breath.

"The notoriety!" he objected once, but she silenced him by demanding what he had to suggest, since he did not approve of her plan.

A month later the superintendent of the Manhattan Island Street Railway Company was heard to remark, as an athletic, clear-featured young man in

uniform passed across his line of vision, that conductor 304 was "certainly a corker." And indeed the fact was so obvious that within a week several people who patronized the —— Street car commented upon the distinguished appearance and courtly manners of this paragon of a conductor. Shop girls forgot to open their novels when they boarded his car—recognizing in such a man the very elements of romance—and straightway fell to dreaming of princes in disguise. Even the less appreciative masculine contingent gave him a second look and paid him the tribute of a moment's reflective wonder.

The people who went to the end of the line noticed that out where the houses dwindled away to mere little boxes with a good deal of ozone floating between, a very trim young woman in a checked gingham dress and the same indescribable air that disinguished No. 304, was in the habit of meeting his car and handing him a shining tin dinner-pail.

An increasing number of spectators viewed this homely domestic rite each day, and the number of those who rode to the end of the line and back just for fun, about that time, ought to have convinced the company that conductor No. 304 was a valuable man. He and his pretty wife were creating a mild sensation, and though they were apparently all unconscious, a keen observer might have discovered that they were in reality playing to the gallery for all they were worth.

At the end of a month conductor No. 304 confided to his wife that he was getting tired. In truth, their plan was slow in working out and each morning Rose found it harder to get him up at five o'clock.

"What's the use," he would grumble, when the alarm clock had scolded him to semi-wakefulness and Rose endeavored to complete the work it had begun.

"Oh Tom," she would remonstrate, "don't spoil it all now. Don't you know that the darkest hour is just before the dawn?"

"I should say I do!" would come the savage reply. "Nobody knows it better!" followed by a tremendous yawning and stretching. "Ah—I remember! I am conductor No. 304."

Then the little house would soon be bubbling with life and merriment. Wild howlings of "I want me bawth—I want me bawth!" would ring through the rooms, in imitation of a Britisher with whom he had crossed the Atlantic the year before, while from the kitchen a clear voice would demand, "Can you tell me, sir, how to concoct the coffee that mother used to make?" In fact, the heirs of the Gladish-Staymore fortunes, thanks to some practical instinct strong in both of them, were conducting themselves very creditably.

At last their reward came. The vague rumors about conductor No. 304 began to take form—to congeal into newspaper paragraphs. People went out of their way to satisfy their curiosity about him.

"Good house!" he murmured to Rose one day, as she handed him his dinner pail under the fire of at least twenty pairs of interested eyes. And if his manner was rather more tender than his words, and hers a trifle more coquettish than the remark, "Real pie in it—" demanded, it was entirely due to the inspiration of an audience.

To the reporter who presented himself at her door a few days later, Rose was the perfection of winning courtesy and "simple, unconscious beauty," as he astutely described it in the Sunday edition of his paper, to her unconcealed delight.

"I just sighed like this—rolled my eyes a bit, managed a little quiver of the lip where it would do the most good," she explained airily to Tom—"and he was mine!"

But as a wage-earner, the latter had become strictly practical.

"Think of getting all that advertising free!" he exclaimed, holding the paper at arm's length. "That would have cost the governor hundreds," and he gazed in mock rapture at the double page, where cuts of two mansions, supposed to be their former homes, car 475, their present cottage, pictures of themselves before and after, were imbedded in columns of illuminating print. The very center of the page was occupied by the pictures of two elderly men who glared at each other with unmodified bitterness, and who purported to be Drayton Gladish and Thomas Staymore, Sr., "the unrelenting fathers of the sweet young couple who were accepting their cruel destiny so bravely."

"But what if they shouldn't see it?" Rose asked suddenly after she and Tom had giggled over it to their heart's content.

"The clipping bureau will attend to that all right," he answered with a chuckle. "Trust them for that."

And it evidently did, for on Wednesday morning the first telegram arrived.

It was addressed to Rose, signed by her father, and read, "Come home at once both of you. Everything forgiven. Don't see reporters." And soon the other one arrived, this time from the 'governor.' It read, "Come home and behave yourselves. Muzzle reporters."

A seraphic smile overspread Mrs. Staymore's face as she sat down to her desk to send the reply that she and Tom had agreed upon, alike in both cases save as to address and signature.

"We are happy and contented in our humble life and trust that you are likewise in your splendor. We wish you well, but you have, by your own choice, passed out of our lives. No house divided against itself can stand, and you can see that it is impossible for us to take you back, since you and my father-in-law are sworn enemies. We prefer our crust on the house-top."

A few hours later, two irate gentlemen whose beautiful grounds were separated only by a conspicuously high and dense hedge, were pacing the floors of their respective libraries in deep, but not too peaceful thought.

One of them—a ruddy, jolly-looking man of fifty, gave vent now and then to little irrepressible explosions of wrath. "The impudent cub!" he would ejaculate hotly whenever his eye rested upon the slip of yellow paper which lay face downward on the table. "How dare he!"

The other gentleman was more self-contained, but there was a slight sparkle in his eye which seemed to denote either excitement or indignation. He stopped at last before the portrait of a sweet-faced woman, whose eyes seemed to cling to his. Then as if he had formed a quick but painful resolution, he picked up the telephone book, went rapidly through the S's and stepping to the telephone, called for 243 Greenwood.

"Mr. Staymore in?" he asked, steadying his voice with an effort, as memories of the old days rushed over him.

"Hello, who is it?" In spite of himself Mr. Gladish smiled at the irritation in the voice. He could fancy just how Tom would feel about this. Then one of the rare impulses of his life mastered him and the formal words that he had meant to speak faded from his thoughts.

"It's Gladish," he said huskily. And Tom—don't you think we'd better accept the terms?"

They were soon shaking each other's hands with eyes that said what stubborn words refused to utter.

"Think of those young scoundrels sending such a message as that!" exclaimed Staymore with a burst of laughter, "and sending it collect at that."

PHASES OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS

By FRANK PUTNAM

SOCIALISM — WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT MEANS

LAST night in a Boston public hall two young men debated the theme "Socialism." One,—narrow-keen, caste-proud and caste-fearful, tricky-lawyer-like, sincere possibly, schooled but shallow, beheld socialism as a hideous monster threatening all mankind with awful and immitigable slavery. The other, ardent, fired with zeal for reform (the same to benefit his section of society and punish another class) depicted socialism as a new divine gospel that shall exalt the lowly and hurl the mighty from the seats of power.

Neither presented the problem in its larger, historic and philosophic aspects. The anti glibly cited little heroic premature attempts which he said had failed. The socialist, so-called, cursed society for its sins and reflected gravely upon the moral character of the young women employed in the department stores of the great cities,—this as a sign of the failure of "the existing social order":—young women forced to work for wages too small to supply the common necessaries of their existence, hence terribly tempted to sell themselves, etc., etc. Doubtless the picture was very much overdrawn. I am confident the young man allowed his zeal to run away with his discretion. He was right enough in saying that most of these girls receive very mean salaries; but he under-rated their power of resistance, their self-respect.

This recalls a statement once published by the manager of a great department store, that his retail business alone had earned profits of $7,000,000 in one year; and I remember that I wondered how much of this $7,000,000 had been saved by scaling the wages of the store's regiment of women clerks, to or below the point at which they could sustain life decently. I remember, too, the manager added, as if fearful that this thought might occur to too many minds, that the $7,000,000 was no more than a legitimate profit on the money invested in the plant. Of course, that made it all right. The girls may, as public opinion held, have been under-paid; some of them may even have been wrecked by the store's system of low wages and high profits,—yet *money must earn money.* Human beings have rights, to be sure, but none is so imperative or so sacred as the right of money to earn money. *That* right, you must understand, is the foundation of our wonderful world-conquering American prosperity.

But all of this is aside from the main point. What is socialism? And is it

good or evil? These eager young debaters did not satisfy us. Draw up to the fire with me and let us consider this question that is lately engrossing so many minds as something new.

Is it really new?

I should say not. I should say that the history of socialism is the whole history of mankind since the foundation of the first family. All clans, tribes, kingdoms, empires, republics, cities, towns, states, religious organizations, political parties, literatures, arts, wars, commerce, industry, sciences—all proclaim and celebrate steps in the socialization of the race.

The first man, I suppose, was solitary; though doubtless it was not long before a woman discovered him and took over the management of his affairs. With the coming of the second man, society began—socialism was a live issue. There was room enough in that day,—no need to crowd each other off the earth. They passed isolated lives, or touched each other's spheres seldom and lightly. But man has over-run and populated the earth—some portions of it are very densely crowded. Meantime, he has become less a solitary, more a social being. He has instituted governments, laws, churches, schools, parties,—all born in response to his needs, and all constantly in process of change, advancing, receding, modifying, disappearing to give way to newer and more highly complicated forms of socialism.

These changes were not wrought without opposition, the bitterest and most determined opposition. Christ on Calvary was Rome's retort to his plea for the further socialization of men. The ships and cannons and armies of George III were his answer to the American colonists' demand for a finer socialism than the monarchs of George's day were willing to concede to common men. Abraham Lincoln's *Proclamation of Emancipation* is one of the noblest and most precious documents in the history of socialism. By a sweep of his pen—backed by a million fighting men animated by the social ideal—he brought four millions of human beings into membership with all the others in the social organization of this nation. The emancipation of women, so marked and beautiful a characteristic of our own time, is a forward step in socialism.

So, I say, with all these vast facts in the background of our generation, I cannot think ill of a force that has wrought so much and so well for mankind. If I am privileged to perceive a Higher Intelligence guiding the little affairs of men, and I believe that I do, then I must believe this whole scheme and process of the working out of our lives from savagery in isolation to brotherhood in a perfected socialism, are in obedience to the will of that Higher Intelligence we call God.

Each generation has its own small portion of the forward march to make in the socialization, or, if you prefer the other word, the civilization, of mankind. Let us not be confused by names. Republican and democrat and prohibition and populist and socialist parties are all varying expressions of the one universal and all-inclusive forward movement of humanity. One party, counselled by the grave needs of its members, wishes to move the whole mass forward rapidly, in order that its own wants may be supplied. Another, controlled by those who prosper under present conditions and who are not yet sufficiently filled with the Christ spirit to love their neighbors as themselves, wish to "let well enough alone." We witness the pathetically ludicrous spectacle of men chosen to great offices of state, solemnly declaring the peril of further progress in that highway which mankind has traversed since the beginning. We hear them prophesy with fearsome faces that this terrible socialism will extinguish in-

dividuality and make man the slave of government—when the whole purpose and net result of every step taken in this direction has been to enlarge the liberty and the usefulness of the individual.

Some of them know better now: the others will learn better in due time. We are all in school for life, and for an endless succession of lives; none of us can dodge the truth forever. Not even the man who regards civilization as a finished product—and he is pretty nearly the dullest pupil in the school. Nothing in human power can chill or kill the impulse that animates man's social progress. It is mightier than religions: it creates religions, uses them and casts them off like worn-out gloves. It is greater than governments: it makes and breaks governments. It can conquer even human greed, for it reveals to the human soul something so far finer than the satisfactions of human greed that these lose their hold upon humanity.

CONCERNING SOME RECENT DISCUSSION OF PENSIONS

SOME men see a selfish motive back of every generous action. They are foolish. They would pour the drop of gall into every cooling cup. They are mean-spirited, and conceive meanly of others. They would make human nature despicable. But they are, happily, in a minority—and will be so while the good men do outweighs their evil. You hear from these people whenever a public man makes a move, or utters an idea, out of the common rut. His possible motives are scanned, and the preference is given the worst one. If a public man is sensitive to this sort of censure—as the best of them are—he has a great many unpleasant hours for which there is no sufficient cause. The great majority of the people as a rule think in generous terms, and not meanly. They demand good deeds, and take good motives for granted.

A few days ago Senator Hanna offered a bill to pension certain former American slaves who are now, in their old age, destitute and in want. A certain section of the press assumed that he had become a candidate for the republican presidential nomination, and was bidding for negro delegates from the South. Ignoring what amounts practically to a certainty, that Theodore Roosevelt's is the only name that will be considered before that convention; ignoring Senator Hanna's oft-repeated declaration that he is not and will not be a candidate for the presidency, this section of the press proceeded to attack his bill and his motives in offering it. The same journals, by the way, had only a moment before been saying of President Roosevelt's appointments of negroes to federal offices, that these were "bids for negro delegates." They were impartial, at any rate, in their misrepresentation of the two republican leaders. One of them even sneered at William J. Bryan because of the fact that he never, in all his published writings and speeches, uttered a word that could be taken to justify the disfranchisement of negro citizens.

Concerning Senator Hanna's pension bill, his secretary, Mr. Elmer Dover, writing from Washington, says:

> I have just received your letter dated the 6th instant, and note your request. I will be glad to send you a copy of the bill, but will say that Senator Hanna introduced this as he has dozens of other bills by request, and that he knows nothing personally of the subject or of the prospects of action by Congress. I learned today, however, that a similar bill introduced several years ago was reported by the committee unfavorably, and it is not likely they would reverse that action.
>
> I do not think that the extensive newspaper comment is justified by the conditions under which the bill was presented.

Though there is, apparently, not the remotest possibility of the passage of any

such bill, I personally believe it embodies an act of justice and generosity that future generations of Americans would recall with pride. I believe the government that permitted any of its members, for no fault of their own, to be held in subjection and forced to spend the best years of their young manhood and womanhood in unrequited service, making it difficult or impossible for them to get a fair start in the race for individual advancement, owes it to these persons to make amends in some such manner as this bill provides. It will be suggested that, if they are dependent, their several communities can provide for them; but this is a national debt, a debt shared equally by all the people, and should be paid by all alike. The fact that there is little or no chance that it will be so paid, does not alter the facts in the case, nor require apologies from those who bring the debt to the public's attention.

Speaking of pensions, a member of the National family in Virginia, a veteran of the Civil War, offers the following comment:

I have been much amused at the cry now so prevalent, against "pauper pensioners" especially when I contrast the views of the present day with those rife in the latter part of 1862. Then, when the agonizing cry for men for the defense of Washington made no promise to the men who would volunteer too extravagent,—those "heroes" were to have the best of everything reserved for them on their return home. Positions should be kept for them, and they would find work awaiting them; and amidst the plaudits of their grateful fellow citizens their lives should be a general holiday. Alas! how fleeting we found those promises; how great the struggle that awaited us to obtain a chance for a livelihood, any old gray-beard will tell you. Of course it could be no other way; the promises were, no doubt, made in good faith, but to take care of nearly two millions of men suddenly thrown on the labor market,—the result could be no different. Yet now when the "Coal Baron," rising from his luxurious repast costing not less than ten cents a plate, throwing himself in his reclining chair that must have made a two and a half dollar gold piece present a thirty-cent aspect, and in lazy enjoyment of his post prandial cigar at an expenditure of at least five cents,—all this in a house costing not less than twenty-one dollars a month, inveighing against those pension "paupers," lazily fattening at the public crib, dressed in purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day at an expense of from two to twelve dollars a month at the public expense.

Let us pause for a moment and enquire what was accomplished from '61 to '65 by these same worthless fellows; it appears a little necessary at this late day. Take from the number that composed the "Grand Army" those who like myself reenlisted and served in two regiments. We will say that at a rough estimate two million stalwart fellows left the comforts of their home, bidding adieu to those they loved, marched to the front, facing the exposures and privations inseparable from army life, the shriek of shell, the ping of bullet and the sabre stroke, and the still more insidious fell disease in various forms, bringing the last long sleep, from which there is no awakening, for we are taught in the scriptures—"The dead, they know not anything, neither have they any more reward." Take your slate and pencil, dear reader, and from the population of the North subtract these two millions who first and last forming a cordon 'round city, town and hamlet, nobly baring their breasts to the storm of battle, often plucking victory from defeat, said to their foes, "Thus far and no farther;" and with the exception of the insignificant damage to Hagerstown and Gettysdurg, left the North in peace and safety, free from the turmoil of the titanic strife, at the cost of more than three hundred thousand of their number.

Is it possible, my country-men, that in the course of thirty-seven short years, you can have forgotten the terrors of that time; forgotten how, beaten and driven back from bloody fields, yet undaunted, again and again facing an enemy swayed with a courage equal to their own, these devoted men who swore by their lives that the North should be protected, at a fearful sacrifice kept their oaths. Can you forget this? Can you endorse the cry against these "paupers?"

And another view: is it at all wonderful that the pension roll should be so large? Leaving out those who were crippled in the fray, or bear bullet wounds that for these long years give them incomparable suffering, can I ask you when in your imagination you see these men marching in all weathers, many times finding rest on the frozen ground, without shelter or blanket, many times and oft without food for twenty-four, and sometimes thirty-six hours,—can you wonder, I ask you, that they returned with shattered constitutions and bodies racked with incurable disease? Is it not a wonder that any escaped, that all were not victims of this dire fate?

The War of the Rebellion was no play-ground for an hour, but for four long years with nerves at a tension, daring their fate, and all this for a pay one-half of that of a day laborer of the time. Well, now let us see how these lazy "paupers" live. I will instance a family I know intimately, and the facts here adduced are, alas! too true. He has touched the Biblical age of three score and ten; his wife three years his junior. He is crippled in his limbs from some muscular affection, partially deaf and blind — just can see to walk without breaking his neck, and was pensioned at twelve dollars a month for a double hernia received in the service. Their apartments cost them four dollars a month, taxes three dollars a year, oil three dollars a year, clothing we will say twenty-five dollars a year, (about the price a "coal baron" would pay for a business coat,) fuel, say eighteen dollars per annum. This

will aggregate ninety-seven dollars,— nor is this estimate too high. If you think so, reader, try for yourself, and discover the difficulty of doing so. Now, I have allowed nothing for sickness. Poor people like them cannot afford a doctor, and, if sick, must trust to the recuperating power of nature. This leaves this aged couple a balance to furnish food for the bare sustenance of life the sum of forty-seven dollars for fifty-two weeks, or eighty-four and three-fifth cents per week, or twelve cents a day, or two cents each per meal. Do you think they can subsist on less? This is what the "coal baron" is raising his stentorian voice about; this is one of the results of "abuse" of the pension system. This twelve dollars per month is all that intervenes between this aged couple and the poor-house.

Now, who is this man, and how did he conduct himself in the bloody struggle? He is a man who never lost a day's duty during his enlistment, who started as a private soldier, and received two warrants and six commissions, three of which date from battle-fields for gallant conduct, and wears the Congressional Medal of Honor on his breast; was twice commended on field of battle by his commanding officer, and once mentioned in dispatches to army headquarters, and his name can be found mentioned in at least three volumes written on the war. He is very near a "pauper," it is true, but he lives honored and respected by his fellows —owes no man anything,—and presents so respectable an appearance that his necessitous condition is unsuspected,—for the old man is proud, and both he and his wife would rather starve than accept "charity" except at the hands of the government.

This is a sample of the men who excited the indignation of Commissioner of Pensions Evans in one of his reports, in which he complained that they did not die off fast enough, as the death rate for the year was 2,000 less than the estimate, which unfortunate state of affairs caused the aggregate amount to be still high. Well, in a year or two the death rate will increase so as to satisfy even the hope of such men as the late Commissioner Evans, when the defenders of our country from '61 to '65 will be as the heroes of the Revolution, only a thing of memory,—growing ever fainter and fainter as the years roll by.

A NEW VOCABULARY FOR A GOOD OLD GAME

MID-MARCH, and already, even in the latitude of Boston, the "feel of Spring" is in the air. Some of the younger and more venturesome trees show a fullness and freshness of the buds indicative of their coming green glory. Birds twitter about the house at early morning with a note of prophetic cheeriness in their tones. The small boys are playing marbles, too, and here let me say that they have invented a wholly new vocabulary for that game since I was a boy. The six-year-old with great glee tells how he "drelixed" a bigger boy. Drelixed? O, that means "skinned him"—got all his marbles. These boys don't know the meaning of lag, or taw, or fudge, or knuckle down, and their game is insignificant, in point of skill, as compared with the game we used to play. They make a hole in the ground, then toss a marble from the hollow of the palm, trying to place it in the hole. The first who succeeds in dropping a marble into the hole wins all the marbles that have missed the hole. Another way: One boy brings his heels together, toes pointing outward, to form a backstop. He places a marble on the ground between his feet, and the other boys take turns trying to hit it with their marbles. The first boy, the game-keeper, so to call him, wins all the marbles that fail to hit his marble. This continues until one of the other boys drops a marble on the game-keeper's marble. Then the lucky player tends goal until some one else supplants him. The marbles, too, are as much inferior to the marbles we had as the games are inferior to those we played. Why, most of the commoner kinds are as crude and unshapely as mere dabs of clay hastily pressed together between the palms might be.

Still, there are compensations in the new order: I cannot imagine any boy held after school by the fascination of these new games so late as to incur parental wrath. It seems impossible they can feel the same keen interest in games so crude and unskillful. And it must be added that they do *not* show an equal continuity of interest in any of their plays. They read more than boys did thirty years ago. There is more to read now than we had, of course, and this has something to say in explaining the change. One boy of nine years has

read all of *Grimm's Fairy Tales* three times. Neither he nor any of his boon companions, a dozen or more of them, has ever seen a *Nickel Library*. Think of that! They are ignorant of all the noble and thrilling exploits of the Red Rover and Old Sleuth; they never hunted grizzlies with Old Ike of the Yellowstone, nor boarded rich galleons with Erik the Pirate. I fear the kindergartens, catching them so young, have corrupted their taste for this delectable literature. They know more about the heroes of our navy than I have forgotten. All the charming legendary stories about the great men of our history are eager at their tongues' ends. They are very wise. One might almost suspect they were grown-up minds in boys' bodies were it not that they reveal the untamable juvenile at bed-time, never ready to go, and so extremely tolerant on the subject of unwashed hands and faces.

A Contested Partnership

By FRANK H. SWEET

I HAD always associated the country with an unlimited supply of fruit and vegetables, so the first thing I did after establishing myself as the proprietor of a small suburban place was to make a critical examination of the ground with a view to a possible garden. It was good soil, my neighbors said, but needed a little fertilizer. So I purchased fertilizer, and a gardening book, and supplementing them with such gratuitous advice as the disinterested seemed disposed to give, soon found myself in a fair way to become a good producer. By the time I arrived at a strawberry bed I was well across the tedious plain of amateurdom.

I did not have the remotest idea of taking in a partner, but when the strawberry plants came, and I carried them out to my nicely prepared bed, I noticed that a robin flew promptly from a neighboring apple tree and watched me with much interest and approval. When I walked across the bed with my line and dibble, he hopped to the basket and peered eagerly at its contents. I suspect that he was examining the labels to see if I had selected good varieties. Then he hopped critically back and forth across the bed, as though deliberating some question of evolution. When I made my lines and holes, and dropped my plants, he watched me with head cocked on one side, gravely, judicially, as though he had superintended such work many times before.

After this he was an almost daily visitor to the garden. He would follow me about, chirping advice or approval or expostulation, as my work suited or displeased him. The neighbors said that he was watching for the grubs and worms which my spade turned out, but I knew better. He had his mind fixed on a partnership, and was trying to make himself indispensable to my garden work. He was nearly always on the ground before me in the morning, and often I heard his clear, brisk voice making unfavorable comments on my tardiness. In the winter he disappeared for a few months, but came back in time to greet the first snowdrops and crocuses. I saw him hopping about the strawberry bed and looking toward the

house as though he wished to speak to his partner, so I went out to meet him. Our strawberry plants had come through the winter in unusually fine condition, and I was rather proud of them. And robin seemed to feel the same way, for he greeted me with a warm series of self-gratulatory chirps and chuckles.

One morning I observed that he had a companion with him, and it slowly dawned upon me that he had taken another member into the partnership. I saw him proudly showing her through the strawberry bed, and had no doubt that he was telling of the prodigious work he had done on it the year before.

There was but one tree on the place, —a knotty, deformed apple, which bore execrable fruit. But it occasionally had blossoms in the spring, and it afforded some shade, so my wife said that it should not be cut down. The robins looked it over disdainfully, but it was the only available site which overlooked the strawberry bed, so they presently selected a fork in one of the branches and set up house-keeping.

As I watched them industriously collecting straws and sticks I began to have my first misgivings. My wife and I were very fond of strawberries, and in planning the bed I made liberal provisions for a good supply. But I had not counted on two hungry robin partners, supplemented by four or five hungry robin babies. And I had a shrewd suspicion that my jovial friends would not be over-scrupulous in the division of shares.

About the time the strawberries commenced to turn I noticed that the robins were in a state of high excitement. There was much journeying to and fro between the nest and the garden, and there was diligent search after grubs and worms and other dainty bits of food. It did not require a visit to the apple tree to convince me that there were new members in the partnership.

Of course they got the first berries. I found several that were beginning to color, and determined to keep an eye on them. But I expect that the robins came to the same determination, and that they were too impatient for the berries to get fully ripe. At any rate, they all disappeared before I was ready to pick them. But after a few days the fruit began to ripen faster than my partners could gather it, and I was quick to take advantage of the improved state of affairs.

As I made my way into the bed with a package of empty baskets they looked at me inquiringly, and then began to gather more industriously than ever.

But there was a limit even to a robin's capacity, and after a while they hopped disconsolately into the background and watched me disapprovingly. The baskets were items of partnership which they could not understand.

After that they seemed to think I was an intruder, who must be constantly watched. If they happened to be in the apple tree or hopping about the garden, and saw me start toward the strawberry bed, they were almost sure to reach it in advance of me. One day I filled a basket with nice berries and left it in the path while I was filling a second. Happening to turn around I saw Mr. Robin calmly helping himself to my fruit. It was too much for even my patience, and I promptly shoo'd him with a stick. It was the first open break in our amicable relations, and my partner flew to the apple tree in high dudgeon. It took a week of coaxing and bread crumbs to make him forget his wounded dignity. But gradually he recovered his equanimity and became the frank, chatty friend he had been before.

The next year found him back in the apple tree with a new nest; but by that time I had doubled the size of our strawberry bed, so there was no further cause for dissension between us.

The New Socialism and the Trusts

By MICHAEL A. LANE,
Author of "The Level of Social Motion"

IT is amusing, if no more, to observe the general lack of information in the United States concerning the doctrines of socialism and the proposals of socialists for the reconstruction of the economic and political foundations on which the present republic rests.

This ignorance does not lie altogether with the great mass of half-educated people who make up the bulk of the population, and who may be excused for remaining uninformed in a subject the bearings of which touch every public question to the inmost recesses of its vitality. It is easy to understand how a nation, happy in exceptional prosperity and wealth, will devote its time to the pursuit of light pleasures rather than to the study of serious and deep-seated matters; and this truth partly explains the popular ignorance of Americans concerning the true concept of socialism.

It is somewhat more difficult, however, to understand the positive misapprehension concerning socialism under which the better educated classes of Americans still labor; and it is even harder yet to comprehend how influential and wealthy undertakers of industry can so widely misconceive the nature of an economico-political doctrine that strikes at the root of the method by which the nation creates and distributes its wealth.

For long it has been the fashion with a certain school of economic writers — of which John Rea may be taken as a type — to point to the United States as a country where socialism has never been able to take root. They dwell with touching emphasis on the failure of socialist agitation among Americans. They call attention to the pregnant fact that the only socialists in America have been foreigners — principally German; and they furnish an explanation of this interesting state of things by noting that dogmas such as socialism thrive best in countries where the over-government is strong, and where vigorous measures are taken to suppress alike the dogma and the dogmatizers. In America men are free to teach whatever they like. Hence socialism finds too shallow a soil upon which to flourish.

While all this is pretty enough as a theory, it is utterly wide of the mark. The repugnance of the social mind in America to socialism to be explained by a very different cause; a cause at once so simple and so obvious that no one but a foreigner could fail to see it. That cause is nothing more than a misconception in the popular mind as to the true definition of the term socialism, and the true character of the national reforms which the socialists propose to bring about.

DIVE A LITTLE DEEPER

If we dive a little deeper under the surface of things, we shall not be long in finding the cause of this misconception itself, and the true reason why dogmatic socialism not only does not thrive in America, but is regarded by the great majority of the people with positive repugnance, if not with freely expressed horror.

Socialism came out of Germany.

Lasalle and Marx were the first of that school to lift high the banner of revolution and boldly to proclaim the new order, under which monarchy was to have been overthrown and a democracy to have been established in its stead. These men and their friends believed that the first step to the economic freedom of the masses must be the political freedom of the masses. The labor-soiled proletarian was placed, with brutal frankness, before the king and the noble, and the most radical of political revolutions was openly proclaimed in one of the most conservative monarchies of the world. Lasalle and Marx, and their pupils, were arrested, thrown into prison or banished, their publications suppressed, and their steps dogged by government spies.

Now, all these things came to the knowledge of the American people, who did not stop to inquire into the nature of the doctrines for which the socialists were punished. The socialists were "dangerous revolutionists;" they smelled terribly of the prison; they sought to "overthrow law and order;" they aimed at "sapping the foundations of society;" their dogmas implied the "destruction of property rights;" they were a "nest of social vipers;" they were "enemies of public safety."

More than this: the socialist doctrines were alleged to be the quintessence of impudicity and immorality. These doctrines, it was charged, aimed at the destruction of the family and the home; at the purity of woman; at the institutions of religion; nay, they denied the existence of God himself. Socialists were not only the enemies of society, of the state, of the home, of the virtue of woman, of property rights, and of individual liberty; they were also atheists of the most pernicious kind.

A CURIOUS INCONSISTENCY

Is it to be wondered at that socialism and socialists were regarded with a feeling akin to loathing in free America, where the institutions alleged to have been threatened were precisely the institutions dearest to the American heart? Is it a matter for astonishment that today the odor of the prison, the crack of the bomb, and a vague conception of the social fabric crumbling into ruins should be ideas that readily associate themselves in the American mind with this word socialism and with the reformers who have taken the places of the persecuted and prosecuted originals? Is it strange that the well-to-do, respectable American citizen should shrink by a natural impulse from the man who asserts himself a socialist, the more so when the daily press—the only higher educator of the prosperous middle class in America,—supplies the needed stimulus in editorials written by half-educated men whose faculty for genuine and far-reaching misrepresentation has attained to an excellence and facility that are little short of the perfection of unconscious art.

Here, it would seem, we have a rational and logical explanation of American repugnance to socialism, when it is called by that name.

Yet, let us ask how many Americans would refuse the hand of that European revolutionist whose only purpose would be the overthrow of a monarchy and the foundation of a democracy in its stead? We receive a Schurz with open arms; we do public honor to a Kossuth; and we condone the violence of those Irish and Russian patriots who carry revolution to the insanities of private and public murder. Why, then, our public horror of the socialist?

Once well grounded, a popular misconception can never be wholly cleared away. Old ideas will cling to old terms long after the terms themselves have ceased to represent substantial facts. Thus it is that socialism, — a distinctly foreign term, — has not yet outlived its

early connotations — false as these connotations in reality may be. For the misinformed American the term is suggestive of wild revolution, of blood and fire, of blasphemous impiety, and of a subversion of government and of God: and these false conceptions will probably survive vestigially long after the American people shall have attained to a true conception of socialism in its broad and basic principles.

THE SITUATION IN GERMANY

Lasalle and Marx are dead. The socialist party in Germany, powerful as it is, no longer represents the principles advocated by its founders. Degenerated into a mere instrument of politics, it has so little vitality that socialists in the Reichstag figure only as a vigorous "opposition," trading their votes in legislation like any other minority in any other of the world's parliaments. The socialists of England, France, and Italy represent so many schools of philosophy, chiefly engaged in disputations as between themselves; while the so-called socialist party in America is less than insignificant in the political life of the nation.

It is a true saying that great changes in history are not brought about by the conduct or the force of the individual leader. Europe could not have its Luther until Europe was ready for the Reformation. Napoleon was impossible until after the evolution. The American patriots were primed for their work when Washington appeared. Lincoln was the fruit of his time. All these truths are commonplace. But it is by no means commonplace to say that the social revolution through which the United States is now passing is in no degree, however small, the product of the doctrines of socialism, nor yet the effect of any political, economic, or philosophical dogma of any school whatsoever, native or foreign, recent or remote.

To assert that all popular beliefs of a theoretical kind are false is to assert a truth that rises to the certainty of an axiom when inquiry into the belief is pushed sufficiently far. But it is no less true that social revolutions which succeed are based not upon beliefs but upon practical wants that are, in their very nature, essentially and mechanically necessary. I mean that revolutions are produced by causes which are, at their root, identical with the psychic force which impels a man to withdraw his hand from contact with fire. To use the words of Professor Patten, the social organism seeks to pass from a "pain economy" to a "pleasure economy." And the ideas at the source of this reaction are true ideas based upon the experience of all the ages and transmitted, by the laws of inheritance, to the nervous apparatus of countless generations of men.

AN ANSWER TO CAPITALISM

By whatsoever name this present revolution may be called — whether it be "collectivism", "public ownership," "government control", "nationalization of industry", "municipal ownership", or "socialism" — there is not room for the slightest doubt that its sources are to be found, not in the writings or the gospels of the social reformers of the time, but in the rapidly awakening consciousness of the great masses of the people, cultured, semi-cultured, and not cultured at all, who see, rightly or wrongly, in these programs the answer to the question of American capitalism. No doubt if the American people were asked tomorrow to vote for "socialism" of any kind or degree, they would register an overwhelming majority against it. But to propose that the government take over the coal mines or the railroads; that cities take over the tramways and the lighting plants; that the national surplus be used in public improvements, so

as to afford a living to the worthy unemployed —to propose these things would in no wise disturb the peace of the public mind, or suggest in any manner whatsoever the alleged atheism, the immorality, the destructiveness, or the revolutionism of the abhorred and prison-soiled socialist.

WHAT IS THE NEW SOCIALISM

Of this new socialism what are the elements, the constituent ideas, the proximate causes, and the probable political and economic effects? What danger does it threaten to peace and prosperity? Is the alarm that it sounds a false alarm, and will it pass away when the economic structure of the republic settles down on its new foundations of combination, coalition, and aggregation of the capital of the country into the compound system of the "trust" which, though owned by many, is controlled by a few? It is a fact of grave significance that the new socialism (which as yet has not even a name by which "the man in the street" can recognize it) is regarded with apprehension by only a very small number of American citizens. These comprise the conservative capitalists whose wealth consists of the vast utilities which current agitation proposes to make national. The majority of the people, including the farmers, the laboring classes, and the hosts of clerical employes of industry, are either favorably disposed to, or acutely interested in, the question of collective ownership of at least the so-called "natural monopolies." The proof of this fact is to be found in the attitude of the daily newspapers which, with the exception of a few journals, popularly known as "organs of the trusts," cry out in the most positive and even seditous utterances for an application of force to the industrial situation.

The daily press in America is the mirror of popular opinion, and it is the mirror of popular opinion for the reason that shrewd publishers serve their patrons with the kind of goods indicated by the demands of the market. For more than a year I have watched the editorial utterances of upwards of five hundred daily newspapers, collected from all the states of the Union, and, with the few exceptions already noted, these journals assail the "trusts" and the railroad companies with a vehemence, not to say ferocity, the strength and importance of which can be appreciated only when these newspapers are viewed synoptically.

A MORAL REVOLUTION

In this "voice of the people" can be found the elements of the new socialism together with its proximate causes. If the press reflects the opinions of its readers (and I do not imagine that any practical editor or publisher will even think of denying that it does) we have here a key to the understanding of this new and alarming phase of the social mind in America. Those economists, such as Professors Hadley, Clark, Ely, Jenks, and others, who have calculated in the mechanics of political economy the outcome of the "trust" movement, have reckoned entirely without the moral and sentimental force of the American public—a force which uprooted the black slavery system by means of the bloodiest of all the wars of history.

The economist may be perfectly satisfied with theoretical considerations which assure him that competition can never disappear from industry; that competition between two or three large concerns in any certain industry will replace competition between numerous small concerns in the same line. But there is no competition in oil or coal, and practically none in railroad rates, while scores of "trusts" control above ninety per cent of the product created by the industries to which they belong. The theory of "potential competition" (that is, the belief that the trusts will be "reasonable"

out of the fear that rival businesses will be started) is of such tenuous and gossamer-like texture that it will scarcely commend itself to any save the most theoretical of refined theorists. It is doubtful whether "trust" managers are conscious of this motive as being the real cause of their industrial good behavior; *id est*, of their keeping prices low. But this theory of Professor Clark is vitiated by the consideration that as long as prices remain at a profitable figure capital must of necessity flow into the businesses so managed, with the result that competition, in these cases, must be *actual*, not potential. And as no "trust" operates its business at a loss, the potential competition theory vanishes.

Why, then, does not competition intervene? Why, if not because competition, as a matter of fact, is not only not potential but impossible? A trust which controls the raw material of its product controls competition too.

But aside from this incidental argument, the theory of competition, as held by Professors Hadley and Clark, is wholly inadequate when we remember that the public, in its reprobation of the "trusts," does not enter into the niceties of economic theory. Whether it be one trust or two, whether prices be high or low, whether the stones cast by the Titans of industry fall on the heads of the people or on the heads of the Titans themselves, is a matter of supreme indifference to that moral demand uttered by the daily press, the people at its back clamoring without discrimination, "Down with the trusts!"

A paradoxical phenomenon indeed! Here is a state of industry which American methods of capitalization have so produced as to leave this country the industrial arbiter of the world, while at home the prices of manufactures have steadily gone down and wages have been progressively raised; and yet there is a popular feeling in favor of government control or ownership! We find political parties outdoing one another in their pledges and their plans to perturb or break up the very system of industry that has cheapened prices at home and enlarged American trade abroad. These pledges and plans are only another proof of popular sentiment and serve to reenforce that which I have already adduced in reference to the "policies" of the national press. And this political symptom is a true symptom, arising from the disorder that is deep-seated in the intimate structure of the social mind itself.

AN ABSURD FALLACY

It will be instructive to note that the new socialism has no point of contact with the old. The successors of Marx in England and Germany all preach the same theory of the expropriation of the many by the few. And in America even such an active thinker as Bellamy would have us believe that in a few years from now the American republic will contain two classes of citizens — a few millionaires and billionaires, and an immense population of ragged and hungry paupers. This notion is so essentially and characteristically socialistic that no philosopher of that school has as yet been able to rid himself of it. This is true because the socialist has been unable to find a possible motive for an economic uprising other than the reduction of the masses to rags and starvation. The error in this tenet is palpable. For industrial millionaires cannot arise from a people reduced to beggary. An impoverished, under-fed, unemployed people cannot create new wealth in vast quantities. The wealth of the millionaire is not really his own. It consists of things not used by himself but used by the people; and if the people use the wealth of the millionaire (and upon that use the rich man's riches depend) it is only because the people have wealth of their own with

which to compensate the over-owner for the privilege granted. The size of private fortunes depends altogether upon the quantity of the total wealth and upon the degree in which it is diffused among the people. If private fortunes are growing in the United States, it can only be because the wealth owned by the people in general is growing in quantity likewise. The notion of the capitalists robbing the people of their last penny and thus producing a kind of French revolution, with all its emotional fol-de-rol, is an idea that will not stand up for one moment when tested by rational criticism or common sense.

WHAT IS REALLY TAKING PLACE

But all this is somewhat beside the question. Americans who are most loudly clamoring for government control or ownership of the larger of the trust-owned industries do not base their demand upon any real or fancied expropriation by the capitalists. There is no expropriation of this kind. The facts, in truth, are of the very reverse order. It is the many who are expropriating the few. It is labor that is expropriating capital—very slowly and in very small quantities, it is true, but still the process is there. Labor is not only demanding and receiving larger and larger shares of wealth, but it is demanding and obtaining a voice in the management of the businesses in which it works.

It is therefore obvious that those who demand government interference are moved by the reverse of the motive which the old socialism conceived to be the true one. It is not because wealth is being withdrawn from the people in progressive quantities that the force of government is invoked. It is invoked because, in the opinion of the would-be reformers, the people, although receiving larger shares of wealth than ever before, are not yet receiving enough.

But this is by no means all. There is another and a higher motive behind the new socialism. That other and higher motive lies in the common public notion that no private individual, or no number of individuals, should be permitted to retain in their hands a power which, whenever a wrangle with labor appears, is vast enough to cause a coal famine or to paralyze industry by stopping all railway traffic or the transmission of telegraph messages.

It is in these ideas, familiar to every American, that we find the core of the new socialism, and no special penetration is required to see how widely, how unapproachably separated it is from the flamboyant socialism of Marx and Lasalle, of Bakunin and George. So diverse are the causes of the two movements that they cannot be represented together in thought; and for this reason, probably, the philosophical advocates of the new economic *cultus* have named it "collectivism" or "nationalism", and have made use of other pseudonyms which fall immeasurably short of the excellent definitiveness of the original term.

WHAT IT IS LEADING TO

Having considered the elementary ideas and the constituent motives of the new socialism, let us glance at the possible dangers and the probable social effects of this new and entirely revolutionary dogma.

Of this danger there are two kinds: (1) Danger in the immediate future by which the present population of the country may be affected; and, (2) danger in the more remote future, which shall have to be faced and fought by posterity. The latter danger may be dismissed at once as irrelevant, for those great bodies of men called nations never think of the future. All reforms are effected for the purpose of relieving present pain. If posterity benefits through these reforms it is a confluent and incidental effect.

The social hammer always strikes the hot iron. Admitting that the new socialism should carry its point; admitting that, in time, the nation's industries will be so thoroughly socialized that all social production will be owned and managed by the nation, the ultimate effects can only be anticipated *in theory;* and it is a matter of indifference whether we hold, with Mr. Spencer, that out of a regimented industrial system an autocrat is bound to arise, or hold, with other philosophers, that the complete nationalization of social production will ultimately eventuate in pure anarchy, in which government of every kind will have totally disappeared. It is indifferent, as I have said, which of these two theories be accepted. If the latter, we are quit of all fear; if the former, it is not ourselves, but our children, who will suffer.

THE OPPOSING FORCES

But what of the present dangers of nationalism? I must confess that I do not think they have been exaggerated. The country is divided into the small minority, on the one hand, that would keep the government out of industry at all hazards, and the overwhelming majority, on the other hand, in which opinion is somewhat heterodox. This majority is moved, like the capitalists, by common animal greed. One element of it is aggressively in favor of immediate and complete government ownershp. Another would have industry regulated by law. Another is in favor of government inspection and supervision. A fourth would like to see the "captains of industry" punished with imprisonment as felons when they raise prices higher than enough for "reasonable profits"; as if it lay within human power to say what prices are "reasonable" and what prices are not! In addition to all this, every individual citizen has his own little notions and his own plans (sometimes very vague and obscure, it is true, but earnest enough, none the less) for regulating the vast and intricate industrial machine in a manner which will render all of us as prosperous and as happy "as we were before the war."

Now, what is to be done? It is entirely probable that the country, primed by the late coal strike, would vote to take over the larger industries. A referendum of that kind would probably crystalize the majority opinion into harmony. But when the thing is determined upon, how is it to be done? Are we to compensate the "captains" and honorably discharge them, or must we cashier them and send them out in disgrace from the army of industry? The question is a nice one, and it will have to be met if the new socialism is more than a passing aberration of the social mind. And if it be more than a passing aberration, the probabilities are infinity to one that it will be met in the good old way. A well-fed majority which can clamor with insensate fury, "Down with the trusts," will not trouble itself with delicate questions of conscience when the matter is so simple a one as forcing the rich man to disgorge.

WHOLESALE PLUNDER?

In plain words,—if the new socialism is to win the day,—the great undertakers of industry will be robbed outright. The difference between a mob and a "majority of citizens voting according to law" is only a matter of size. The majority is larger than the mob; but that is all. And yet there is a slight distinction. Sometimes, when the leader of the mob is identified he can be punished, and the wrong righted, in theory at least. But the leaders of a majority are apotheosized, at all events until the majority has had time to discover that the deed it acccomplished was an error reacting with painful results on the majority itself.

Wholesale plunder, then, must be the immediate result of the new socialism,

if that dogma is to be realized in the practice. All discussion of compensation is idle. The country cannot compensate the undertakers. The country might pension the undertakers, but who would not laugh at pensioning a man whose income for years had been measured in six figures or more? And those "widows and orphans" who own shares in industry—have not they been the jest of the daily papers for years? Who pities a widow or an orphan who owns part of a railroad or a coal mine?

What probable effect would follow upon this process of public robbery which would enable the majority to wrest from the capitalists their rights to the social "wealth in capital" of the country? The answer seems to be that the effect would be a tremendous fall in the national standard of morals. Instead of a few men of blunted moral sensibility we would have a whole people with oblique consciences. Once the process of robbery were begun, we can imagine an actual expropriation carried farther and farther, until the drama of the French revolution would have been reenacted on this soil, only that here the inevitable reign of terror would be one of economic terror rather than the terror of blood.

AN INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

Let robbery of the capitalists once begin, and we can picture to ourselves no progress save that in which the mechanico-psychic forces of society will necessitate a revolution carried to the uttermost limits of practical possibility. Business after business must be transferred from private into public hands. In this dismantlement of private property in social capital the nation must pass through a social agony comparable with nothing in human history save that of the French revolution itself, in which expropriaters and expropriated alike were tortured beyond the power of words to tell. No vigor of imagination is required to foresee that the national mind would far outstrip in its terror the mere physical pain of the dismantlement itself; for as the wave of expropriation would spread forward, sweeping industry after industry into the collectivity, the small capitalists who were loudest in the clamor for the death of the "trusts" would see their own capital melt away and themselves reduced to the level of state employes with an income one-half, one-quarter, or one-tenth the size of the profits derived from their former activities under the surmounted regime of individual enterprise. This process would go forward until there would be no more capital to sieze and no more capitalists to despoil. And after that, who knows?

The outlook I have attempted here to sketch must not be set down as a fanciful conceit. If the demands of the people and the press; if the attacks of the two great political parties upon the methods and existence of the "trusts" are not to be waved aside with contempt as having no significance whatsoever, it is the duty of every intelligent and serious-minded American to look the situation in the face and to attempt to forecast the destiny that is awaiting his country.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

With the dawn of the new century we have seen strange things. We have heard a loud cry urging the President to seize the anthracite coal fields by force of arms. We have seen the agents of the meat industry flying with their employers' account books to escape prosecution from the federal government, and for what? For the "crime" of offering commodities at the sellers' instead of at the buyers' price. We have seen the chief of the nation officially intervening in a dispute between private employers and their laborers; we have seen that same chief proclaim from a hundred pulpits that the people's government

should dip its hands into the private affairs of private individuals. Are these things conceits of the fancy? Do they not point to matters more significant than a passing aberration of the social mind or the expedients of the politician? Do they not portend a new and long step forward in the evolution of human society for weal or woe, for liberty or disfranchisement?

The new socialism is here. There is no doubt of it; there is not the smallest possibility of error in the meaning of the facts before us. The old socialism has had its day. The new is now on trial. But let it be observed that this new socialism does not consist in the theoretical logomachies of pseudo-economists read by a handful of men, but in the powerful, deep-flowing, and dangerous convictions in the minds of a mighty people.

SONNETS

By SARAH D. HOBART

Liberty

How fair she stands upon her sun-crowned height!
The strong waves leap to touch her garment's fold;
The mists of morning crown her with their gold;
Hymning her praises all the winds unite.
Her bounty doth the bourgeoning spring invite
To deck with verdure vale and mountain old,
And life in forms all rich and manifold
From dust and gloom her presence doth invite.
Law is her servant: on the souls of men
He writes her precepts as on earth and sea:
He spreads pure homes o'er prairie, glade and glen,
Great cities rise beneath his empery;
And nations raise the primal cry again,—
"Rejoice, rejoice! The law has made us free!"

License

A shameless Maenad through the affrighted street
Bearing aloft her flaming torch she flies,
The fire of brutal orgies in her eyes,
Fair Freedom trampled 'neath her spurning feet.
Before her peace and innocence retreat;
Behind the air is filled with shrieks and cries,
And hopeless prayers and pleadings rend the skies
While anarchy and death her advent greet.
The smoke of carnage palls the desolate land;
The waste of battle clogs the untilled soil;
The ships forsake the barren, silent strand;
The temples ring with clamor and turmoil;
On wrecks of homes she waves her fiery brand
And shouts with demon laughter o'er her spoil.

How Women Are Winning the Ballot

By ARTHUR McILROY

THE time is coming in this country when every woman citizen will be also a fully qualified voter. This will be true, too, of all English-speaking countries, and somewhat later throughout the world. The woman's suffrage movement has in seventy years advanced from the status — in the general mind — of an impracticable and useless fad to that of a vital political necessity. Woman's suffrage has survived ridicule and denunciation; even superstition, that most conservative of conservative forces in human society, has yielded to the cold logic of its demonstrated value. It has been tested and has proved good. It is gaining ground more rapidly in each passing decade, and the time is not far distant when the American woman will cast her vote for every nominee from constable to president as naturally as she now reads a club paper, bakes a loaf of bread, or puts a clean frock on the baby.

Seventy years ago women could not vote anywhere. In 1838, Kentucky gave school suffrage to widows. In 1850, Ontario gave it to women both married and single. In 1861, Kansas gave it to all women. In 1867, New South Wales gave women municipal suffrage. In 1869, England gave municipal suffrage to single women and widows, Victoria gave it to women both married and single, and Wyoming gave full suffrage to all women.

In 1871, West Australia gave municipal suffrage to women. School suffrage was granted in 1875 by Michigan and Minnesota, in 1876 by Colorado, in 1877 by New Zealand, in 1878 by New Hampshire and Oregon, in 1879 by Massachusetts, in 1880 by New York and Vermont. In 1880, South Australia gave municipal suffrage to women.

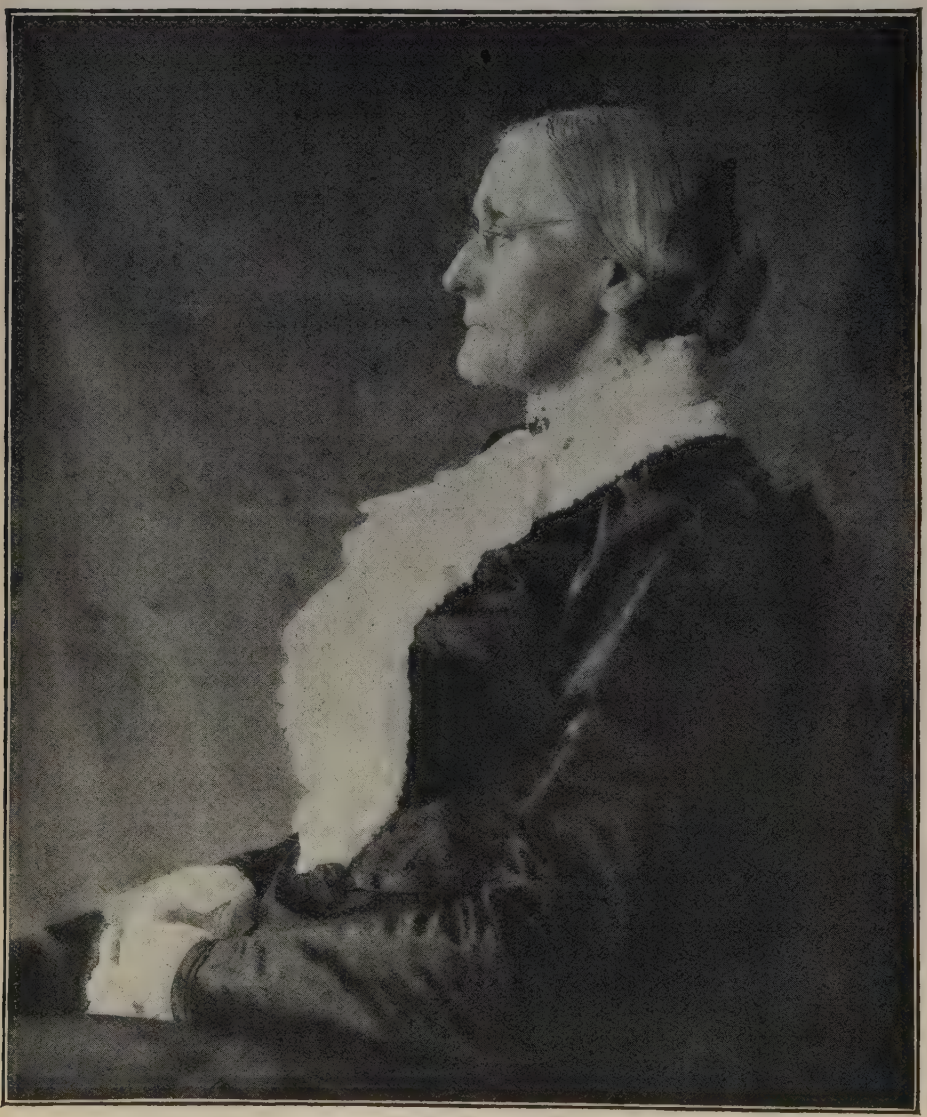
In 1881, municipal suffrage was extended to the single women and widows of Scotland. Nebraska gave women school suffrage in 1883, Ontario and Tasmania gave them municipal suffrage in 1884, and Wisconsin gave them school suffrage in 1885. In 1886, municipal suffrage was given in New Zealand and New Brunswick.

In 1887, municipal suffrage was granted in Kansas, Nova Scotia and Manitoba, and school suffrage in North and South Dakota, Montana, Arizona, and New Jersey. In the same year, Montana gave tax-paying women the right to vote upon all questions submitted to the tax-payers.

In 1888, England gave women county suffrage, and British Columbia and the Northwest Territory gave them municipal suffrage. In 1889, county suffrage was given to the women of Scotland, and municipal suffrage to single women and widows in the Province of Quebec. In 1891, school suffrage was granted in Illinois. In 1893, school suffrage was granted in Connecticut, and full suffrage in Colorado and New Zealand. In 1894, school suffrage was granted in Ohio, a limited municipal suffrage in Iowa, and parish and district suffrage in England to women both married and single. In 1895, full suffrage was granted in South Australia to women both married and single. In 1896, full suffrage was granted in Utah and Idaho.

In 1898, the women of Ireland were given the right to vote for all officers except members of parliament; Minnesota

MISS SUSAN BROWNELL ANTHONY, THE DEAN OF WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN AMERICA
This portrait of Miss Anthony was engraved from a photograph taken on February 15, 1903, her 83d birthday anniversary, at her home, 17 Madison Street, Rochester, New York. Miss Anthony was born in Adams, Massachusetts, the daughter of Daniel and Lucy (Read) Anthony. She was educated in a school maintained by her father for his own and neighboring children. Later she became a student at Quaker Boarding School, West Philadelphia, and at fifteen began teaching. Fifteen years she taught, and in 1852 she began her splendid career as a temperance, anti-slavery and woman's rights organizer. Since the Civil war she has given her whole time to the suffrage movement, and its progress is largely due to her zeal and unflagging courage. She is the grand old woman of America, whom all delight to honor.



gave women the right to vote for library trustees, Delaware gave tax-paying women school suffrage, French women engaged in commerce were given the right to vote for judges of the tribunals of commerce, and Louisiana gave tax-paying women the right to vote upon all questions submitted to the tax-payers.

MISS ANTHONY IN THE DOOR OF HER HOME, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, FEB. 15, 1903

In 1900, West Australia granted full parliamentary suffrage to women both married and single.

In April, 1901, New York conferred suffrage on women tax-payers in townships and villages upon all propositions to raise money by bond or assessment; the women of New Zealand cities cast their first municipal vote; communal (municipal) suffrage was extended to tax-paying women in Norway; and full parliamentary suffrage was granted to women

in West Australia. In 1902, parliamentary suffrage was extended to all the 800,000 women of Federated Australia, and New South Wales has extended full suffrage to all women.

This is the merest outline of the progress of this movement during the seventy years last past: it is only the barest suggestion of what is to follow.

We have seen opponent after opponent yield to the logic of the suffragists; great journals, that formerly fought it, one by one line up in its advocacy, and legislature after legislature give it a constantly more serious consideration. It will be observed that only one of our southern states has given the ballot to women. This was Louisiana, where women tax-payers were allowed to vote on questions affecting their property rights. New Orleans has to thank her women for voting out the old, mediæval drainage system of the city, now being replaced with modern methods — something the men of the Crescent City had neglected long after it had become a crying necessity to the health and prosperity of the community. Now that the amended constitutions of most of the southern states have practically disfranchised the negroes, I look to see the places of these former voters given, without much delay, to the southern women. The next annual national convention of the suffragists is to be held in New Orleans, and it is certain the movement will receive a notable forward impulse in that section as a result.

A glimpse of the present workings of the movement is given in this following editorial from the Washington Post of recent date:

"Last Thursday, both houses of the Wyoming legislature adopted a resolution that should be interesting alike to the advocates and opponents of equal suffrage; to the former because it is valuable expert testimony in favor of their contention, to the latter because it admonishes them that they have a hard task in hand if they are going to offset the solid facts of long experience. Notwithstanding the pressure of other business, the Wyoming legislature took time to consider and adopt very strong resolutions declaring that woman's suffrage had been tried in that state since the territorial days of 1869, that it had raised the standard of candidates, had made elections more orderly, improved the character of the legislature, and developed womanhood to broader usefulness.

"That is not the only recent incident of interest in the equal suffrage movement. In Kansas, where the women have the right to vote for local officials, a bill giving the women the right to vote for presidential electors was defeated in the senate by a vote of twenty-two to fourteen, while in the house it was defeated by the close vote of fifty-nine to fifty-one. In the senate of the Maine legislature the vote on a woman's suffrage bill stood twelve to twelve, a deciding adverse vote being cast by the speaker.

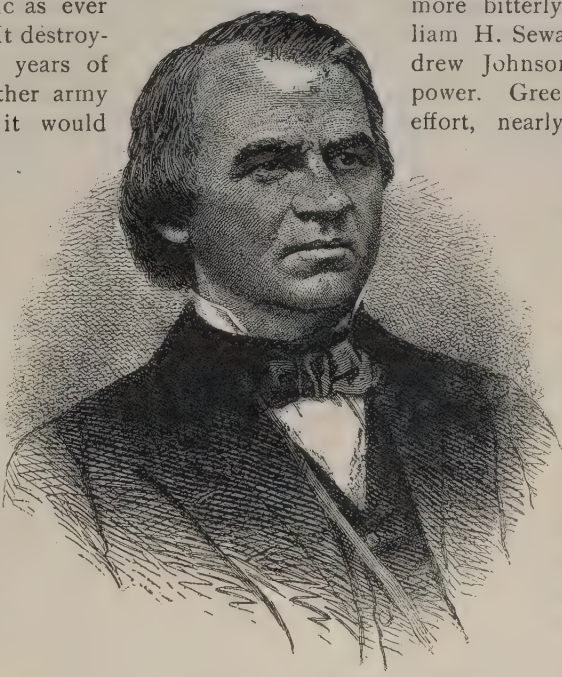
"As the Post has frequently asserted, it is not the opposition of the men that stands in the way of this reform. Whenever the women of a state — the majority of brains, character and social influence — are ready to ask for the ballot, they will not be long in getting it. From present appearances Maine and Kansas will soon join the equal suffrage procession. Meanwhile, why does not some state in which equal suffrage obtains add interest to the movement by electing a woman to congress?"

The women are the conservators of the homes. They must have the power to protect the homes. They are, to a degree seldom or never realized by the average man, the guardians of public and private morals. They must be given every means to fulfill this function. Their principal opponents are those interests which thrive upon a low state of public and private morals — the liquor makers and dealers and the monopolists of natural wealth, backed by the hosts of the ignorant, who have not yet gained an adequate understanding of the true meaning of Americanism. Truly might it be said, paraphrasing General Bragg's eulogy of Grover Cleveland, "*We love their cause for the enemies it has made.*"

Personal Recollections of President Andrew Johnson

By JAMES MATLOCK SCOVEL

IT was a spirit alien to Liberty, which had planned the universal bonfire of the North. The same spirit murdered by systems of starvation and exposure one hundred thousand of our sons, as brave and heroic as ever martyrs were. It destroyed, in the five years of horrid war, another army so large that it would reach around the globe in marching columns. And then, to give to the infernal drama a fitting close, and to concentrate into one crime all that is criminal in crime, and all that is detestable in barbarism, the same spirit killed Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States.



Andrew Johnson, Seventeenth President

At this period of our history, the public feeling is expressed in the poet's lines:

"Be wary and mistrustful,
The sinews of the soul are these."

And at such a time the public sorrow after the taking off of Lincoln was not assuaged by the fact that Andrew Johnson of Tennessee became President; at a time when the nation was walking over ashes thinly covering fires. The firm of Seward, Weed & Greeley had been dissolved by the action of the junior partner, but Greeley's Tribune was never more bitterly hostile to William H. Seward than on Andrew Johnson's accession to power. Greeley had made an effort, nearly successful, to place Lyman Tremain, a prominent New York lawyer, also, like Johnson, a war democrat, in nomination for the vice presidency at Baltimore. This was acceptable to Lincoln; and Governor William A. Newell of New Jersey and the writer were requested to go before the New York delegates to make speeches in favor of Tremain's nomination. This we did, but the power of Seward and Weed prevailed, and Johnson carried the New York delegates, after a close struggle, by only two majority, so Johnson's nomination may be charged to William H. Seward. Mr. Lincoln told me, later on, that he would

have been very well pleased with the nomination of either Governor Newell or Henry Winter Davis of Maryland for vice president. But Davis would not permit his name to be used. Henry Winter Davis was an attractive statesman, eminent as a scholar, radical in sentiment, and it was said of him that his speeches, as delivered, were always ready to be put into type.

Mrs. Lincoln, in Herndon's life of her great husband, says, "Mr. Lincoln was much disgusted with Andrew Johnson"; that the vice president had a habit of getting into the society of Mr. Lincoln on every possible occasion. After Johnson became president he dressed with great care, always in solemn black, with face carefully shaved. And there was an apparent air of sincerity in his address, the result of a long life of political education in Tennessee, and much association with the masses. He came to Washington with a good record as political governor of his own state in a most critical and dangerous period of the nation's history. Personally, he was not a corrupt man about money, and it is a true story that a Pennsylvania senator was very much chagrined at President Johnson's refusing him an appointment for a constituent, when the senator was very close to the president's "policy." "Why, Mr. President," the senator said, "that appointment is worth $5,000 to me." The president suddenly turned his chair toward his desk and filled up a check to the senator's order for $5,000 and tendered it to the senator, who of course refused it. Mr. Johnson was a self-possessed statesman, but it was not the self-possession of a cultured man. When he sat down at his table in the White House, it was with difficulty he wrote and composed a letter.

Andrew Johnson's intellect was surrounded by limitations. His vanity was inordinate and he was deficient in any well ordered sense of moral responsibility. William H. Seward being responsible for his nomination, it was that gentle mannered optimist's constant care to round up the angularities and to straighten the dangerous sinuosities of the "policy" of the man of Tennessee. With Andrew Johnson, the very last infirmity of an ignoble mind was a natural but rabid desire to be elected president of the United States. Here the president made the mistake of his life, for which he never made an atonement. He deserted the party that had made him vice president, on the promise of Governor Theodore S. Randolph and other leaders from New York that Mr. Johnson should receive the nomination for president of the United States when Seymour and Blair were the choice of the convention of New York. President Johnson bit as lustily as the muscallonge jumps to his doom at the lively and skipping minnow. As a matter of history, the president did get as high as fifty-six votes in that convention. Governor Randolph and his friends never meant to keep the promise the influential democratic leaders had made him; but at nearly the same time the leading politicians on the Union side, from the middle and New England states, went to Washington and informed General Grant that the republican party had made up its mind to name him as republican candidate for president. Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsyvania is my authority for this statement. *They made the promise and they kept it.* The Great Commoner of Pennsylvania said to me at his little two-story brick house near the capitol:

"When General Grant got back from swinging round the circle with 'the man at the other end of the avenue' (for thus Mr. Stevens always called Andrew Johnson), he came to my house on the hill in Washington, he double locked the door,

and said: 'Mr. Stevens, I have been approached to know whether, in the event that the president, as commander-in-chief of the army, orders me to drive out the senate and the house, whose members the president says only represent a part of the country, whether I would obey? I said today, "I would not obey such an order," and I have come, Mr. Stevens, to tell you, that if there is a conflict between the executive and congress, I will stand by congress.' I had known," continued Mr. Stevens, "that at first Grant had been afflicted with Johnson's 'policy'. When the caravan of Johnson first started out on the road with Montgomery Blair as ringmaster of this political circus, Johnson was the clown, and amused the people by saying he wanted to hang Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner and myself. I know," said Stevens, "that our people are trying to secure Grant as a candidate for president, and I know also that if the republicans promise this to General Grant they will be able to deliver the goods."

Colonel A. K. McClure, one of the editorial nestors of this country, has just given his views of Mr. Johnson. Mr. McClure is eminently conservative and generally acts with that party. He said, "Had President Johnson yielded as Grant did, whenever he saw it impracticable to proceed, the South would have escaped the oppressive reconstruction policy. It was finally established in a tempest of sectional hate. But Johnson would yield nothing. He made himself ostentatiously offensive to congress and to the loyal sentiment of the nation, and the result was a chasm between the president and congress that was utterly impassable; and congress, in the passion of the time, was self-excused for establishing universal negro suffrage, because it was held to be the only safety for the freedom of the slaves who had been emancipated."

General Grant became very sick of the "swinging around the circle" with Governor Seward, Blair and the president. One night, I think at Cleveland, there were loud shouts for a speech from Grant, but Mr. Johnson came forward and declared Grant was "too ill" to speak. Greeley declared in the Tribune that these were veritable *Noctes Ambrosianae* where the "wine divine of Zanzovine and Kentucky whiskey flowed freely." Johnson can truly be said to have broken away from his party by his twenty-second of February speech. Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, the Confederate vice president who had been elected United States senator from Georgia, had become Mr. Johnson's advisor. The Confederacy was in the saddle again, booted and spurred, and they promised that the black man should start equal with the white man, in the possession of all rights of personal liberty and property — small thanks for strong deserving!

Lincoln had said, "If we have made the negro a soldier, if we have made him an animated target to stop a dis-union bullet, how in common honesty can we deny him the ballot?"

Andrew Johnson gave to the negro the bare right to live and to hold property—if he could get it. Henry Winter Davis, and the old commoner of Pennsylvania, Mr. Stevens, held that when a negro became free he became an integral part of the nation, and to ostracize him,— to disfranchise him,—is to sanction a principle fatal to a republican government. At one of the meetings when Johnson and Seward and Blair were trying to capture the North in the railroad train, some one in the audience cried out:

"And you, Andrew Johnson, was a tailor."

"Yes," the president replied; "when I was a tailor I made a close fit."

That same man then said:

"Tell us about the killing at New Orleans."

And the speaker replied:

"If you will take up the riot of New Orleans and trace it back to the radicals, you will find this riot was substantially planned."

Johnson then expressed to the audience his strong desire to hang Thaddeus Stevens. To this speech Mr. Stevens made no reply, other than that contained in a brief address to his constituents at Bedford, Pennsylvania, in which he spoke "of Senator Doolittle playing the part of monkey to a chief clown in the circus, because Doolittle looked so like a simian." In that strong speech (the old commoner was then suffering from an incurable malady) Mr. Stevens said:

"Andrew Johnson has brought out his circus, seeking an engagement in our large cities, he filling the role, with eminent ability, as chief clown, (Applause). It is, my friends, the most respectable stock company that ever went out on the road with managerie or circus, and they took with them for a short distance a very good man accustomed to ground and lofty tumbling."

Stevens continued:

"The man at the other end of the avenue told his audience that he had been a tailor, a constable, a city alderman, and that he had been in the legislature (God help the legislature!) but that he had never been a hangman, and he asks you that he may now have leave to hang Thaddeus Stevens."

No two men ever hated each other with more consuming wrath than did the commoner from Pennsylvania and the man from Tennessee. Stevens' section eleven, of the indictment against Johnson, was the strongest in the bill, and it is believed Johnson's acquittal hastened Thaddeus Stevens' death. Senator Sumner said of him on the floors of the senate:

"Satire is often a forceful ally of truth, and in the higher sense Thaddeus Stevens was never personal. No personal thought or emotion controlled him. What he said was for his country and for mankind. Johnson's policy was based upon the moral and legal inferiority of the negro, as he contended, and he assumed to regard congress as a 'rump' parliament, whom he had an absolute right to drive out as usurpers of power. One of the embarrassments incident to Mr. Seward's position was that he had to swallow all Johnson's eccentric and passionate and ill-advised statesmanship or vacate his seat in the cabinet, *eo instanti!* Jeremiah Black of Pennsylvania, living in Washington, was a center in combinations against Mr. Seward. Seward resisted as far as he was able the octopus of the South, as its deadly tenacles gradually embraced Andrew Johnson; and his restraining power over the president, I have always thought, saved America another civil war. The so-called 'arm-in-arm convention' convened in Philadelphia to cover the New Orleans riots, on July 30, 1866. It attempted to save the president's sinking cause. This cause, which Hilary Herbert of Alabama says, 'was then a woeful minority.' On August 18, 1866, President Johnson replied to Reverdy Johnson of Maryland, who came with a commission from the Philadelphia convention:

"'We have seen the congress hanging upon the verge of the government, as it were; a body called, or which assumes to be the congress of the United States, while in fact, it is congress for only part of the states.'"

Edwin M. Stanton was still secretary of war. Seward, secretary of state, was swept from his feet by the strong current of Johnsonism in the South. The depth

of his sorrow at the situation was shown when he said to me in the winter of '66:

"Why was I not permitted to die when Lincoln was killed, instead of living to patch up holes in President Johnson's cabinet."

Johnson finally cut himself loose from the party that had placed him in power, and his conduct, from the twenty-second of February, left him in a hopeless minority. And so certain were the radicals of success, that I recall a dispatch from Ben Butler of Massachusetts (to the writer), one of the congress committee on impeachment, in which he said:

"Before the apple blossoms come again, Andrew Johnson will be impeached and Ben Wade of Ohio will be in the White House."

The approximate cause of the impeachment articles being brought by congress, was the New Orleans riot, which occurred July 30, 1866. History justly blames Mr. Johnson for the killing of Dostie and Horton and Henderson, and many inoffensive blacks in those bad days in New Orleans. Louisiana radicals were acting under a resolution giving authority to them "to take such measures as may be necessary for the formation of a civil government for the state of Louisiana."

Mayor John Munroe, a Confederate, who was taken in hand by General Butler when Butler commanded at New Orleans, had reached the mayoralty of New Orleans again. There was no taint of reconstruction in Munroe. Mayor Munroe threatened General Baird to break up the Dostie-Henderson convention. General Baird telegraphed to Washington for instructions, but the president, who was sullen over the congressional action on the Civil Rights bill, declined to answer. The Confederates lauded Johnson because he had vetoed the Civil Rights bill, and because he abused the leading radicals on the twenty-second of February, in which address he had declared that John Forney "was a dead duck." "Sunset" Cox of Ohio had managed the serenade in which that bitter speech was made. Mayor Munroe was left master of a position his cruel nature long had craved. He surrounded the Mechanics' Institute convention in New Orleans with 500 of his police, and then these red-handed confederates fell to murdering the inmates of that hall, and at once corralled 160 blacks that came up the street with banners and flags. General Sheridan, eminently brave, an honest and truthful soldier, declared "that this was the commencement of a war to prevent negro enfranchisement."

This war is going on yet. Its condition is modified, but its contempt for the amendments of the constitution is as bitter and uncompromising, as relentless as ever. General Sheridan had declared that "Judge Abell was a dangerous man." He also said "that the Mechanics' Institute convention was broken up in a merciless manner, and the convention people were wounded, stricken down and stabbed while lying on the ground, and their heads broken with brick-bats. People of clear views were over-awed by want of confidence in Mayor Munroe."

President Johnson could have prevented the Mechanics' Institute convention. He declined to do it, because his faith in Munroe, Judge Abell and Attorney-General Vorhees was absolute. The American people arose in arms. The minority in which the administration found itself grew smaller. Congress was in the same mood in which the Dutch people found themselves when they deposed Leyden and fought Phillip, King of Spain, and saved Holland forever to liberty. Congress had just adjourned, but the murders of the Mechanics' Institute convention had sealed Andrew Johnson's doom. The Philadelphia "arm-

in-arm convention" could not help him; but such was the stubborn nature of this passionate pilgrim of Tennessee that he did not yield an inch. Reverdy Johnson and Cobb of South Carolina seemed to forget that it had been barely a year since Lincoln was slain for his fidelity to liberty. Educated in the spirit of human bondage, they were given over to believe in a lie.

Of this period, George C. Gorham, in his book on *The Life and Public Services of Edwin M. Stanton*, declares:

"The southern leaders stooped to conquer. They gained the president on their side by complying with his demand. They thought the power of his administration and the desire for the restoration of trade with the South would carry enough northern states, added to their own, to overthrow the Union party of Lincoln and Grant, and they doubted not their power to absolutely control the victorious opposition. They would in time turn out their enemies in Washington and themselves assume the power which they had so unwisely thrown away in 1860, when they divided the democratic party at the Charleston convention. Once bent upon this policy, they never deflected from it by the breadth of a hair. They had nothing to fear but the extension of suffrage to the black man, in whole or in part. This they would oppose by every means at their command, including whatever amount of force might be necessary to stamp it out."

Boutwell in congress characterized Johnson's acts in regard to the New Orleans riot, "the great conspiracy against liberty," and some public-minded statesman have alleged that Johnson was attempting to carry out Lincoln's policy. Not so. Andrew Johnson's policy was peculiarly *sui-generis*. Johnson never rose higher than the state of Tennessee. Mr. Lincoln's great desire was to bring about the restoration of the southern states, in not only normal but actual and sympathetic fellowship. Johnson wanted to compass this by volcanic action, by fire and sword, if need be. This is in evidence by his order to Grant to disperse congress in both houses, as the "rump" parliament was treated by Cromwell; but the Tennessee man much more closely resembled Jack Cade in moral and intellectual qualities than he did Cromwell. And Ward Lamon, Lincoln's United States marshall, who always took his whiskey straight with molasses in it, said that on the fourth of March, when Johnson made his speech out of time, Booth would have killed Lincoln but for the cordon of stalwart police which protected him. It must be remembered that Ward Lamon, Lincoln's *fidus achates*, was in Richmond, Virginia, the night of Lincoln's assassination. After the New Orleans riot, congress and the chief executive of the nation, and their respective adherents, faced each other like two alien and hostile armies. William H. Seward, by every "shift, covin or device," which sometimes belongs to a statesman's craft, bent every power of the government toward President Johnson's acquittal. With the help of the great Evarts of New York, Johnson was magnificently defended in the impeachment trial. The chief justice of the United States (Chase of Ohio) was hostile to the ambition of Senator Wade. The internal revenue officials were in a position to help the defendant Johnson with material aid. Seward, during all the impeachment trial, in spite of the difficult position, always in private conversation to those who were closest to him, exhibited as sweet a spirit as ever tenanted human form.

The *rex-vestibuli*, or king of the lobby, told the writer this, that the expenses of the impeachment trial amounted to over $1,000,000. He *knew*, for he helped to expend a portion of that sum. The

wily secretary of state, who knew every public man worth knowing, in America, was well nigh resistless in his efforts to secure adherents to Andrew Johnson's policy, which by this time had become much battered and much out of tune.

The wanton and brutal murders in New Orleans—for most foul and most unnatural at best these were — had only angered the entire party opposed to the president, who were still looking for "the apple blossoms to come," and bring Ben Wade, when the Tennessee man would go out of power and the Ohio radical come in. Even men like Senator Morton of Indiana stood for awhile "shivering on the brink," and dallying with Johnson, till the senator heard from a fall election in Indiana—and Oliver P. Morton was one of the great men of the nation. Many senators became doubtful in their loyalty. Like the chevaliers in the days of the Pretender, they held their wine glasses above their water glasses, and drank "to the King over the water."

"God bless the King, God bless the faith's Defender,—
The devil take the Pope and the Pretender.—
But who Pretender is and who the King,
God bless us all, is quite another thing."

The men who voted for acquittal were monuments to Seward's power. They were seven in number — Fessenden of Maine, Fowler of Tennessee, Grimes of Iowa, Henderson of Missouri, Ross of Kansas, Trumbull of Illinois, and Van Winkle of West Virginia.

Fessenden was doubtless influenced by his hatred of Charles Sumner. Fowler was a son-in-law of the president, and the rest, according to the great commoner of Pennsylvania, Mr. Stevens, "were influenced by the power of Seward's arguments alone." What these arguments were is another matter.

It is known that a famous northern general was a defaulter in the amount of $500,000 while one of Johnson's internal revenue officers in a southern city. He was never called upon to settle up by any subsequent administration, his default doubtless being charged to the "exigencies of the service." The king of the lobby charges that most of this money was spent in the impeachment trial. The following facts may cast some light upon this subject. I was president of the senate of New Jersey in 1865, and was engaged in a personal fight against the election of a United States senator whom I thought unworthy of the place, and I have never changed my opinion. I kept this senator out of office nine months by my single vote. This seemed to attract the attention of Johnson and Seward to me. In September, 1863, the king of the Washington lobby brought to Trenton, while the senate was in session, $40,000 in new thousand-dollar bills.

This $40,000 he offered me to defeat, by my casting vote, the ratification of the fourteenth amendment, making the negro a citizen. He told me the money came from General ——, who had "conveyed" it while holding a public office. Of course, as I then believed, as I do yet believe, that the negro must not be made a helot; that to disfranchise eight or twelve million people is to endanger the republic; that the Afro-American had won his right to vote with his blood; —I refused the $40,000 and the amendment was ratified.

During the impeachment trial, Secretary Seward sent for me to come to Washington. We had been close friends during the Lincoln regime. The secretary of state, over a glass of brandy and water, congratulated me on my vote in the New Jersey legislature. Again, let me say, my love for this great and gentle optimist will live as long as life lasts. Mr. Seward said, "When you vote 'no' in New Jersey, it counts 'no.' Johnson says veto,—"I forbid,"—and the administration's enemies, with Thaddeus at their head, out-vote the president. Mr.

Johnson told me to send you over to the White House when you came to Washington."

During the morning I went over to the White House and sent in my card. Mr. Johnson was expecting me. The two men to whom I had confided my position were Trumbull of Illinois and Stevens of Pennsylvania. Mr. Stevens could be trusted implicitly. Not so with Senator Trumbull. I did not know that the latter had gone over, bag and baggage, to the man from Tennessee. I had given to Mr. Trumbull a Northern man's frank opinion against the president's policy in writing, based upon the troubles in New Orleans. The president rose and greeted me, more coldly than usual, and said:

"Won't you tell me why you refuse to support my policy?" I replied:

"Certainly I will, Mr. President. It is a frank question and deserves an honest answer.

"I told Secretary Seward that the policy that would permit Dostie and Henderson, and their followers, to be murdered in the streets of New Orleans, because they desired to enfranchise the negro, when the United States army was within a half mile of the Mechanics' Institute, *don't smell sweet to a friend of Abraham Lincoln's.*"

He rose up in anger, but restrained himself. There was fire in his eye. He said:

"Colonel, you do not understand me. Don't you think *I am the negro's Moses?*"

I answered quickly:

"Well, Mr. President, that never occured to me; but if you are the African's Moses *you have not got out of bulrushes yet!*"

As he shook hands with me he said:

"Call at Secretary Seward's before you go home."

I called on Secretary Seward in the afternoon. At that interview he offered me the post of consul to Liverpool, then held by Thomas H. Dudley of New Jersey, urging me to sustain Mr. Johnson's policy in the New Jersey legislature and by my vote to defeat the fourteenth amendment. We talked the question over for one hour. He seemed a good deal broken in spirit, and had lost the ardor and elan of his battle days with Lincoln. I was compelled to decline, but I went to the telegraph office at Willard's hotel straight from Seward's house and telegraphed Marcus L. Ward, governor of New Jersey: "*Governor — You can have my vote for the election of the man you want for the United States senate, and by that vote I will gladly say my word for the amendment engraving in the constitution the black man's right to vote, a right which he has already won.*"

I never saw Johnson again. Later on, in Tennessee, he asked Governor Randolph of New Jersey if the state senator from New Jersey "still lived," and Randolph further said that he spoke bitterly of the treatment of the democratic party to him in New York; when he had sacrificed his name and fame for them, they gave him fifty-six votes for president, and then nominated Seymour and Blair.

Nemesis seemed to follow the man from Tennessee. His private secretary amassed considerable *flotsam* and *jetsam*, certainly enough to elect his own brother United States senator from Tennessee over Johnson, but the president did get into the United States senate later on, only to die of a stroke of paralysis soon after his election. He was always distrusted by the party he joined, and hated by the party he betrayed. He had many temptations. He was true to his immediate personal friends, and if he fell, he did not know that any investment a statesman makes in infidelity to liberty is a monstrous mistake.

It was Charles Sumner who led the negro through the wilderness, like a real Moses, and through the Red sea, and

foiled the great conspirators. Charles Sumner, like Carlyle's Mirabeau, had swallowed all the formulas.

First in my vision, in the Walhalla where lie America's great one's "gone forever and forever by," by virtue of his hypothesis, was Abraham Lincoln. When Constantinople fell, the last of the Cæsars folded about him the imperial mantle, and remembered the noble name he bore in the dignity of an heroic death.

So died the sweet martyr of Springfield. Sumner was a Warwick of the black man in the senate; but Stevens, like John Quincy Adams, was the Colossus of Liberty on the floor of the house. And, as I look back on "these large-hearted heroes of our better years," I am devoutly grateful to these sons of New England, who builded even better than they knew; and I am glad that, if not a son, I am a grand-son of Masschusetts. What was the everlasting truth in 1864 is true today; and Henry Winter Davis of Maryland, the slave-holder, said of the guarantee of the citizenship of the negro, at Chicago, now an integral part of our constitution in the fourteenth amendment:

"All the principles of the Declaration of Independence will then be executed. Your government will rest on the *rights of individual liberty*, and the rights of every man to bear a share in the government of the country whose laws he obeys and whose bayonet, in the hours of danger, he bears. And the personal freedom which the dark children of the republic have won by our blood and theirs, *will not be a vain mockery*, exposed to violation at the caprice of their masters enthroned in the legislatures, on the bench, and in the executive chamber; but, secured by the bayonet they hold, the ballot they cast *will be Liberty guarded by Power*."

The Empire of Liberty will go forward. And if it be delusion to adhere to these views, for which the martyr of Springfield gave his life — the views which Andrew Johnson surrendered for power —then let me be wrapped in this delusion till I die.

THE WALKING-STICK

I FOUND it on a piece of stone,
Without a friend, and all alone
Nowhere to go, apparently,
No mission and no destiny;
So lank and lean I thought it sick—
That lazy bug, the walking-stick.
It looked to me—the one I saw,—
Just like a piece of jointed straw,
With half a dozen pieces more
Tacked on behind and on before;
And yet I would not dare to pick
That straw-pile up—the walking-stick.
I couldn't see what woody part
Of that queer thing could have a heart;
I've seen some straws with larger grains
Than it had head to hold its brains,
About as heavy and as thick
As this odd bug—the walking-stick.
And O, some people sit around
Just like that worthless bug I found;
Forget to use their heart or head
Till both are withered, dwarfed and dead;
Seem like they're sick—but they're not sick;
Just lazy, like the walking-stick.

Aloysius Coll

COURT HOUSE AND CITY HALL, LOUISVILLE, THE LATTER ON THE LEFT

Louisville

By WILLIAM S. BODLEY

With Engravings from Photographs by William H. Simmons

THE original site of Louisville long ago disappeared. It was a wooded island at the head of the falls of the Ohio upon which, in May, 1778, General George Rogers Clark, on his way to attack the British in the Northwest, landed his little army. The next year, other immigrants having come in, a settlement was made also on the opposite mainland, and in honor of the friendly king of France, Louis XVI, the pioneer town was called Louisville. It was chartered under that name by the Virginia legislature in 1780.

General Clark's conquest of the Northwest, by which the present status of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota were added to the territory of the United States and its subsequent extension to the Pacific was made possible, is a brilliant chapter in our history, and were Corn island still in existence it would be one of the most interesting spots in America. Unfortunately, the great forest trees that covered the island were cut down, leaving the soil at the mercy of the rapids, and it was soon washed away.

Louisville grew slowly at first. In 1811, when the first steamboat came down from Pittsburg, the population was only 1,357. In 1830, when the canal, three miles long around the rapids was completed, the town had 10,341 inhabitants. But by 1861, when the Civil war began, there was a busy city of 86,033 people, that had hundreds of steamboats plying all the western and southern streams, and railroads not only from the North and East, but southward to Lexington, Kentucky, and Nashville, Tennessee. Of course the war stopped south-

ern trade, and many of the larger merchants and manufacturers were driven into bankruptcy. For four years Louisville was an immense army camp, and thus, for the second time in the history of the place, it was the base of warlike operations. In each case an empire was saved to the Union. Had it not been for the Louisville & Nashville railroad—the only one then existing to the South—the war would have lasted much longer, and the battles west of the Alleghanies would probably have been fought along the Ohio river.

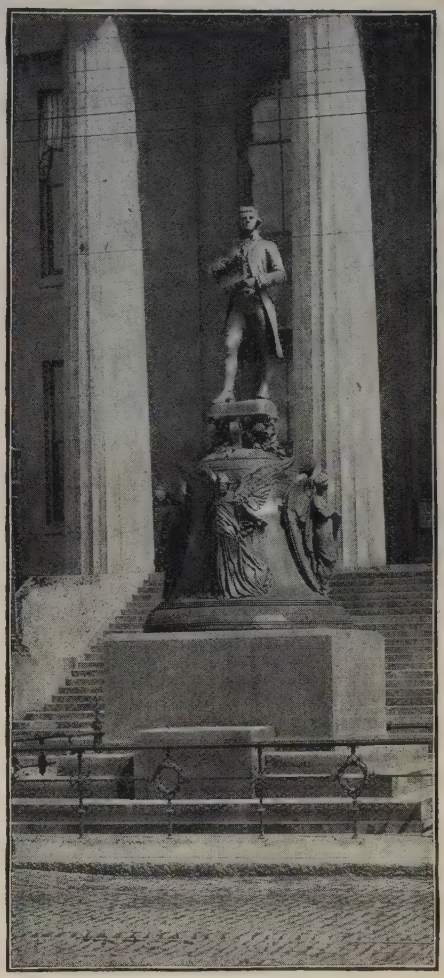
NOW A CITY OF 225,000

Since the war, Louisville has grown at a steadily increasing rate, and now has a population of more than 225,000. By the census of three years ago it was 204,731. But there should be added the population of New Albany and Jeffersonville, just across the river, and outlying suburbs amounting to about 50,000, making a real total of 275,000.

Louisville's faith in the South as a land of unlimited resources has never faltered. As soon as peace between the sections was established, the credit of the city was lent to several projected southern railroads and these were built and extended until now there is scarcely a considerable town in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama or Georgia that is not reached by a direct railroad line from Louisville. The Louisville & Nashville system spreads out over the South like a hand of many fingers, Louisville at the wrist. The Southern railway from Louisville reaches practically the same territory and the southern division of the Illinois Central, with its line from Louisville to New Orleans, fed by many branches, brings the city into close touch with the fertile cotton regions near the Mississippi. For these systems Louisville is the northern terminus, or rather, focus.

The policy of all the great southern railroad companies has been far-seeing and wise. They have striven to secure desirable immigration and to promote the industries of every city and town on their lines. Many of the scores of large southern cotton mills, and of the immense iron furnaces, steel plants and rolling mills of Alabama and Tennessee, and the hundreds of coal mines in active operation in Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama owe their prosperity, if not their existence, to these great railroad companies. And it is gratifying to add that these companies are now largely

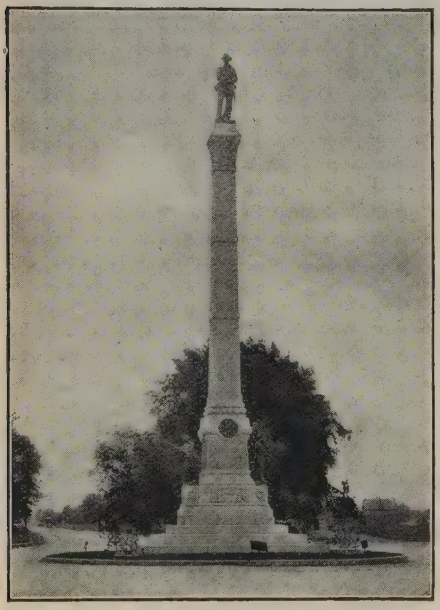
JEFFERSON STATUE IN FRONT OF THE COURT HOUSE



owned and controlled by capitalists of the East, who are quite as enthusiastic as the native southerners in support of this policy of development. Hundreds of miles of branch roads have been built by the Louisville & Nashville company, solely to afford outlets for iron and coal plants privately owned and operated.

The last region to be affected by the industrial awakening in the South lies in the mountains of eastern Kentucky. Here are to be found as fine bodies of hardwood timber as there are left in the country; and coal, iron and oil exist here in simply inexhaustible quantities. The coal areas underlie 10,450 miles. Owing to the roughness of the land there were no railroads until recently; but four companies — the Chesapeake & Ohio, Norfolk & Western, Louisville & Atlantic, and the Southern railway—are now building as rapidly as possible to tap these riches. Where there is now a wilderness we shall soon see thrifty cities, and to enterprising young men this country, just opening to development, offers rare opportunities for fortunes.

LOUISVILLE'S CONFEDERATE MONUMENT



THE BLUEGRASS REGION

West of the mountains, and nearer Louisville, is the famous Bluegrass region, conceded to be the most ideal farming and grazing region of America. It is a gently rolling country underlaid with limestone, which disintegrates and keeps the land perpetually rich. Corn, wheat, hemp, tobacco, and nearly all other crops luxuriate in this soil; but a large part of the country is reserved for pasturage, and stock-growing is the principal industry. The value of this rich country to Louisville is, of course, very great. Its products marketed in the city —its live-stock, hemp and grain—amount to many millions annually, and the social intercourse between the people of the city and the country has always been one of the great pleasures of living in Kentucky. The Louisville millionaire starts to heaven by buying a Bluegrass farm, and the successful farmer thinks he is making progress in the same direction by buying a winter residence in the city.

To the west of the Bluegrass region, Kentucky has both good lands and poor, but here the greatest recent development in mineral industries has taken place. The coal area is extensive, underlying 4,683 square miles, and the seams are not only numerous and thick, but easily reached by inclines in the hill-sides. Of the 6,500,000 tons taken out in Kentucky in 1902, two-thirds came from the western coal measures. The quality is excellent, and even in distant cities it displaces every other coal. Near Louisville, also, there are deposits of asphalt rock sufficient to pave all the streets of the world for ages. This rock is now being shipped as far east as Buffalo, and those who visited the Pan-American Exposition there rode on streets that came from Kentucky.

The resources and the actual progress of the South and of Kentucky have been merely suggested here; but enough has

been said to show that any city preponderating in such a field must become one of the great cities of America. And Louisville today is more nearly the metropolis of the South than any other city. New Orleans is somewhat larger, but not so vigorous. That city is the great port through which southern products, mainly raw materials, find their way to foreign countries. Louisville is the gateway by which the products of the larger and richer part of the South find their way to the North; and it is a gateway, too, that swings both ways, for it opens also for northern products and manufactures on their way to the South.

From the North, East and West, with Louisville as their southern terminus, come the Pennsylvania, New York Central, Baltimore & Ohio and Chesapeake & Ohio systems, as well as the "Monon," "Big Four," "St. Louis Air Line" and "Henderson Route" railroads. Three great steel bridges over the Ohio at Louisville (the river here is a mile wide) are crossed by the trains of these companies from the North.

With a river frontage of eight miles, Louisville is on a level plateau, with unlimited building room and with attractive hills and highlands adjacent. No railroad entering Louisville from the South will ever be cramped for space, and along the river bank, from one end of the city to the other, except for about one mile at the center, there is a strip of land several hundred feet wide that was formerly subject to overflow, but is now mostly filled up and used by the railroads. Along the steamboat landing there is a double-track, elevated road, called the "Short Route," which all companies use between the east and west ends. By means of several belt lines most of the factories built in recent years are able to ship or receive freight at their doors to or from any point in America. Last year twenty-four large new factories were erected on

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, HOME OF THE COMMERCIAL CLUB

railroad or belt lines. This year factory buildings to cost nearly $2,000,000 are already planned or under way. Boston capitalists are building a worsted mill, and Pennsylvania men are putting up a large modern meat-packing plant. A steel mill that was removed from the northern Indiana gas fields two years ago, doubled its capacity last year, and now employs 600 men. These are but examples.

BIG GAINS IN COMMERCE

The extent of Louisville's railroad and river business is indicated by the following shipments for 1902, as compared with those of 1898, when good times had begun, the articles selected being of home manufacture:

Agricultural implements, 39,508,174 pounds, an increase of 15,527,766 pounds or 65 per cent; bagging, 10,185,180 pounds, increase 560 per cent; flour, 678,888 barrels, increase 78 per cent; furniture, 34,342,898 pounds, increase 130 per cent; hog products, 99,109,983 pounds, increase 65 per cent; leather, 11,216,308 pounds, increase 16 per cent; machinery, 12,823,308 pounds, increase 130 per cent; cottonseed oil (refined), 258,438 barrels, increase 63 per cent; saddlery, 222,776 packages, increase 105 per cent; soap, 22,967,750 pounds, increase 212 per cent; stoves, 24,309,626 pounds, increase 50 per cent; manufactured tobacco, 48,079,281 pounds, increase 18 per cent; whiskey, 351,895 barrels, increase

LOCKS IN THE CANAL AROUND THE FALLS OF THE OHIO RIVER AT LOUISVILLE

18 per cent; woolen goods, 13,905,023 pounds, increase 17 per cent; drugs, 435,349 packages, increase 135 per cent.

The clearings of the Louisville banks during 1902 amounted to $501,523,130 and this is perhaps about the size of the city's annual business. Louisville ranks twelfth among the cities of the country in clearings, surpassing Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee and several other cities of greater population.

In manufactures Louisille is enjoying a noteworthy development, partly due to the recent development of the South, but largely the result of hard work by the Board of Trade, Commercial club and Merchants and Manufacturers' association. The census of 1900 gave Louisville 2,307 factories with an investment of $49,334,701 and an annual product of $79,286,390. There were 32,819 employes and they were paid $13,974,861. Since the census such extensive additions have been made that it is safe to say that Louisville's factory output is now nearly, if not quite, $100,000,000.

COAL CHEAP AND PLENTY

The coal supply of Louisville never runs short. It comes by all the Kentucky railroads, several Indiana railroads and by barge from Pittsburg, West Virginia and the river mines in Kentucky. During the great strike in the anthracite region last year, Louisville, out of her abundance, supplied train-loads of coal daily to Chicago and other cities to the north. Still the coal harbor and the coal yards of the railroad companies were kept full. The price of coal delivered for domestic use ranges from $2 to $3.25 a ton, and pea coal and slack are supplied to the factories by contract at from eighty cents to $1.25 a ton delivered in cars. The cost of steam power is said to be less than that of water in New England. Even Pittsburg has no advantage in fuel over Louisville. The city is also within a few miles of an apparently inexhaustible field of natural gas, and a large part of its residences are supplied with this modern luxury. About thirty-two miles of natural gas mains have been laid. The gas wells in this field are never gushers, but for that reason are more lasting.

HER PARKS ARE UNIQUE

The parks of Louisville are unique. The largest—Iroquois—lies south of the city and contains 700 acres of primeval woods—a survival of the forest that once spread over the most of Kentucky. In the center, rising from the plain, is a hill two-thirds of a mile long, one-third of a mile wide and 370 feet high, covered with a heavy growth, mainly of oak. The lowland is densely shaded by beech trees of great size and beauty, interspersed with tall poplars and hickories. A great driveway circles through these woods about four miles, and another road, curving up the hill, carries one around the summit, whence there are

ON THE RIVER FRONT, LOUISVILLE, THE DEPOT OF AN ENORMOUS COMMERCE

beautiful views in all directions. Cherokee park, the second in size, containing 350 acres, is in the highlands only three miles east of the Court House. It is decidedly rolling, covered with blue grass in the open stretches and elsewhere shaded by sturdy, wide-spreading beeches, oaks and other forest trees. Cherokee park is equipped with handsome entrances, many miles of driveways and paths, shelter houses, golf links, tennis courts and croquet grounds; in winter a large pond provides skating. Louisville thinks that between Nature and Art she has in Cherokee park a resort as complete and as beautiful as any to be seen in America. The third large park — Shawnee — lies on the bank of the Ohio in the western part of the city. It contains 200 acres. Flowers are the specialty here, and one of the beds, known as "the mile of roses," is, when in season, a beautiful feature. The terraces along the river, and the woods in this park, are open to picnic parties and are a favorite family resort in the summer time. Trolley lines carry people to all the parks within a few minutes from the center of the city. There are five small interior parks. In each, besides flowers and trees, there are ball fields, croquet and tennis grounds and wading pools for children.

HANDSOME HOME STREETS

The residences on the best streets in Louisville are all built of stone and brick, generally with wide deep lots set with trees, grass, flowers and shrubbery. Every city claims to have the most beautiful streets, or at least one that is "the most beautiful." Louisville enters its Third avenue and boulevard in the competition and leaves the decision to any traveler who has been driven through it. Broadway, which is 120 feet wide, and extends east and west from one end of the city to the other, will some day be the great thoroughfare. Facing this street are the Union railroad station, the Jewish Temple, the Southern Theological seminary, St. Xavier's college, the Y. M. C. A. building and many costly church and other public buildings. An apartment building, eight stories high, to cost $600,000, and the new buildings of the Presbyterian seminary are now building on Broadway and it is quite likely that the Coliseum, which is to be constructed this year, will occupy half a block on a prominent Broadway corner. This will be used for conventions, horse shows, fairs and other large gatherings, and will cost not less than $300,000.

Having nearly a quarter of a million population, Louisville is, of course, well equipped with theaters, street and suburban electric lines, schools, police and fire protection, hotels, clubs, hospitals and all the other ornaments and comforts of large American cities.

There is an idea in New England that

A WINTER SCENE IN CHEROKEE PARK, A LOUISVILLE PLEASURE GROUND

education is much neglected in the South. This is true in some, and especially in the sparsely settled regions. But Louisville was one of the first cities in America to establish a public school system upon a liberal plan, and its Institution for the Education of the Blind was almost contemporaneous with that of Boston. In truth, Louisville is an important educational center. Its medical and theological schools, with four-year courses, have an attendance this year of more than 1,500 men, and its public school system, with male and female high schools, and manual training school and large, well managed ward schools, will compare favorably with any in the country. A native of Louisville and a graduate of the medical department of its university—Dr. Simon Flexner—has been chosen as the director of the Rockefeller Institute for Original Research in New York. The total attendance in the schools of Louisville exceeds 40,000, of whom 1,600 attend the high schools. Besides the large libraries connected with the colleges, there is one public library, established years ago, that occupies a building costing, with the ground, $380,000; another—the Carnegie Free Library—is about to be erected on a lot 220 by 400 feet in size, fronting on three streets in the central part of the city.

The public buildings of Louisville are commodious and handsome without being extravagant. The court house, which was built at a cost of $1,000,000, is pure Doric in design and has always been regarded by many as the most impressive structure in the city. The city hall is of more modern construction, but is already too small for the departments occupying it. The United States custom house was completed about twelve years ago at a cost of $1,500,000, and is still amply large, although Louisville usually pays more internal revenue taxes, and requires more clerks to handle the business than any other city in the country except New York.

HER HOSPITALITY FAMOUS

A modern ten-story hotel will be added this year to the present excellent accomodations for visitors, and several imposing warehouses and office-buildings will be erected. The water-works system, including a filtration plant, belongs entirely to the city. The cost has amounted to several millions, but the value is not less than $10,000,000. It could be sold for that amount at any time, enabling Louisville to pay off every outstanding bond and still have some millions of cash in the treasury. The gas and electric lighting plants belong partly to the city. The local taxation is

about $1.80 on the hundred dollars, and is based upon an assessment of only $126,000,000—less than seventy-five per cent of real value.

THE NORTH SIDE OF MAIN STREET, LOOKING WEST FROM THIRD STREET

In concluding this sketch emphasis should be laid upon the friendly attitude of the people of Louisville toward all new comers, especially toward those engaging in wholesale trade or manufacturing industries. In furtherance of the general wish, the city council has adopted an ordinance under which new factories are exempted from local taxes for five years after work begins.

The Board of Trade, Commercial club, and Merchants and Manufacturers' association are all vigorous bodies, and it is safe to say that Louisville's interests rarely suffer from neglect. Not only material, but moral and intellectual advancement is sought, and the social life of the Kentucky metropolis is as happy as its business life is prosperous. The fame of the state and city for hospitality has been well earned, as many a visitor from North as well as South can testify.

THE EXHIBIT ASSOCIATION

No sketch of Louisville business life at this time would be complete without a reference, however brief it may be, to the Kentucky Exhibit Association. Formed primarily for the purpose of raising $100,000 for a Kentucky building and a full display of Kentucky's products and resources at the World's Fair in St. Louis next year—the legislature having failed to make an appropriation—it has made good use of every opportunity presented since its incorporation last November to promote Louisville's development along with state progress in commercial, industrial and financial lines, and frequently it has made the opportunity to advance city prosperity.

The organization has enlisted scores of the state's best known citizens—citizens prominent for their ability to do big things—and they have brought to the movement all the enthusiasm that has characterized their efforts in successful business careers, but with no hope of reward other than the satisfaction that comes with knowing their endeavors not to have been in vain, for the enterprise was launched and is being conducted on a purely unselfish basis. There are no salaries; all the money susbcribed going into a creditable and adequate state representation at the exposition.

There are four officers: *President*, A. Y. Ford, managing editor of the Courier-Journal; *Vice President*, Marion E. Taylor, president of the Board of Trade; *Treasurer*, Logan C. Murray, president American National Bank; *Secretary*, R. E. Hughes; fifteen directors, correspond-

ing in importance to the World's Fair commissioners in other states; a general finance committee of twenty-seven members; sub-finance committees on the various corporate interests; exhibit committees, looking especially to the collection of displays in the different classifications; a building committee and a transportation committee.

Mr. Ford, as president, is chairman of both the directory and the general finance committee. Mr. Taylor is a member of both, and Mr. Murray of the latter. On the board are Governor J. C. W. Beckman and five other out-of-town members, the additional Louisville men thereon being Charles B. Norton, president of the Commercial club; Samuel Grabfelder, millionaire distiller; Charles P. Weaver, former mayor; W. H. Newman, division freight agent of the Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville Railroad; Samuel P. Jones and Clarence Dallam, former presidents of the Commercial club; David B. G. Rose, circulation manager of the Evening Post.

The general finance committee has twenty-seven members, the other Louisville members beside Messrs. Ford, Taylor and Murray being Messrs. Norton, Grabfelder and Dallam, T. L. Jefferson, former president of the Commercial club; E. H. Ferguson, millionaire manufacturer; J. D. Powers, H. C. Rodes and J. S. Escott, bank and trust company presidents; R. W. Brown, managing editor Louisville Times; General John B. Castleman, R. M. Kelley, Jr., Frank Fehr, A. N. Struck John L. Dunlap and S. H. Stone, all prominent either in Board of Trade or Commercial club councils. Leading citizens are also at the head of the other standing committees.

The movement has progressed far enough to insure its success in every way. The Kentucky building will cost $25,000 or $30,000, the remainder of the $100,000 being put into the various exhibits which Kentucky is to make.

THE KINE

(From the *Poems* of John McGovern)

SWEET-BREATHING kine looked up from clover-mead,
And night had come. Therefore they kneeled them down,
And soon the field was freshened, and perfume
Distilled for morn. With eyes as deep as heaven,
And peaceful as the evening, gazed the flock
Upon the skies; and in those eyes benign
All night went on the starry flight eternal.
O wisdom of that wider view! They saw,
And were not envious. They knew enough
When they did know that Dawn would light their meadow.
The sun came o'er a corner of the earth
Far to the north. Soft cooed the prairie-hens,
And yellow-breasted meadow-larks took wing
To chide their great dumb friends. Beshuddering
Their glossy coats, the kine arose, and lo!
(Hast ever seen a stretch of clover-bloom?)
The firmament had fallen to the field!
They from Orion to the Dragon roamed
And plucked that morn a thousand dewy stars.

John McGovern

A MEMORABLE TEST OF THE VALUE OF THE AKOULALION

The engraving shows Mme. Susanne Adams, the famous grand opera soprano, singing to the blind, deaf and dumb boy Orris Benson, through the Akoulalion. Thus was the magic of great music conveyed to the eager soul of this thrice unfortunate boy, past the barricaded avenues of his natural senses.

Curing the Deaf by Electricity

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

THERE is a great wave of popular interest in the deaf mute schools of America. To pass from the busy bustle of American life, as we have it today, into the realm of the deaf mutes, is like a trip to a strange and wonderful land, where there is no noise, no sound. Few people, except those who have devoted their lives to the work, are aware of the marvelous progress being made every year in the education of deaf mutes. The hopelessness of neither hearing nor speaking has been overcome in a large measure by great patience and perseverance on the part of both instructor and pupil. Some of the larger cities now have deaf mute schools maintained at public expense, where a skilled corps of

teachers are successfully teaching lip-reading and speaking to those who have never heard a sound, and know not what it means.

It was my good fortune to attend a convention and banquet of deaf mutes recently, and it presented an appearance that will never be forgotten. The sight of these happy people talking earnestly to one another, without the least sound or confusion, turned the tables on perfect hearing and gave me a spooky feeling that painfully suggested that it was I, and not those about me, who had lost the faculty of hearing.

When talking among themselves, they did not attempt to use vocal chords, but when addressing the teacher or a stranger they strained their tones through the lip formations with similar success; and were it not for the pitch of the voice — which is not uniform because of their inability to hear it — one would hardly know he was talking to a deaf mute. In fact, I had an amusing experience within half a minute after joining them, which illustrates this nicely. The lady in charge brought a fine looking young man up to me:

"Mr. ——— this is Mr. Chapple."

I noticed him watch her lips sharply as she spoke my name, then turning he extended his hand to me and said:

"Mr. Chapple, I'm very glad to meet you."

I marveled at the way he caught the name—not a common one by any means —and spoke it without the least hesitancy. Then we were left together to continue our conversation, and, for the moment, I was flustrated. I was surprised; I could think of nothing to say. I felt as I did the first time I tried to talk through a telephone or to dictate a letter. It all seemed so unreal — to talk to a man who never heard sound. Finally, in desperation, I said:

"Do you hear what I am saying?"

He looked at me quizzically for a second, then laughingly responded:

"I haven't heard you say anything yet."

He was right—I had said nothing— and we both laughed at the joke.

With this introduction into the realm of deaf mutes, I have ever since followed closely the progress made in this line. The new century, already renowned for its wonderful electrical devices, from wireless telegraphy to flying machines, has yet another equally wonderful discovery — a discovery that enables the deaf to hear by means of electrical sound waves. The discovery was not made in a minute, nor a day, but it is the result of a process of evolution — the evolution of the uses of electricity. It might be called the offspring of the telephone, for the germ of the idea came from that instrument.

The fact that most deaf persons, even the very deaf, can hear through a telephone without difficulty, opened the way to solve the problem. The new device is separated into three distinct parts—the

AKOUPHONE—to enable the deaf to hear;

AKOU-MASSAGE—for treatment of middle ear deafness;

AKOULALION—for instruction of deaf mutes.

But, because I am more interested in the latter, I will speak of it first. This marvelous instrument, by actual test, will enable ninety-five per cent of deaf mutes to hear sound, and fully eighty per cent to learn to hear and to speak, and gradually prepares the deaf mute for use of the Akouphone. Time alone will tell whether the Akoulalion will completely restore the lost faculties—as this must necessarily be a long process.

As it is, the Akoulalion has aroused the liveliest interest among instructors of deaf mutes, both in this country and abroad, because it has made possible the conveying of sound to ears which hitherto have not known the meaning of

sound. With this instrument the teacher can instruct the student to imitate sounds, as a baby is taught to talk.

The expressions upon the faces of those who are hearing sounds for the first time, are but little short of rapturous. Susanne Adams, the eminent singer, and her troupe, gladly consented to visit the home of the Akouphone Manufacturing company at 36 East Twentieth street, New York City, and photographs were taken showing her singing to the hearts and souls of those who have never before heard music — music, the language of hearts. The pleasure of seeing a deaf mute's rapture when, for the first time, he heard the strains of *Home, Sweet Home* is touching in the extreme. If you ever questioned the beauty of this piece, watch a deaf mute as he listens to it, and you will feel, as I felt, how it touches the divine chord in humanity.

Akoulalions are now being used in most of the large institutions for deaf mutes in the country. From an instructor, I learned that one who never has heard a sound, does not know what sound implies; that when such a person does hear the human voice for the first time, he cannot distinguish the articulation. This comes after a little practice. The pupil is enabled to hear not only the teacher's voice, but his own in trying to reproduce that of his teacher. He learns to regulate the pitch of his voice, to converse in a steady conversational tone, instead of the wavering or gutteral tone, uttered without the power of hearing. The monotony of vocal instruction is sometimes varied by selections on a phonograph attached to this instrument. Another remarkable fact is the ability of teachers to instruct one to four pupils at a time, regulating the volume of sound to suit the hearing capacity of each pupil.

The value of the Akoulalion to the deaf mutes only testifies to the value of the Akouphone and Akou-massage, for their prescribed duties. The Akouphone is furnished in combinations, according to the degree of deafness, and can be adjusted to meet the requirements of persons partially deaf or persons extremely deaf. It is designed for the immediate benefit of those who have been using trumpets or tubes, and whose hearing is gradually growing poorer. The Akouphone has the properties of assisting the ear to become more sensitive to surrounding sounds, and can be used anywhere, in the house, on the street, in the office, in church or theater. A portable battery carried in the pocket creates the electric sound waves that soothingly penetrate the deafest ear.

The Akou-massage instrument is one designed to thoroughly massage the ear, internally and externally,—takes the rust off the drum and ossicles of the ear as it were—and makes them again active. It is producing wonderful results, and clears the head of distressing noises.

With these three great Akou instruments in mind, I am persuaded to say it is one of the most remarkable steps in science along this line that has been made for many years. If some one could bring the blind to see, we would have less horror of other lost faculties than we now possess, since these can be recovered. Who shall say that the mysterious power of electricity will not yet let us into the secret of the creation of life? Certainly electrical sound waves have gone far to solve the serious life-problems of the deaf and the dumb.

ONE CROWDED HOUR OF GLORIOUS LIFE

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
Sir Walter Scott

THE NORTH POLE MINE, ONE OF THE RICHEST IN EASTERN OREGON

Baker City, Oregon

WHILE the North and South were struggling with civil war, a few lone families were wandering over the wilds of eastern Oregon, seeking gold. Their efforts were crowned with success; many fortunes were taken from the rich placer mines that were discovered in the early '60s, and those same rich gulches are the source of enormous revenues to the country at this writing. In 1862, a few cabins were erected at the head of the fertile valley of Powder river, where the winters are mild and the snowfall light.

This was the origin of Baker City, which now has nearly 10,000 energetic, prosperous and contented inhabitants.

Baker City is attractively located, completely surrounded by mountains, yet has an elevation of 3,344 feet above sea level; it is subject to neither intense heat nor cold. Its climate is most healthful and attractive. It is sheltered from the cold blasts of winter and receives the exhilarating breezes from the snow-capped peaks in the summer, rivaling, if it does not excel, Colorado, whose climate has attracted the attention of the world to that state as a health resort. Baker City owns one of the finest gravity water systems in the world, taking the water direct from the ice-cold mountain streams, nine miles west of the city, and conducting it to and through the city in pipes.

Baker City is the geographical and commercial center of a territory over 100 miles square, comprising the great gold fields of eastern Oregon, many rich agricultural districts, stock-raising, wool-growing, lumbering and manufacturing interests. The public schools are the pride of eastern Oregon and have over

1,500 pupils enrolled. The population of the city was 2,605 in 1890. In 1900, including South Baker, a suburb, it was 7,439—an increase of 185 per cent, at which rate it will be about 25,000 in 1910.

Oregon has an area of 96,030 square miles, or 61,459,200 acres. It is 2,240,000 acres larger than New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Delaware, all combined; with their aggregate population of over 13,000,000. As thickly peopled as Rhode Island, it would maintain a population of 39,084,201; and as densely populated as England, it would give habitation to 58,194,180. There is no region of equal area on the globe that overflows with more abounding and diversified riches of resources and possibilities; and as yet, of all its vast domain, but little over 3,000,000 acres are in cultivation, and its population by the census of 1900 was only 413,536. It is almost as limitless in undeveloped opportunities, and as open to the enterprise of every newcomer, today, as it was in 1792, when the old ship Columbia first sailed into the mouth of its great river.

Baker City is surrounded by a land of gold and golden grain, whose valleys that yield from thirty to seventy bushels of wheat, from fifty to one hundred bushels of oats, and from two hundred to seven hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre; and is walled in by mountains of gold quartz that not infrequently runs from $5 to $5,000 per ton. It is a land where the crops never fail, and the rewards of intelligent industry are sure; where wonder treads on beauty's heels, and riches rush to meet the earnest seeker.

Some idea of the mineral resources of Oregon is given in the United States geological report issued in 1901, wherein it states Oregon has contributed $109,000,000, nearly all of which was gold. It is enough to say that nearly every valuable metal and mineral is found in the territory surrounding Baker City. During the past four years the mines in the Cracker Creek district and other districts in the neighborhood have developed so fast and employed so many men that the town of Sumpter has grown from one lone building to a city of 4,000.

Humanly speaking, there seems no end to the possibilities of eastern Oregon.

Everything indicates that it is a vast, almost unbroken mineral belt, and prospecting has hardly begun. Of all its thousands of square miles of gold-bearing territory but a few hundred at most have been really explored. The surface dirt is barely scratched. Hundreds, if not thousands, of mines are yet to be found in it. Fortunes, without danger or hardship, are here for thousands yet to come.

Baker City, the second city of Oregon in commerce, the third in population and the natural capital of this vast district, has besides its $150,000 gravity water system: gas and electric light systems; ore sampling works; custom quartz mill; six saw and planing mills, with a daily capacity of 175,000 feet of lumber, or 55,000,000 feet a year, one company alone employing over 300 hands; two breweries costing $75,000; two foundries and machine shops; a telephone system with 500 subscribers; a citizens' league; churches of all denominations; a Masonic temple and halls of many other fraternal orders; a $35,000 opera house; two daily papers, taking the full press dispatches; free postal delivery and the third postoffice in the state in volume of business; a superb natatorium and a $60,000 hospital. The public schools of the city won the gold medal at the Omaha exposition, and the Sisters of St. Francis have an academy with buildings that cost $50,000, with another under construction to cost $150,000. The two banks of the city carry $1,750,000 of deposits. More than fifty handsome

business blocks, and scores of residences have recently gone up; there are fifteen excellent hotels, one of which cost $100,000, with rates from $1 to $3 per day, and the place is busy and prosperous.

There are still 1,025,000 acres of open government land in Baker county alone. Scarcely one-fifth of the tillable land in the county is in cultivation, and the total population is but a trifle over 15,000.

STUDIES OF BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

HENRY RIGHTOR'S TRIBUTE TO NEW ORLEANS

THIS is the era of the lyric poet. Individualism, the rule of the newer social order, makes it so. The epic poet utters the genius of a race. The lyric poet, though he may voice the feelings and aspirations of a million widely isolated individuals, first of all speaks out his own personality. A new lyric poet has arrived in the South. Henry Rightor is unlike any who have preceded him, a compound, intellectually, of Latin romanticism and Yankee practicality. A keen, piquant, prepossessing personality. His *New Orleans* is reprinted by permission from Harlequin:

New Orleans

Land of big moons!
Country of wild Romance!
Region of jasmines, oleanders, cane,
Of cypresses and swamps,
Of jealousy and love,
Of wine and fight and song,
Strong men and gentle girls,
And all the strange entanglements of blood,
Spanish and French and all the Latin kind,
Savage and sage!
Land of emotion, sentiment and hate,
Brawls and affections, roysterings and tales,
Of surging passions, breezes soft or gales,
And Nature-voices sweet as singing sails!

Ho! dear old city, Capital of all,
Metropolis of Love,
City of sins and saints,
Pleasure's perpetual cantonment,
Perennial garden
Of amaranthine youth!
Dim Florence held such children folk of old,
And pleasant Athens in the ghostly days,
And olden Spain these many years ago.

Old sweet New Orleans!
Pleasant as a grove
Lulled by soft airs
Dear old-world city, mighty as the new,
Yet calm in thy soft dignity!
Ah, how I love thee, city of my youth!

Thou art so sweet,
Looking, from where thou liest in the shade,—
Minding thy books and ballads,
Thy fountains tinkling sweet old Latin airs,—
Across the world,
Free from its fever;
Gentle in thy strength,
Conning thy quaint traditions
Of priest and pirate
And several-nation rule;
And, from the ruins of thine ancient part,
Ruling the magic building of the new,
Quiet as a god!
No vulgar, slavish seizin of thy soul
Is held by commerce.

Thy people playful work and workful play,
And sing their songs through all the working day.

Thou dear old wayward place!
Thy blemishes are beauties to my eyes,
Thy sins frank virtues, whimsical old town!
Thy darling discords, sweet cacophany,
Are melodies, and lull me like the sea!

Stray on, old city, through thy myrtle groves,
Sing still thy songs, sin on thy harmless sins,
And plant thy creole vines
On modern steel and masonry!

Mr. Rightor was recently elected to membership in the American Dramatists' Association. His *A Carnival Thought*, which I purpose soon to reproduce in the National, is one of the most haunting lyrics I have ever read.

Frank Putnam

A TEXT-BOOK THAT IS LITERATURE

MOST text books on literature are either dull chronicles, or else collections of gushy-gushy sentiments and second-hand opinion: here is a book logically planned, conveniently arranged, of singular balance and impartiality. Professors Moody and Lovett of Chicago University have given us a working manual of English literature which is a piece of carefully constructed and fascinating prose criticism. With the possible exception of Brooke's *Primer of English Literature*, it is quite the ablest and most useful handbook on the subject, and adds another to the small company of books written for schools and students which are equally appropriate for the home library and general reader. The authors never for a moment forget that they are dealing with something more than dates and facts, that they are treating rather of the vital imaginative life of a great nation and brilliant race.

The book begins with the earliest dawn of Anglo-Saxon poetry, and closes with Robert Louis Stevenson. The historical setting of the various literary periods is clearly and vividly presented, and the authors are viewed properly in the light of their age. The principal figures in each era have been set in relief, and have been selected and arranged with a view to their relative significance. A brief biographical sketch of each representative writer is accompanied by a well proportioned critical estimate, which is always adequate and readable. Frequently the author under discussion is made very happily to characterize himself, as Dryden in the couplet (page 182) from *Religio Laici:*

> "And this unpolished, rugged verse I chose
> As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose."

Which well applies to all his poetry; also Scott, who is quoted as saying (page 283) of his own verse, and with singular truth, that it consists of a "hurried frankness of composition, which pleases soldiers, sailors and young people of bold and active disposition."

The writer has frequently picked up this volume, and in casually turning the leaves hit upon some challenging passage which has led him to read on and on. The book goes far to justify the assertion that really astute criticism brilliantly expressed is more absorbing than the best fiction.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, by William Vaughn Moody and Robert Morss Lovett. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1902. Cloth 12-mo, net $1.25.

THERE is something refreshing, in this day and generation, in meeting such a man as Frederick P. Morris, president of the Long Island News company. He is a true type of the self-made man, having begun as a newsboy, and still retains that gentle, enthusiastic and energetic nature which was the foundation of his success. When the thirty-third anniversary of his connection with the company was celebrated all the employes of the company were at the beautiful home of Mr. Morris, in Flushing, to do honor to the occasion. Among the other guests of the evening were St. Clair McKelway, the able editor of the Brooklyn Eagle; Dr. G. I. McKelway, Colonel John W. Vrooman, President H. H. Vreeland of the Metropolitan Street Railway of Now York City, Alderman W. T. James, H. F. Gunnison and Marvin J. Verdery. Letters of congratulation were received from President Roosevelt, Jacob Riis, W. H. Baldwin, president of the Long Island Railway; George H. Daniels of the New York Central, J. A. Marsh and Louis Wiley. The letter from the president was as follows:

"Accept my hearty congratulations upon the celebration of the thirty-third anniversary of your business career and upon the success you have so deservedly won. I extend to you and your guests and employes best wishes for the future."

JOHN W. VROOMAN

The speeches upon this occasion by Editor McKelway, Colonel Vrooman and President Vreeland, were significant, giving a broad idea of what opportunities exist in this country for young men of ability who are willing to grapple them and make sacrifices in the dawn of a career. The speakers did not indulge in mere platitudes,

but emphasized concrete facts. The guests were entertained with violin selections by Mrs. Morris and Miss Leila E.

FREDERICK P. MORRIS

Morris, wife and daughter of the host.

The men of the Long Island News company are recognized as the best in the service and the president-host is a loved and honored leader. Mr. Morris enjoys the close personal acquaintance of many prominent men and his scrapbooks are a rare and interesting collection, indicating those pleasant relationships that go far toward making up an ideal, well-rounded career. As a presidential elector in 1892, he received a total of 609,459 votes, the largest number ever cast for a single elector in the history of the nation; and the time is not far distant when he will be the congressman from President Roosevelt's Oyster Bay district.

WHEN I pass from one end of the national capital to the other, dodging the solid front of tourists following a guide, I always regain a spirit of restfulness by dropping into the supreme court room midway. As the red cords are pulled, one is ushered into an atmosphere of supreme judicial dignity. The judges in somber robes—always in exact position—have become a familiar picture. But now there are two new end men. Judge Holmes at one end and Judge Day at the other. The seats next to the chief justice, within easy whispering distance, are the posts of distinction and seniority now held by Justices Harlan and Brewer. It was Justice Day's

PRESIDENT H. H. VREELAND

MR. MORRIS AND HIS GUESTS ON HIS ANNIVERSARY NIGHT.

first day on the bench, and somehow he seemed to be nervous, as he followed the black-gowned procession across the corridor. The case being argued was one of springs — spiral and elliptic — a patent case; and the detailed knowledge of the dignified justices in those matters was astonishing. Counsel was stopped frequently and interrogated, as the bench examined the location of figures A, B and C. What a true reflection of the age! No soaring eloquence or flowery metaphors, or well-rounded phrases of Liberty and the spreading wings of the Eagle. Strictly and purely a matter of fact and logic. The curtains in the rear remain unruffled, the statues around the circular room beam kindly, as the counsel shows the fine distinctions in the quick working of spiral springs, and the reactionary or neutralizing effect of an elliptical, which did not work so quickly. Judge Day followed every point eagerly, and appeared to fit into his high position with dignity and grace, although it was amusing to see him, slender and slightly stooped, walking out arm in arm with the portly Justice White. Justice Holmes, with long, drooping mustache, and an air of literary activity and business-like exactness, keeps busy with his pen — an energy worthy of a son of the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

ONE of the busiest men in the United States senate this session was Senator Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana. As chairman of the senate committee on public buildings and grounds, he had to do with the passage of the omnibus public building bill, carrying in the aggregate about six millions of dollars, supplementing the act passed by the last session, which carried something over

twenty millions for public improvements throughout the country.

As the second member and former chairman of the immigration committee, the senator had charge on the floor of the senate of the immigration bill, which passed the senate the last Saturday night of the session.

He is also a member of the foreign relations committee and the judiciary committee, and, as a member of the latter, was selected by Senator Hoar as one of a sub-committee of five to report the anti-trust legislation of the session.

As soon as the extra session of the senate is ended, Senator Fairbanks will find himself confronted with equally important duties in the reassembling of the American-Canadian joint high commisson, of which he is a member, and chairman of the American commission. A few weeks ago Senator Fairbanks wrote to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, asking that the joint high commission be reconvened, and has received a reply, and it is probable that the commission will meet at Quebec in May or June, and take up the questions at issue between the two countries. It is an open secret that a practical agreement had been reached on all questions at issue except the Alaskan boundary question.

PASSING the home of Admiral Dewey recently, I found the hero of Manila out in front attending to the crushed foot of a dog that had been struck by a street car. The poor little creature looked up gratefully into the great admiral's face, as he bound the wound. It was fastened with a safety pin from — no matter where — the admiral is equal to emergencies. As he helped that crippled dog up the steps of his home, I could not help thinking of the infinite tenderness of the man. A little later a young man from up in New England, who had dreamed long of entering the navy, came up. He told his mission in a manly way — he wanted to meet his ideal and the greatest living naval hero. There was a hearty hand-grasp and a hearty word of inspiring encouragement. The boy, six feet tall and over, scarcely eighteen, towered above the admiral. "Splendid! splendid!" he said, as he gazed upon the form of a lad who was determined to pace the bridge some day. A great, tender-hearted man is America's own Admiral Dewey.

IF the United States has taken the world's leadership in the production of natural wealth thus early in its career, what may not be expected of it ten years from now, when the enormous sum of capital and personal energy invested in development work throughout the West and South during these last two marvelous years will have begun to yield its lavish returns? What a long list of rich mines and of huge industrial enterprises will appear in the records of a decade hence, that now are only in their initial stages. How many new cities will have sprung full-grown into being in places where now only the pick of the pioneers disturbs the primeval silence. Boston capitalists open up talc mountains of fabulous wealth in Newfoundland; Mr. Hagerty lays the foundations of a second Butte in his Okanogan district of Washington; northern and eastern millions pour into the South and old Mexico, transforming the industrial life of great regions, moving large populations, harnessing natural forces and bringing into the world's markets vast stores of natural wealth long-hidden or neglected. It is a wonderful era, and these types of its activity fitly interpret the conquering constructive spirit of the people and the age. If Russia is to be the chief world power in 2003, as predicted, it will have to step lively.

The May National—A Great Magazine

"The National Magazine should be in every business-man's office"—*Congressman Wright of Pennsylvania.*

Among its important features will be a 40-page supplement dealing with the

LOUISIANA PURCHASE AND ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR

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Development of the Louisiana Purchase Territory	By Hon. David R. Francis, President of the Exposition
The Louisiana Purchase Exposition	By Edmund S. Hoch, The National's special representative in St. Louis
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Love in the Philippines	By Mary Helen Fee of Panay Island
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Mr. John T. McCutcheon, whose Record-Herald cartoons have given him an international celebrity, has engaged to draw one or more of his delightful "human documents" for each number of the National. His drawings will illustrate phases of life at the National capital and will appear in "Affairs at Washington"

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"It's a good, clean and and clever magazine."—*Congressman Broussard of Louisiana.*

Leave an Advance Order With Your Dealer

A Great National Movement

By FRANCIS W. AVERY

A CONCENTRATED action which tends to destroy the vicious elements in our American life may well deserve to be styled as an important national movement. This is even more true when prominent churchmen, statesmen, officers of the army and of the navy and representative business men of the great metropolitan marts of the country have united their efforts and their influence in the purpose of a definite reform. When such a movement, about which is centered the great philanthropic forces of the nation, extends its beneficence to every section of the Union, its essentially national character is not to be disputed.

There has recently come before the public a new practical temperance work which may justly make all of these three claims for greatness, and the plans of this organization are so broad that it seems destined to develop into one of the greatest moral factors in the coming years of our national life.

Its first claim to greatness lies in the practical and efficient solution which it offers for one of our most vital national problems. The much mooted question of race suicide has been recently resurrected by our Chief Executive, and is today everywhere prominent in the arena of public discussion. And yet, nearly all of this discussion fails to recognize one of the most appalling degenerative forces that is operative in our Western civilization, a force that is constantly working havoc among the American people.

In the United States, however, neither legislation nor moral reform has yet succeeded in abating the frightful increase of this evil. Not to speak of the race suicide implied in nearly one hundred thousand deaths in this country alone annually attributable to alcoholism and in a still greater number of deaths due to the excessive use of drugs, we must face the fact that there is a constant deterioration in the nerve-force and vital energy of our American life which is directly due to excess in the use of stimulants. American life is peculiarly susceptible to a wasting drain upon nervous energy, for the average man of no other race leads as intense a life as the American. Consequently this evil, which is rooted in a weakness characteristic of the Yankee and his successors, has accumulated a frightful momentum and is developing into a force which will prove to be an important element in the destiny of our Nation. Some theorists delight in treating this evil by purely moral influence, consistent with their attitude toward alcoholism and drug addictions as merely a moral evil. Medical science has proven, however, that this taste is acquired: after a certain stage it is a recognized disease and must be treated as such. But the medical profession stands almost powerless before these conditions; for, as the physicians themselves testify, there is no specific in their *materia medica* that can cope with this disease.

There is a treatment which for ten years has been known to the physicians of New York City as the only absolutely harmless and at the same time effective relief for this disease. During this time in New York City a very severe test has been made of the Oppenheimer treatment for alcoholism and drug addictions in all their forms. Some of the leading physicians of the city have been sending their worst cases of this disease to the Oppenheimer Institute, and with uniform success they have been quickly relieved of their craving, and after two to four weeks' treatment, have been restored to their normal condition. Before treatment the organs of the body were unable to perform their usual functions, the patient being unable to sleep or to eat without the aid of a stimulant through the cup or needle. The treatment, however, so completely regenerates the nervous system that the body is able to run the course of nature's plan without any stimulant whatever and thus have these victims of intemperance been rescued from the curse of their lives.

Last fall a group of some of the leading men of the East secured the control of the Oppenheimer Treatment, and have since developed a great organization known as the Oppenheimer Institute, whereby this treatment may be

brought within the reach of every victim of intemperance in the land. Herein lies the second strong claim which this organization may justly make for national importance. An advisory board has been established to cooperate with the directors of the institute in extending its work. This board is composed of the following, among others:

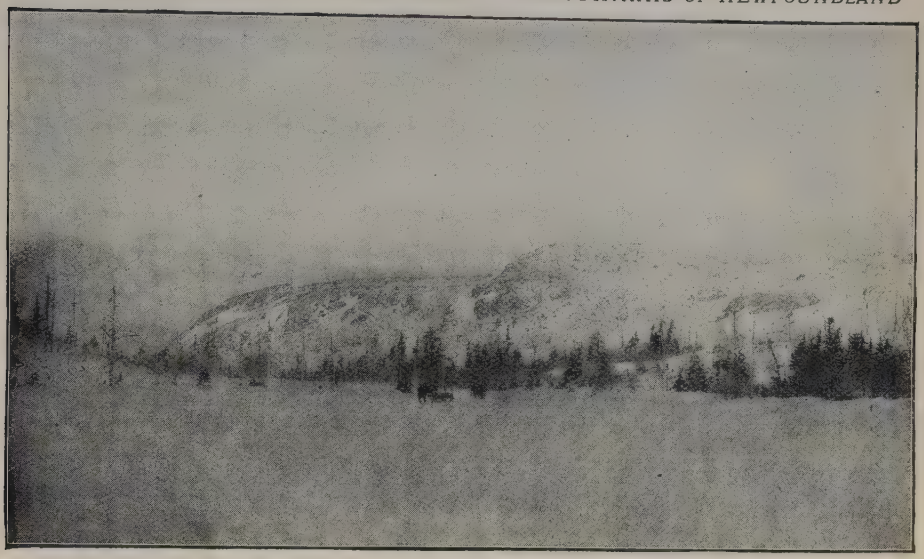
Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, secretary of the treasury of the United States; Postmaster General Henry C. Payne; Lyman J. Gage, ex-secretary of the treasury; Hon. Charles Emory Smith, ex-postmaster general of the United States; Hon. Robert E. Pattison, ex-governor of Pennsylvania; Senator Marcus A. Hanna; Senator Chauncey M. Depew Senator Knute Nelson, and several other congressmen; General H. C. Corbin, of the United States army; Admirals Dewey, Remey and Sigsbee of the navy; and representative churchmen from every denomination, such as Bishop Charles H. Fowler of the Methodist Episcopal church, Bishop Henry C. Potter of the Protestant Episcopal church, Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst and Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman of the Presbyterian church, Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell and Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson of the Baptist church, Rev. Robert Collyer of the Unitarian church; and also a group of well known philanthropists, such as Wharton Barker, A. H. De Haven, D. O. Mills, Robert Pitcairn and A. A. Purman.

To make this enterprise the greatest possible beneficence and at the same time to insure its lasting stability, it has been wise to place it upon a business basis. The institute has been fortunate in securing a strong combination of business men whose very presence on the board of directors is a guarantee of the business integrity and ability of the corporation. The executive committee consists of Mr. James H. Alexander, formerly general manager of the Standard Oil Company; Mr. José Aymar, president of the Oppenheimer Institute; Mr. Charles R. Brown, who is now managing director of the company and a well-known banker and broker; Mr. George S. Davis, formerly managing director of Parke, Davis & Co.; Mr. Carl H. Flower, with Carter, Hughes & Dwight, New York City; Dr. O. H. Lau, a well known physician and surgeon of Detroit, Mich.; and Mr. Dwight W. Pardee, assistant treasurer of the L. S. & M. S. railroad. Among the other directors are Leroy W. Baldwin, president of the Empire State Trust Company; Mr. Archer Brown, the great iron merchant; Sylvester T. Everett, a banker of Cleveland, Ohio; George Haldorn, of Butte, Montana; Leonard W. Sweet, New York wholesale jeweler. The wonderful resources of this combination of representative men of the country, added to the enthusiasm with which they are entering upon this work, seem to presage a future for the Oppenheimer Institute in which it may prove to be one of the greatest moral blessings to our American society that has ever been put into operation.

Until recently, the operation of this treatment has been confined to one building, 131 West Forty-Fifth street, New York City, save where the physicians, who are regular practitioners of good standing, have visited patients in their homes or at the club. The work has so developed in New York City, however, that the adjacent building has been pressed into service, as well as an additional house in the neighborhood, and thither temperance workers, churchmen and patients themselves have been coming in great numbers, and an observer of the daily visitors on Forty-Fifth street might easily be convinced of the wide interest in this work. But not as heretofore will the sphere of influence of the Oppenheimer Institute be confined to New York City and environs. The management has planned to establish forty branches of the Institute, planting them in the great metropolitan centers all over the country, so that the treatment may be easily within the reach of any victim. Branches are already opened in Detroit, Michigan, at 25 Piquette avenue; in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, at 110 West North avenue, Allegheny, and in Philadelphia at 841 North Broad street. In these cities local advisory boards have been organized which are composed of the leading citizens of each center, and a large number of patients are now under treatment outside of New York City. The other branches, which have been already planned, will be rapidly developed in the near future. The Oppenheimer Institute also proposes to establish a subsidiary organization in England, and several very prominent medical men and some members of the Peerage and other great English philanthropists are deeply interested in the prospect of spreading the work in the British Isles.

Thus, what is now growing into a great national movement, may in time develop into an international movement of tremendous influence.

A HAZY DAY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TWIN TALC MOUNTAINS OF NEWFOUNDLAND



The North American Talc Company

WHAT is talc?

Almost everybody has heard of Talcum Powder, and people who know say that the late Gerhard Mennen amassed a fortune of two million dollars in a few years from the sale of this product; and Talcum Powder, before it is ground to the fineness of fine flour, is just plain everyday talc rock.

Talc rock has some of the characteristics of human beings. It doesn't all look alike, and because it doesn't, geologists call it by different names. Some is called soapstone, some agalite, some pyrophylite, some—well it doesn't make any difference, it's all talc, and to paraphrase a remark of Colonel Sellers in his oration on eyewater, "everybody wants talc."

There isn't enough talc in the world to "go 'round." Its uses are so manifold and the demand so much greater than the supply, that for most purposes manufacturers of chemicals of one kind and another have been obliged to use inferior substitutes at greater cost.

The best and largest talc deposit in America is at Gouveuneur in New York state. It is mined there from a great depth, and is found in narrow veins between walls of solid granite. These walls of stone must be blasted out before the vein of talc can be removed, and, as in most other mines, it is necessary to operate powerful pumps night and day to keep the water out. In fact, talc mining is carried on just the same as gold or silver mining, only that talc mining is always extremely profitable while gold and silver mining is not always so.

We have said that talc is plain everyday talc rock, ground up for manufactur-

ing purposes, but we haven't told you why "everybody wants talc." It is used extensively in the manufacture of soap.

WHY EVERYBODY WANTS TALC

It is used in the making of lubricating oils, and finds its way into all varnishes. Vast quantities are used in the manufacture of paints, particularly in the cold water variety, and all kalsomines and sizings. It is used as a starch in cotton bleacheries, and the stiff cloth lining frequently found in shoes is the result of filling the coarse mesh of the goods with talc-starch. It is an exceptionally good non-conductor of heat and electricity, and is made into fire brick, stove linings and electrical insulators of all kinds. As an adulterant, it finds its way to a hundred different factories, but "that's another story." Its greatest commercial use, however, centers in one of our largest national industries — the manufacture of paper. Every pound of wall paper, news paper, book paper, writing paper, or any other kind of paper contains a filler, and that filler is talc, of one kind or another. The quality of the gloss and polish on the surface of the paper depends upon the quality of the filler. We manufactured last year in the United States about 5,000,000 tons of paper and for every ton of pulp we used one-fourth of a ton of talc of one kind or another. Gouveuneur supplied 150,000 tons of talc. Great Britain supplied 150,000 of china clay, which paid a duty of $2.50 per ton, and Pennsylvania and New Jersey supplied 500,000 tons of talc substitutes from their clay pits.

It is cheaper to dig clay from the hillside than to mine talc, but clay requires

EXPERTS CUTTING A CHUNK OFF A TALC MOUNTAIN TO TEST ITS QUALITY

a vast amount of washing to expel all foreign and gritty substances, after which it must be thoroughly dried and packed in casks or sacks, so that, when prepared for market, a high grade clay has cost the producer as much as good talc has cost the mine owner.

There are just as many grades of talcs and clays as there are grades of paper, and they vary proportionately in price. For paper-making purposes the great essentials in value making are: (1) freedom from all grit, (2) whiteness in color. The Pennsylvania clay sells at $7.50 per ton; English clays of low grade bring $11.50 and high grade $17.50.

The enormously increasing paper production of this country has taxed the talc and clay producers to their utmost to keep pace. The country has been scoured east and west, north and south, for a good quality of filler at low cost.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DISCOVERY

A few years ago, mineral prospectors who had just begun the invasion of Newfoundland, discovered two large hills or mountains of peculiar formation. Along the top of these hills, which are 900 feet above sea level, and free from any soil covering, was presented to view a light yellow stone surface, polished as smooth as a house floor, the result of the ice movement over the face of that country thousands of years ago. The adjacent hills for miles around were examined thoroughly, but no similar formation was found. These two mountains, divided by a valley in which lies a large pond, were found to be a solid mass of pyrophylite from base to summit; what lays below the base line we do not know, but "above ground" and exposed to view we have thirty million tons of the finest pyrophylite, or talc, ever discovered. A ninety-nine years' lease of the two square miles within which these hills lay was at once obtained from the government of Newfoundand. A shaft was sunk to a depth of thirty-five feet and a drift was made for a short distance from the bottom. The quality was unchanged, and all that could be desired. Further sinking was shown to be unnecessary, for whether at the summit or at the base, one side or the other, wherever a blast was put in, the same material was thrown out in car lots.

CLOSE TO SEA AND RAILWAY

This property is located near Fox Trap, in Conception Bay. It is only twenty miles from the city of St. John's and two miles from the line of the Newfoundland Railway. Holyrood, a land-locked and open-all-the-year-'round harbor, with an abundance of water for the largest steamers, is only twelve miles away. The vast deposits of hematite iron, estimated at 90,000,000 tons, owned by the Dominion Steel Company, are only seven miles from this property.

In December last, the attention of some Boston gentlemen was called to this property, and, after a full investigation and consultation with the best known talc experts and paper makers, secured the ninety-nine years' lease from the holders. Within the past month a representative of the company has visited the property and returned to Boston, bringing with him fifty tons of pyrophylite, which is now being ground at the Arlington Mills. A corporation has been formed under the laws of Maine, with a capital stock of $3,000,000 (common) no bonds or preferred. The par value of the shares is $100.

The company has arranged with eight large paper mills to take about five tons each for a test run, after which contracts will be entered into for stated quantities at regular periods. One of these mills now uses one hundred tons of English clay per day, or 35,000 tons per annum. It is fully expected that contracts will be signed for 100,000 tons per annum within a month or six weeks.

The average selling price of all talcs and clays, as we have already shown, is $12 per ton. The cost to our company of its high grade — and it has only one grade of talc—is as follows:

Royalty per ton to lessors . .	$ .50
Quarrying	.25
Railway haul (14 miles) to shipping port, per ton	.32
Steamer freight to Boston or New York, per ton	1.50
Grinding and bagging per ton . .	2.00
Total cost per ton, f. o. b. cars . .	$4.57

Thus: —

In competition with lowest grades of clays which sell at $7.50 we net per ton,	$ 2.93
In competition with high grade clays at $17.50 we net per ton, ...	12.93
Or	
On an average, in competition with all clays at $12 per ton we net, . . .	7.43

A GENUINE BONANZA

It is therefore perfectly clear that we are absolutely in control of the entire market. 1st, Because our product is all of the highest grade. 2nd, Because we can sell at a profit of $2.93 per ton, in competition with the lowest grades produced anywhere. 3rd, Because our supply is absolutely inexhaustible.

Our operating expenses reach the minimum because ours is not a mine but a quarry. We have no hoisting of material or pumping of water; simply blasting out of the rock and filling it into cars.

The building of a spur of railway from the main line, (narrow gauge) up to our quarry will cost not more than $9,000. It is estimated our shipping dock, pockets and machinery will cost $15,000 and equipment on the premises about $6,000 more or $30,000 in all. As a stock of

A GROUP OF THE HARDY MEN OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND TALC MOUNTAIN COUNTRY

5,000 tons must always be ready for delivery at our ware houses in New York or Boston, it will require the constant investment of $25,000 for this contingency; and for the purpose of securing the necessary working capital the company now offer for sale a limited amount of its capital stock at $25 per share.

READY TO SHIP JUNE 15

The transportation and shipping facilities will be ready for service on June 15th and it is confidently expected that 30,000 tons of our product will have been sold and paid for at a profit of $7.43 per ton before Jan. 1st, 1904, or a net profit of $229,000 in the first six months of operation, or a dividend of 7 per cent, and there seems no argument against our expectation to dispose of 200,000 tons during the years 1904-1905 at a profit of nearly $1,500,000, or a dividend of fifty per cent.

In conclusion, the most searching inquiry is solicited, because there is no mine on earth with so certain a future, no oil well that holds such inexhaustible wealth, and no proposition — not even the old Bell Telephone — ever extended an inviting hand to the investing public which held so much of faithful promise and ability to return almost fabulous riches, as does this property in the island of Newfoundland, and $25 buys one share now. Par value $100.

In eighteen months that share will have paid $57, and, on a seven per cent basis, be worth $700 or more. This is more than the chance of a life-time, and we expect the limited amount of stock offered will be taken very quickly.

Samples and further information upon request. Remit promptly to

CHESTER R. LAWRENCE,
Fiscal Agent,
131 State street, Boston.

ODE

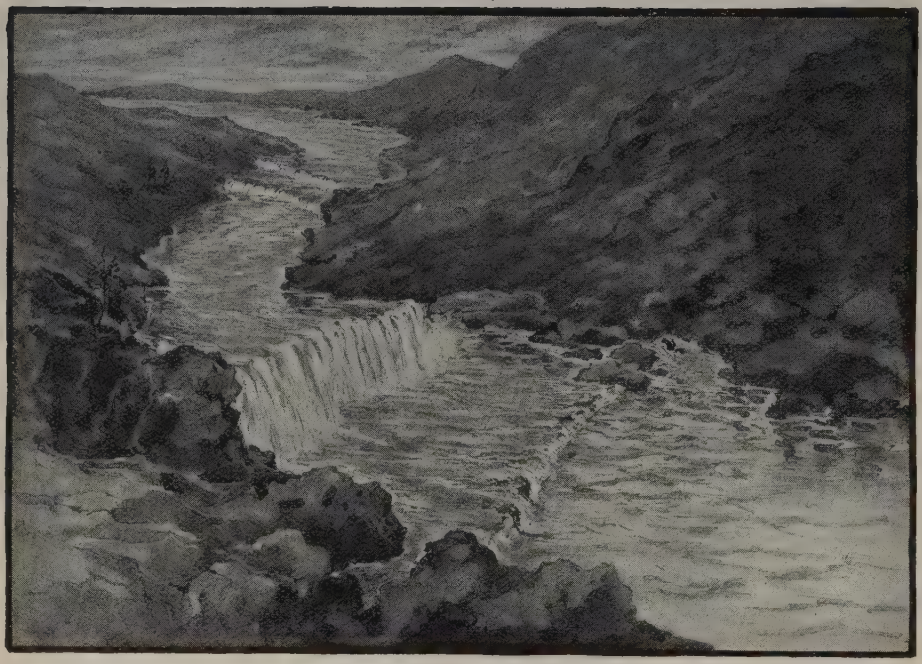
We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
We are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown:
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is an age that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy

IT WILL PAY



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SIMILKAMEEN FALLS, OKANOGAN COUNTY, WASHINGTON.

While Grass Grows and Water Runs.

THE Similkameen Falls Power and Development Company of Okanogan county, Washington, offers for a limited time as a strictly high grade investment one-half (100,000 shares) of its preferred stock at the low price of 50 cents per share. This price is subject to advance without notice, its purpose being served as soon as funds enough are in hand to complete the first 1,000-horse-power plant now in process of construction. In fact, the work is being rushed with all speed and this amount of power (1,000 h. p.) will be ready for use on or before November 1 of the present year.

The company doesn't owe a single dollar in the world, but it must have money for labor and necessary machinery, hence the price as quoted above to the very earliest investors. Figures and contracts for all of the machinery are

now being made with the Westinghouse and General Electric companies of which immediate advantage must be taken.

The Similkameen company is in a position, once its plant is completed, to furnish electrical power at less than one-third of the ordinary cost of steam, even under the most favorable circumstances. Based on these figures and on the present demand for the company's product, the first or single 1,000-horse power development will earn annually a little over $40,000, net and clean, above all fixed charges of operation. Out of these earnings the company proposes to pay 7 per cent interest on its preferred stock semi-annually, a fact that becomes luminous as soon as it is realized that only $14,000 of the $40,000 can be used in so doing.

The remaining $26,000 may either be passed as a dividend among the holders of common stock or used in the development of an additional 9,000-horse-power, the same being easy of accomplishment within the amount above stated.

Here is an investment, better than a first mortage on real estate.

First: Because the guaranteed rate of interest is the highest known, being 14 per cent on the actual investment.

Second: To realize this profit, a new investment is not necessary every three or five years, for while grass grows and water runs, there will be an ever-increasing value in the company's holdings.

Third: The people of New England need neither argument nor demonstration as to the great value of natural water power and its conversion into the convenient form of electricity, the generally larger and prosperous industries of this section resting as they do almost wholly on the utilization of these great forces.

Fourth: For an absolutely safe investment from any and all stand-points the world to date has not produced its equal. Fortune here joins with opportunity, a union so rare as to excite the most favorable comments, even in this age of miracles and wonder-workings.

For all further information, call or write.

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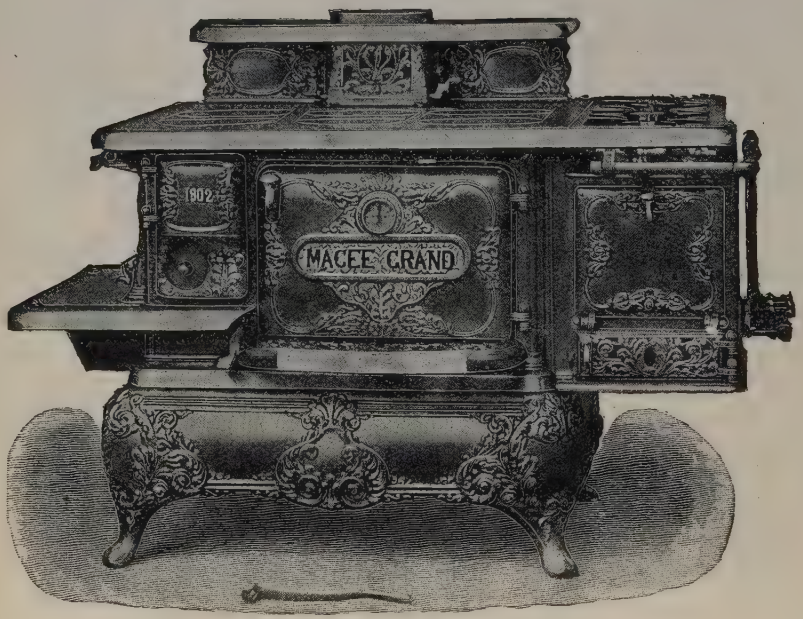
Either coal or gas alone, or both together, as preferred.



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I have had a Magee Cook Stove for thirty-five years, and, today, no stove ever made can bake better. Not a cent of expense has ever been laid out for it until now.

Yours respectfully,

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MAGEE FURNACE COMPANY:—

I am using one of your ranges that I bought in 1871. It is the 1870 style; No. 8, single oven. Since I bought it I have had no other cooking stove, having done all my work with it for my family. It is a nice looking and nice working stove today, after thirty-one years' use. I wish you could see it. I have had three extra coal linings, and three grates for coal and one extra wood lining. Everyone who sees my stove says how nice it looks; and it is true, for it is most as perfect now as it was the day I got it.

Yours very truly,

MRS. L. I. ROBIE.

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The Oldsmobile "Goes"

"Nothing to watch but the road."

The greatest efficiency with the least trouble is obtained by the mechanical perfection of this world standard Runabout.

No complicated machinery to get out of order—no "breakdowns"—every part of the simple, strong and practical construction of the Oldsmobile is readily accessible and easily understood. It is built to run *and does it.*

Runs thirty miles on one gallon of gasolene—Climbs any hill—Goes through the muddiest roads and is proclaimed by 8,000 users as "*The Best Thing on Wheels.*"

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HARTFORD, CONN.

PAID POLICY-HOLDERS SINCE ORGANIZATION, FORTY-SIX MILLIONS

PROGRESS IN LAST TEN YEARS

Jan 1	Income	Assets	Ins. in Force	Jan. 1
1893	$1,502,527.64	$10,047,249.00	$30,549,306.00	1893
1903	3,495,571.88	15,699,212.40	70,864,592.00	1903

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A Small Investment

that will bring a comfortable income for life. You who want to know the true foundation on which fortunes are built; you who are looking for a positive and sure income; you who want an investment as safe as Government bonds and that will pay many times better, be fair with yourselves. Ask us the facts; learn how thousands are making money through us, it will only cost you a postal card to find out.

The Chicago Title & Trust Company

hold the deeds to 6,200 acres of the best land in the Republic of Mexico. This tract is known as the **MONTEZUMA PLANTATION,** and the company now has 150 acres of Sugar Cane ready for cutting. A conservative estimate places the profits on Sugar Cane at $200 per acre. 300 acres are now set out in Rubber orchards, and the company has Rubber nurseries sufficient to complete the entire development. The profit on rubbber is from $300to $500 per acre. Eventually 1,000 acres of this land will be planted to Sugar Cane and 5,000 to Rubber, with a small acreage for other profitable tropical productions. A Sugar Mill is being erected to care for the Cane and sufficient buildings and appurtenances are being constructed to make the plantation complete.

There are 6,000 shares of stock, par value $300.00 per share, which can be paid for at the rate of $2.50 per month, per share, if desired. Dividends are paid on the amount of money paid on the contracts for the length of time it has been paid. If you are at all interested in Mexico and the enormous profits derived from this the richest country in the world, write for literature.

If you can spare 10c a day, fill out this coupon and send it to us. We will send documents that absolutely prove the certainty of enormous profits on this investment.

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..... *Magazine*

and will thank you to send detailed information.

My Name is .....

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THE MAIL ORDER BUSINESS
as conducted under the direction of
GEO. R. CRAW

April **Tell**

A man who had so little capital that he began business with only a desk in his residence, to-day is very wealthy, and employs over 50 stenographers. His name is Fred Macey, of Grand Rapids, Mich., and he is in the mail-order business.

All the great mail-order successes were made from small beginnings.

In fact, success in the mail-order business seems to come most surely to the man who starts with small capital.

Many instances of this will be given during the year in these talks.

The instance this month is that of Fred Macey, of the Macey Furniture Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

My system of mail-order merchandising permits you to start right, in beginning a mail-order business.

It effects the co-operation of the Manufacturer with the Beginner.

I am putting the mail-order business upon a high plane. The members of my Bulletin Service of Manufacturers and Mail-Order Firms handle only goods of merit, made by the best and most reliable manufacturers.

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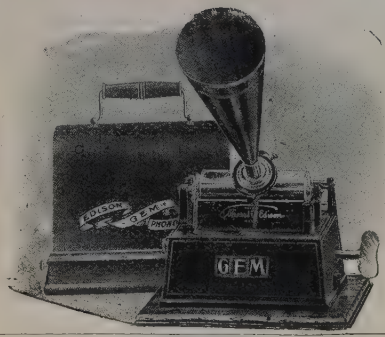
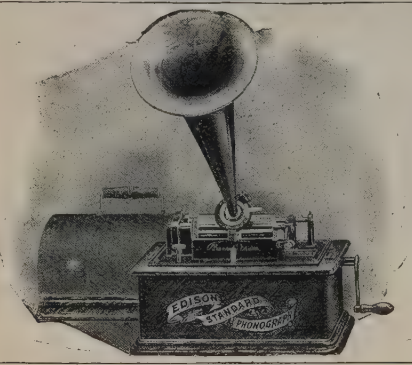


$12.50—Gem Outfit No. 1.

A genuine Edison Phonograph, including new model extra loud Reproducing Speaker, Oak Carrying Case, Amplifying Horn, Camels-hair Brush and Five NEW Edison Moulded Records, $12.50. Transportation charges prepaid east of the Mississippi River, and that far to points beyond.

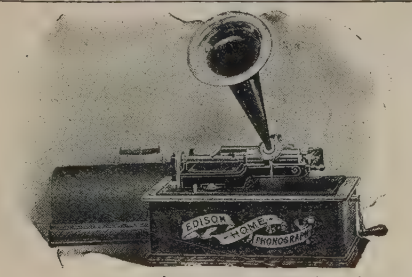
Gem Outfit No. 2. Same Machine as above with large 24 in. Brass Amplifying Horn, Supporting Crane and one dozen Edison Moulded Records, $17.50. Transportation charges prepaid east of the Mississippi River, and that far to points beyond.



$22.50—Standard Outfit No. 3.

A latest 1903 model Edison Phonograph, with Brass Amplifying Horn, Model C Reproducing Speaker, Camels-hair Brush, and 5 NEW Edison Moulded Records, $22.50. Transportation charges prepaid east of the Mississippi River and that far to points beyond.

Standard Outfit No. 4. Same machine as above, with 8 Edison Moulded Records, 2 Shaved Blanks, and 1 Recorder (for making records at home), $27.50. Transportation charges prepaid as on Outfit No. 3.



$32.50 Home Outfit No. 5.

Including genuine Edison Home Phonograph with Reproducer, Recorder, Shaving attachment, 5 Edison Moulded Records, Amplifying Horn and Chip Brush, $32.50. Transportation charges paid east of the Mississippi River, and that far to points beyond.

Home Outfit No. 6. Same as Outfit No. 5, with 12 Edison Records instead of 5. Transportation charges paid as on Outfit No. 5. Price $35

Additional Records for above machines, 50c. each; $5.00 a dozen.

The above outfits have been made up by us with a view to supplying the demand for practical and durable outfits for home and exhibition use, at reasonable prices. They are guaranteed in every particular, and if not satisfactory can be returned at our expense and money will be refunded. Remittances should be made by Express Money Order, Post-office Money Order, or Draft on Boston, payable to the Eastern Talking Machine Co., or by Registered Letter. Either of the above forms insures absolute safety from losses by mail. Our references—any bank or mercantile agency. We are the largest Talking Machine Mail Order House in the United States. Our responsibility is vouched for by the publishers of this magazine. We carry complete stocks of Edison Phonographs, Edison Moulded Records, Victor Disk Talking Machines, Victor and Monarch Indistructible Records, Horns, Carrying Cases, Record Boxes, Cabinets, etc., etc. In fact everything for talking machines. Write for complete catalogues.

If you own a talking machine send your name and address for our mailing list and receive supplements of new records, free, as issued. State make of machine you own. Every owner of a Phonograph should have the C. W. N. Hand-Book of the Phonograph—use and care of machine and how to make records. Paper cover, 25c. Cloth bound, 50c., postpaid

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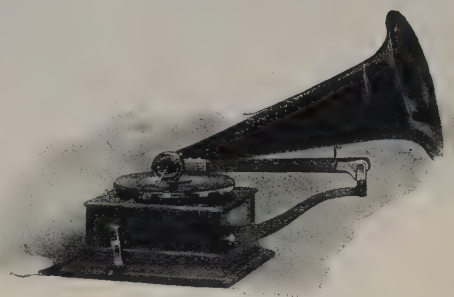
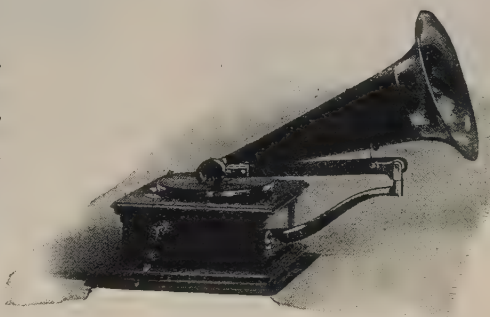


Includes a Gold Medal Winning Victor Disk Machine, with new improved Sound Box and 5 Victor 7-in. Indestructible Records, $17.50. Transportation charges prepaid east of the Mississippi River and that far to points beyond.

Royal Outfit No. B.—Same Machine as above, but with 12 Victor 7-in. Records, $20.00. Transportation charges prepaid as on Outfit A.

$30.00 Junior Outfit No. C.



Including latest model Victor Junior Disk Machine, in golden oak cabinet, brass amplifying horn, Improved Exhibition or Concert Sound Box, 6 7-in. Victor Records and 3 10-in. Monarch Records. Just the outfit for exhibition and concert work, $30.00. Transportation charges prepaid as on Outfit A.

Junior Outfit No. D.—Same as above, but with 12 Victor 7-in. Records and 6 10 in. Monarch Records, $35.00. Charges prepaid as on Outfit A.

Monarch Outfit No. E, $40.00.

Includes Monarch Exhibition Machine, with 21-in. horn and Concert Sound Box and 6 Monarch 10-in. Records. Charges prepaid as on Outfit A. Concerts can be given in the largest halls with this outfit.

Additional Records for above machines: Victor 7 in., 50c. each, $5 per dozen; Monarch 10 in., $1.00 each, $10 per dozen.

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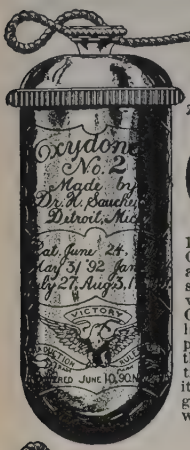

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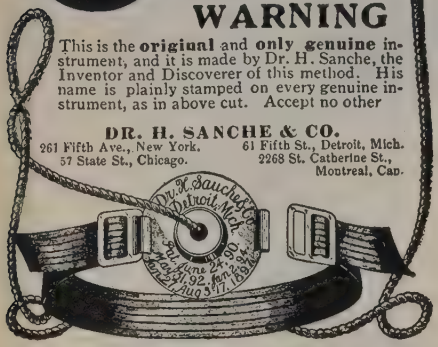

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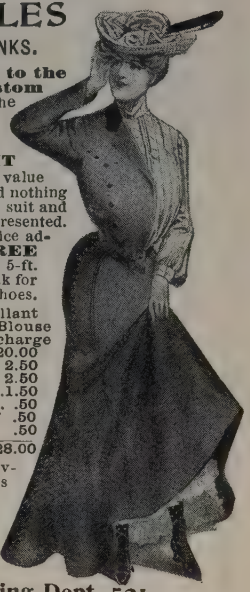

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Stylish Percale Shirtwaist	1.50
Pair Lisle Thread Hose	.50
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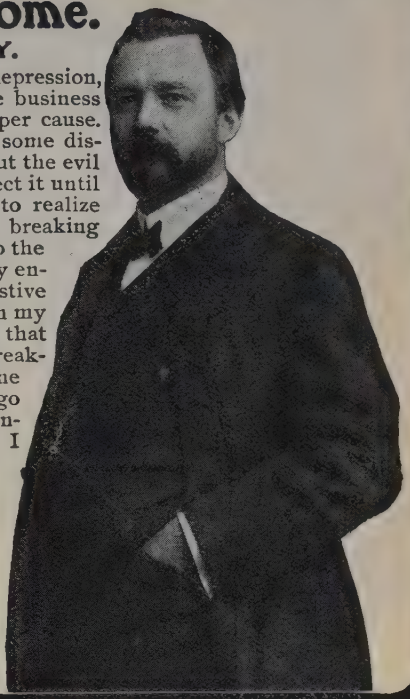

Men suffering from weakened nerve force, constant depression, gloomy forebodings, fast becoming unfitted for active business life, fail to attribute their deplorable state to the proper cause. They know they have Varicocele as they have suffered some discomfort on account of it, particularly while standing. But the evil effects due to Varicocele are so gradual that they neglect it until the entire system is undermined and they are forced to realize that something must be done to prevent them from breaking down completely. To such sufferer I say, don't fall into the hands of Quacks—don't submit to the knife—don't pay enormous sums to so-called specialists. After an exhaustive study of pelvic and nervous diseases extending through my entire medical life, I became convinced some years ago that Varicocele was the foundation of almost all nervous breakdowns among men. I then bent every energy toward the discovery of a cure for this disease, and two years ago succeeded in perfecting and patenting a simple mechanical device with which I have since cured 3621 cases. I guarantee this device to cure any case of Varicocele without inconvenience or loss of time from business.

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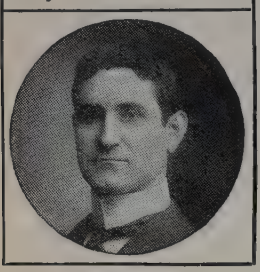

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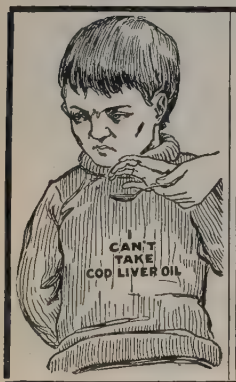

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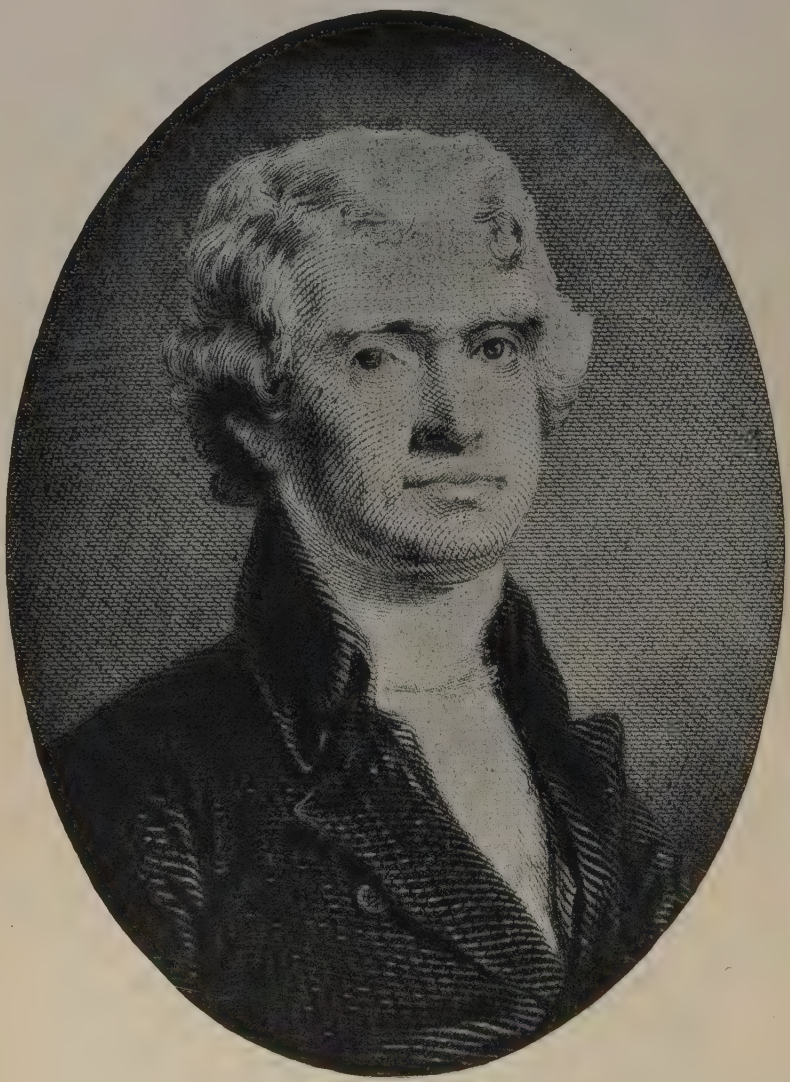
WORLD'S FAIR
DEDICATION SOUVENIR

A forty-page supplement to the National Magazine for May, 1903, to commemorate the dedication of the splendid palaces of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, whose gates will be opened in the city of St. Louis, Missouri, the metropolis of the Louisiana Purchase states, in the Spring of 1904 ✻ The supplement contains articles especially prepared for this number by United States Senator Allison of Iowa, the foremost living statesman of the Louisiana Purchase states; by Hon. David R. Francis, president of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition; by Walter B. Stevens, secretary of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition; by Hon. Pierre Chouteau, eighth vice-president of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and whose great-great-grandfather founded St. Louis, and by Edmund S. Hoch, the National Magazine's special representative in the World's Fair City ✻ The illustrations include many portraits of the great men who had a part in the purchase and development of the Louisiana Territory; of the builders and organizers who are creating the Exposition, and of several of the magnificent exhibition palaces.



THOMAS JEFFERSON, AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES WHEN, IN 1803, THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY WAS PURCHASED FROM FRANCE. THE PEER OF WASHINGTON, HAMILTON, FRANKLIN, ADAMS AND LINCOLN IN THE FIRST RANK OF AMERICAN STATESMEN

LAFRENIERE'S APPEAL TO THE SUPERIOR COUNCIL IN LOUISIANA PROVINCE

This hero organized the first revolutionary movement and the first republic on American soil, and was the "Protector" of the republic. When it fell before Spanish arms, Lafreniere was led out with his compatriots and shot for a traitor. This was half a dozen years before the skirmish at Lexington, Mass.

The Spirit of Liberty in the Province of Louisiana

By WALTER B. STEVENS,

Secretary of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition

"*WITHOUT liberty there are few virtues. Despotism breeds pusillanimity and deepens the abyss of vices.*"

So reads the first American Declaration of Independence. It was proclaimed against the king of Spain, not the king of England. The initial stand on this hemisphere for republican principles was made west of the Mississippi.

For freedom of conscience men laid down their lives in the province of Louisiana before they did in the colony of Massachusetts. The protest against monarchy blazed from the musket's mouth at New Orleans earlier than it did at Lexington. Years before the taxed tea was thrown overboard in Boston harbor, the revolution in Louisiana

had sent about his business the Spanish governor who came to rule over that province. In the decree of expulsion it was declared:

"Without population there can be no commerce and without commerce no population. Both are fed by liberty and competition which are the nursing mother of the State; of which the spirit of monopoly is the tyrant and stepmother. Where is the liberty of our planters, of our merchants, of all our inhabitants? Protection and benevolence have given way to despotism. A single authority seeks to absorb and annihilate everything. Without running the risk of being taxed with guilt, no man of any class can longer do anything but tremble, bow his neck and kiss the ground."

These were bold words. They were pronounced with all of the authority of an organized movement at New Orleans nearly ten years before Thomas Jefferson put pen to paper to write, "*When in the course of human events*—." They were uttered with all formality by the superior council of Louisiana, a body which had taken the place of royal authority to govern.

Bienville

In the histories of the United States there is barely so much as mention of the first revolution on American soil against absolutism. And yet the twenty-eighth of October, 1768, is entitled to a red letter place in the calendar of patriotic days. The name of Lafreniere deserves rank with those of foremost American patriots.

The principle enunciated at New Orleans was that which several years later inspired the pen of Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence. It was the basis upon which the revolting colonies of England built the constitution of the United States.

This movement for independence in America began when Louis XV, in 1764, sent a letter to the royal governor, L'Abbadie, in New Orleans, telling him France had withdrawn her sovereignty from all parts of North America and had divided her colonies there between England and Spain. The king of France commanded L'Abbadie to deliver the province to Spanish authority. Governor L'Abbadie communicated the letter to the superior council, which shared with him the administration of government in the province. At the head of the council, with the title of king's attorney, was Nicholas Chauvin de Lafreniere. He became head of the movement to form a republic on American soil. George Washington was then in his early thirties, a young Benedict. Patrick Henry was a student and had not uttered, if he had thought of, "*Give me Liberty or give me Death.*"

Lafreniere was a native of the Province of Louisiana, the son of a Canadian woodsman. His father had followed Bienville, the explorer, to Louisiana. He had acquired sufficient means to send Nicholas to France to be educated. Returning to the province, the young man had risen until he had become the orator and foremost lawyer of the colony. He had received the appointment of king's attorney in the superior council and was the recognized popular leader of Louisiana. His talents and following fitted him to be the head of the revolutionary movement.

In the house of Madame Pradel, retired from the street and surrounded by a large garden, where magnolias of luxurious foliage screened them from view, Lafreniere, the king's attorney, and his associates met night after night to plan the Republic of Louisiana. Among these patriots were Chevalier Masan, Captain and Lieutenant Bienville, nephews of the great explorer; Jean and Joseph Milhet, Commander Villare, Hardy de Boisblanc, Marquies, Carisse, Petit and several others.

The influential merchants and planters were in sympathy with the movement. Lafreniere retained his place in the superior council, which body the patriots controlled. There was no disposition to move rapidly or prematurely.

In the midsummer of 1765, a letter received at New Orleans prompted the first public act of the revolutionary movement. It was from Don Antonio de Ulloa, who wrote from Havana that he had been appointed by the king of Spain to take possession of Louisiana province and was on his way to do so.

Following the publication of this letter from Ulloa, a popular convention of the province of Louisiana was called. It was the first of its kind on American soil. It was composed of delegates from the parishes. In that convention the leaders of the movement came into public view; Lafreniere was the dominant spirit. This convention appointed Jean Milhet, the richest business-man in the province, to go to France and to urge that government to recede from the treaty with Spain and to retain possession of Louisiana.

Just at the time, the Acadians, expelled by England from Nova Scotia upon the cession of that province by France, were arriving in Louisiana. The sufferings of the exiles served to intensify the feeling of hostility at New Orleans toward Spain. Milhet went upon his mission.

Ulloa arrived in New Orleans in the spring of 1766. He had two companies of Spanish regulars. He learned quickly

DEATH OF VILLARE, WHO LED THE GERMAN COLONISTS IN LOUISIANA'S REVOLT

that it would be useless to attempt to take control. He induced Audry, the French governor who had succeeded L'Abbadie, to continue temporarily to administer government in the name of France. He postponed the raising of the Spanish flag. In September of that year Ulloa sent a squad of his soldiers through the streets, and, with the beating of a drum to command attention, announced a decree. This proclamation ordered all ship-owners, on arrival in New Orleans, to appear before Ulloa, that he might fix the price at which their cargoes must be sold. The penalty of refusal was that they would not be allowed to sell in the colony. The decree further ordered that the depreciated paper money must be accepted. It sought to regulate out-going cargoes, so that the government could control the exports.

"Cruel" O'Reilly

The shipping interests at once allied themselves with the people on the side of Lafreniere and the patriot leaders. Ulloa left the city and went down to the mouth of the river to spend the winter.

Milhet came back from France. He had been unable to accomplish the thing desired. The king of France considered Spain already in possession.

Milhet returned to New Orleans and reported the failure of his mission. The revolutionists agreed that the time for decisive action had come. They were in control of the superior council, which by the failure of Spain to assume sovereignty was the highest authority in the province.

In the dead of night, October 28, 1768, preceding the day on which a meeting of the superior council had been called, a band of patriots gathered about the cannon at the Tchoupitoulas gate of the city and spiked them. At daybreak, Captain Noyan, who had held a commission with the French regulars, marched in at the head of a body of Acadian exiles. About the same time the German colonists came in from the east, under command of Villare. The planters from the south forced their way through the gates on that side. New Orleans was possessed by the Revolutionary Army of the Republic of Louisiana. The description of the forces recalls the conditions at Lexington a few years later. The revolutionists were armed with all manner of improvised weapons, but they were enthusiastic.

Audry, the French governor, protested, but offered no resistance. A few persons loyal to the Spanish authority went to Ulloa's house, barricaded and prepared for siege. There was no assault. Sentiment was all one way, but not disposed to violence. The superior council was in session the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth of October. It adopted the Declaration of Independence, the sentiments of which have been given. It decreed that Ulloa, as the representative of Spain, must leave, and gave him three days in which to take his departure. Before the decree was made public, Ulloa had betaken himself to a frigate in the river. On the thirty-first day of

October, without waiting for his days of grace, he sailed away. Audry again protested in the name of the king of France. The superior council proceeded to govern the province and to prepare papers for the establishment of the Republic of Louisiana with Lafreniere as "Protector." The patriot leaders worked upon a republican constitution and they sent throughout the province republican documents.

At Madrid, the Spanish capital, the character of the movement in the province of Louisiana was not mistaken. Nor was its importance misunderstood. After Ulloa, the Spanish governor, had been expelled by the revolution, the king of Spain called on his ministers to advise. Aranda was then the leading statesman of Spain. He counseled the prompt suppression of the revolution, no matter at what cost. His reason was given in plain words. Spain could not afford to have an American republic on the Gulf of Mexico, and in the Mississippi valley, endangering her other possessions on the east and on the west. For, it must be remembered, that at this time Spain claimed sovereignty over the Floridas, parts of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and even north of the Ohio. State papers of Spain tell of the serious estimate put upon this revolution at New Orleans and its possible consequences. Aranda submitted to the royal council at Madrid, March 22, 1769, this statement:

"The insurrection at New Orleans seems to be an object of the greatest importance, not only for the reasons which have been expressed above but on account of its consequences. Its situation on the Gulf of Mexico; its being already, as it were, a European town by its population, and its being converted into a free port, which no doubt would be the case, would attract thither large numbers from Europe; and CONSIDERING THAT A REPUBLIC IN LOUISIANA WOULD BE INDEPENDENT FROM ALL EUROPEAN POWERS, it would then become the interest of all to keep on terms of amity with her, and to support her existence. The favorable position in which Louisiana would then be placed, would not only increase her population, but also enlarge her limits, and transform her into a rich, flourishing and free State in sight of our provinces, which would present the mortifying contrast of exhaustion and lack of cultivation. From the example under their eyes, the inhabitants of our vast Mexican domains would be led to consider their utter want of commerce, the extortions of their different governors, the little esteem in which they are held, the few offices which they are permitted to fill. These things would weight the great inducements which they would have to hate still more the Spanish domination and to think they can brave it with more security, when they shall see that a province, weak when compared with their extensive and populous country, can make good her position with impunity and secure her prosperity."

From October, 1768, to July, 1769, the condition of revolt continued in Louisiana, while in the Thirteen Colonies the discontent with English rule was growing apparent. It is interesting to remember that when General Gage, at Boston, was calling in the British redcoats from outlying western posts, and getting ready to suppress revolution against the stamp taxes of King George III, the Count O'Reilly sailed up the Mississippi with a powerful Spanish fleet to suppress the Republic of Louisiana. O'Reilly had been given, by King Charles III, a fleet of twenty-four vessels and 2,600 men to put down the insurrection and to establish Spanish dominion. There were 1,398 men able to bear arms on the part of the Republic. But they were not all willing. There were royalists, who, if they could not have France, preferred Spain to the dangers of an infant republic. There were others who urged the uselessness of a struggle in which it was evident Spain, France and England would be arrayed against them.

Marquies, the commander-in-chief of the republican forces, made a final appeal to his troops to rally and resist the Spanish army. The number that responded was insufficient to justify defence. The odds were pitiful.

The leaders of the revolution conferred with Audry, the retiring French governor. Audry undertook to act as the medium of communication with O'Reilly. He encouraged the belief that terms might be arranged, and suggested general amnesty. As the result of negotiations, Lafreniere, Marquies,

Milhet and the other leaders were induced to go aboard the flagship and meet O'Reilly. They were invited to dine and were treated with great apparent consideraton. The Spanish troops landed without any show of resistance. O'Reilly immediately ordered the arrest of all the leading patriots. Villare, commander of the German colonists in the army of the republic, was bayoneted by the Spanish soldiers who went to take him and died in prison. Nevertheless, his memory was tried by military court and condemned with the others to infamous death.

The sentence was pronounced by Count O'Reilly in these words:

"I have to condemn and I do condemn the aforesaid Nicholas Chauvin de Lafreniere, Jean BaptisteNoyan, Pierre Carrisse, Pierre Marquies and Joseph Milhet as chiefs and principal movers of the conspiracy aforesaid to the ordinary pain of the gallows which they have deserved by the infamy of their conduct and *ipso jure* by their participation in so horrible a crime; and to be led to the place of execution, mounted on asses and each one with a rope around his neck and to be then and there hanged until death comes and to remain suspended on the gallows until further orders, it being hereby understood that any one having the temerity to carry away their bodies without leave, or contravening in whole or in part the execution of the said sentence, shall suffer death. And as it results from the said trial and from the declarations of the aforesaid attorney general, that the late Joseph Villare stands convicted likewise of having been one of the most obstinate promoters of the aforesaid conspiracy, I condemn in the like manner his memory to be held forever infamous; and doing equal justice to the other accused, after having taken into consideration the enormity of their crime as proved at the trial, I condemn the said Petit to perpetual imprisonment in such castle or fortress as it may please His Majesty to designate; the aforesaid Balthaser Masan and Julien Jerome Boucet to ten years inprisonment; and Pierre Hardy de Boisblanc, Jean Milhet and Pierre Poupet to six years imprisonment with the understanding that none of them shall ever be permitted to live in any dominion of His Catholic Majesty, reserving to myself the care to have every one of these sentences provisionally executed and to cause to be gathered up together and burned by the hand of the common hangman all of the printed copies of the document entitled *Memorial of the Planters, Merchants and other Inhabitants of Louisiana on the event of the 28th of October, 1768* and all other publications relative to said conspiracy to be dealt with in the same manner; and I have further to declare and I do decree in conformity with the same laws that the property of every one of the accused be confiscated to the profit of the King's Treasury."

The common hangman refused to carry out the sentence. The united voice of the people of Louisiana province cried out in protest. No one could be found to conduct the execution. O'Reilly changed the sentence to death by shooting. Noyan was young and just married. Friends planned for his escape, to which O'Reilly consented. The young patriot refused it and declared he would die with his friends.

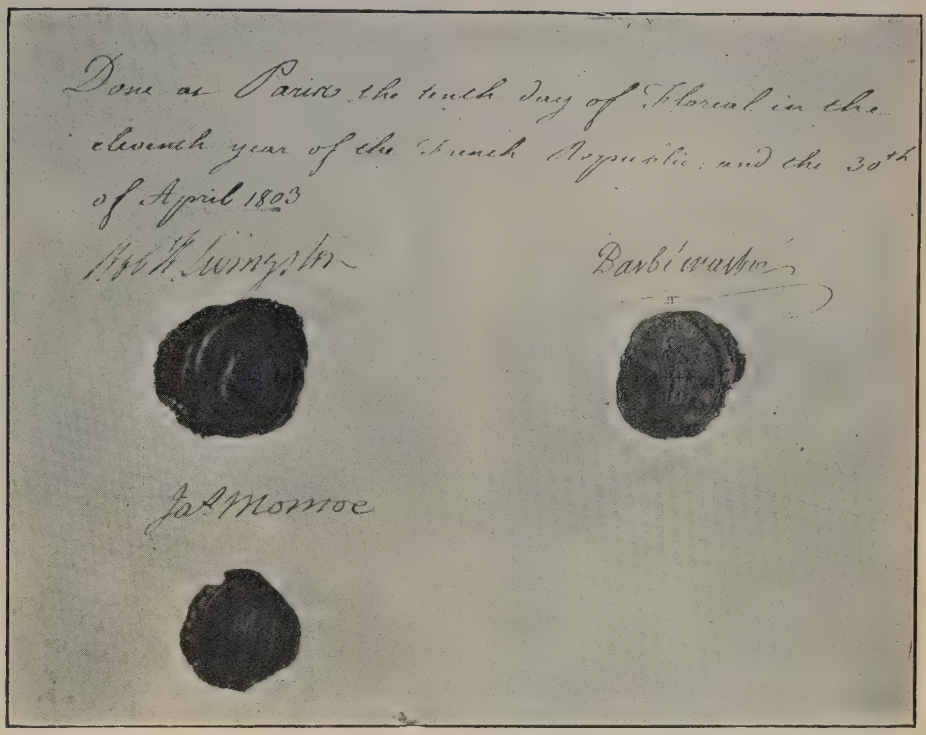
On the twenty-eighth day of October, 1769, Lafreniere, Noyan and Milhet were led out to the *Place d' Armes* and shot to death by a file of Spanish soldiers. The others were sent to prison. On the day following the execution, the Spanish troops were drawn up on the market place. The Declaration of Independence and all documents relating to the Republic of Louisiana were burned by the common hangman. But the words of Lafreniere still lived—"*Without liberty there are few virtues. Despotism breeds pusillanimity and deepens the abyss of vices.*" The blood of those first martyrs to liberty, in the Province of Louisiana, became the seed of constitutional government for the United States.

OF EQUALITY

Of Equality — as if it harmed me, giving others the same chances and rights as myself — as if it were not indispensable to my own rights that others possess the same.

WALT WHITMAN

LAST PAGE OF LOUISIANA PURCHASE TREATY, SHOWING THE THREE SIGNATURES


Done at Paris the tenth Day of Floreal in the
eleventh year of the French Republic and the 30th
of April 1803
Barbé Marbois
Jas Monroe

The Story of the Louisiana Purchase

By HON. PIERRE CHOUTEAU,

Eighth Vice-President and Chairman of the Historical Committee of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition

THE conquest of the Illinois, and the rapid settlement of the vast domain it secured to the Union were the controlling events that fixed and hastened the destinies of Louisiana. The acquisition of the Illinois district, together with the establishment of peace, opened a western horizon to the American people larger and grander than many of them dared to contemplate. Few surmised how far more magnificent and rounded in extent their horizon was eventually to become.

By the treaty of Paris, 1763, France ceded to England and Spain her American colony, the Mississippi river marking the dividing line between the possessions of these nations, the territory to the east, adjoining the Atlantic colonies, passing to England, and all the vast territory west of the river, known

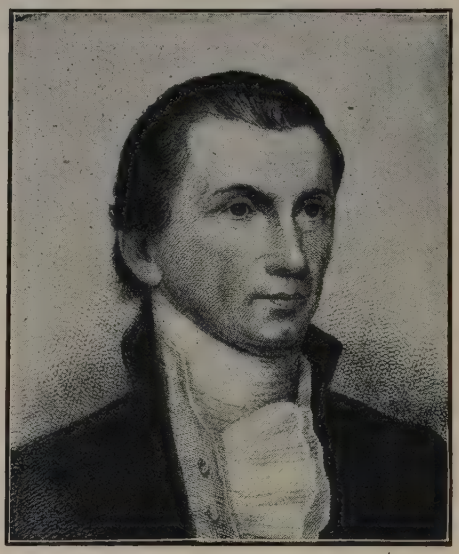
as Louisiana, going to Spain. Britain, without loss of time, entered into possession of her new acquisition, of which she retained possession until dislodged by the American troops under Colonel George Rogers Clark, in his brilliant Illinois campaign. In the congress of Paris, 1782-3, which brought to a close the Revolutionary war, this territory passed to the United States as a part of its con-

ROBERT R. LIVINGSTONE, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO FRANCE AT THE TIME OF THE PURCHASE, AND SIGNER OF TREATY FOR THE UNITED STATES

quest. With the exception of a small area including the Isle of Orleans and the Floridas, the United States held sovereignty over all the territory east of the Mississippi river. Spain, less enterprising than Britain, did not occupy the territory west of the Mississippi until some years after the cession of 1763. The Spanish domination lasted over thirty years, when she retroceded to France the territory as originally acquired from the latter.

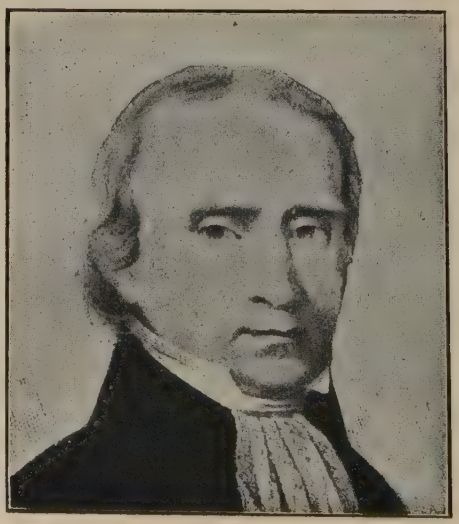
At the close of the Revolutionary war, the tide of emigration set to the westward. Crossing the Alleghanies, the

JAMES MONROE, SPECIAL ENVOY OF THE UNITED STATES IN NEGOTIATING THE PURCHASE, AND SIGNER OF THE TREATY THAT CONVEYED THE TERRITORY

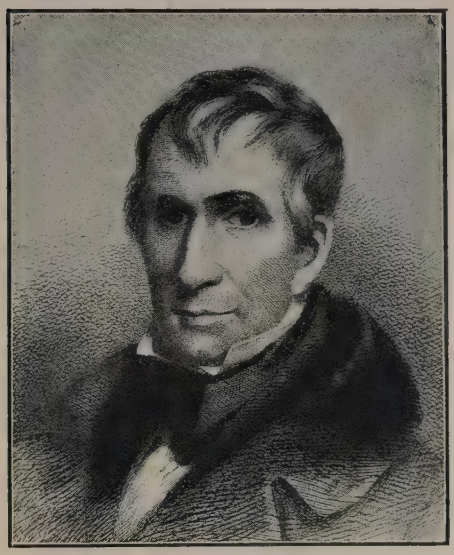


adventurous explorers soon reached the new limits of the Mississippi river and spread over the fertile lands along its eastern banks. The era of the hunter and trapper was short, the pioneer settler following close in his footsteps. Gov-

MARQUIS DE MARBOIS, MINISTER OF THE PUBLIC TREASURY OF FRANCE AT THE TIME OF THE PURCHASE AND SIGNER OF THE TREATY FOR FRANCE

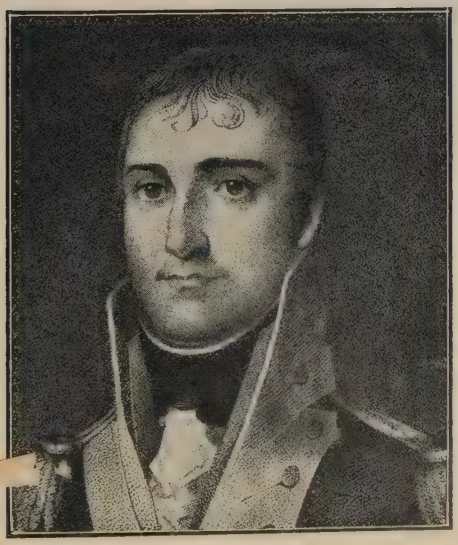


GEN. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, FIRST AMERICAN GOVERNOR OF THE UPPER LOUISIANA TERRITORY



ernment was established, land surveyed, and states formed with such rapidity as to astonish the most sanguine. Soon the feeble boundary line of the Mississippi was strained to its utmost. With the vexatious restraints imposed by Spain

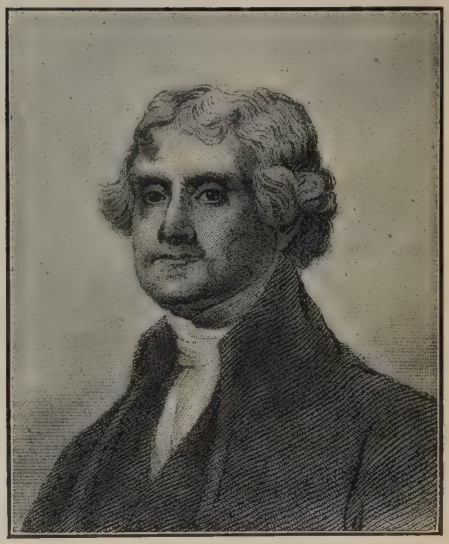
WILLIAM C. C. CLAIBORNE, ONE OF THE COMMISSIONERS WHO RECEIVED POSSESSION OF THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY AT THE CABILDO, IN NEW ORLEANS



to limit the progress of a new people, its tension was at the point of rupture when negotiations for relief were undertaken by Mr. Jefferson's administration.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the young American republic was beset with many perplexities. Dissensions in the West were rife. The wounds of the Revolutionary war were not yet healed with England, which country had continued to maintain a truculent attitude. Claims against France for the spoliation of our commerce remained unsettled, proving an

PRESIDENT THOMAS JEFFERSON, WHO CONSUMMATED THE PURCHASE OF LOUISIANA FROM NAPOLEON



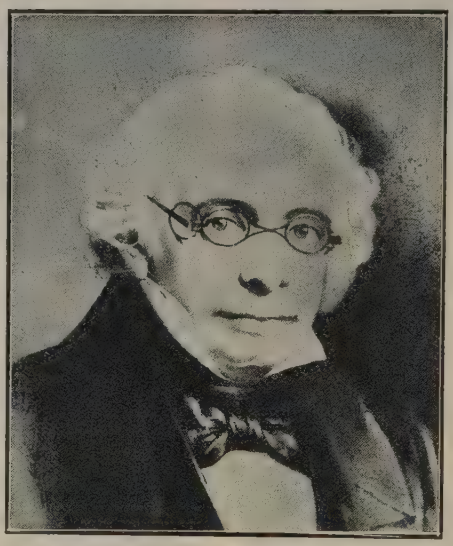
additional burden to our foreign representatives; and Spain, jealous and fearful of encroachment upon her possessions in America, interposed constantly increasing obstacles to the western growth of the United States.

Many stories have been told and written of the negotiations leading to the purchase of the Louisiana territory, many more are to come; additional weight will be given to the circumstances and conditions surrounding this great event. Time has already proven that

commerce alone was not the guiding hand that wrote the destinies of a people who have found the Pacific Ocean no bar to their progress.

Although flushed with recent victories, France had not yet recovered from a most bitter internal struggle. Her treasury was depleted, her demands great. With longing eyes, her young ruler hoped to find relief in her possessions beyond the seas; in them he saw an empire of limitless value that would rival India, build up French commerce, and make her as powerful on the sea as his genius had enabled her to become on the land. With the loss of San Domingo, and the certainty of the rupture of the treaty of Amiens, Napoleon saw this dream was never to be realized, and to the extent of his power he determined to place Louisiana where to France it would be of the most benefit.

DE LASSUS, LAST SPANISH GOVERNOR OF THE UPPER LOUISIANA TERRITORY



That the First Consul had a keen perception of the future of Louisiana is fully shown by the predictions and arguments used to influence Livingstone and Monroe to go beyond their instructions. Overcoming the obstacles with which he was surrounded, he forestalled the seizure of Louisiana by the British, and peacefully anticipated the American avalanche that but hesitated at the feeble barrier by which Lewis and Clark ascended to the mountains beyond, and cleared the haze that obscured the Pacific. In the young American republic he saw a coming power destined to humble the pride of his powerful maritime rival, and silencing his counsellors and statesmen, he boldly ceded Louisiana to the United States, enriching the treasury of France, and placing in the hands of the American people the last necessary weapon wherewith they were to establish and maintain their title as one of the powerful nations.

The closing negotiations in the French capital for the transfer of the sovereignty of Louisiana were brief. Determined on the course, the First Consul wished it executed without delay. Knowing the distrust with which Talleyrand would be regarded by the American commissioners, he replaced that wily French diplomat by Marbois, an ardent admirer of the United States and its institutions. But few days elapsed before all details save the sanction of our government were complete.

The news of the acquisition of the Louisiana Territory caused consternation in America. It had its advocates and its opponents. In lower Louisiana opinion was divided. Clark had inspired the Creoles of upper Louisiana with a warm admiration for his projects and plans. The field of his operations was at their door. His predictions of the benefits of American colonization were apparent—their brothers of the Illinois were secured in their civil and religious liberties. While retaining their love for the mother country, they willingly gave their allegiance to the Union.

The hands of time will shortly mark the first centennial anniversary of the purchase of Louisiana. The rounding out of the century will be fittingly commemorated in the capital city of the acquired territory. "*Expositions are the time-keepers of progress.*" The one to be held in St. Louis in 1904 will emphasize "*that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war.*"

[EDITOR'S NOTE — Napoleon's hand in this transaction, as reported by Marbois in his *History of Louisiana,* is interesting. The French minister had frequent, in fact, continuous conferences with him in regard to the transfer. He quotes expressions of the famous First Consul on the subject during these interviews as follows. Early in the negotiations Napoleon said:—

"To emancipate nations from the commercial tyranny of England it is necessary to balance her influence by a maritime power that may one day become her rival; that power is the United States. The English aspire to dispose of all the riches of the world. I shall be useful to the whole universe if I can prevent their ruling America as they rule Asia."

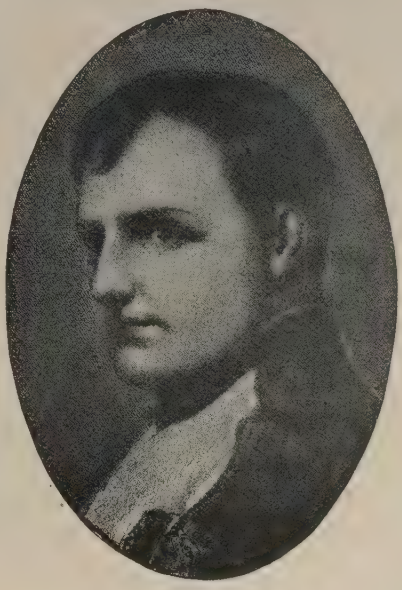
Later, speaking again of England, he exclaimed:

"They shall not have the Mississippi, which they covet."

At another time:

"Irresolution and deliberation are no longer in season. I renounce Louisiana. It is not only New Orleans that I will cede, it is the whole colony without reservation. I know the price of what I abandon, and I have sufficiently proved the importance that I attach to this province, since my first diplomatic act with Spain had for its object the recovery of it. I renounce it with the greatest regret. To attempt to obstinately retain it would be folly. I direct you to negotiate this affair with the envoys of the United States. Do not even wait the arrival of Mr. Monroe; have an interview this very day with Mr. Livingston; but I require a great deal of money for this war, and I would not like to commence it with new contributions * * * * Should I regulate my terms according to the value of these vast regions to the United States, the indemnity would have no limits. I will be moderate, in consideration of the necessity in which I am of making a sale. But keep this to yourself. I want fifty millions (francs), and for less than that sum I would not treat; I would rather make a desperate attempt to keep these fine countries."

NAPOLEON AS FIRST CONSUL OF FRANCE



When the special American commissioner was expected:

"Mr. Monroe is on the point of arriving. To this minister going two thousand leagues from his constituents, the president must have given, after defining the object of his mission, secret instructions, more extensive than the ostensible authorization of Congress, for the stipulation of the payments to be made. Neither this minister nor his colleague is prepared for a decision which goes infinitely beyond anything they are about to ask of us. Begin by making them the overture, without any subterfuge. You will acquaint me, day by day, hour by hour, of your progress. The cabinet of London is informed of the measures adopted at Washington, but it can have no suspicion of those which I am now taking. Observe the greatest secrecy and recommend it to the American minister; they have not a less interest than yourself in conforming to this counsel."

Monroe and Livingston were at first suspicious, in view of the extraordinary extent of the offer. They quickly realized the remarkable opportunity presented them, however, and closed the contract, with much satisfaction. Upon which Napoelon said:

"This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States, and I have just given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride."

Livingston's view:

"We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our lives. The treaty which we have just signed has not been obtained by art or dictated by force; equally advantageous to the two contracting parties, it will change vast solitudes into flourishing districts. From this day the United States take their place among the powers of the first rank; the English lose all exclusive influence in the affairs of America. Thus one of the principal causes of European rivalries and animosities is about to cease. However, if wars are inevitable, France will hereafter have in the new world a mutual friend, that must increase in strength from year to year, and one which cannot fail to become powerful and respected in every sea. The United States will reestablish the maritime rights of all the world, which are now usurped by a single nation. These treaties will thus be a guarantee of peace and concord among commercial states. The instruments we have just signed will cause no tears to be shed; they prepare ages of happiness for innumerable generations of human creatures."

PALACE OF EDUCATION, LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

The Development of the Louisiana Purchase States

By DAVID R. FRANCIS,

President of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition

"THEY asked me for a city; I gave them an Empire."

These are words spoken by the great Napoleon in reference to the transfer of the Province of Louisiana by France to the United States. None truer were ever uttered.

The development of the Louisiana Purchase Territory has proven it to be an empire, indeed,—a greater empire, as said James G. Blaine, than was ever secured by peace or taken and held by a conquering power. And yet at the time of its purchase for $15,000,000 our legislators were dubious. The treaty covering the transfer was ratified in Washington only after much opposition by members of congress, who expressed the belief that the territory was not worth the price proposed to be paid, and that its control would be difficult and unprofitable.

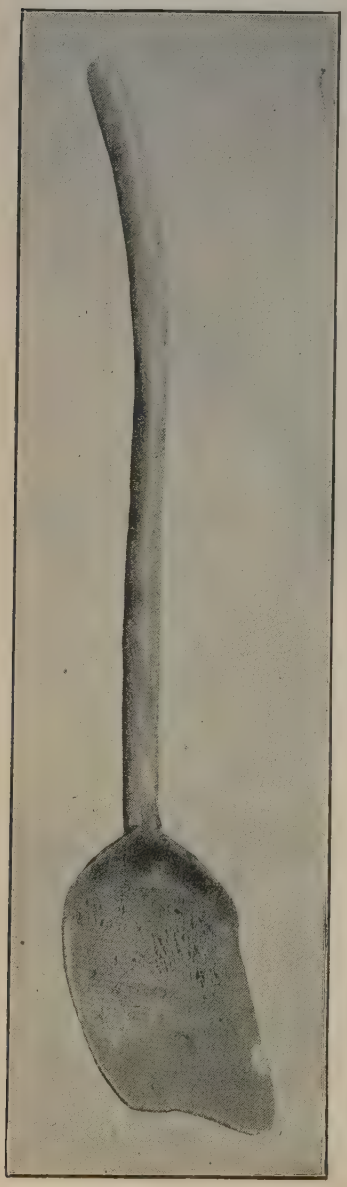
One hundred years is not a long period when applied to the life of the nations of Europe or the far East. They constitute, however, four generations of man and are four-fifths of the life of what is now the greatest nation on the globe. One hundred and fifteen years elapsed between the discovery of America by Columbus and the first settlement at Jamestown. One hundred and twenty-eight years rolled around after Columbus' voyage before the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. In 1519, the mouth of the Mississippi was discovered by Alvarez de Pineda. It was not until 1699 that the first attempt at settlement on the banks of the Father of Waters was made by a French colony under the command of d'Iberville—one hundred and eighty years after Pineda's discovery, one hundred and fifty-eight years after De Soto crossed the river, and seventeen years after La Salle's exploration of it from the north. The first regular charter for the government of the region was granted in

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, SHOWING ITS GAINS OF TERRITORY FROM ALL SOURCES

1712 by France to Antoine Crozat, whose efforts to establish a settlement and develop the country were abandoned in 1718, whereupon another charter was granted to the famous John Law. A permanent French settlement was established, in 1717, by Bienville, on the spot where New Orleans now stands. From this date to the time when the Mississippi came into the possession of the United States by the purchase of the Louisiana Territory almost one hundred years elapsed. Another hundred years have passed since this period, but with what different results. The change that has been wrought during the last century has been mighty.

THE LA MOTTE SHOVEL, WITH WHICH PRESIDENT FRANCIS TURNED THE FIRST GROUND FOR THE EXPOSITION

This shovel, the property of Mr. Pierre Chouteau, was taken from a mine at Mine La Motte, Missouri, and is of the period of 1750.

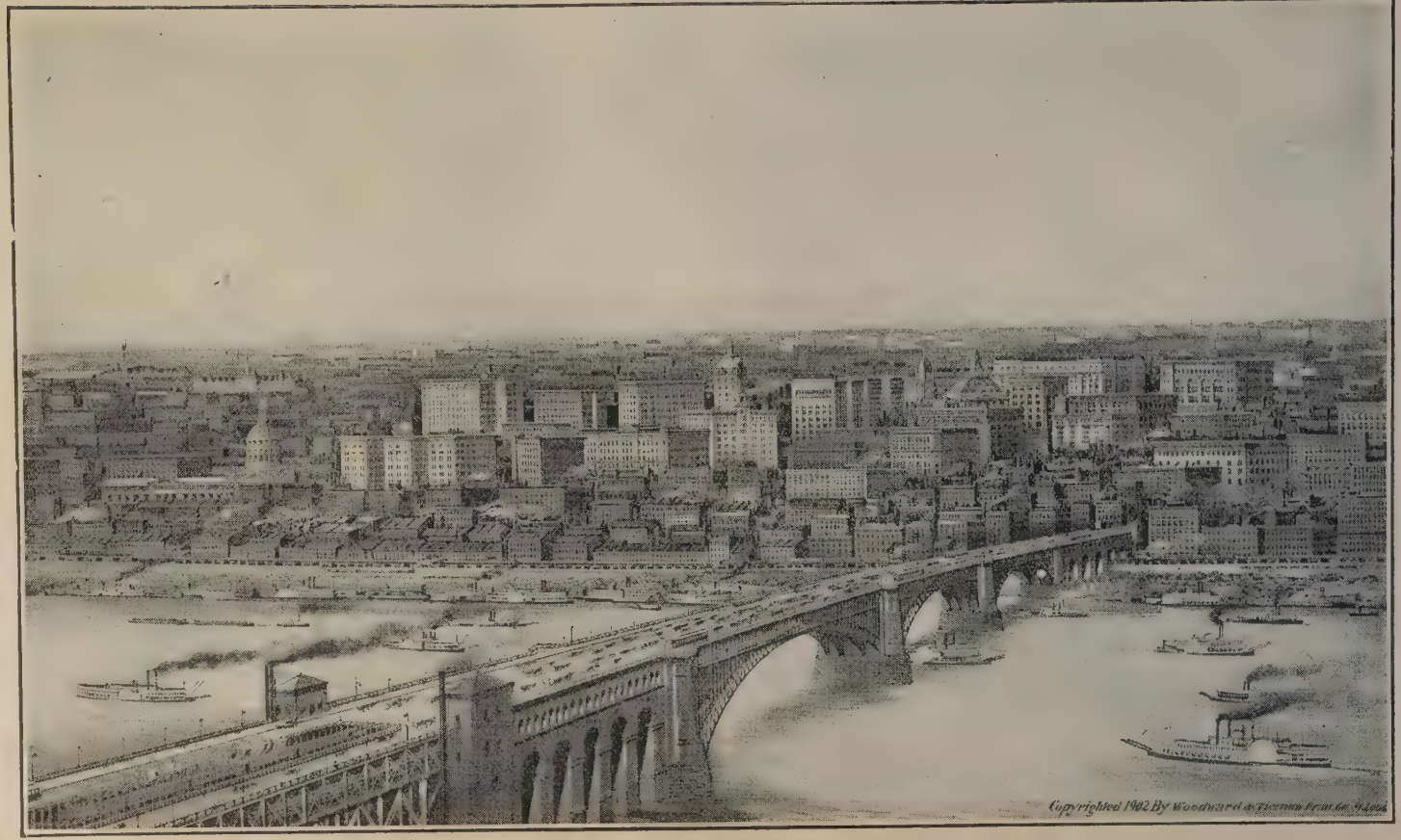


Comparatively few people, in these busy days of commercial activity, stop to calculate the significance of Jefferson's purchase in relation to the natural resources of the country, and fewer still, possibly, are mindful of the untold benefits of self-government which it has secured to us forever. The people of the states and territories carved out of the Louisiana Purchase have been so long enjoying the fruits of this remarkable transaction and have been so busy increasing and gathering them that they have given little reflection to the origin of their prosperity or to the statistics of its remarkable extent and increase.

When the Louisiana province was ceded to Jefferson by France, its entire area contained only about 50,000 white people. The census of 1810 showed the entire population to have been but 97,000. Of these, 76,000 inhabited the extreme lower portion of the purchase. Today, the population of this great central region is over 15,000,000, or fully one-fifth of the population of the United States.

The area of the Lousiana Purchase as officially reported by the Treasury Department Bureau of Statistics is 875,025 square miles. This is almost equal to one-third of the area of the entire Union and is greater than that of the original thirteen states, 820,944 square miles. Out of this section twelve states and two

ST. LOUIS, THE EXPOSITION CITY AND THE METROPOLIS OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE STATES, FROM THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER



territories have been formed—great commonwealths, among the most prosperous and prominent in the country, each with thriving potential citizenship, perfected government, and incomparable organization and institutions of social and material progress.

The natural and productive wealth of this region is enormous. In 1900 the Louisiana Purchase states produced 264,000,000 bushels of wheat, valued at $152,000,000, which is equivalent to over half the wheat production of the entire United States. One billion and thirteen million bushels of corn were produced in this section in 1900, at a value of $314,000,000 — almost half of the total corn crop of the United States. In the same year 311,000,000 bushels of oats were marketed, valued at over $71,000,000, which is little less than forty per cent of the total yield of the country. The crop of barley in this territory in 1900 was valued at over $10,000,000, that of rye over $2,000,000, while the production of potatoes amounted to over $25,000,000, of hay to over $130,000,000, and of cotton to over $50,000,000. The total value of the main agricultural products of the states contained in the Louisiana Purchase, including wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, hay, potatoes and cotton, was in 1900 $755,000,000. The wool products of these states for that year equaled 100,396,982 pounds, valued at $15,000,000, which is equivalent to the cost of the entire area, and representing considerably over one-third of the total wool product of the United States. The value of live stock and farm animals in the Louisiana Purchase states was in 1900 $825,000,000. Add to this extraordinary list the lighter farm products, such as poultry, dairy, vegetables, etc., and it may be safely estimated, say the government experts, that the agricultural products of the Louisiana Purchase states of a single year amount to one hundred times the original cost of the area; or in other words that its cost is repaid by one per cent of the agricultural production of one year, the percentage decreasing with each recurring year.

The output of the mines of the Louisiana Purchase states for the year 1899, the latest date for which government statistics are available, was almost fabulous. The silver mines produced $50,300,768 in coining value; gold, $37,712,400. Millions in copper, lead and zinc are to be added to this which will swell the total output to about $200,000,000. The coal produced in 1899 in this area equalled 22,000,000 tons; iron ore, 8,491,000 tons, at a value for both products approaching $300,000,000.

The number of miles of railway in operation in the Louisiana Purchase states in 1899 was 59,324, which is almost one-third of the total railway mileage of the country. This amount has been materially increased during the past four years.

Financial conditions in the territory of the purchase fully reflect this material yield of wealth and these indications of present and future great prosperity. In 1900 the capital of the banking institutions in the states of the Louisiana Purchase was $80,000,000; total resources, $1,099,111,000; loans and discounts, $317,563,000, and circulation $36,600,000. Individual deposits in national banks of this section in 1900 amounted to $329,699,000.

Educational conditions have kept pace with material development. There was expended for public schools in the Louisiana Purchase states in 1899 $37,185,881, which provided for 111,689 teachers and cared for an attendance of 3,331,051. The amounts applied to universities, colleges, private schools, etc., would easily raise the total outlay for education in the section for the year to beyond $50,000,000.

The power of this vast area with its agricultural and mineral wealth to sus-

tain a population much greater than that which it now supports, is suggested by a comparison of its area with the areas and population of the prosperous countries of Europe. "The total area of the Louisiana Purchase is 875,025 square miles," writes Mr. O. P. Austin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, Treasury Department, "which is slightly less than that of the United Kingdom, Netherlands, Belgium, Germany, France, Spain, Italy and Switzerland combined. The total area of those European countries is 885,978 square miles. They have a present population of 202,363,573, as against a population in 1900 of 14,708,616 in the Louisiana Purchase states; whose agricultural and mineral possibilities fully equal those of the European states named."

The above data, taken almost verbatim from the government reports on the states of the Louisiana Purchase, shows what the addition of the Province of Louisiana has netted to the United States. This development has manifested itself in the transformation of forests into fields and of the bowels of the mountains and hills into the implements which till them and into factories which translate their products—in the creation of hamlets, villages, towns and cities (there are about 17,000 postoffices in the Louisiana Purchase states) connected by steel and wire and quick intelligence — cities like St. Louis, New Orleans, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver—as sturdy and promising as any in the world. It has made the wilderness into flourishing commonwealths — into the homes of happy millions.

But it has done infinitely more than this — more than to secure additional territory, wealth, prosperity and strength to our country. The bearing of the Louisiana Purchase on the fate of constitutional government throughout the world has been of vital importance. It would be useless to speculate what would have been the fate of our republican institutions if the great empire on the sunset side of the Father of Waters had remained under the domain of a monarchical power. In my judgment, their preservation would have been a question of grave doubt. It is a fact, however, that the purchase and assimilation by the United States of the Province of Louisiana forever definitely assured the success and continuance of the American republic and thereby secured the perpetuation of the republican form of government in the world.

The treaty rendering the transfer by France to the United States of this remarkable territory was signed in Paris, on April 30, 1803. The centennial of this stupendous international transaction which gave to our country its richest producing section is to be signally celebrated in St. Louis by a Universal Exposition. Nothing could be more fitting than this special celebration nor than the manner of it. A Universal Exposition to be held in St. Louis will give the world, in the first place, a valuable opportunity to see what a hundred years of progress has done in America—what the American pioneers of the Mississippi and their descendants have done since the cession to transform a vast primeval forest into an advanced habitation of man and to convert its vast raw wealth to his needs and uses. A remarkable opportunity for study should this be for those analysts of society, our social philosophers, and for the historians of progress and civilization. A poetic occasion and spot, indeed, for the celebration of a splendid festival of the triumphs of civilization, of the progress in the arts and sciences made by all men. What a gratifying spectacle it will be, what a consummation of conquest will it represent to society, to assemble and bring its finest trophies of progress and sit them down for proud contemplation, here, at the door of the splendid capital of its

OLD CABILDO, NEW ORLEANS, WHERE TRANSFER OF THE TERRITORY WAS MADE
To be reproduced as a state building at the Exposition by the Commonwealth of Louisiana.

latest acquisition, (just wrung from the wilds and now one of the great progress and activity centers of the world) on the spot where, one hundred years ago, stood the truly primeval forest, in all of its splendid magnitude and solitude (members of its silent populace yet standing by) —dense, unyielding forest which echoed but the cries of wild beasts and the calls of the savage. An ideal spot and occasion on which to celebrate the achievements of man at the beginning of this twentieth century of his modern career—furnishing in its present surroundings and in its remarkable history gratifying contrast—astonishing perspective.

The Exposition management has asked all to join and lend their potential co-operation in making this Centennial Exposition worthy of the event which it is to celebrate, worthy of the incomparable country in which it is held and to which it is to do honor—in making it characteristic of the highest civilization the world has ever seen. This request has been fully answered. In 1904 we will bring together at St. Louis all nations and races, to the remotest peoples of the globe, together with their fashions and products and beliefs, that all may become better acquainted and that the brotherhood of man may be promoted and his activity and domain extended further and more fully over the earth.

PRESIDENT FRANCIS BREAKING GROUND FOR THE EXPOSITION, DECEMBER 20, 1901

A Fifty-Million-Dollar Exposition

By EDMUND S. HOCH,

The National's Special Representative in St. Louis

THE DEDICATION

THE Universal Exposition to be held in St. Louis in 1904, in celebration of the acquisition of the Louisiana Territory by the United States from France, will be dedicated on April 30, this year, which is the exact centennial of the date of the purchase. Great preparations are being made in St. Louis for this event. The civic and exposition authorities of that city intend to make it of remarkable ceremony and import, distinct and unique indeed, among celebrations of such a nature. A special appropriation of $100,000 has been set aside to provide extraordinary features for the occasion, which will include—as a spectacular accompaniment — the most remarkable series of fireworks displays, during day and night, ever devised.

Three days will be devoted to the celebration, to which all the important per-

sonages of the world have been invited and in which the most prominent officials, dignitaries and citizens of the United States will participate. The first day will be given up entirely to the dedication. The ceremonies this day will open with an invocation by Cardinal Gibbons. Formal tender of the palaces of the Exposition will be made by Hon. David R. Francis, president of the Exposition, to Hon. Thomas H. Carter, President of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Commission (the government commission) who will, in turn, present them to the president of the United States, for the people. President Roosevelt will then make the official dedication of the Exposition. A dedicatory address will be delivered by ex-President Grover Cleveland, after which Bishop Henry C. Potter of New York will pronounce a benediction.

On the second day, May 1, a reception will be tendered the diplomatic corps, the members of which will come from Washington as special guests of the Exposition, to participate in the ceremonies. On this day the corner-stones of the foreign buildings will be laid. The day will be distinguished further by choral concerts of 2,000 voices, band concerts, military parades and receptions, day-light fireworks and aerial salutes; while at night the sky will be illuminated as never before.

On the third day receptions will be given to governors of the various states of the Union and the corner-stones of the state buildings will be laid. This will be a day of oratory, and processions about the Exposition grounds, and will conclude with a remarkable display of daylight fireworks.

These events will draw an immense concourse of people to St. Louis, and the city has been for several months making careful arrangements for their reception, entertainment, and comfort.

FRONT PAGE OF INVITATION TO DEDICATION CEREMONIES ON APRIL 30, 1902

THE EXPOSITION

The honor of holding the first Universal Exposition of the twentieth century was officially accorded to St. Louis by the government of the United States. A proclama-

tion issued by President McKinley in August, 1901, invited all nations to join in the Universal Exposition to be held in that city in commemoration of the acquisition of the Louisiana Territory, and there to show to the world their resources and their achievements in the arts and sciences — presenting a full and correct exposition of the progress of the world and particularly of the performances of modern society. Congress anticipated this proclamation by an act formally authorizing the Exposition and calling upon all departments of the government to cooperate with and support it.

HON. DAVID R. FRANCIS, PRESIDENT OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION COMPANY AND FORMER SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

ORIGIN, FINANCES, ORGANIZATION

The proposition to inaugurate a celebration to commemorate the important and significant event of the transfer of the Province of Louisiana to the United States by France was first definitely brought to the attention of the public in 1889. The first step toward progressive action was not taken, however, until 1898. In that year the Missouri Historical Society appointed a committee of fifty to consider the possibility and manner of such celebration. This committee appointed a sub-committee of nineteen to arrange for a convention of delegates to be appointed by each state in the territory of the Louisiana Purchase to consider the proposition. At this convention a universal exposition was decided upon and St. Louis nominated as the point at which it should be held.

The plan of the Exposition grew rapidly from this time until the citizens of St. Louis had subscribed $5,000,000, the city of St. Louis $5,000,000, the government of the United States virtually $7,000,000, and the state of Missouri $100,000,—a total, altogether, approaching $18,000,000.

The subscribers of the $5,000,000, of the City of St. Louis, elected a board of directors of ninety-three members (who serve without compensation) to organize and supervise the affairs of the Exposition. These ninety-three men include the heads of the most important and successful business enterprises of St. Louis in every line of industry, commerce, and profession. Under their direction the Exposition company was formed, incorporated, and given the title of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF A VISIT OF COUNT DE ROCHAMBEAU AND COMMISSIONER-GENERAL LAGRAVE OF FRANCE TO THE EXPOSITION SITE

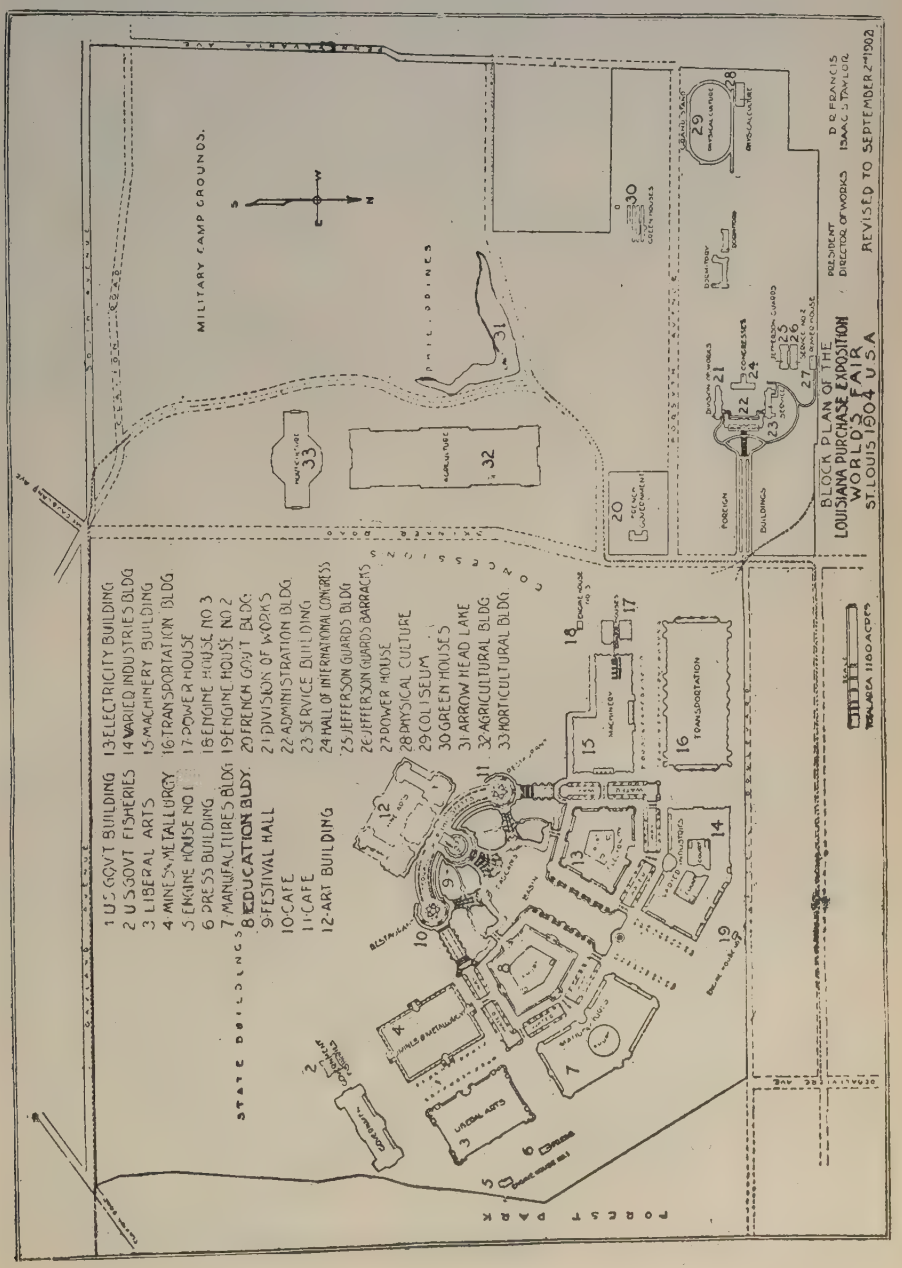
COUNT DE ROCHAMBEAU PRESIDENT FRANCIS M. MICHEL LAGRAVE

This board of directors also elected officers of the Exposition — a president, eight vice-presidents, a secretary and a treasurer. An executive committee of twelve was named, of the most prominent members of the board of directors, including the president and treasurer; and various other committees covering all phases of exposition work were selected from the remaining members of the board. The executive committee, acting in conjunction with these other committees, appointed an expert working force for the Exposition, to create, collect and install it, dividing this force into four controlling divisions — each headed by an executive, designated director, as follows: Division of Exhibits,

Division of Works, Division of Exploitation, and Division of Concessions and Admissions. In addition, foreign representatives and commissioners were appointed and a Board of Lady Managers was named.

Supplementing this organization of the Exposition company proper, is the

A SKETCH OF THE GROUND PLAN OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION



special Exposition commission created by congress and appointed by the president of the United States to represent the government and nation in the administration of the affairs of the Exposition. This commission consists of nine representative men, carefully selected from different sections of the country, and is known as the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Commission. The approval of this government commission is necessary to all important business connected with the Exposition.

OVER $50,000,000 FOR AN EXPOSITION

Of all the great expositions, this one to be held in St. Louis in 1904 has begun its work with probably the brightest future. It is at present calculated that more than $50,000,000 will be available and spent on this Exposition—by the Exposition company, by the government, by the states, by foreign nations, by exhibitors, and by concessionaires. In addition to the $18,000,000 already appropriated (by the citizens of St. Louis, by the city, by the state and by the national government) there will be at least $10,000,000 (as in the case of Chicago) taken from the gate receipts and concessions revenue and used in perfecting and beautifying the Exposition. To this add another $10,000,000,

PALACE OF THE LIBERAL ARTS DEPARTMENT OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION TO BE HELD IN 1904 AT ST. LOUIS

which will be required and spent by the participating governments; $8,000,000 by the states and territories of this country, and $5,000,000 by the exhibitors at the Exposition, and you have $51,000,000 already applied in making this colossal Exposition, without having touched the millions that will be spent by the promoters of amusement, entertainment, refreshment and other extensive features.

Consider what this will mean for the public in the way of a world's exhibition to visit and inspect, study and delight in—in view of the phenomenal progress the world has made within ten years—and especially when it is remembered that the creation and conduct of the splendid Columbian Exposition at Chicago involved a total outlay of less than half that amount—and when it is known that experience in exposition building has made it possible to make four dollars yield almost as much today in such work and construction as was gotten out of five dollars in 1893.

The direct government appropriation for the St. Louis Exposition is $5,000,000, which does not include the amount (approaching $2,000,000) for the federal and colonial exhibits. For the Chicago Fair the government appropriation was $2,500,000.

TO SURPASS CHICAGO EXPOSITION

These remarkable facts predicate that the St. Louis Exposition will be of almost double the elaboration, importance and interest presented to the world by the

PALACE OF THE FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION TO BE HELD AT ST. LOUIS IN 1904

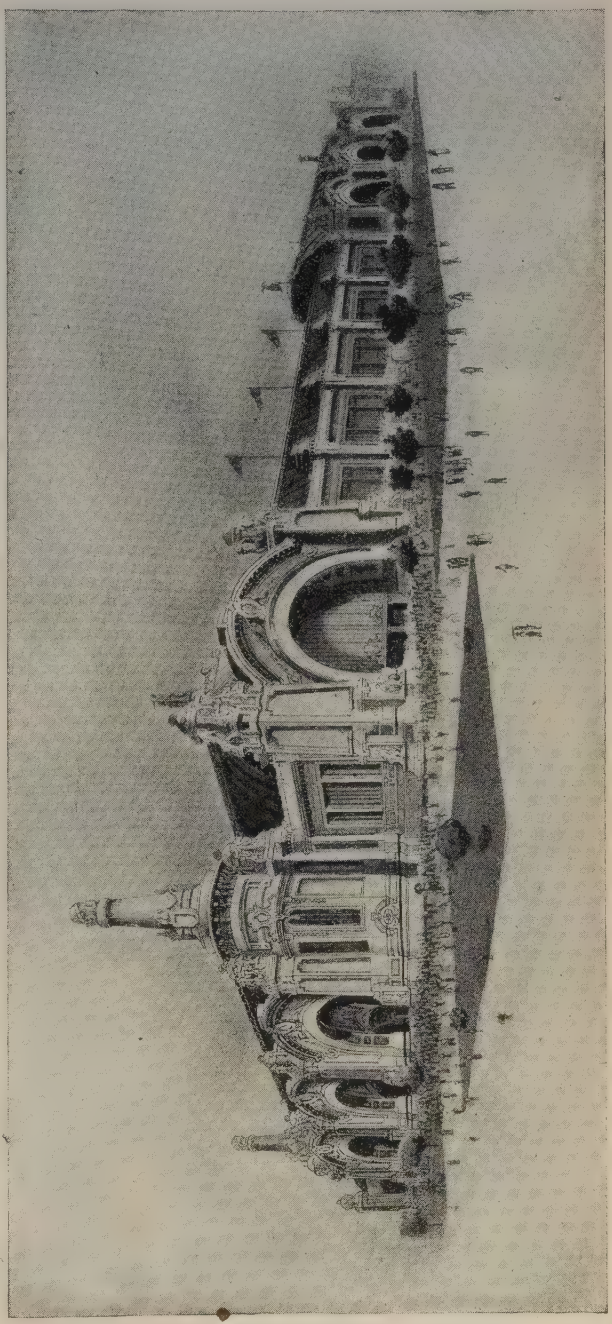
MACHINERY BVILDING
LOVISIANA-PVRCHASE-EXPOSITION
SAINT LOVIS, V.S.A.
1904

Columbian Exposition of 1893. In physical extent it certainly will be almost as large again as the Exposition at Chicago; the largest — beyond comparison — heretofore presented to the world. The site selected for the Exposition, at the west boundary of St. Louis, embraces about 1,200 acres, (a section of famous Forest Park and adjacent territory)— forty minutes ride from the business section of the city. This is twice as much ground as was included in the site of the Chicago Exposition. The same proportion applies to the building area of the two expositions. There will be fourteen splendid exhibit palaces at the St. Louis Exposition, almost every one of which will be larger than any one of the eight main buildings of the Columbian Exposition, with the exception of that devoted to Manufactures and Liberal Arts at Chicago. In all, the building area at St. Louis will approach 250 acres, which is almost double that at Chicago in 1893.

Any one of the principal exhibit palaces at St. Louis will cover virtually as much space as was occupied by all of the exhibit buildings of the Pan-American Exposition.

PERSONNEL OF THE EXPOSITION

The personnel of the management of the Exposition could hardly be more representative or capable. Passing the executive committee of twelve, than whom it



PALACE OF TRANSPORTATION EXHIBITS OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION TO BE HELD AT ST. LOUIS IN 1904

PALACE OF MINES AND METALLURGY OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION

would be hard to find more representative men in any community, to the active workers for the great fair's success, there is at the head of this active (as well as of the official) organization of the Exposition, Hon. David R. Francis. Mr. Francis is president of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. He is also president or director of many of the important official and commercial institutions of St. Louis and the country, being a millionaire of notable degree. He has been mayor of the city of St. Louis, governor of the state of Missouri and a member of the cabinet of the president of the United States.

This is not a bad record for any man. But it is not all, nor does it describe half the attributes or tell half the story of this eminent St. Louisian. Mr. Francis is unquestionably the first citizen of Missouri. He stands at the head of its enterprise, its progress, its brains.

He has been the prime mover in the present Exposition—his personality and energy are really the predominant force that has brought it about—out of the difficulties that surrounded its inception and arose in its early way. Missiouri is proud of Mr. Francis, and well she may be. Indeed, he would be a credit to any state. For let me say it here, and emphatically, that David R. Francis is one of the stalwarts of this country. No designation ever fitted a man or fits this St. Louisian better. Francis is a stalwart. And Francis' quality is of the kind that lies close to the force centers—from which the nation and progress all over the world draw their finest, surest, best energy and promotion. President Francis is a big man, physically. He carries about a splendid frame over six feet high, well shaped and strongly knit.

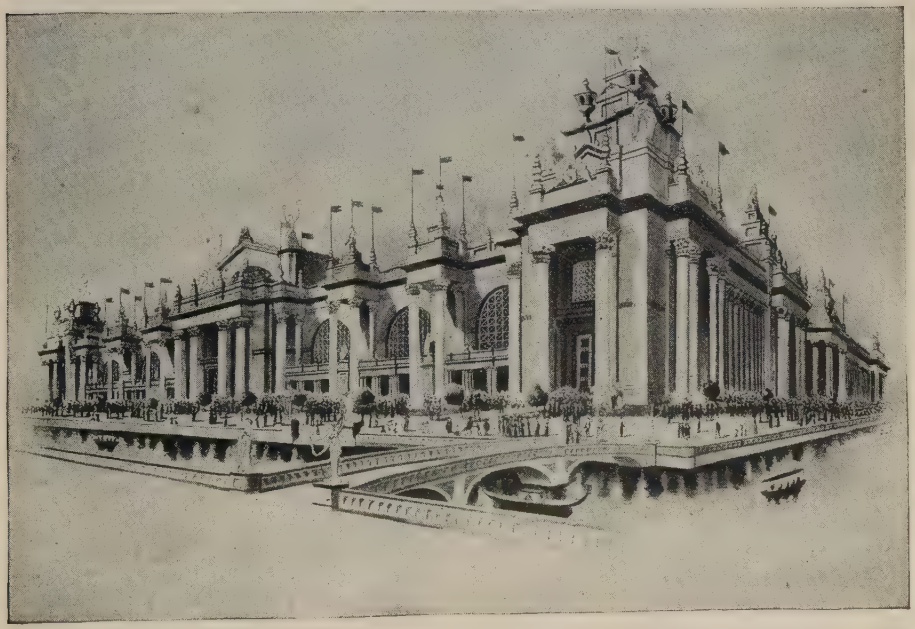
He owes his eminence to his quality. He has moved ahead of other men because he is stronger than other men—superior to other men. No chance is behind his rise; he has made his way. We recently read of his splendid success,

in the interests of the coming Exposition, in Europe—especially in London, where he was feted by the best in the English capital. It is easy to understand this success if we know Mr. Francis and know Europe—more particularly London. Mr. Francis is especially the kind of man who would succeed in London. London—intelligent London—is alert, discriminating and appreciative. It is actively in search of such specimens as the president of the St. Louis Exposition—such types of remarkable men, physically and mentally powerful. London knows what such superiority is and means, how rare it is, and gives tribute to it in admiration and congratulation.

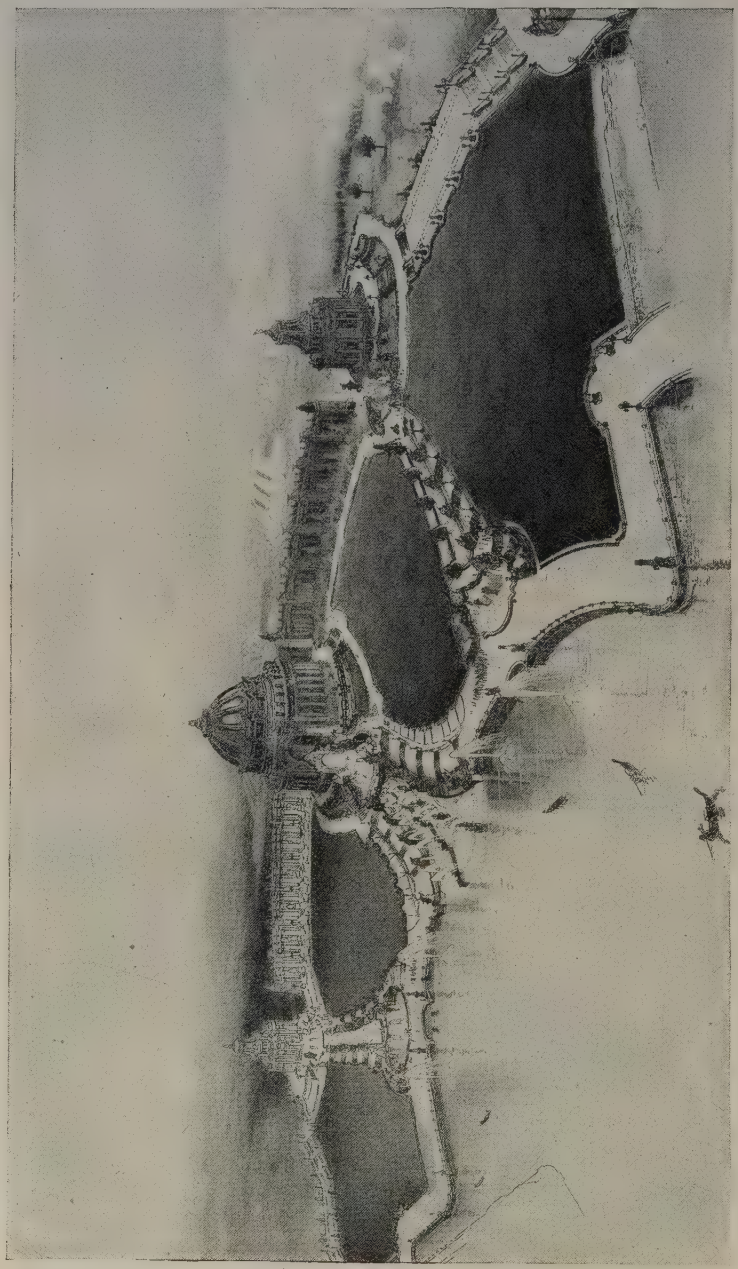
As I revert to Chicago in 1893, I can see none there who could measure up to him. I promise the journalists and the elect of the country who are not acquainted with this Missourian a surprise and treat when they come to St. Louis. They will find Mr. Francis one of the cleverest and most interesting men, and a speaker of rare ability—an orator, indeed—one of the few real orators of the country—entertaining, powerful, with the magnetism of a glowing physique, as well as the fullest and finest graces of the mind. They will find him strenuous, but of that kind of strenuous men who carry their load like a Norman—without showing it; with merriment playing constantly about him; and with a smile and a laugh which, so impregnated is it with the wholesome spirit and healthy organism from which it emanates, is a positive exhilaration.

The next big man of the Exposition, and he represents the supporting end of the great enterprise, is Mr. W. H. Thompson, treasurer of the Exposition company. Mr. Thompson is popularly classed as the "Treasurer of St. Louis." He is truly one of its strong men. He is the president of the National Bank of Commerce of St. Louis, an institution with a capital and surplus of $8,000,000, and is a controlling factor in numerous other leading local and national enterprises. He is a Scotchman, mellowed

THE PALACE OF ELECTRICITY OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION, ST. LOUIS



somewhat by the southern environment; a silent man—one of those whose time is given to thought and the application of their signatures.



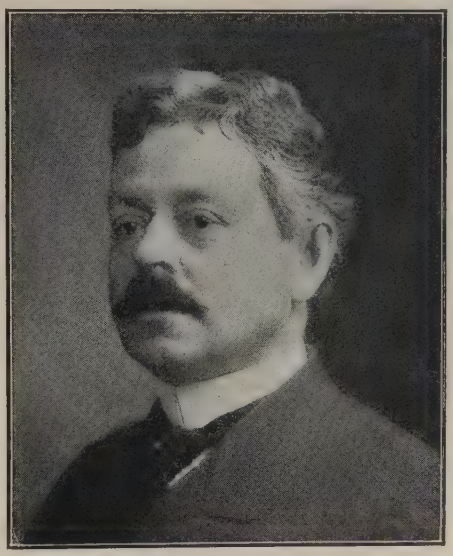
THE GRAND CASCADES, CENTRAL ORNAMENTAL FEATURE OF THE PURCHASE EXPOSITION AT ST. LOUIS, 1904

Mr. Corwin H. Spencer is first vice-president of the Exposition—a man of large affairs; a tall, handsome, courtly, southern gentleman — a Virginian by birth, I believe—who lives, by the way, in one of the handsomest city homes in

this country, a charming marble palace, where he will entertain elaborately during the Exposition year. The other vice-presidents are drawn from the best of St. Louis citizenship down to Mr. Pierre Chouteau, eighth vice-president, who is the great-great-grandson of the famous founder of St. Louis.

The secretary of the Exposition is Mr. Walter B. Stevens, a man of cosmopolitan experience, who has been Washington and general leading correspondent for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat for something like twenty years. He is a rarely capable, affable and most valued official. I can report nothing truer or better of him than the words of Mr. William Elroy Curtis, a fellow newspaper writer of equal national standing and who knows the Exposition's secretary well. "Walter B. Stevens," said Mr. Curtis, in the Chicago Record-Herald some weeks ago, "is a shining example of the truth of the theory that a good newspaper man is competent to undertake any responsibility. He (Stevens) is fit to command an army, manage an exposition, or run a newspaper."

FREDERICK J. V. SKIFF, THE DIRECTOR OF EXHIBITS



THE CREATIVE DIVISIONS

The creative branch of the Exposition is headed by Mr. Frederick J. V. Skiff, director of the Division of Exhibits, the generic department of the Exposition. Few words need be said about Mr. Skiff. He has long been located in the public mind as the Exposition authority of the country, holding orders and honors from foreign nations, as well, for his skill and services in this connection. His work at Chicago, Paris and elsewhere, as well as in the organization and installation of the Field Museum of Chicago, of which he has been the director-in-chief since its opening, is well known. He is today one of the chief scientific experts—if not the leading one—on expositions. His ability and experience are a guarantee that the funds of the Exposition will be made to go far in achieving results.

The Director of Works for the Exposition, the man who has in charge the creation of the Exposition palaces and grounds that are to gratify the public sense of beauty in 1904, is Mr. Isaac S. Taylor, the leading architect of St. Louis and one of the great architects of the country. Cooperating with him is a consulting board of eight of the principal architects of the East and the West.

As yet a Director of Exploitation has not been appointed. Mr. Stevens, secretary of the Exposition, is acting in this capacity under the title of Acting Chief of the Department of Press and Publicity.

The Director of the Division of Concessions and Admissions is Mr. Norris B. Gregg, a prominent and wealthy business-man of St. Louis.

A PANORAMA UNSURPASSED

The character of the site of the Exposition could not be more desirable. It offers variety of surface and rare

prespective in abundance. Splendid stretches of level are flanked by rising slopes and commanding crests and plateaus, which yield an opportunity for the art of the designer and architect unapproached at any other Exposition in the world.

These natural advantages of site as well as the liberal provision of funds are being well availed of by the busy builders of the Exposition. Its executive working divisions have called to their aid in preparing and perfecting the great work the experts of the world. In the Division of Works, designers and architects of international standing and achievement have been chosen to create buildings and grounds, which in detail and ensemble will be a surprise and delight to the citizens of all nations, far surpassing any heretofore offered for public inspection and appreciation. *Indeed one cannot dwell too much upon the beauty and magnificent extent of the picture of palaces and landscape, including rare water effects and rich effects of light that is being prepared in St. Louis for the world in 1904. It will far surpass anything heretofore presented or conceived.*

ISAAC S. TAYLOR, BUILDER OF THE WORLD'S FAIR

A TRULY UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION

In the Division of Exhibits experts have been secured as heads of the numerous and complex departments which constitute a great universal exhibition. And I should emphasize, here, the word universal. For an idea exists in certain quarters that the Louisiana Purchase Exposition of 1904 is to be a local, sectional enterprise and event—this suggestion having been taken, possibly, from the name of the Exposition. Nothing could be wider of the truth. The St. Louis Exposition is to be an international, universal exposition of the most extensive scope and complete organization ever planned or assemble. "It will constitute," states Mr. Skiff, Director of Exhibits, "a complete encyclopedia of society, containing, in highly specialized array, a thorough collection of society's words and works. . . . It will present a sequential synopsis of man's development, or rather of the developments that have marked man's progress."

GREAT NATIONS TO PARTICIPATE

Every nation in the world has been invited to participate in this Exposition, and already twenty-eight have officially accepted this invitation, including Great Britain, France, Germany, China and Japan, the leading countries of Europe and Asia, which have made appropriations and appointed commissioners-general to direct their representations. Favorable response will shortly be received from the countries not yet heard from, the more important governments now having the question under favorable consideration. The recent trip of the president of the Exposition to Europe, which created such enthusiasm in the

leading countries there, definitely assures a complete and representative foreign participation.

ALL THE STATES OF THE UNION

The states of the Union have come forward with even greater alacrity. Forty-two of our commonwealths have already responded to the invitation of the Exposition, with a total appropriation for their representation (much of which is purely preliminary allowance) of considerably over $5,000,000, and most of these states have already been awarded sites for state buildings. The roster of participating states will be completed during the present spring.

WALTER B. STEVENS, SECRETARY OF THE EXPOSITION

EXPOSITION ATTRACTIONS

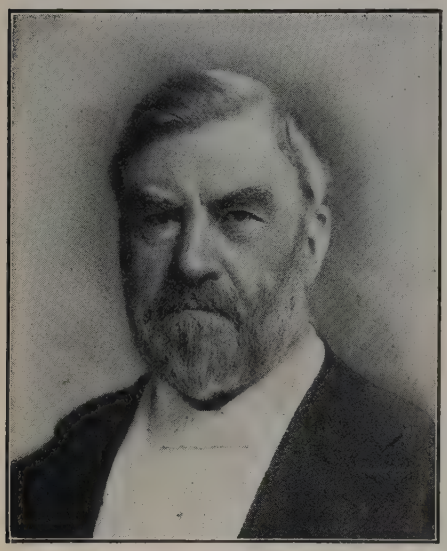
The St. Louis Exposition is especially to be one of interest, of attraction. In the Exhibit Palaces it will not offer the array of still life presented at Chicago. Motion, color, variety, are to be the characterizing features of this Exposition. Demonstration of interesting processes of production and manufacture will be the rule in connection with all of the departments of exhibits. The article to be exhibited will not be shown alone, as at Paris and Chicago—but its evolution will be illustrated—its passage from the crude through all the stages and processes to the finished state—the transformation of the raw material into the finished product. This will add much to the educational value of the Exposition.

A feature of striking interest and of remarkable significance will be the great International Aerostatic Tournament. Air-ships will compete at St. Louis, in 1904, in earnest and under definite direction. Two hundred thousand dollars have been set aside by the Exposition management to be devoted to this tournament for prizes, etc., of which $100,000 is offered as a single grand prize for the most successful dirigible air vehicle. These aerostatic tests will be the central object of interest of the civilized world in the summer of 1904. They will undoubtedly draw an unprecedented attendance to the Exposition. Santos-Dumont and other leading aeronauts will take part in the tournament.

The famous Olympic games will constitute another remarkable attraction in connection with the Exposition Department of Physical Culture. Music at this Exposition will surpass all precedents. Four hundred and fifty thousand dollars will be spent for musical entertainments and novelties. There will be bands of all nations at St. Louis which, upon special occasions, will be assembled into one great band of 2,000 pieces. An organ with 140 stops—the greatest in the world—will add to the volume and variety of melody.

Almost ten times as much money will be spent in St. Louis in preparing entertainment features as was expended at the Columbian Exposition of 1893. At Chicago the most elaborate attraction,

N. H. THOMPSON, TREASURER OF THE EXPOSITION

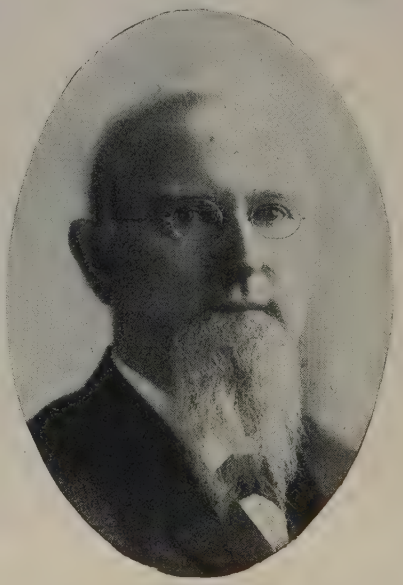


and that which involved the greatest money outlay in its creation—outside of the Ferris Wheel—was the "Streets of Cairo." This feature of the famous Midway represented an investment of something like $125,000. At St. Louis

NORRIS B. GREGG, THE DIRECTOR OF CONCESSIONS AND ADMISSIONS OF THE PURCHASE EXPOSITION

there be at least a dozen entertainment attractions which will cost more than this. The Ferris Wheel cost $300,000. The Holy City, Jerusalem, is to be reproduced at St. Louis, at a cost of little less than $1,000,000. The Tyrolean Alps, another splendid variety feature at St. Louis, (to be constructed on a scale many times more elaborate than the Swiss Village at the Paris Exposition of 1900—the most attractive entertainment feature of that Exposition) will cost over half a million. St. Louis will have a

THOMAS H. CARTER, PRESIDENT OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION COMMISSION



"Streets of Cairo" at an outlay twice or three times as great as produced the "Streets of Cairo" at Chicago; it will have a submarine boat and an air-ship, both of which will carry passengers; and it will have, at a heavy expenditure, a bit of quaintest Spain entitled "In Old Seville."

Altogether, the amusement section of this Exposition will be beyond anything heretofore imagined in such connection. It will, indeed, constitute a most substantial and representative element of the

Exposition. Concession Street in St. Louis will be a landmark in Exposition entertainment.

A WORLD'S UNIVERSITY

A series of World's Congresses will be held in connection with the Exposition —under control of the great intellects of the country and made up of the intelligence of the world, which will culminate in one great general congress of one hundred sections which will be, as Emperor William has described it, an actual "World's University." These congresses will be, to quote Mr. Skiff, "the academic accompaniment of the Exposition. In them the great minds of the world will unite in fixing the thought of this epoch. Thus, while the exhibition of material things will establish the condition of our productiveness, these congresses will traverse the intellectual courses through which this yield has come, and from these reflections will point the way to achievements yet to be recorded."

MRS. JAMES L. BLAIR, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF LADY MANAGERS OF THE PURCHASE EXPOSITION

PRODUCT OF WESTERN ENERGY

Such is the record of the origin, organization and progress of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. It is the product of western energy and determination. The vigor and activity that have brought matters to such an eminently satisfactory stage in this truly magnificent enterprise are still being applied to perfect the work so broadly and bravely begun — to bring it to a conclusion of success far beyond even the early splendid conception of the great undertaking.

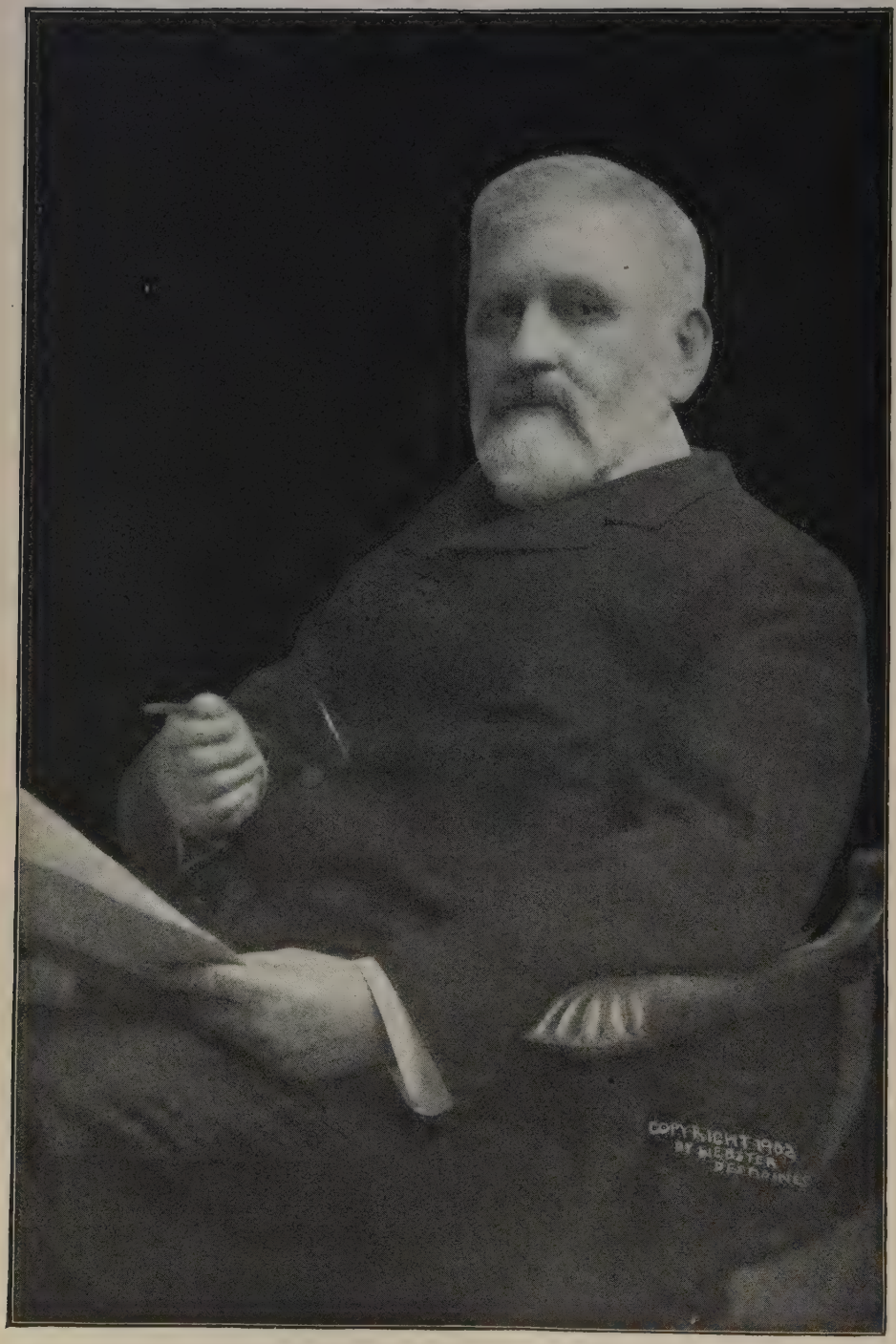
[EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the first of the series of articles by Mr. Hoch on the St. Louis Exposition promised to the readers of the National. It will, we believe, be found to be the most comprehensive and interesting general presentation of what this great universal exposition is to be, in nature and extent, yet given to the public. The articles to follow will deal with various special features of the Exposition. As this world's fair at St. Louis is to be the greatest ever held, and will, in all probability, be the last to be held in this country for many years, its progress and characteristics should be of absorbing interest to all. Mr. Hoch's experience at the Paris and previous expositions, added to his international reputation as a journalist, make his contributions to the National on this subject of special interest and value.

FROM THE "SONG OF THE EXPOSITION"—1876

While we rehearse our measureless wealth, it is for thee, dear Mother,
We own it all and several today indissoluble in thee;
Think not our chant, our show, merely for the products gross or lucre—
it is for thee, the soul in thee, electric, spiritual!
Our farms, inventions, crops, we own in thee! cities and states in thee!
Our freedom in thee! our very lives in thee!

WALT WHITMAN.

UNITED STATES SENATOR WILLIAM B. ALLISON OF IOWA, THE DEAN OF THE SENATE



THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING, LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION

The Builders of the Louisiana Purchase States

By HON. WILLIAM B. ALLISON,

United States Senator from Iowa

THE census of 1900 shows the population of the states that have been carved out of the Louisana Purchase to be over fourteen millions. Of these fourteen millions, scarcely two millions are reported as foreign born. Yet this does by no means give a fair idea of the part that men and women from the countries of Europe have taken in building up the Louisiana Purchase states, because a large proportion of the twelve millions reported as native-born are the children of foreign-born parents.

France sold us the territory, and gave us many of her sons and daughters to people it; but far larger numbers of its inhabitants came to us from Germany, Britain, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Ireland and Canada. Naturally, most of the inhabitants of Louisiana Purchase states came in from other states of the American Union.

This following table, compiled from the census reports of 1900, shows the distribution of the principal elements of the foreign-born population of the Louisiana Purchase states in that year:

	German	English	Irish	Scandinavian	Canadian
Arkansas	5,971	1,394	1,345	544	1,093
Colorado	10,224	9,503	7,092	9,775	6,858
Indian Territory	842	779	397	152	380
Iowa	123,162	21,027	28,321	72,711	15,687
Kansas	39,501	13,283	11,516	19,935	8,538
Louisiana	10,655	1,861	5,792	687	931
Minnesota	93,606	9,618	17,942	189,336	38,062
Missouri	109,282	15,666	31,832	7,732	8,616
Montana	4,297	4,846	5,662	5,645	8,296
Nebraska	65,506	9,757	11,127	40,117	9,049

North Dakota	11,546	2,909	2,670	42,578	28,166
Oklahoma	5,112	1,121	987	838	1,427
South Dakota	17,873	3,862	3,298	33,473	7,944
Wyoming	1,502	1,817	1,114	2,093	874
Totals	499,079	97,443	129,095	425,646	135,021

The proportion of native-born to foreign-born inhabitants of these states is shown in the following table:

	Native	Foreign
Arkansas	1,297,275	14,289
Colorado	313,982	63,809
Indian Territory	387,202	4,858
Iowa	1,925,933	305,920
Kansas	1,343,810	126,685
Louisiana	1,195,850	47,613
Minnesota	996,861	404,254
Missouri	2,890,286	216,379
Montana	105,757	40,240
Nebraska	888,953	177,347
North Dakota	206,055	113,091
Oklahoma	382,651	15,680
South Dakota	313,062	88,508
Wyoming	52,581	12,191
Totals	12,300,258	1,630,864

The very great extent of interstate migration is shown in this following table giving the derivation of the present inhabitants of Louisiana Purchase states in the principal geographic divisions of our country — north Atlantic, south Atlantic, north central, south central, and western:

	North Atlantic	South Atlantic	North Central	South Central	Western
Arkansas	7,778	81,403	107,219	1,095,586	1,317
Colorado	40,005	8,647	127,878	14,673	118,810
Indian Ter.	2,697	16,010	65,447	300,315	1,041
Iowa	133,627	21,315	1,741,206	17,184	5,398
Kansas	91,035	30,514	1,142,131	67,084	7,893
Louisiana	5,643	31,015	13,991	1,142,492	457
Minnesota	74,478	4,594	904,419	4,874	2,850
Missouri	80,208	66,053	2,514,326	210,086	8,834
Montana	12,980	2,038	41,790	3,338	44,444
Nebraska	71,511	12,358	783,507	11,980	6,322
N. Dakota	14,203	1,936	186,138	1,081	1,160
Oklahoma	11,629	11,861	203,384	150,136	3,347
S. Dakota	23,075	1,921	280,766	1,747	3,656
Wyoming	6,057	1,338	23,136	2,079	19,714
Totals	574,926	291,003	8,135,338	3,022,655	225,243

Proof that New England's children are still turning westward to the land of countless opportunities is afforded by this following table, showing the numbers of present inhabitants of Louisiana Purchase states who were born in New England:

	Me.	N.H.	Vt.	Mass.	R.I.	Ct.
Arkansas	196	115	301	424	66	171
Colorado	1,993	631	1,440	3,212	375	1,149
Indian Territory	80	25	64	92	15	40
Iowa	3,246	2,495	6,934	5,727	619	2,777
Kansas	2,127	1,140	3,117	3,433	392	1,648
Louisiana	199	73	140	482	56	163
Minnesota	8,523	2,132	5,018	579	839	1,766
Missouri	1,986	944	2,209	4,638	482	1,801
Montana	1,229	737	591	989	107	284
Nebraska	2,005	1,025	3,077	3,390	390	1,662
North Dakota	970	285	834	872	82	283
Oklahoma	301	146	352	401	57	200
South Dakota	1,158	523	1,545	1,169	136	469
Wyoming	286	12	278	495	46	168
Totals	24,299	10,283	25,900	25,903	3,662	12,581

The story of the inflow of the population of these states is told in the census reports of the United States, and it affords one of the most interesting studies in all our history as a nation.

An analysis of the situation, as revealed in history as well as in the rather indefinite figures and differentiations of the earlier census reports, shows a succession of fascinating chapters in racial development. From 1790 to 1800 and on through from 1810 to 1820, the French, Spanish and Canadian-French voyageur influence predominated. In 1830 the inter-state migration began in full force, following the trails blazed by the hardy pioneers from Kentucky and east of the Alleghanies. The panic of 1837 precipitated a veritable flood-tide of migration from the eastern states, as revealed in the census of 1840. New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio in the north, and all the south Atlantic sea-board states witnessed the departure of tens of thousands of their hardiest sons and daughters for the states beyond the Mississippi.

In 1850 the German immigration began in earnest, and left a marked impress upon St. Louis, which could now rightfully present its claim as the metropolis of the Louisiana Purchase. This continued on through the decade from 1860 to 1870, when the influx of Scandinavian immigration began to scatter over the

prairies of Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska and the Dakotas. The Scandinavian tide continued on to 1890, intermingled with a strong representation from other countries of northern Europe, until the situation revealed in the census report of 1900 was that during the previous year nearly two-fifths of the foreign-born inhabitants of the Louisiana Purchase states claimed Sweden, Norway or Denmark as the country of their birth. This following table shows the distribution of Scandinavian-born residents of the Louisiana Purchase states in 1900:

	Denmark	Norway	Sweden
Arkansas	135	54	355
Colorado	1,435	804	7,536
Indian Territory	33	31	88
Iowa	17,102	25,634	29,875
Kansas	2,914	1,477	15,144
Louisiana	194	170	323
Minnesota	13,039	83,916	92,381
Missouri	1,510	530	5,692
Montana	625	2,012	3,208
Nebraska	12,531	2,883	24,693
North Dakota	3,953	30,206	8,419
Oklahoma	226	118	494
South Dakota	5,038	19,788	8,647
Wyoming	619	265	1,209
Totals	72,854	167,888	198,064

The latest significant immigration into these states is that from Finland and other Russian provinces, mostly within the last decade. In 1900 there was a total of nearly 66,000 Russian-born inhabitants of Louisiana Purchase states. The following table shows where they have located:

	Russia
Arkansas	276
Colorado	2,057
Indian Territory	200
Iowa	1,998
Kansas	11,019
Louisiana	623
Minnesota	4,726
Missouri	6,672
Montana	236
Nebraska	8,083
North Dakota	14,979
Oklahoma	2,649
South Dakota	12,365
Wyoming	63
Total	65,946

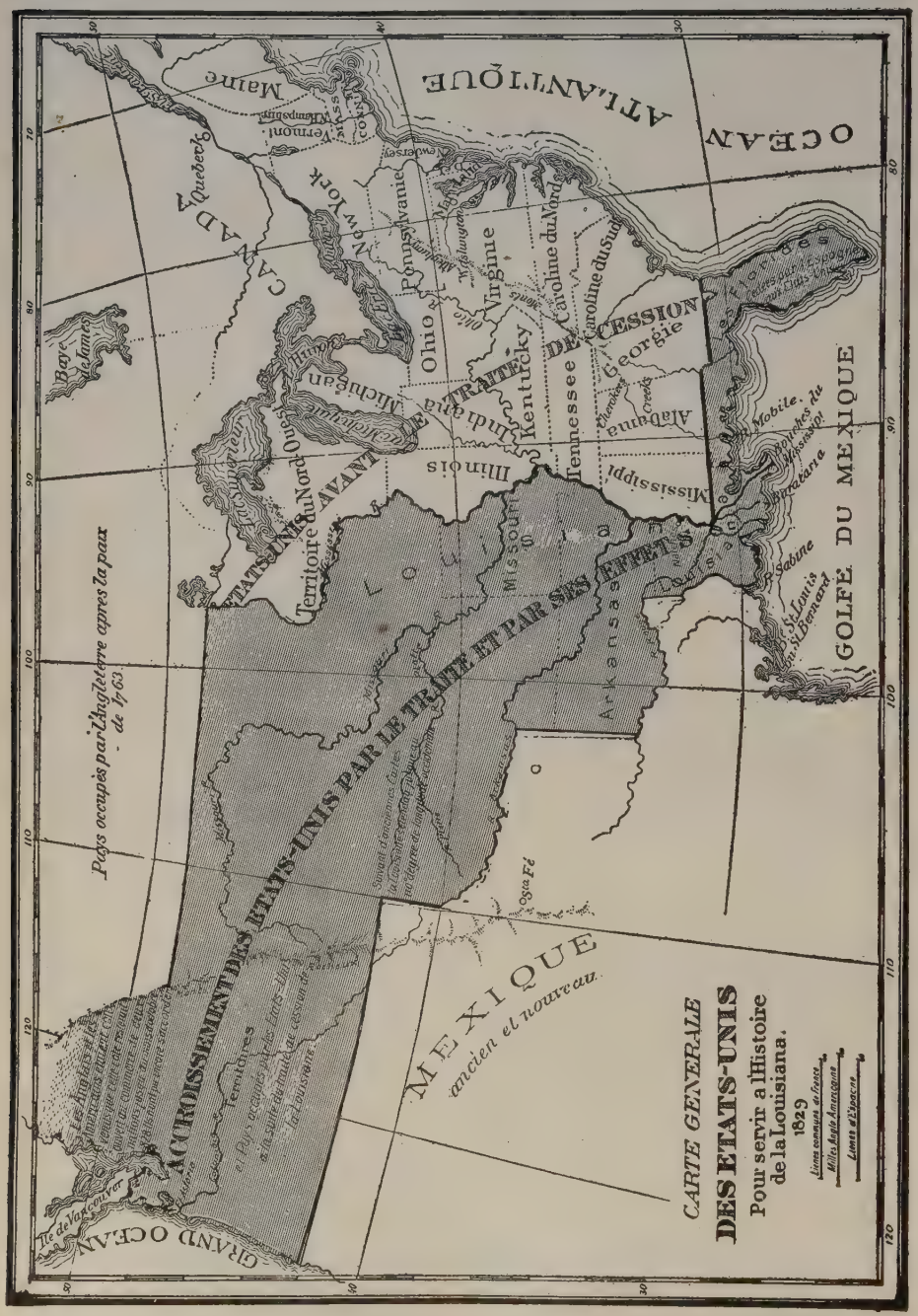
The German native-born population at the present time is centered more largely in Iowa than in any other state. Missouri, Minnesota and Nebraska follow in their regular order, and while there may appear to be only 500,000 Germans native-born in these states, it may safely be estimated that there are twice as many who had native-born German parents. The Canadians rank next, with 135,021, while the natives of the Emerald Isle follow closely with 129,025. England comes next with 97,443, and the bonny lads and lasses of Scotland number over 30,000. Bohemia is represented by 45,697 and the Joneses of Wales are computed at something over 12,000. Perhaps the most interesting and picturesque of all the ethnic elements of the Louisiana Purchase states is the thousand-odd Spaniards who claim the territory once claimed by Cortez as a part of his conquest, and later ceded to us by Napoleon, as their adopted home. Even Mexico, with 1,224 of her sons and daughters in these states, leads Spain, the land that once held sway over the whole region.

The builders of the Louisiana Purchase states were men and women of foresight and courage. They were fit to conquer a wilderness, and they did it. They came as admirable representatives of the stoutest strains of Europe and the American East and Middle States, and what they have done in nation-building is one of the marvels in the history of this continent.

This recital shows that these states thus peopled, and who have so well builded during the generations of the century now ended and soon to be commemorated, and which embrace, taken together, a highly intelligent, industrious and enterprising population, give promise that this marvelous growth and development will continue during the century to follow, and the writer believes that the great Exposition now opening at St. Louis will contribute largely to the realization of this promise.

THE MARBOIS MAP OF THE UNITED STATES AND ADJACENT PROVINCES IN 1803

The map was drawn for a history of Louisiana that appeared in 1829, and shows that the present area of this country was at the century's birth occupied in pretty nearly even thirds by France, Spain and the United States. The story of the various acquisitions is aptly told in the map of the same territory today, shown in Mr. Francis' article on "The Development of the Louisiana Purchase," in this number.



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII. MAY, 1903 No. 2

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

EVERY time I come to Washington I am more impressed with the greatness of this government of ours. It is a mammoth business corporation that outranks in general magnitude, territorial scope and comprehensive, systematic detail anything known in history. During the closing days of a session of congress one obtains a clearer view of these matters than at any other time. It is the summing up and recapitulation that reveals how simple, after all, are the great things of this world.

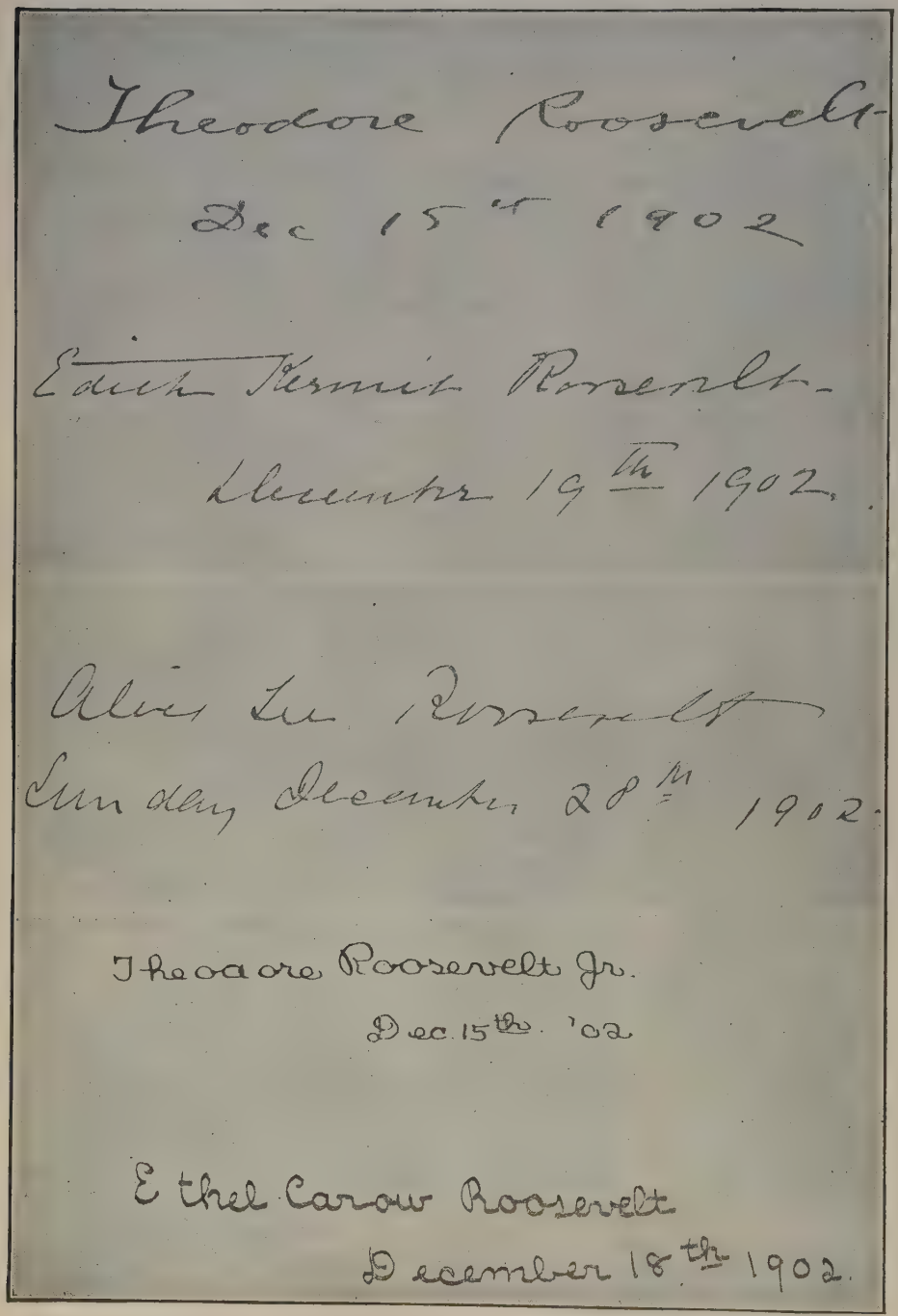
One of the most hopeful signs of the perpetuity of our government is the increased interest of the people in visiting Washington in person, and seeing for themselves the operations of the great corporation in which we all are stock-holders. A prominent railroad man was kind enough to say that the National had done more than any other periodical to stimulate a personal desire to visit Washington. If this is true, I feel that a good public service has been rendered, for no visitor to Washington can leave without a certain fixed, concrete and—shall I say it?—commercial idea of his holdings as an American citizen.

FRANK H. HITCHCOCK OF SOMERVILLE, MASS., CHIEF CLERK OF THE NEW CABINET DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND LABOR

Mr. Hitchcock was born in Ohio in 1867; his family has resided in Somerville since 1880, and Mr. Hitchcock graduated from Harvard. He has since 1891 held responsible positions in several departments at Washington and was appointed to his present position strictly on his merits.

I find it interesting to watch the faces of the strangers as they arrive and look for the first time upon the great dome at the head of Pennsylvania avenue. Somehow I can see reflected in their faces my own feelings of one rainy morning years ago, when even the shadows on the wide pavements brought up the fancies of school-days. And then the first glimpse of the Monument, the White House, the Treasury—it is all a patriotic picture, forever retained on the retina of memory, and kindles a fascination that

THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY AUTOGRAPHS, FROM THE PRESIDENT DOWN TO QUENTIN,



WHO INDULGES A YOUTHFUL FANCY FOR A WEE BIT OF ROYCROFTIE DECORATING

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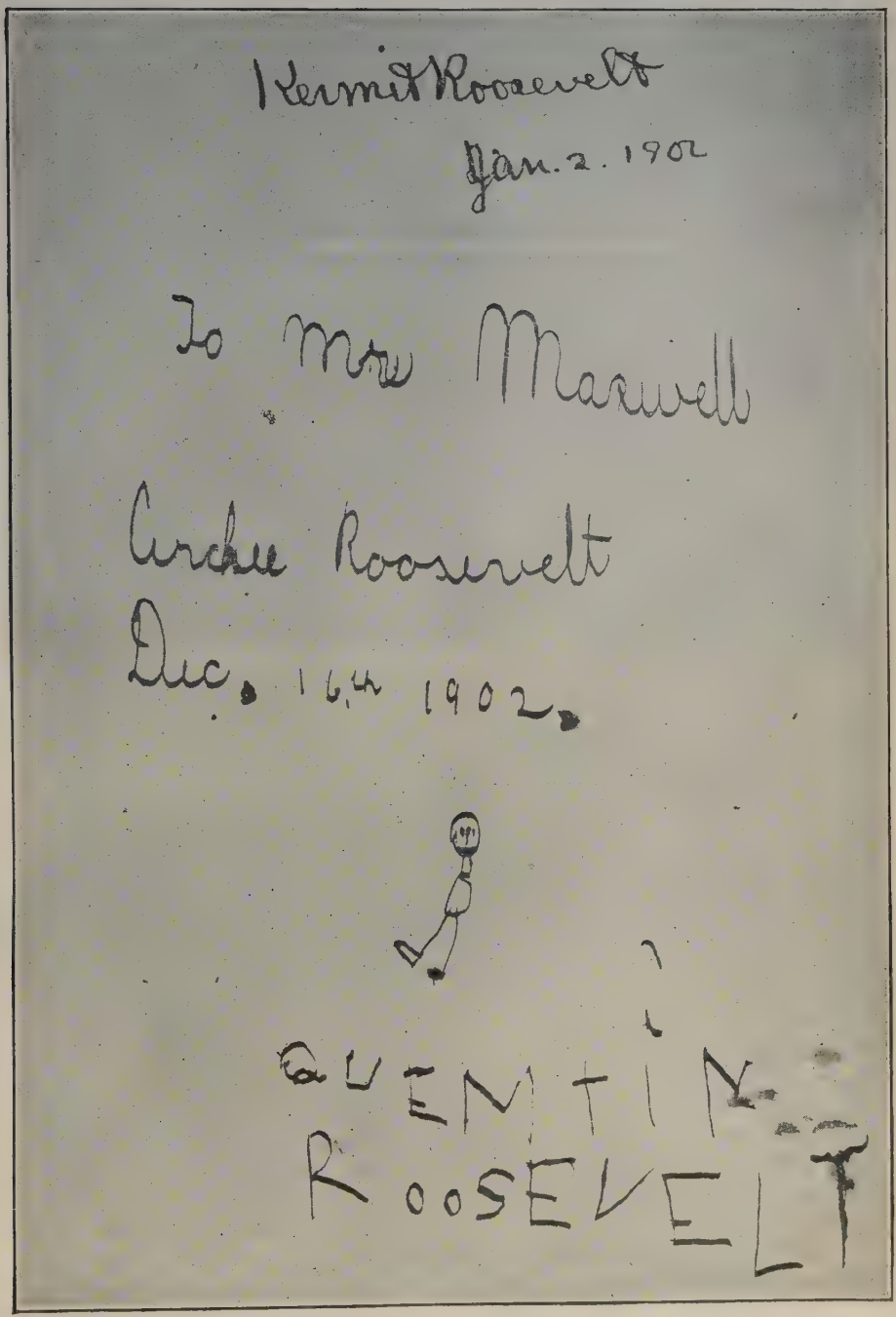

WAITING FOR THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT TO COME OUT FOR A RIDE

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grows upon all beholders, quite aside from considerations of office-holding.

After visiting many of the national capitals of the world, I feel that there is only one Washington, and certainly only one Capitol, spelled with an "o," that is really symbolic of the rounded perfection that has followed the prophetic dream of the great man who sleeps on the bank of the Potomac at Mt. Vernon.

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AT the close of a session, in the season of filibustering, the weaknessess as well as the strength of our national legislative system are revealed. As briefly and simply as possible, I am going to try to tell you the story of a session of congress — that is, the process, about which so much is heard, and which is so little understood. To get right at the heart of the matter, I wandered into the room of the senate committee on appropriations. There was the tried veteran Senator Allison, on the closing all-night session of the senate, with flashing black eyes, a flush of well-controlled purpose in his face, moving about with the buoyancy of youth—and one day past his seventy-fourth birthday anniversary. He was straightening out, with the skill of the master-hand, the last tangles in conference over the deficiency bill. Dire threats of "talking it to death"—that is, spending the few remaining hours in useless debate in order to prevent a vote on the bill — filibustering — had been heard. This is the senatorial club used for forcing concessions in a joint conference between senate and house leaders. Outside I met another legislative veteran, Senator Orville H. Platt of Connecticut, with a sparkle in his eyes, contemplating cloture — setting a limit on debate, as the house has done, though his plan contemplated requiring a three-fifths vote for the adoption of cloture in

RENOWN, THE PRESIDENT'S NEW JUMPER Copyrighted, 1903, by J. M. South

the senate. "Not two-thirds, nor three-fourths," he said, "but three-fifths; and it would give reasonable protection to a minority,"—and the Sage of the Nutmeg state continued his philosophy on lines of fractions. But the senate was not, and is not, ready to abandon its distinction as "the deliberative body" of the American congress. The leaders of the senate admit that the system of unlimited debate involves some evils, but they believe its operations, all things considered, produce much more of good than of evil.

—

IN the center of the spacious room of the appropriations committee, with its tall gilt mirror, was a large table strewn with bushels of papers tied with red tape. There was an atmosphere of business—every paper and document of the mass that had apparently poured in like an avalanche had been carefully noted, read and revised. The total, representing the appropriations of one congressional session—was over $800,000,000—the huge annual expense account of the greatest nation on earth.

In the nature of things you will see why the work of this committee touches all the ramifications of the government. An appropriation of some sort enters into every deliberation of the law-makers. And when I realize that for over thirty years Senator Allison has sat at that table mastering the smallest details, carrying figures and balances in his head and looking out for every department and bureau, it seems to me that J. Pierpont Morgan is not quite the greatest financier on earth, after all. The veterans on this committee—Senators Allison, Cockrell and Hale—have certainly played a vital part in making history—some of it little discussed in the arena of public affairs, but all of it vitally important, and calling for the exercise of the soundest statesmanship and the highest order of business ability.

THE PRESIDENT'S PET DOGS

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NOW let us follow a bill through. Take, for instance, House Bill 16,842, known as the "District Bill," which, although it appropriates only $9,000,000, is a great bone of contention as to details, and represents the work of senate and house acting as a city council for Washington. All revenue bills must originate in the house. It passes them after committees have acted and amendments have been made. Then the bills come to the senate and are referred to the appropriations committee. The "Book of Estimates" is brought forth—prepared by the secretary of the treasury, and showing the amounts asked for and the amounts provided and used during the previous year by each government department and bureau.

The initial work is done by a subcommittee of five. The whole committee consists of thirteen members and there are just thirteen regular appropriation bills. Thirteen seems to be a magic number for the nation that started with thirteen states. The bill looks worse than one of Mark Twain's railroad map proofs when the members of the subcommittee have done with it. The rings of black penciling, the curves of blue penciling and the lines of red have each a special meaning, however, so that the whole thing reads clearly enough to the experts. On the margin, suggesting algebraic equations, are the capital lettres "A" and "E," where "A" equals appropriation and "E" equals estimate. The testimony taken by the subcommittees of house and senate is voluminous, and the reports of it read like a section of the Congressional Record. On this bill alone it made a book of 325 pages.

On an expansive window-sill I saw nearly 200 reports of departments and bureaus, full of notations and plastered with labels. It is these books that Senator Allison keeps at home for leisure reading. The items are separately scanned, and when penciled notations are completed, a new copy is printed,

ANIMAL PETS OF THE WHITE HOUSE BOYS—ARCHIBALD'S PONY AND QUENTIN'S LAMB EXCHANGING FRIENDLY GREETINGS

AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE PRESIDENT'S STABLE Copyrighted, 1903, by J. M. South

from a new font of peculiar type, showing items stricken out of the bill as if they had been crossed with a pen. This reveals at a glance the whole of the work that has been done; where estimates have been trimmed, the new amount recommended is printed in emphatic italic.

The committee of thirteen then passes upon the work of the subcommittee of five—as a matter of form—and the bill is straightway reported to the senate and passed upon by that body.

—

THIS particular bill had 250 amendments when it was "messaged" over to the house. The chairman of the house appropriations committee — Mr. Cannon of Illinois—has been for many years regarded as loaded artillery—and he now moves to non-concur and asks for a conference. Three members of the house and three senators are named and the battle royal begins. Each member takes up the copy of the bills labeled with his name and begins chewing—it is give and take —a legislative horse-trade. A "revise," with the 205 amendments marked with another peculiar font of type, showing some details in black-faced letters and parentheses, is presented. With Senator Allison on one side, and Uncle "Joe" Cannon on the other, it is a case of Greek meeting Greek. They have worked together so long that they know every crook and turn of the legislative game. Uncle David Harum was a babe in arms compared with either of these veterans in the art of dickering. The conference is usually held on the senate side, and here is where the papers and documents begin to pile high. In his private room Senator Allison pores over the work and keeps a spool of red tape at hand to tie up the papers as they pass through his hands.

The first item appearing in the "Book

of Estimates" is $450,000 for the salaries of senators and $50,000 for their mileage. The salary of every clerk and messenger, the sixteen pages at $2.50 per day each, and of each charwoman, is given the same space and consideration as that of a cabinet minister. The legislative appropriation is, in fact, the government pay-roll.

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SINCE beginning work on this committee in 1873, Senator Allison has seen the government grow as no nation ever before grew in wealth and power, and he has devoted his life to a work more vitally important to the country in many respects than that of the presidents who come and go. This is an age of business, and here is where the real business of the nation is transacted.

Attached to various reports are excerpts from the Congressional Record, marked and crossed with a pen to show the trend of opinion and discussion of the bill. The size of the appropriation is no criterion of the amount of work it involves. The "District of Columbia" bill, referred to before, requires weeks and months of work over its $9,000,000 budget, while the $80,000,000 naval bill —the product of technical experts—goes through in a few minutes, like a shot from one of Dewey's thirteen-inch guns. The naval pay-roll of $17,106,000, and the pension pay-roll of $140,000,000 go through speedily, without much talk. This last item has remained at about the same figure for several years past, and with increasing liberality in the government's extension of its benefits to classes not hitherto included, it bids fair to continue at near its present proportions for some years to come. Nobody begrudges this money, at any rate. It bought more

THE EAST WING, OR "SOCIAL ANNEX" OF THE WHITE HOUSE

It is by this way that guests at all social functions arrive and depart. This makes the familiar north entrance practically a private one. Photograph by the Illustrated Press Association

in absolute value to all the people of the country than almost anything else in the whole list of the appropriations. It represents, too, a distinction of which Americans may well be proud—their government's generous justice to its defenders in war-time. The sundry civil bill carries about $80,000,000 for the session. The thirteen regular bills are: Agriculture, army, diplomatic, District of Columbia, fortifications, Indian, legislative, military academy, naval, pension, post-office, sundry civil, and deficiency.

The river and harbor appropriation is one of the extras which the nation indulges in when feeling particularly prosperous and good natured.

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A GLANCE at the book of appropriations and new offices containing a detailed statement of all appropriations for each session, is interesting. It is prepared by the clerks of the house and senate committees on appropriations, under the direction of the chairmen. This volume grows thicker each year and is now about three times as big as it was ten years ago. It shows, among other things, the condition of contract work which has been authorized and for which federal obligations have been incurred, but for which no money has yet been appropriated. The total of contracts authorized last year was $262,711,465. Of this $180,000,000 was provided for the Nicaraguan canal—if that route should be chosen, and $135,000,000 for the Panama canal if that route should be selected, as it has been. On one page is a table showing the chronology of all the bills, giving date and amount at each legislative stage where the billion and a half of dollars was appropriated. The receipts and expenditures charged to

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, WEST WING OF THE TRANSFORMED WHITE HOUSE

Photograph by the Illustrated Press Association

each department are carefully noted and a close watch is kept on all "balances" of money not expended under various appropriations.

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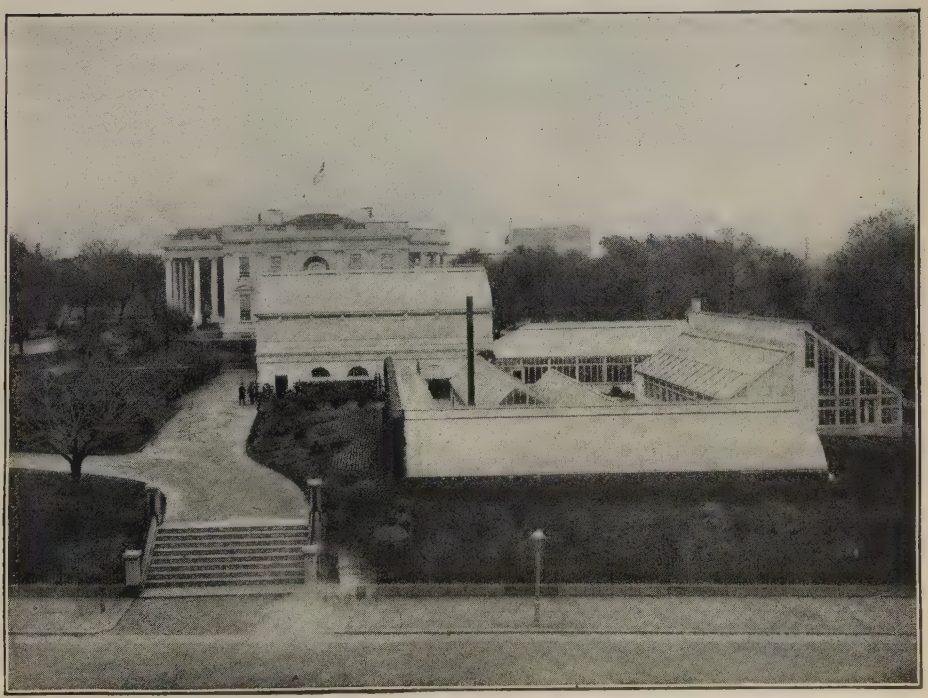
THE conference of the appropriations committees at the end of the session is the critical point in the career of the appropriations. This annual crisis reached an extra acute stage in 1901, when the St. Louis, Buffalo and Charleston exposition appropriations were tacked onto the sundry civil bill. At the last moment an adamantine purpose was revealed by the house not to make the sundry civil bill an omnibus for the exposition riders. The house wanted to omit the St. Louis appropriation, rejected the Charleston budget and was divided on Buffalo. The senate put all three of them into one amendment. Like a jury the conferrees sat and discussed the problem, while the big clock ticked away the precious moments and the deadlock threatened to leave the government with no money to meet its pay-rolls unless an extra session should be called.

This was the situation which Senator Allison confronted and he solved it. The senate never fears that the veteran from Iowa, entering upon business negotiations with that kindly twinkle in his eyes that presages results, will quit without obtaining them. When, with Senator Cockrell and Representatives Payne, Richardson and Grosvenor, he called on the president in his room at the rear of the senate chamber, it was with a clear slate as far as his great power and energy could clear it. Through the long, busy hours in the appropriations committee room—the nation's real counting house — Senator Allison meets and masters

THE WHITE HOUSE CONSERVATORIES BEFORE THE TRANSFORMATION

Photograph by the Illustrated Press Association



great movements, large questions and important measures; and his colleagues have no fear as to results that shall issue from that chamber, serene in their belief that Iowa's grand old man and the nation's tried general manager will keep the machinery moving smoothly, with every cog and wheel of the massive financial system of the world's greatest nation under his personal scrutiny. He enters upon his sixth successive term—the first senator in the history of the nation to do so—with eight years previous service in the house, rich not only in the affection and veneration of his own state, but the appreciation and esteem of his entire country and the admiration of the world. A life-time—a half century devoted to one work—he has builded a monument in his great public career that is not overshadowed by that of any other name of his day and generation. Simple in his tastes, modest, quiet and just, Senator William Boyd Allison has done a great work in great times, and when he lays aside his spectacles and looks you squarely in the eyes, you feel to the fullest measure the greatness of the man.

MRS. ERNA ALICE HARMON, DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN OLE OLSON OF OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN, AND A CHARMING TYPE OF WESTERN BEAUTY

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THE Committee on Appropriations of the United States senate was created at the first session of the fortieth congress, 1867, with a membership of seven senators, and Lot M. Morrill of Maine was made its first chairman. Prior to that time, the appropriation bills had been considered and reported upon in the senate by the Committee on Finance. Mr. Morrill continued as chairman until the expiration of his term of service in the senate, March 3, 1869.

William Pitt Fessenden of Maine succeeded him until his death the same year. Mr. Morrill, having been appointed senator in place of Mr. Fessenden, was again made chairman in De-

cember, 1869, and continued until March, 1871, when he declined further service as chairman, on account of ill health. Cornelius Cole of California was made chairman and served during the forty-second congress. At the next congress (forty-third) Mr. Morrill was again elected chairman in March, 1873, and continued to July 7, 1876, when he resigned his seat in the senate to accept the secretaryship of the treasury at the earnest solicitation of President Grant. William Windom of Minnesota thereafter acted as chairman until December, 1876, when he was elected to the position and served until March, 1879. The political complexion of the senate having changed, Henry G. Davis of West Virginia was made chairman in March, 1879, serving during the forty-sixth congress and until the middle of March, 1881.

MISS GWENDOLYN FFOULKE OF WASHINGTON
Photograph by Clinedinst

At this time, March 18, 1881, William B. Allison of Iowa was elected chairman and continued during the forty-seventh and fifty-second congresses inclusive. Another political change in the senate caused Francis M. Cockrell of Missouri to be made chairman during the fifty-third congress. In 1896, at the first session of the fifty-fourth congress, Mr. Allison was again elected chairman, and has been continued in the place by successive reelections to the present time, having a record of service as chairman longer than that of any other senator—about twenty years.

The membership of the committee was increased in 1873, from seven to nine members, and in again 1895 to thirteen members.

There have been but three clerks to the committee since its organization, Mr. Cleaves, the present incumbent, having been appointed in 1873 by Chairman Morrill and continued under all administrations. Ability, efficiency and integrity have had more weight with the committee than political or other considerations. Indeed, it can be truly said that the action of the Committee on Appropriations is based upon business principles entirely and politics play no part in its deliberations. Mr. Cleaves' service with the committee has been contemporaneous with that of Mr. Allison, the present chairman, and the latter is the only senator now in the service who was a member of the committee or of the senate at the time of Mr. Cleaves' appointment.

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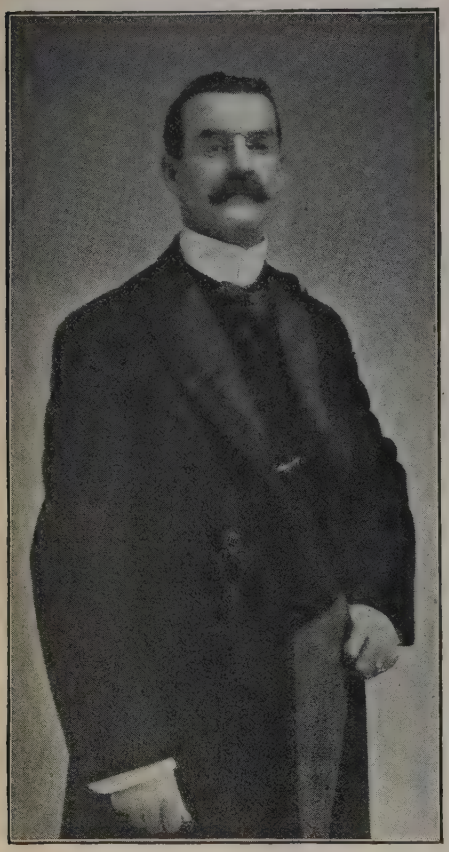
IN another part of this number of the National, Dr. Peter MacQueen, who recently visited the Isthmus of Panama, describes the present condition of the

F. B. LYON, THE DOORKEEPER OF THE NATIONAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

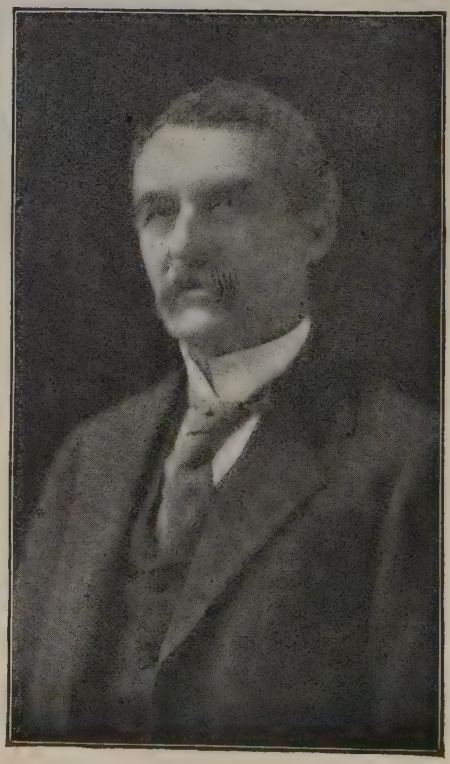


Panama canal enterprise. This is of timely interest from the fact that plans are already forming for the prosecution of this work by the United States. Early in the fall of 1904, it is estimated, the government will probably put an army of some 20,000 men at work completing the great inter-oceanic ditch begun and abandoned by De Lesseps. It is understood that negroes will constitute the great majority of the memership of this industrial army, commanded by the best engineering and constructive skill that can be enlisted. Inasmuch as there are not now anything approaching adequate accommodations at the isthmus for such a great body of new-comers, it is believed the government will be obliged to provide for their accommodation, and to regulate their goings and comings under a system approximating to army life.

At the present writing, President Roosevelt is waiting for the ratification of the canal treaty by the Colombian government. Just as soon as the treaty is ratified, he will appoint the members of the canal commission. Not to mention the petitions for places upon this commission, some of them from foremost American engineers, who regard it as the highest professional honor to be chosen, there is an avalanche of applications for jobs as mechanics, masons, engineers and others who wish to obtain minor places upon the historic highway.

Likely enough, most of the negro labor will be gathered in the West Indies. If a sufficient supply cannot be obtained there, levies will be taken from the states,

THOMAS P. CLEAVES, CLERK OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON APROPRIATIONS FOR THIRTY YEARS



MISS LANGHAM OF WASHINGTON, SISTER OF THE BARONESS VON STERNBERG

Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Clinedinst

and it is even intimated that a large number of Japanese may be hired. The daily wage of canal laborers — of whom a thousand or more are now employed by the French company — is from forty to fifty cents a day; but it is not believed

the United States government will try to keep wages down to this figure. Uncle Sam is a generous employer as a rule.

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PLANNING his itinerary so as to be at St. Louis on April 30, to help President Francis and Ex-President Cleveland dedicate the World's Fair, President Roosevelt begins a great tour of the western states, extending through to the Pacific coast. Hundreds of cities and towns have eagerly besought the honor of a visit by the chief executive. Always popular in the West, his hold upon the affections of all classes in that section appears to have been strengthened by his official course since he entered the White House. And by the West, in this connection, I mean not only the mountain states, but the great commonwealths of the Mississippi basin as well. The West likes a candid man, and it loves a brave man—and it sees enough of the qualities of candor and bravery in the youngest of all the presidents to warm its heart toward him mightily. It believes in the broad Americanism of his policies, and in the sincerity of his public and private professions. Also, it likes the spectacle of children playing in the White House yard. Grover Cleveland was never before so close to the hearts of the westerners as he was immediately after the family doctors announced the safe arrival of Baby Ruth. Baby Ruth is now, no doubt, a tall girl—almost a young woman. The country as a whole, and the West in particular, likes to see the White House reflect average normal family life. The logic of the feeling seems to be that a man who fulfills the conditions of average healthy American family life is a safe man to trust in charge of public business. He understands better than a bachelor—like Dave Hill, say — possibly could understand, the hopes and motives of average Americans. Bryan in the White House would have

WILLIAM ROBERTS MACAVINCH, SON OF MR. AND MRS. A. J. MACAVINCH OF NEW YORK

A bright-eyed American citizen, seven months old. He is named for Major T. P. Roberts of Chicago, the veteran advertising man.

MISS VIRGINIA GROSVENOR, GRAND-NIECE OF CONGRESSMAN GROSVENOR OF OHIO

been stronger with the plain people because of his troop of sturdy children.

This long and arduous trip of the president's emphasizes the fact that nowaday, with the tremendous demands made upon the incumbent of the presidency, the chief executive must be a man in the prime of life mentally, and physically as well, if he is to stand up under his work. Mr. Roosevelt keeps himself fit by taking lots of physical exercise both indoor and out. His companion in many a lively bout at boxing and single-stick, General Leonard Wood, has just gone to take charge of military operations in the Philippines. It is reported that some of their meetings were the stoutest kind of tussels and that on one occasion recently both men bore away a liberal allowance of bumps and bruises. There are, possibly, men to whom this kind of thing would seem a waste of time; but it is noticeable that the men who carry the biggest responsibilities with the most ease and the least wear and tear are the ones who know how to drop the burden of their work and take up play once in a while.

MISS HENRIETTA W. DUNN, A YOUNG MILWAUKEE ARTIST WHO HAS WON SUCCESS IN THE EAST

Miss Dunn has exhibited in Brookline, Boston, Washington, New York, Chicago, Minneapolis and a score of Atlantic watering places, and prominent people all over the country have bought her charming water colors. As the youngest member of the American Allied Arts Association, Miss Dunn was represented at the Association's exhibit at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, in March. Her heads and flowers are warmly praised by famous painters and she is assured of a distinguished career.

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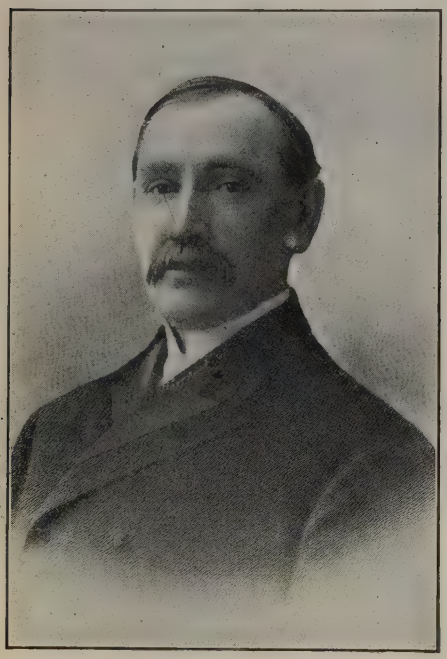
ADMIRAL DEWEY is known to be one of the most ardent advocates of a great American navy. He does not force his views upon either his superiors or the reading public, but when occasion presents, he lets them be known candidly and convincingly. No one who knows him can believe the silly charge that he is guilty of any race-prejudice, as some German politicians and editors have tried to make out since the publication of his interview in which he alluded to our recent naval maneuvers in the Carribean as an object-lesson to Kaiser Wilhelm. The admiral is far too good an American to entertain any but the highest regard for the invaluable qualities which the German people have brought into the American amalgam. He hasn't the shadow of a prejudice against any

man because he is a German, or an Irishman, or a Nebraskan. When he mentioned the kaiser in connection with the Carribean naval maneuvers, the admiral doubtless had in mind the disquieting fact that the kaiser was at that moment conducting very dangerous operations on the south coast of the Carribean—operations which were generally understood, on this side of the Atlantic at

CONGRESSMAN JAMES A. HEMENWAY OF INDIANA



least, to be a test of American backbone in support of the Monroe Doctrine. The admiral may or may not have been indiscreet, as an officer of the navy, in saying what he did, publicly; but the kaiser and the German critics generally may be assured that the admiral in that interview expressed the exact sentiments of a vast majority of his countrymen. It is just possible that by some mischance a man might get into the White House, possessed of so little courage that he would wish to abandon the Monroe Doctrine rather than give battle to another nation in defense of it; but the time will never come when the American people will permit the Doctrine to be abandoned, whatever the nature of the menace that may be brought against it.

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THE fact that in the political affairs of this country "a new generation has inherited the earth" since Civil war times, is indicated by the party leadership of President Roosevelt and William J. Bryan, men who were very small children when the clash of arms on Southern fields ended at Appomattox. Many of the veterans of that era remain in high places, but their day is passing, almost gone. The survivors of their number will in the nature of things soon retire to well-merited rest, and their places will be taken by the generation born during and immediately after the war. For example, now that "Uncle Joe" Cannon has been singled out for elevation to the speakership, it is understood that his successor as chairman of the house committee on appropriations will be James A. Hemenway of Indiana, who made glad his father's heart in 1860.

Though Mr. Bingham of Pennsylvania ranks Mr. Hemenway on the committee, the latter has for a long time been Mr. Cannon's right-hand man, a tireless student of its problems and a sturdy partisan—unlike "Uncle Joe" in outward appearance, but in his mental quality a man after the next speaker's own heart. Mr. Hemenway, as prospective chairman of one of the most important committees of the house, will come more into general notice than he has hitherto. And he will stand the test extremely well. Born in Boonville, Indiana, forty-three years ago, he is a shade younger than the president. He was educated in the common schools, commenced the practice of law in 1885, in 1886 and 1888 he was elected prosecuting attorney, and in 1895 he entered congress.

The Hand of the Potter

By ANNA COSULICH

—They sneer at me for leaning all awry;
What! Then did the Hand of the Potter shake?
—Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

—

WITH the sunset for background he walked to the young girl like a demi-god. She extended her hands, which he took very gently. Very gently he pulled her down beside him on the low stone wall. She glanced at him apprehensively, noting an indefinable something which seemed to cloud his godship somewhat.

"What is it, Marco?"

For answer he took a ring from her finger.

Not understanding, she grew troubled.

"It is not a pretty jest, this," she whispered fearfully.

"Would that it were a jest, however grewsome, dear. It is to free you. I have no right to keep you bound to me. I have been chosen and examined for three years' military service. The company leaves next week."

He turned from her pained face to the glinting sheet of water below. At that moment, all his life-long love of the harbor of Lussin turned to hatred. It was soon to take him from his home and from the girl who had made his life of drudgery one sweet melody.

She sat near him, so still, so pitifully speechless, that his arms ached to comfort her. Instead, his hands drummed nervously against the rough parapet, keeping time to the dirge singing itself in the woman's heart.

"Sweetheart," at last he murmured, "I came to tell you goodbye and God bless you."

"Oh, Marco! Marco, I love you!" she said thickly, her fingers convulsively grasping his coat sleeve.

"I know. I know; but you will see someone else that you will like as well perhaps, during these three years. It is a long time — three years! And he may be worthier, better; surely richer. For who in all Lussin is poorer than I at this moment!"

"Marco, do you think I could love anyone ever—"

"Hush, dear! You must not say those things to me now! I love you, and I give you up. I—I give you up because I love you! I will not ruin a girl's chances for my selfish love."

"But there are girls who do not care for chances, dear! There are girls who can love only one man in all their lives. I—I—oh, Marco, I am one of them!"

Sobbing passionately, she flung her arms around him. He set his teeth and with a fierce toss of his young giant's head, he shook away the tears which gathered in his eyes all too swiftly.

"You make it so hard for me — for us both," he whispered brokenly. "It is the only thing to be done. You must understand. When I return I shall have nothing to offer you — nothing save the pittance I have been earning all along. After the three years of military duty, it will be endless waiting again, God knows how long, before we can wed. It would be cowardly not to free you."

"It is a shame to make you waste those three years—three precious years of your life!"

"It is the law. We healthy young animals must pay the penalty. Our country must have trained men, no matter what the cost."

"Cruel, cruel!" she wailed, winding her arms around his neck. He tried to disengage them tenderly, but she clung to him firmly.

"My dear, my dear, you are making it so hard for me! You will make me a coward next."

"They are the cowards!" Suddenly she sat erect, crying: "Your mother—your poor, helpless brother—they will starve! My God, you must not go, Marco!" The sob in her voice made him shiver.

"It is the law," he murmured, as everything swam before him.

"But it is not against the law to love his Imperial Majesty's conscripts! You have my ring, and with it my heart. Keep both forever. They are yours while the rocks of Lussin hang over the sea!"

She arose, flinging a wild gesture toward the picturesque harbor beyond. He looked not there, but to the young woman who stood in front of him like a tower of hope, her beautiful arms outstretched. The beauty of her, the greatness of her, came to him like a hurt. He let his face fall despairingly in his hands. She turned to him as he sat there moaning.

"You love me, you love me!" she whispered exultantly, "and you dare not give me up!"

With a brusque movement, he arose and faced her. His dark eyes met her own and her eyelids drooped.

"Goodbye," he said, almost firmly.

"Oh, I cannot say it!" she cried.

In infinite tenderness, he lifted her right hand to his lips, pressing the little cold fingers against them quite gently. It was more a prayer than a caress, and she could not help murmuring:

"God bless you, my own!"

He staggered off uncertainly, all the proud godship tortured out of him.

She sank weakly to the low wall. She wept unrestrainedly, and, in her woman heart, cursed the laws and those who made them.

The olive trees whispered to each other as the summer wind ran past them. The red poppies in the garden behind her nodded and quivered, while from the distant mountains came the faint echo of the shepherd's call. The cry of vintager and the song of fisherman fell unmeaningly upon her uncaring ear. Her uncaring eye swept the bright-colored garden as though it had been nothing but a field of dead leaves. She did not see a dwarfish body sit beside her, and she started when the voice whispered close in her ear.

"What is it, Little Sister?"

She looked at him dazedly.

"It is you, Mimi?" A sad smile came upon the hunchback's saturnine face.

"Tell me, Little Sister!"

"Marco—he has hurt me so! Marco—oh, I cannot tell you!"

Her loud sobbing was more than he could bear.

"Don't cry, Little Sister! Don't cry!" He stroked her tear-wet hands and murmured childish comfort to her. It had been so in the old days, when the girl, Marco and himself had played together as children. It was Marco who had made her cry, and always Mimi who had tried to soothe her and dry her tears.

"Don't cry, Little Sister!" he whispered again. But she pushed him away.

"Let me cry, Mimi. If you love me, let me cry."

"Then cry, Little Sister, cry," he muttered huskily, the ready tears streaming down his oddly wrinkled face.

When he could no longer bear her tears, he left her. He ran toward the shipyard where Marco labored, his dwarfish body suddenly coming between the sunset and Marco's measuring papers.

Marco looked up dully, wondering at the distorted face beside him. Mimi's anger burst forth against his brother like a whirlwind.

"You coward, you! What have you done to Little Sister?"

Marco ceased to wonder then.

"So you know about it?"

"Know? I know nothing save that she is sitting in front of her house weeping her heart out. And you are the one who did it! How dare you?" His weak fist went up as he shrieked: "*Dio benedetto,* I could kill you, though you are my brother!"

"Mimi, brother of mine, it is because I am a conscript that Little Sister weeps."

Mimi's great eyes dilated with horror.

"*Dio Santo!* A conscript! Our mother, Marco! It will kill her!"

"That was Little Sister's hurt. That was my hurt. Now it is yours also, and tonight it will be mother's as well."

"Oh, *povera* Mama! We can't tell her. Three years without you!"

"It is the law."

"Something must be done," the hunchback said appealingly, with a long look at his brother.

"We can do nothing; it is the law."

"Something shall be done!" Mimi cried, and suddenly there was no shadow between Marco's papers and the red glow of twilight.

Mimi stumbled out among the piles of scantlings strewing the yards. The thoughtless jeers of the workmen re-echoed in his ears as he fled from the place. Mimi Gobbo—Mimi, the Hunchback—this was what the Lussinians called him. Because they are all so tall and straight, even as the masts of their beloved ships, they looked upon the little crooked figure with contempt. To the coarser among them, physical deformity seemed a greater shame than sin.

Mimi hobbled along the Riva and stopped before an imposing door. With absorption, he pushed by the amazed janitor. Mimi shivered within the cold, gloomy corridor. Who would be seated on the dais in that large room? A kind or cruel man? Softly he turned the knob and peeped within. A square-jawed young man sat on the draped platform, his elbows on the table. Over him brooded the treble-crowned eagle of Austria. He was deep in the pages of an enormous volume, *The Armies of the World.* He had not heard the hunchback enter. Mimi gave a nervous little cough. The young official looked up in surprise.

"Well?" he asked with a slight frown, inwardly blaming the door-keeper for this carelessness.

"I have come to see you in regard to my brother's conscription."

The young man smiled. How many did this same thing every day! They had an idea that he could change the rulings of a government whose very slave he was, body and soul.

"My mother is an invalid," Mimi began with a quaver in his voice. "I—I—I—am as I am—utterly useless and a burden besides. She will die, Signor, if Marco goes next week."

The man at the table eyed Mimi critically. "He has been called, you say?"

"*Si,* Signor."

"And examined?"

"*Si,* Signor."

"The doctor has approved?"

"Signor, my brother is the strongest man in Lussin!"

"I can do nothing for you. I am sorry. Were he the elder—"

"Yes, I know, Signor. But I had the misfortune to see the light before him—five years."

"As you know, either the only son or the eldest son is exempt from service, his mother being a widow. I can do nothing for him. Good evening."

"Oh, Signor, think of something, for my mother's sake! You are so clever—and he is as necessary to her as food and drink. We will not have a soldo in the house when Marco leaves. But even so, she will die of heart-break rather than

of hunger. She — she worships him, Signor!"

The dignitary's face was troubled. He closed the book and forgot all about the great armies of the world.

"Three years! just think, Signor! One can suffer a hundred deaths in three years — and a mother a thousand! Eccellenza, if I beg you on my knees, like this, can you do nothing for her? Sign a lie, or, even better, tell the too bitter truth? Perhaps they will have mercy up there where the great Emperor has his court!"

The young man shook his head sadly. His hand fell softly on Mimi's crooked shoulder.

"Would that my influence were such as you think, my friend."

"*Per l'amor di Gesu Cristo,* Marco cannot go!"

"Don't kneel to me—it is quite hopeless."

Mimi gained his feet and put his face close to the official's. "The only son is exempt, you said. Very true — very true!"

The young man shuddered at the odd gleam in the cripple's eyes.

"Marco will be the only son!" he cried. With a quick look of hate at the black eagle and the coat of arms, he sidled out of the cheerless room.

All the heaviness had suddenly rolled from his heart as if by magic. As he trudged along the Riva smilingly. There was a way! There was a way to save his mother and Little Sister, and he had found it. But why had he not found it before? Had life been so precious to him all this time? Had the burden been so light, after all? Marco would be free — free to work his way up — free to love Little Sister. They would be very happy some day. Little Sister would weep, but she would also forget after a time. Those tears would soon be dried by Marco's undying love.

"Then cry, Little Sister, cry," he murmured softly to himself, remembering her tears of an hour since. Unconsciously, he brushed his hand across his eyes. They were not tears of self-pity, but of pity for Little Sister's inevitable weeping when she would come to know that he had laid his life at her gentle little feet.

Singing wild, passionate snatches of song he walked up the tortuous lane between the little stone houses circled by low-walled gardens. As he passed, his flute-like voice sifted in through half closed shutters. Feminine faces peeped from behind them in mild wonder. What has come over that queer Mimi Gobbo? He looks like a monster and sings like a nightingale. Poor crooked cherub, his voice grows sweeter as his back grows uglier! Then, with a sigh, the busy Lussin housewives returned to their supper preparations. After all, frying herring and stirring polenta was more useful than gaping at the window to hear Mimi Gobbo sing!

A little boy toddled across the stony path, right in Mimi's way. He looked up in Mimi's face, surprised. "Oh," stammered the child, "it is you singing like that; *La Mama* said it must be an angel, that she did."

Mimi smiled wistfully, but the child ran away frightened.

The hunchback continued slowly on his way, taking in every detail of his pilgrimage to death. Now and then he stooped to pick up smooth, round pebbles. As he dropped them in his pockets, he would whisper: "Then cry, Little Sister, cry!"

Again he resumed his singing — such wondrous singing as Lussin had never yet heard, nor ever since heard. It was a voice vibrant and pure, yet quivering with a passionate regret. Such a voice might be expected from the throat of a seraph forbidden the gates of paradise.

Mimi's song vibrated through the town and down to the valley, which is half

cinctured by the Adriatic. Valdarche, the Lussinians call it—the valley of arches, whose portal is the open sea. A sleepy, lazy spot; so still, so remote, that it seems almost unearthly. The sweet dusk of it had always haunted Mimi. No cry or call now marred its quiet, save the unceasing whisper of the sea and the nightingale's wooing song. Among the darkening trees, Mimi wandered, keeping time to the waves' hushed breathing. There was a restless fluttering amid the low-hanging boughs. Mimi smiled, for he had interrupted the lilt of the nightingales. Ah, they may begin their songs soon again! His interruption will not be long. It will be quite easy to end it—there where the stones are so wet and slippery, and where it is so easy to stumble! Then the heavy pebbles in one's pockets will hasten the darkness.

Thinking thus, Mimi sat on the edge of the road to sing his last song. The birds chirped to one another anxiously. Who can this new songster be? How he can weave the twilight into a burst of melody! They peered curiously out at the deformed warbler sitting so still where the water kisses the rocks. Finally, they saw him step down to the narrow ledge of earth and rock. One foot went swiftly to a rock below. It trembled, and he sprang to another. He lost his balance and clutched frantically at a willow branch overhead. But suddenly remembering why he stumbled, he loosened his grasp with a low moan. He splashed heavily into the sea. The cool darkness surrounded him with a tightening gurgle. He saw for an instant how the mountains danced in the red sky. Then Little Sister seemed near, and she was weeping. "Then cry, Little Sister, cry," he gasped as the dark choked him and he went down forever. The interruption over, the nightingales of Valdarche resumed their songs of love

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A Cure for Stammering

By WINTHROP PACKARD

IT was a fine spring morning, and the Colonel and Macfugle both felt the inspiration of the clear air as they sat behind a pair of quick-stepping horses and sped along the turnpike.

"I don't quite know where Jones lives," said the Colonel; "but it is over in this neighborhood somewhere. I'll ask the blacksmith. He'll know."

They pulled up in front of the little shop, and the owner came out with his leather apron on. In response to the Colonel's inquiry, he pointed in the direction they were going and then began a most wonderful series of facial contortions, accompanied by persistent but vain attempts to articulate.

"You pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup," he stammered; "bub-bub-bub-bub-bub-bub-sis-sis-sis-sis-sis-sis."

"No, no," cried the Colonel; "I'm not looking for dogs or children. I want to find Bill Jones."

The other continued to point. "Wa-wa-wa-wa-wa-wa," he tried to go on; "tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut"—rising to a shrill crescendo; "dud-dud-dud-dud-dud-dud-*darn it!* drive on. You'll get there 'fore I can tell you."

"Get up!" said the Colonel and they sped down the road.

After a time Macfugle, who had collapsed into the depths of the buggy, sat up again.

"Young man," said the Colonel, solemnly wiping away a furtive tear; "you should never laugh at another's infirmity, especially in the presence of a third party. You see, that fellow is a relation of mine. He's a second cousin of some of my wife's folks."

"Well, I'm sorry for him," said Macfugle, recovering his equanimity; "but he seems to have a pretty bad case of — er — er defective articulation."

"Humph!" growled the Colonel. "Defective articulation so long as it's my wife's cousin, eh? Now I want to tell you about a fellow I met once up in Milford. I was driving across country up there some years back, and I stopped by the roadside to ask an old farmer to tell me the way. He pointed up the road, just about the way this fellow did, and began to say: 'You go on a mile and then tut-tut-tut-tut-tut — whooee, whooee.' (the Colonel whistled these last two sylables) 'take the first turn to the right. You gug-gug-gug-gug-gug — whooee, whooee, go a half mile further and it is a wa-wa-wa-wa-wa-wa — whooee, whooee, white house on your left.'

"Well, I thanked him and started to drive on, but my curiosity overcame my natural modesty and I turned back and asked him if he would mind telling me how he came to have this 'whooee, whooee' attachment to the rest of his peculiarities of speech.

"'Oh no', he said; 'I'd just as lief tell you. When I was a boy I used to sis-sis-sis-sis-sis — whooee, whooee, stammer badly, and there was an old doctor over in the next town that could cure everything. So my folks took me over to him, and he told me that if I would whistle twice every time I found I was going to stammer I'd be all right.

"'And so I tried it, and 'twarn't long before I found I'd got a dud-dud-dud-dud-dud-dud — whooee, whooee, darn sight worse habit than I had before.'

"There," said the Colonel jovially; "That's no relation of mine, and I reckon it's no case of defective articulation, either, is it? Comes pretty near a bad case of stuttering, don't it?"

"Well, yes," said Macfugle. "Fact is, I used to live up in Milford; all my folks came from there, and I knew that case of stuttering pretty well. That was my Uncle Bill."

The Colonel took the whip from the socket, but he did not use it where he really wanted to. Instead, he gave the horses such a flick with it that they ran pretty nearly a mile beyond Bill Jones' house before he could pull them up.

Love's Messenger

By SARA LINDSAY COLEMAN

IF Elizabeth had opened the door a few moments earlier and asked for the Baby, in a disappointed voice, the Baby's mother would have told her.

As it was, the mistress was across the street, talking to her dearest friend, and the maid was hanging over the fence, flirting with the gardener.

"Baby," called Elizabeth, as she went through the rooms down-stairs.

Baby heard; she didn't care to give information as to her whereabouts. The day began badly when she stepped out of bed on the wrong foot, and was a-piling up of agony. Poor Baby! The kitten scratched her when she loved and

squeezed it hard; the big doggie walked off in a dignified, rebuking sort of way when she offered him a stick and beseeched him to run a race; the little girl neighbors quarreled with her, called her a mean, snub-nosed thing, and flung themselves out of the play-room.

Baby's lonely heart yearned for companionship and sympathy, and she went to the side porch where Billy and the Jones boy were driving stage with the dining room chairs surreptitiously obtained — the dining room opened on the side porch.

"Oh-a," she gurgled, in delight.

"We won't have no passengers; we don't play with little girls, no time," yelled the stage drivers.

In all the sun-flooded world there was no one who wanted to play with her.

"Please-a," begged Baby.

"Nop."

"Please-a," wailed Baby, to inexorable ears. Suddenly her dimpled hand went out and fastened in the Jones boy's shock of red hair; the Jones boy was bending over unfastening a bridle rein, that his panting steed might drink.

Vengeance was swift. The print of his fingers showed white on the pink satin skin.

"Debbel," she shrieked, "black debbel!" Out floated Mother, ordered the Jones boy home, and bore the Wicked One through the long hall and into the dark closet under the stairs. Baby knew the closet in times of grief. There was an old doll there, and when her shrieks of rage had subsided she sat on a bag of rags and washed its ugly face with repentant tears.

The closet door swung wide, and Elizabeth, tall and beautiful, looked in.

"What are you doing in here?" she asked suspiciously.

"Dess a-thinking," said a voice of sorrow. Then, in an illuminating flash of thought, "Dess a-thinking how I loff you."

"You arrant little humbug!" The girl caught her up and crushed her to her.

Baby drew a long, rapturous breath. The world was beautiful once more, for she was beloved.

"Blessedest," said Elizabeth, "how dared they leave you here alone? I never heard of such a thing!"

She carried her up-stairs, washed off the tear stains, slipped on the best dress of all, dear Grannie's gift with the beautiful tatting, fastened the gold locket about her throat and went to the wardrobe for her hat.

"Fair we a-goin'?" asked a rapt, ecstatic voice.

"Baby's going," said Elizabeth, putting the hat on the shiny curls, "She's going to be a messenger of love, and carry a birthday present to poor sick Bobbins. She's going straight to Bobbins' house with a love locket—"

"Wiv a dimond!" excitedly.

"Oh, it isn't so fine as yours," laughed the girl. "Baby's going to say 'Bobbins, Bockka sent this with her love',and then she's coming straight home."

Elizabeth watched the sturdy little figure down the street—it was such a little way—and when her friend's gate was reached she turned indoors.

The young president of the First National was in his private office when Baby was ushered in.

"Why, Baby," he said in surprise, and he reached out a long arm and swept her up to his knee.

"I are loff's," she panted, the way had been long and hot, "I are loff's — somefin' —" She looked at him big-eyed and anxious. "Tell Baby!" imperiously.

"Did you bring some kind of a message?" asked Carroll, helplessly.

"Yes-a," she gurgled in delight. She opened the tight-shut fist—it was very dimpled and moist—and within was the love locket of gold — and Elizabeth.

She thrust it into his hand. "I are loff's messenger," she declared with triumph.

Carroll opened the locket.

Some old ancestress had bequeathed Elizabeth that subtle, upward carriage of the head. Her half-veiled eyes looked into his. It was the look—cool, isolated, exquisitely insolent—that she had given him two weeks before at the Middleton's dance.

"You've made a mistake," said Carroll, suddenly conscious of the child's eyes.

"I are not," said Baby stoutly.

"But, Baby, she's swept by me like an offended queen ever since. She'll have nothing to do with me."

"Bad?" questioned Baby; "say debbel?"

"Lord," said Carroll, "I believe I've go it!" He flung his hat into the air and caught it deftly, then he squeezed the life almost out of the small one who was laughing deliciously—it was sweet to be loved again.

Baby's eyes darkened. The memory of past griefs came down on her. She looked up through a shining mist of curls. "I are mean, Lonnie," she wailed. "I are snub-nosed."

"You're the finest thing in this town," Carroll declared, with enthusiasm, as he lifted her to his shoulder and went out.

"Baby, oh, Baby," called the little girls across the street, the little girls who used pleasant epithets and departed without ceremony, "come play with us."

Carroll opened the gate that led to Elizabeth.

"Tattin' dress," said Baby, a great longing in her eyes.

"Go," urged Carroll. "I'll make it O. K."

Baby went.

* * *

Since the night of the Middleton's dance there had been a fence of pride, very high and well run through with barbed wire, that Elizabeth had never for a moment let down. But there was absolutely no sense in keeping it up when alone and in a big, deserted house. She threw herself down among the parlor couch pillows, her dignity all crumpled up like a pricked balloon. It was His birthday, too.

Carroll crossed the room with two bounds and lifted Elizabeth from the couch.

"Baby brought me a gold heart," he said; but I want a warmer one!"

The fence went up.

Elizabeth stood well away from him—pink as to eyelids and nose, rumpled as to hair, but composed. With the ancestral lift to her head, and in her eyes the smile, half contempt, that he could not fathom.

"There's nothing in life worth having without you, Elizabeth," said Carroll, humbly. "I've known it for some time, but the knowledge has given me a ripstaving pain since the night of the Middleton's dance."

"I don't so readily adjust myself to new conditions," said Elizabeth, with cold eyes.

"The condition is old as the earth, sweet as heaven," stoutly.

Elizabeth wavered.

Carroll slipped an arm about her.

"But—" Elizabeth was putting up the fence.

"Dear," said Caroll, "I couldn't help that night I sat out three dances on the stairs with my best friend's sweetheart—I—I—"

"Oh, Lonnie," said a happy voice. "Why didn't you tell me?" she asked reproachfully.

Carroll, the generous one, was silent.

She stirred toward him.

"I've horrid moods," she said, sorrowfully; "you'll just have to make the best of my good ones."

Carroll's arm crept about her closer.

"Baby," said Elizabeth some hours

later, lifting a little one from a white bed, "didn't Auntie tell you to take little love locket to poor sick Bobbins?"

"Yes-a," whimpered Baby.

"Then why? I just want to understand."

Baby shook a tangled mop of hair over her guilty eyes.

"Tell Bokka," pleaded the girl.

"Nobody didn't love Lonnie," Baby squirmed her pink toes in distress, "an' he wanted to be dead-a."

A guilty wave of color crept to Elizabeth's brow. Baby heard things never meant for childish ears. Poor Baby! The heavy woe of the day overtook her again. She flung her arms about Elizabeth and sobbed: "I are mean! I are snub-nosed."

Elizabeth swept her into her own apartment and filled the grieved mouth with sweeties—they were strictly forbidden except for special days—then she stuffed the pink fists full.

"Blessedest," she said, "you're the beautifulest thing in the town."

The Door That Closed

By LAVON C. CHENEY

IT was a night, late in November, when one of the sudden changes for which our climate is remarkable had taken place, and in a very short space of time the temperature had changed from that of frosty exhilaration to that of decided sharpness. In fact, the mercury was traveling toward the bulb of the thermometer at an accelerated rate; in addition to this, the wind was blowing, which made the cold seem more intense; moreover, there was nothing about the hour, 2 a. m., that was at all cheering. The hour, the wind, the darkness, the cold, all served to ruffle the temper of Mr. Ellis, and as he, clad very inadequately for facing a cold drive in evening clothes and a light top coat, assisted his wife into the open buggy, he made some very emphatic remarks in regard to the change in the weather and the lateness of the hour.

He had arrived at an age when his idea of comfort found its fulfillment in the combination of a bright fire, a shaded lamp, an easy chair and a good book or magazine. A social affair, such as he had been attending, came as an unwelcome interruption to his ease.

Not that he was not willing to rejoice with his friend, David Horton, that he had accumulated ten years of connubial bliss, but, in addition to celebrating the tenth anniversary of his marriage, he lived about two miles out of town, and on a night like the present one this seemed a misdemeanor, in the eyes of Mr. Ellis, that he could not overlook.

"Why," he grumbled, as they drove along, "didn't he let us celebrate the event by our own fireside. How much better it would have been to simply send a note to everyone, stating the fact that he had arrived at the ten-mile post, telling us all to give thanks at precisely nine o'clock, say, and then go about our business. He might have sent some good cigars, too," warming to his subject, "and every man there tonight would—"

"You absurd creature," interrupted his wife, "everyone is not so selfish as you."

"What good does it do him to have us go careening through the air at a two-

forty gait on a night that would freeze the hair stiff on a dog?" he asked with increasing irritation.

"Don't drive so fast, then," mildly suggested Mrs. Ellis.

"Two o'clock at night is an ungodly hour, anyway," went on Mr. Ellis doggedly. A person who is not in bed at two o'clock does not deserve—"

"I have often known you to remain up until two o'clock reading," smilingly put in his wife; "but never mind, I told Emma to sit up for us, so the house will be warm. She can make us a cup of hot chocolate and add a few fresh lumps of coal to the fire in the library, and that will soon bring you to a more peacable state of mind."

Mr. Ellis opened his mouth as if to speak but discreetly closed it again. He had told Emma, just before they left, not to sit up for them, saying he would take a key to the front door. He did not think it necessary to mention the fact, as he argued that his wife could make the chocolate as well as Emma, and as for the door, he had the key.

Arriving at the house, his wife prepared to descend from the buggy after him.

"Hold the horse," he said, "He does not stand well. I'll get the door open, then come for you."

"Ring the bell, Emma is up," Mrs. Ellis called after him.

He did not seem to hear her, but ran hastily up the steps and began the search of his pockets. He failed to find anything resembling the door-key. In desperation, he tried every key on his ring, from the small key unlocking his desk to the large one opening the office door. The few that entered the key-hole at all seemed determined to stay there, and the struggle to get them out again was prolonged and voluble.

"*Ring the bell!*" called Mrs. Ellis as well as she was able for chattering teeth.

So he rang the bell. He rang it viciously, and he rang it many times. He took it out on the unoffending bell for having forgotten the door-key, although he well knew, in his guilty heart, that Emma was about as likely to hear the bell from her room on the third floor as he was to get in.

As he stood there with the sharp wind playfully trying to dislodge his hat, creeping boldly up his sleeves, down his collar and sportively tugging at his clothes, he felt himself being rapidly reduced to a solid. He must move or freeze to the doorstep.

He went stiffly down the stairs. "Emma seems to be asleep," he said hypocritically, "I will try the back door."

The Ellis home was one of a solid row of brick houses, and to gain the rear door it was necessary to go through the alley-way. The fence was what is commonly called a high board fence with a gate latching on the inside He felt around until he found a piece of a board, and, with its help, proceeded to mount the fence. His age, which was forty; his avoirdupois, which was something like two hundred and twenty pounds, and his extreme aversion to athletic sports, all rendered the undertaking a difficult one. He struggled to the top of the fence and dropped to the ground on the other side. His descent was rapid and was accompanied by a tearing sound.

"Hang the clothes," he said savagely.

He broke a pane of glass in the window, unfastened the catch, lifted the sash, and crawled into the dark kitchen. He was more familiar with the front part of the house than with the back, and directly he was in the dark room, all sense of direction seemed to leave him. He made vain efforts to find the door. He stumbled against chairs. He executed an elaborate bow over the stove when his knees came into contact with that article of kitchen furniture, and the

upper part of his body continued on its way, colliding violently with the stove-pipe. He plunged his outstretched hands into something so cold and clammy that he, involuntarily, gave a subdued shriek. The stuff clung to his hands and he, shudderingly, wiped them on the front of his overcoat, wondering if it could, by any chance, be the blood of the murdered girl, and if he would be held as an accessory to the crime. He went, or so it seemed to him, around the room again and again, and there was no door. When the broom fell, hitting him on the back, he made a long, terrified leap forward and struck the wall, violently. He leaned against it and tried to collect his thoughts. Would he ever get out of the place? Was he doomed to wander around in that black hole all night with that cold, clammy something for company? Should he make another effort, futile though it would probably be, to find the door?

He ran his hand along the wall, and it immediately came into contact with a door-knob.

Hah! At last! How foolish he had been to get bewildered in that way. He opened the door and passed through. What had become of his poor wife, sitting outside in the cold, or had the horse —a shower of tin pans, which he had pawed off the shelf with his outstretched hands, interrupted his reflections. Where was he? Evidently in a kitchen pantry. Did *they* have a kitchen pantry? He did not know.

He leaned weakly against the shelves and tried to remember whether or not he had ever seen a kitchen pantry in his house and, if so, what its location was. His mind seemed a blank.

Then came an inspiration. Matches! He dived into his pockets, and after prolonged search found a solitary match, lit it, and made his way safely from pantry to kitchen and from kitchen to hall.

The gas was turned low in the front hall, and as he emerged into the light he saw that the front of his coat was decorated with patches of dough. The key was in the lock, where he had left it.

He opened the door and hurried down to the buggy.

"What kept you so? I am chilled through and through," said Mrs. Ellis.

"Tell you after we get in the house. Hurry in and—"

Just then the door shut with a loud bang.

At the sound Mr. Ellis started. He clutched a near-by tree, as if in need of additional support. His eyes were glassy. His mouth worked convulsively without giving forth any sound.

The door had a *spring lock!*

Love In the Philippines

By MARY HELEN FEE

SEPARINA, the twelve-year-old muchacha, squatting on her heels, was thinking of Vicenti, the cook. Separina should have been paying attention to the English lesson, but thoughts of mightier import — notably, a desire to establish herself matrimonially — obtruded upon this labor.

Separina was perfectly formed, very dark, very pretty. She had the "short, pouting upper lip of beauty." Her long hair was knotted at the back, with one wisp curling jauntily outward like a horse's tail. She wore the preposterous

mestiza train, and because she had no petticoat (she said) draped it around her body, and tucked it in at the waist; a proceeding which made the train seem more superfluous than ever. Still, Separina did not see it in that light.

She lived with the two American maestras, and fell heir to their cast-off garments and such of their habits as they could induce her to acquire. Only that morning, a vagrant, dirty little "vapor" had steamed up the river with mail. The younger maestra, seizing upon the letters as they were brought in, greeted one with extravagant signs of joy—even kissed it.

"Love letters, love letters," said the older maestra. Then she laughed, then she sighed. "Lob let-ter, lob let-ter," repeated the astute Separina. *Letter* she knew; *love* was an unknown word.

Separina squatted and dreamed, while a droning attack upon the mother tongue went on. Suddenly her attention was arrested by a familiar sound.

"I love the name of Washington," read the girl next to her, and the teacher translated into Visayan: "*Aco-nagugma sang ngalan mi Washington.*"

Light was revealed to Separina's darkness. She arose and read with enthusiasm:

"*E lob dthe nyme of Washin'ton*
E lob mi contry, too;
E lob dthe flog, dthe dear ol-de flog
Ob red-de and-de wi-ite and-de blue."

That night Separina appeared with an old envelope, unearthed from the waste-basket. "May E hob a wan pencil?" she inquired. It was given, and Separina toiled perspiring by a cocoanut-oil lamp. A great inspiration had seized her. She would write a love letter to Vicenti in English, in English verse. This is the result of Separina's throes:

"*I love the name of Washington*
I love my country, too;
I love the flag, the dear old flag,
I love you too."

* * * *

"Is Vicenti in the house?" inquired the older maestra, very weary. "Is there any hope of luncheon?"

"Vicenti is not on the premises. He was here when I came in from school, and listened quite kindly to my suggestion about lunch. He has since disappeared, no one knows where."

"It really doesn't matter;" said the older maestra disgustedly, "He will say he was '*a la casa de su lavandera,*' in any case."

When a Filipino servant is out over time he is always detained at his washerwoman's. The excuse is worn threadbare, but he is not disconcerted. The maestras were so accustomed to this hackneyed lie for all Vicenti's absences, day or night, that they were now facetious about it, and once when the younger maestra complained bitterly of a yowling cat on the Chino roofs across the way, the older had mumbled sleepily that Thomas was calling at the *casa de su lavandera.*

Vicenti came in soon, brimming with an energy acquired at the foot of the stairs.

"Vicenti," said the maestra sternly, "this is simply outrageous. It is half past twelve, and the fire is not built."

"*Poco tiempo,*" said Vicenti sweetly, "*muy facil-el fuego.*"

He went on to the kitchen, and the maestra followed, meditating a lecture. She seated herself on the kitchen chair, —an upturned commissary box— while Vicenti, whistling *Just One Girl,* hung up his gauzy pina-cloth shirt, removed a twenty-inch belt of tanned leather, and, not in the least disconcerted by the lady's presence, discarded his white duck trousers. He then stood revealed, a supple, graceful young Filipino, clad in an undershirt of many colors and a pair of muslin pajamas. The ankle strings

dragged, but Vicenti heeded not. He broke eggs for pop-overs.

"Vicenti," said the maestra after long thought, "there is no denying you are a good cook."

Vicenti received this compliment with joy, but deprecatingly, with the courtesy of the Spanish trained servant. "Thanks to the goodness of the senora who had taught him the *cocina Americano*—"

"Never mind that. You *are* a good cook, but you have some habits which are simply abominable. We never have a meal on time. I don't know what to do with you."

Vicenti's courteous attention offered no enlightenment.

"You worked for Captain B—— of the Eighteenth two years. What did he do with you? Didn't he whip you?"

"Seguro the Captain did not. When he was '*muy enferdado*,' he said, 'Ell!—no mas.'"

The maestra's lip quivered. "Well, ladies do not say that," she said. "But I will not endure this irregularity of meals any longer. I believe you have bad companions."

Vicenti was hurt at the suggestion.

"You are late with every meal. Every night you slip out to a *baile*."

"*Pero costumbre aqui—soltero*," said Vicenti, vaguely troubled, and feeling aggrieved also.

"Costumbre or not, I won't have it any longer. Why are you *soltero?* Why don't you get a *matrimonia?*"

This remark, which was a final shot of weakness, Vicenti treated seriously. There were several reasons why he could not find a desirable article. He was a Tagalo, and the Visayan women were *muy mala*. But if the senora really desired it, and his wife could be muchacha, it might be advisable to *buscar*. Still, marriage was expensive; matrimoni-i in the church cost as much as twelve pesos, though cheaper on Sundays. He would look about him. Possibly a suitable lady could be found. *Si, si, puede encontrar*," repeated Vicenti soothingly.

His mistress left the kitchen, baffled and feeling foolish. This was Separina's golden opportunity. She slipped the note into the pocket of the pina cloth shirt, where it nestled down in the society of his cigarette package, and where he discovered it after lunch had gone in. He read it and grinned. He was popular with ladies, and Separina's conquest was not wholly unexpected.

Next day came the sewing woman, *la costadera*, and was installed, with her machine. Vicenti held some surreptitious conversation with her. A day or two later, she approached the maestra timidly. "Senora," she said, in her queer mixture of bad Spanish, Visayan and English, "*Busca matrimoni-i?—Vicenti—aco—puiya*—her ver' pret-ty."

"Gracious," cried the maestra, "I'm not keeping a matrimonial agency. Here, Vicenti, this woman is offering her daughter to you for a wife."

Vicenti, who had dropped in to get dinner, stopped with a sauce pan in one hand and a tin of lard in the other. "Separina wants a husband, too," he said with guile. "She told me so."

At this, the woman grew persistent. She had heard that the maestra wanted a wife for Vicenti—*muy bien costumbre*. These Filipino bachelors settled down wonderfully after marriage. With a wife in the house, the senora's breakfast would always be served on time. Her daughter could be muchacha *vice* Separina discharged. The senora had already given Separina much *roba*, but this could be reclaimed, and her daughter—"ver' pret-ty girl" would easily alter it to fit her. Separina was not the wife for Vicenti.

"Well, I should think not," said the maestra indignantly. "That baby! If I hear any more about it, I will box her ears. How old is your daughter, *costadera*?"

"Seguro,—still young—thirteen, perhaps, or a little more."

"No, senora," cried Separina in the background. "She is fifteen, and very ugly—very lazy. Always is she talking."

The maestra laughed, and sent them all about their business.

That was the beginning of domestic warfare in the house of the school teachers. The sewing woman's daughter came to assist her mother and to provoke Separina. Separina despised them both. Vicenti basked in the smiles of all. Then suddenly a common enemy drove them into alliance. Vicenti was suspected of having another love—a blooming muchacha of sixteen, whose mother would have none of him. "*Quiere robar*," they declared scornfully, and blackened his reputation at home and abroad.

Vicenti, interrogated, admitted that he was endeavoring to meet the senora's wishes, and find a wife worthy of himself and of the senora's household. This necessitated a wide field of investigation. '*Muy difficil*," said Vicenti, "*pero puede ver.—Si, puede ver.*

There came a winter day—day of pouring rain and gusty winds—with no Vicenti. Separina and the small muchacha, who cleaned shoes, made the fire and smoked the toast. Arrived the costadera and daughter, and followed a council of the afflicted in the kitchen, which finally invaded the sala. Seguro, they said, he had stolen the girl from her mother. He had "escaped." Separina was loud in her denunciations of "*aquel Vicenti.*"

But noonday brought sunshine and Vicenti. He was accompanied by a swarthy, pock-marked Filipina and a decidedly good-looking girl. "*Tengo matri-monia*," he announced triumphantly, and asked for advance pay one month for necessary ecclesiastical formalities.

"Give it to him," begged the younger maestra; "give him anything he wants, if we only get a decent lunch."

"Well, Vicenti," said the maestra, "The mother consents at last?"

"*Si, si—mi ma-trimonia, la madre.*"

"*La madre*! Do you mean to say that you are going to marry the mother?"

"Si, senora. Tiene lands, money—all time willin' herself."

"And that is why she wouldn't let you have the daughter. The wretched old hag! She ought to be ashamed of herself! And you too."

Vicenti looked grave, and murmured something about palay lands and caribaos.

"Well, if you think I am going to discharge Separina to make way for that set, you are very much mistaken. It is the most outrageous thing I ever heard of."

"*Costumbre aqui*," said Vicenti blithely. He began the usual shedding of apparel, preparatory to starting a meal. His guitar was leaning pensively against the wall on the bamboo back porch. Separina kicked it into the street, when neither he nor any of his new family were looking. The maestra saw, but did not rebuke. She murmured "*Costumbre aqui en Filipinas*," and went in to confer with the younger lady about the addition to their retainers.

CAPIZ, PANAY ISLAND, PHILIPPINES.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S "A FAREWELL"

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

A Friend of the People

By ADDISON CLARK

THE Honorable Thomas Burton was a stalwart young man, and good to look upon. In the legislature the Gentleman from Hill had been known for his readiness of speech, and for a certain domineering earnestness which had made him at once a leader of men. Just now there were two objects in his eye: one was congress, the other was Senator Bell's daughter Katherine. The heart affair seemed to promise less than the one of politics, for the young lady was not inclined to take him seriously.

On a July afternoon he sat with her under the live oaks in front of Senator Bell's handsome residence. He had been endeavoring for some time to compel her attention, but without success. She persisted in drawing him away to talk about the great democratic convention which was to assemble within a week, and about which the town of Bellville was already in a buzz of excitement. The young man became first eloquent, then angry, then sullen.

"Come, Mr. Burton," said Katherine, with the malicious sparkle still in her eyes, "don't be ill-natured, but listen to me. I've a regular political talk for you. You are a man of influence in the party, and now I'm going to tell you what you are to do; and don't you ever dare go contrary to your instructions." She shook her finger menacingly at him, then leaned over until her ripe lips came dangerously near his ear, and whispered:

"There's a plan on foot to beat Daddy in the convention."

"Who told you that?" asked Burton, giving her a quick look of surprise.

"Now don't ask troublesome questions," answered Katherine, "but just listen to what I am saying."

"Do you care to know what I think of that fellow Ainsley?" he questioned with a show of anger.

"Not at all, sir," responded she; "besides, it would be poor taste for you to criticise Mr. Ainsley to me."

"Perhaps so; but he's no friend of yours or your father's either, if he's been telling you such things as that."

"Mr. Ainsley is the governor's private secretary, and an admirable young man; your jealousy prevents your seeing his many good qualities. But listen: I've been studying politics lately, and have learned something. They are going to try to do something in the convention to hurt Daddy with the people.

"And who is *they?*" asked Burton.

"Why, who could it be but Governor Moss?" responded Katherine.

"A great big demagogue," emphatically asserted Burton. "His presumption is an insult to a decent people."

"Hush, fire-eater!" said she. "Let us say rather that he is a very shrewd politician. He wants something, and he knows how to get it. He has had two terms as governor, and now he is longing for the senate. Daddy's term expires next year, and if Governor Moss can persuade the people that Senator Bell no longer represents their interests, there will be a chance for him."

"He'll never do it. Senator Bell's long service and high standing are too well known. What has Moss to offer against those?"

"Talk, plausible talk. He is the inimitable friend of the people."

"He's not a friend of anybody but himself," asserted Burton.

"But he makes the people believe he is, which is quite as well. He represents them in their hatred of the corporations and the capitalists." The fair politician grew earnest; a pleasing red suffused her cheeks, and beneath her sleepy lashes her eyes sparkled. Burton began to manifest some interest. Possibly there was some ground for her suspicions. He had himself noticed a strange activity among the friends of Governor Moss, which portended some important political move.

"What is the nature of this conspiracy?" he asked, vouchsafing to Miss Katherine an indulgent smile.

"That I can't tell exactly," responded she; "but they've made out a pretty good case against Senator Bell. He's too modern, you know — wears high collars and a silk hat. They say he's out of sympathy with the people, that he favors the trusts, and all such things."

"Well, what are we to do about it?" asked Burton.

"What are you to do about it, you mean," answered Katherine, with decision. "You're to stop it, that's what you are to do. Get up before that convention and tell them that Senator Bell is the best friend the people ever had, and that he's in Washington now looking after their interests."

"Perhaps I can do something," said Burton, smiling at her enthusiasm; it was refreshing to have her think he could do so much. "I'll promise you that they won't push Moss on us without a big fight. Our delegation is solid for Bell, and they'll stand by me. If we only knew more about the governor's shady dealings, it would be easy. There's that tax veto; every member of the legislature believes that was bought; and that land grant was an outright steal. If we only knew as much as Ainsley—"

"Perhaps Mr. Ainsley would help us," said Katherine thoughtfully; "I'll ask him—but never mind; you can do it yourself. And remember, it is to be the fight of your life. If you fail, don't you ever dare look me in the face again."

"And if I succeed?" he asked suggestively.

"If you succeed," responded Katherine, dropping her eyes with a superb affectation of embarrassment, "why — why, I've no doubt some day you'll be a very great man."

* * *

The great state democratic convention was about to assemble. Everywhere was activity and excitement. Flags were flying and bands playing; hundreds of curious citizens thronged the streets; carriages dashed hither and thither. In the saloons and hotels enthusiastic delegates discussed noisily the merits of their favorites; committees and delegations met to formulate plans and policies; and all that complicated system of buyings and sellings, pledges and forfeits was set in motion, which constitutes the fascinating game of politics. A suppressed, unspoken excitement pervaded the air, as of some momentous issue as yet only half suspected. In the lobby of the Windsor hotel Governor Moss sat, industriously fanning himself with a palm leaf, and occasionally dropping bits of sage wisdom for the political chicklings that swarmed around him.

Burton passed from hotel to hotel, visiting the different headquarters, and "feeling" of the delegates. He soon discovered that there was a strong undercurrent of sentiment setting toward Governor Moss, which suggested some important development. By night he understood pretty well how things were going. He called together his delegation, with as many more friends as he could depend upon, and stated to them the situation.

"Men," he said, "we've the hardest kind of fight on our hands. They are

going to take advantage of Bell's absence to knife him tomorrow, and then explode Moss on the convention like a bomb-shell. It's not customary for the convention to nominate senators, and nobody is prepared for such a thing. Bell is in Washington, and hasn't even the faintest suspicion what's up."

"Are you sure of it, Burton?" asked one of his fellow delegates.

"Oh, there's no doubt about it. I got it from Bynan, and he knows. I believe three-fourths of the delegates are ready now to vote for Moss. We'll have to work hard, and no mistake. The trouble is there is so little to take hold of. Moss has worked that railroad and trust business until he is solid with the country and the small towns. If we could only stir up something against him—"

"How about the tax veto and the land grant?" asked one of his friends.

"That's all newspaper talk," responded Burton. "Of course we all believe that he's rotten, and that all this talk against trusts and corporations is buncombe; but unless we can prove it, it won't do any good to call him names. We'll have to fight it out on Bell's record, that's all. I'll see that they don't get anything into the platform that will hurt us."

"That's right, Burton," unanimously responded his associates. "You fight them to the last, and we'll stand by you."

Burton and his few friends on the platform committee soon saw that everything had been fixed before hand. The platform proposed was little more than a declaration of Moss' pet theories. It was an ingenious mixture of bombast and plausibility, directed especially against railroads, trusts, and other so-called enemies of the people. The friends of Senator Bell discovered at once the plan of attack. It was known that he was not in favor of the policy of the administration; he believed the severe laws recently passed under the influence of Governor Moss were merely political measures, and injurious to the commercial interests of the state. This left him open to the charge of being willing to encourage trusts and other representatives of wealth; it was even intimated that he had sold his influence. It was upon this issue that Moss was to make his fight before the convention.

When the hour came for the platform committee to report, the big auditorium was jammed. Upon the lower floor set apart for the delegates every seat was occupied. The galleries presented a motley array of faces, all aglow with a prescience of the coming conflict. A noise like the murmuring of many waters swept through the great hall. Upon the stage sat Governor Moss, serene and confident, surrounded by the leaders of the party. In the gaily decorated boxes hundreds of women chatted and laughed while they watched, curiously, the animated spectacle below. Burton, from his seat to the right of the main aisle, cast his eyes over this kaleidoscope of fluttering ribbons and waving fans until he found Katherine. She saw him, and leaning over the railing smiled down at him in a way that set his heart beating rapidly, and nerved him for the approaching struggle.

The chairman arose and rapped loudly upon the table. After several attempts, he succeeded in making himself heard. "Gentlemen of the convention," he shouted, "The committee on platform and resolutions is ready to report."

The noise subsided until only a suppressed murmur filled the room, like the buzzing of a million bees. The secretary arose to read. As section after section was passed the convention grew every moment more excited. Burton watched with deep concern this increasing enthusiasm. He saw the smile broaden upon the face of Governor Moss at each new chorus of cheers, and

felt that every moment the case was growing more hopeless.

Then, as the secretary finished reading and sank into his seat, the delegates were upon their feet, yelling wildly and calling for Moss. Only the few friends of Senator Bell remained sullenly in their seats. Burton's heart sank within him; nothing could now stay the overwhelming tide of enthusiasm. But he must try; he must say something before it was too late. He looked up to the box where Katherine sat, to find inspiration for the task, but she was talking earnestly to someone — it looked very much like Ainsley — and appeared unconscious of what was going on around her.

Burton stood upon his chair and endeavored to make himself heard. "Mister Chairman! Mister Chairman!" he shouted; but in that vocal tempest no sound could be distinguished. "Moss! Moss! We want to hear Moss!" was the cry that rang from a thousand throats. The chairman turned helplessly to where the governor sat. The big man hesitated a moment, swept his eyes quickly over the animated audience, then slowly arose with a smile of triumph upon his face. For a moment the uproar was deafening; then, as he raised his hand and stood waiting for silence, the frenzied cheering subsided to an eager murmur, and he began to speak.

"Boys," said he in that familiar manner which went straight to the hearts of those sturdy sons of democracy, "I am glad to hear you cheer that way. It means that you are going to adopt the platform presented by your committee. It means that you are going to nominate men to office who will carry out the will of this convention. It means that the rights of the poor man are no longer to be placed at the mercy of unprincipled corporations and capitalists; that the people have at last risen to declare that this great commonwealth shall not become the prey of the iniquitous representatives of the money power."

Then for an hour he continued to address them upon his chosen theme, playing upon their prejudices and passions, as a master touches the strings of his favorite instrument. And when he had finished the whole assembly arose and with one voice raised aloft his name. The moment there was a lull in the cheering, a dozen men sprang to their feet and moved the adoption of the platform. Burton again struggled to make himself heard, but was cried down by the hoots and cheers of the men around him. The chairman's lips moved, and a wild chorus of "ayes" shook the roof; there was an instant's pause, then a few feeble "noes."

"The report of the committee is adopted!" shouted the chairman, "and the gentleman from Dawson has the floor."

It was going just as Burton had feared. They were rushing things through in a storm, giving no time or opportunity for the opposition to make itself heard. The speaker who had been recognized by the chairman, after a brief encomium on the great party, closed with a brilliant peroration, placing in nomination for the senate His Excellency Samuel Allen Moss. Instantly it was moved and seconded that the nomination be made by acclamation. A thousand voices clamored loudly for the question. The chairman raised his hand for silence. The noise subsided, and he was about to put the question, when a man was seen making his way down the aisle to the front of the platform. He clambered uncermoniously over the railing, and stood upon the edge of the stage with arm upraised and a look of determination on his face.

"Mister Chairman! Mister Chairman!" he cried in a voice of thunder. The chairman turned and recognized the gentleman from Hill. His sudden

appearance took the crowd by surprise; but soon divining that he was about to oppose the motion, they determined to yell him down.

"Sit down! Sit down! We do' want to hear you! Question! Question!" they shouted in deafening confusion, every time Burton opened his mouth to speak.

He waited patiently for several minutes, but the confusion did not abate. He saw that they were deliberately trying to howl him down. Then a wave of anger swept over him, making his blood boil. "Cowards!" he shouted, shaking his fist defiantly in their faces. A roar of derisive laughter was the answer. It stung him to fury. With arm upraised he towered above the jeering mob, and poured out upon them a burning flood of invective and defiance.

"Fools and cowards! Would you deny me the right to speak to this convention? (Cheers and groans) You are afraid to hear me speak, you cowardly scoundrels! (Loud laughter, and cries of "Sit down! You've talked long enough! Sit down!") I will not be howled down by a lot of drunken rowdies! I represent the people, and I will speak to this convention! ("No you don't! We're the people! Sit down! Sit down!") I am a free man, and I have a right to speak to this convention! (Whoops and wild yells) I have a right to speak, and I will speak, if it takes till tomorrow morning!" (Cries of "Put him out! Put him out! Question! Question!)

The chairman, to divert the attention of the delegates, asked the band to play, and for a time the tumult of voices was drowned in the fulminating strains of a boisterous patriotic air. But when it was finished the cheering began again. The excitement spread to the galleries; old men, women and boys forgot themselves and yelled for no better reason than because other people around them were yelling. The chairman begged for order that the gentleman might go on with his speech, but in vain. The whole house was in an uproar; hundreds of men were on their feet, talking angrily and shaking their clenched fists in each other's faces. And all the time the gentleman from Hill strode up and down the stage, glaring threateningly to right and left.

The very violence of his enemies began at length to tell in Burton's favor. The saner ones among them urged their less considerate associates to allow him to proceed with his speech. In the boxes the sympathy was all with him. He chanced to look up and saw Katherine standing erect, her cheeks pale with intense anger, and her eyes flashing down contempt and hatred upon the hooting men below. As she caught Burton's eye she leaned far out of the box, raised her hand, and stood looking intently at him. Then with a smile she tossed her fan so that it fell down at his feet. The crowd set up a furious cheering. Burton picked up the fan, and acknowledged it gracefully with a bow, which again set the convention wild. He kept his eye fixed on Katherine. She seemed to be saying something to him. At first he could not understand; then it came to him like a flash. He opened the fan and saw that there was writing upon it. "Bravo Tom! I have the papers—tax veto and land grant—at back of stage. Now go for them right!" And even as he finished reading a man from behind handed him a bundle of papers.

For a moment he felt dizzy. All that surging sea of faces swam before him. He seemed to be falling through the floor. But, with a great effort, he recovered himself, and stood for a moment looking out over the frantic assembly, while he gathered his strength for a final effort. Then, advancing to the extreme edge of the platform, he roared out in a voice like the bellowing of a mad bull:

"Cowards and curs I call you, who

would hoot down a fellow citizen!" Before those thundering tones the lesser voices shrank as if appalled, grew fainter, trembled for an instant upon the verge of a new outburst, then died away to an awed, uneasy whisper. At last the man from Hill was to have his turn.

In stinging terms he rebuked the assembly for refusing him the right to speak; and when he had voiced his indignation, he went on to condemn their unfair and unusual method of procedure. He denied the right of the convention to nominate a senator, when the matter had not been previously referred to the people. For an hour he pleaded eloquently in behalf of Senator Bell, and denounced the man who had endeavored to supersede him. Then he opened the package of papers which he held in his hand and began to read; and as letter after letter, document after document was read, the vast assembly, lately so boisterous with enthusiasm, sat in speechless silence. The friend of the people stood convicted before them; and the whole state adminstration was implicated in gross inconsistencies and disloyalty to the party. The revelations struck the people dumb; they sat as if entranced.

"Gentlemen of the convention," said Burton, when he had finished reading, "I have but one thing to ask of you: it is that you do not hastily withdraw your favor from a man who has served you long and well to bestow it upon a man like that."

As he passed to his seat the people sat for a time in silence, unable for very conviction to dispute or deny the charges he had made. But slowly, as if from a trance, they began to awake. Then from aisle to aisle, from delegation to delegation, up from the stage and the lower floor to the fluttering boxes and frantic gallery, reverberating to every corner of the mighty hall rolled a thundering cheer: "Hurrah for Burton! Hurrah for Bell! Hurrah for Burton and Bell!" A voice from somewhere in the gallery, attuning itself to a shrill key shouted, "Where's Moss?" A roar of mocking laughter was the answer; for the friend of the people had stolen away, and was nowhere to be found.

As Burton passed to his seat his friends rushed forward and gathering around him, showered upon him their congratulations. He hurried through with these as quickly as possible and went to find Katherine.

"Oh, Mr. Burton!" she said earnestly, while her cheeks glowed with a rich, triumphant red; "it was just splendid! You did come back at them nobly."

"Thank you," responded Burton; "but it seems to me that you had a good deal to do with it. Where did you get those papers?"

"Sh! You mustn't ask me," she replied. "They were some letters that I found."

"And to think that I was jealous!" exclaimed the young man.

"Jealous! Oh, Tom!" And she gave him a look that more than compensated him for the indignities he had suffered.

A few months later the democracy of the seventh district, seeking a reliable and aggressive man to represent it in congress, conferred the nomination on the Honorable Thomas Burton, and he was easily elected. And a little later he was likewise simultaneously nominated and elected to another responsible position, wherein the constituency, though much smaller, was equally valuable and hard to please.

I say no man has ever yet been half devout enough, none has ever yet adored or worshipped half enough, none has begun to think how divine he himself is, and how certain the future is.—*Walt Whitman.*

The Stampede

By JOSEPH BURKE EGAN

WITH swift, accurate hands they saddled their horses. No one spoke. The danger was too pressing. "Head the herd south; keep it down the wind to Pine River." The little hut was left to its fate. A long way off on the prairie, like a rim of rubies on the sky-line, burned the innumerable flames of the fire. The encircling air was thick with the flying soot of grass. A suppressed murmur seemed to tremble through the ground, a murmur not loud, but continuous and deep and full of a foreboding, mysterious power.

The little sky-larks and field birds were getting up in the grasses; the atmosphere grew full of their aimless twitterings. Now and then a hare from up country came bounding by, going down wind to Pine River. In the distance the shrill scream of the owl, affrighted on her noiseless wing, and the bark of the prairie dog grew loud and more loud. Now and then a rustle by in the grass, a silvery gleam, a metallic whirr from a rattle. The snakes too were moving; instinct sped behind each living thing and urged it on. All were friends in the common peril.

The herders had separated; one of them, looming huge and indistinct in the subdued light, rode swiftly along the top of a little hummock; below him lay the vast herd still sleeping: now and then a tremor passed over it, as though a phantasm of the coming danger had crept into the animals' sleep and warned them. At the sound of the herder's approach the leaders, great bulls of many years and battles, sprang to their feet. For an instant they stood as though dazed, then with one accord they flung up their lowered heads and breathed in the smoke-scented air; the gleam of the fire flickered in their dilated eyes. They shook their heads angrily, snorted and pawing up the ground with their fore feet threw it over their shoulders.

At these sounds the whole herd rose like a wave. Then began one of the most terrible sights the eye of man has seen. The stampede; the mad flight of thirty thousand head of cattle. The great herder rode on the flank. He sent his deep voice over the backs of the moving mass, in a vain endeavor to stay its mad flight; it was lost at his shoulder in the roar of hoofs. He tried to sing to them; but had a voice been given him that would reach for miles it would have been a murmur when compared to the deep thunder of the flight; insensibly the pace quickened; the rear crowding on the advance; from a trot it grew to a gallop, from a gallop it grew to a mad rush. The hoarse breathing and bellowing of those thousands of throats sounded like the roar of a great waterfall, mightier and more awe-inspiring than Niagara. The jostling and rustling of their bodies seemed like the rush of a vast wind in a pine forest. The clatter and thud of their hoofs rose like summer's thunder over it all.

Behind, the fire crept closer. It had moved down from its position on the sky-line, and loomed up on the prairie like a great circle of red wigwams. By the lurid light the dense smoke of the conflagration could be seen. It rose like a pillar of granite, and hung down over the fire-like draperies of lead. The

air was filled with thousands of birds, twittering and fluttering aimlessly, drawn to their deaths by the mysterious influence of the fire. The earth on the flanks of the herd swarmed with snakes. They jostled one another, rattler and black and copperhead, and made nothing of it. Over them, unmindful of their fangs, bounded hundreds of rabbits and great jacks, and yonder passed a herd of deer swift as the wind. In among them and after them went the gaunt wolves and coyotes, their red tongues lolling from their mouths. Nature had reconciled their enmities and in the common peril the gaunt wolf held companionship with the fawn.

Now the stampede grew wilder; the terrible pace was telling. Thousands of mangled bodies strewed the ground in the wake of the herd. Mother and calf and old bull, caught in the whirling vortex of bodies and hurled to the ground, were crushed and trampled into a shapeless mass of flesh and blood. The ground wriggled with trampled snakes and groaned with stricken steers. Here and there lay a horse. Near one of the latter was a dark bunch, blood-soaked and dead. Only a white brow and eyes set in a terrible agony told of the death struggles of a brave man. Some one who had been presumptuous enough to oppose his little might to the irresistible power of the stampede. Only the strongest in the herd were left now; as they ran their horns jostled together. The crimson light of the fire blackened the shadow under their feet and lengthened it before them. They madly endeavored to run over it, to pass beyond it; but the sheet-like flames grew nearer, moving like the advance of a great tide over the grass. Every moment the tumult grew wilder; wilder, till the air was full of strange cries and wails; wilder, till all order seemed lost, till chaos threatened; wilder, till the earth shook and trembled.

A little ravine sank across the path of flight. In an instant it was full to the brim with mangled bodies; the rest passed over the living bridge. There was need of haste, the river was still at some distance, the flames were nearer. They crawled in the high grass like snakes. They curled down the gopher holes and leaped into the air; they embraced the thick weeds and sizzled on fat cacti. Their advance rushed on in a mad conquest, leaving behind a matted mass of fire. Now the heat scorched the herd. The stampede had reached its height. In the distance lay Pine River, red with the reflection of flames. Into its deep waters the herd dashed with a thundering roar. The rear crowded the advance, the flames crowded the rear. The fire burned under the feet of the last as they rushed down the bank, roaring and bellowing. Like an avenging army the sheets of fire rolled down to the water's level. The flames stood for a moment on the edge of the cliffs with red arms cast above their heads, then cowered and shrank back. In one hour of time the vast prairie had been turned from a rich green plain filled with flowers and kine, to a barren waste, strewn for miles with embers and the blackened bodies of innumerable beasts.

LOVE'S TOUCH

CICELY'S fingers wander lightly
O'er her silver-stringéd lute;
Though she touch it ne'er so slightly,
Wakes its song, (where once 'twas mute).

So when press those slender fingers
On my heart-strings, hushed ere this,
Other music lives and lingers,
Thrilling all my soul with bliss.

SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI. *Pauline Frances Camp*

The Bitterness of Death

By E. CRAYTON McCANTS

I.

IT was early in the summer morning. The rays of the newly risen sun burst through the leafy branches of the overhanging trees and fell in floods of yellow light upon the wayside flowers, or broke into luminous spray against the reflecting spheres of the dew-drops that tipped like crystal the upright blades of the fresh young grass. The thrushes in the hedge-rows, the mocking birds in the mulberry trees, and the field sparrows in the stunted bushes whistled and chirped and sang; while the farmer coming home from the town where his business had kept him over night, caught the infection in the bird notes and whistled too, and laughed because it was good to live. Far away over the rounded hills there was a tinkling of bells as the cattle went forth to pasture; nearer, the clear air was vibrant with indistinct sound, and past all and over all swept the morning breeze, scented with the breath of the dew-laden blossoms and the good earthy odor of the rested world. And here and there where the low, weather-beaten farm-houses stood, columns of curling smoke rose high in the thin air, proclaiming the tidings afar that it was breakfast time in the country.

Stirred by the evidence of the hour, and urged by the demands of a sharpened appetite, the farmer brushed his horse into a long swinging "lope" which quickly brought into sight the low, white house that he called "home." Truly it was his home. Here his father had lived, and his grand-father, and here he in his turn had brought his wife. That was two years ago now, and happiness and rude plenty and love were a part of the old white house.

Out in the yard the yellow sunflowers nodded a salutation to the great broad sun, the hens led their piping broods about, and even the ducks quacked a boisterous welcome. How good it was, thought the farmer, to be at home again.

Dismounting, he threw his bridle-rein over a hook in an oak tree that stood before the gate and entered the enclosure; then, for the first time he noticed that the house seemed closed and that here, at least, no smoke came curling from the kitchen chimney.

"Sally must be a sleepin' late this mornin'," he said, half jestingly, half to reassure himself, for a queer sensation had risen in his throat. Sally had been alone last night. What if—? He steadied himself with an effort and resumed his whistling as he walked up the steps and tried the door. It was locked.

The hens clustered about his feet clamoring to be fed, the bees droned lazily among the sunflowers, a cardinal flashed his gaudy colors through the opening of a thicket in the orchard, a mocking bird swinging on an apple bough filled the air with song; but the man, filled with a vague alarm, hurried unheeding around the house and looked in at the open door. The stove, freshly polished, stood in one end of the room, at the other was the table with the dishes upon it, all orderly as they had been placed the evening before. Near the door a chair had been overturned, other-

wise the room was as if the dainty housewife had but just stepped over the threshold.

As he peered in at the door he hesitated, half expecting her to leap out from some hiding place and laugh at his terror. A mouse nibbled and scratched among the crusts in the cupboard. All else was still.

"Sally?" he called in a quavering voice. The mouse stopped scratching. There was no answer.

"What a fool I am," he said aloud. "She has only gone to a neighbor's."

Stepping in he went to the bedroom door and halted again. What if — Almost his heart stopped beating.

"Pshaw!" He threw the door open with a jerk. Then he reeled back, screaming hoarsely and grasping at the walls for support. Almost at his feet lay the body of his wife. There were finger marks at the throat. He knew! ah God, he knew!

But he made no further outcry. His face twitched convulsively and his eyes grew dry and staring, but his step was firm and his hand steady as he took down a shotgun from its rack on the kitchen wall. With painful deliberation he opened the gun and examined the cartridges, and then, as the blood surged back and suffused his white, set face he threw the weapon to the floor. He wanted no gun. No! He must grasp that devil by the throat and kill him slowly — as she had been killed. Ay, he would thrust him down on the hard, dry, pitiless earth, pound his upturned face till the quivering flesh should open and gape and bleed, rend the life piece by piece from the shapeless mass, and listen and laugh at its moaning.

He shook with a spasm of fury, a dry, snarling cry burst from his lips, and rushing from the house, he seized a rough stone and started to find the man. Then a sense of his helplessness came, and of his loss; and, falling face downward in the roadside grass, he prayed that he might die.

II.

It was almost sunset. The yard and the orchard were filled with men. All were heavily armed, and a stern, unearthly quiet prevailed. A half dozen of beyond middle age, some grizzled by exposure to sun and rain, some whitened by long service at desk or counter, conferred together and now and then gave directions. Small squads came and went almost on tiptoe. The doer of the deed was known. The hounds, brought from the county prison on the noon train, were slowly tracking him through the dense swamps along the river. The sheriff had come and gone, for what could he do? The people from whom he derived his authority had taken the power back into their own hands. Not a man would do his bidding.

But few negroes were present, and these old and well known. Between the two races, who until this time had worked contentedly side by side, there was now deep distrust. They looked at each other askance; there were few words. Not that the negroes would shield the offender. Among themselves they were outspoken in their condemnation of the deed. But they knew the white man. When his women are touched he is as dangerous as a lioness robbed of her whelps — he smites first and justifies afterwards — therefore they kept away from him.

In one corner of the yard, however, a gray-haired negro preacher was trying to talk to some of the men, but they turned from him as they had already turned from the clergyman of their own race — an old man, who had baptized their children and buried their dead for a generation past. Seeing that no one would listen, the old negro turned away with downcast and hopeless eyes. Then with a trembling hand, he lifted from

his head his rusty and battered black silk hat—the emblem of his calling and his office—and knelt down humbly in the trodden dust. The white preacher saw him there and was touched. He forgot that the man was black — he saw only an old man pleading with his God. Very quietly he came and knelt down beside him. Surely God would hear. But when they arose the crowd was streaming away toward the river.

"Silas," said the white man, "let us follow; there will be trouble yonder."

"But, Marse Jack,—" hesitated the other, his dark face growing ashen with horror.

"Yes, I know, Silas. But the Lord's work?"

"The Lord's will be done," said the negro, and they followed the crowd.

In one room of the house was a man crazed with grief. A few friends sat watching him as he raved or called aloud for his wife who was dead. A black woman, bent with age, came in at the door and he cursed her. The tears sprang into her faded eyes, but she came forward and touched him as tenderly as a mother touches her babe.

"Don't know me, sonny?" she asked softly, "Don't know yer ole black mammy?"

She sat down and took his hand between her withered palms. Her thin, cracked voice rose in a simple song — a song with which she had hushed him to sleep many a time, before he had known the world and its bitterness and its sorrow. The wild light died from his eyes and his head dropped forward.

"Come along, sonny. Let Mammy put yer ter bed." And holding to her hand, like a little child, he suffered her to lead him away.

III.

Lying in the deep shadows of the cane, in the thickest portion of the river swamp, was a black man. He was low of stature but strongly built, and his face was as the face of a beast. He was hungry and thirsty, but he dared not venture forth. His own people would turn from him with loathing, and would set the white man on his track. And the white men—his frame shook with a nervous chill. Would night never come, that he might put miles between himself and the accursed spot? He buried his face in his arms and tried to stop thinking.

What was that? Was she screaming still? No; only the weird cry of a screech-owl in the dark recesses of the swamp. But that other sound? He sat bolt upright and listened!

Far up the river, but reverberating down his track like the voice of doom, came the deep, bell-like mouthing of a hound. He had not thought of this. The cold perspiration stood in great beads upon his forehead. For a moment he stood paralyzed; then leaping through the briars and the tangled cane, he ran. Death—death in its most horrible form—was close at his heels. His shoes impeded him—he kicked them off and ran on.

As he came to a little stream, he remembered that the dogs could not scent him in the flowing water, and turning he waded down it. The baying of the great dog was nearer now. There was no more time — he sprang upon the marshy bank and plunged again through the tangled swamp. The blackbirds rose in clouds before him, the rabbits hastened out of his path—he did not see them. A rattlesnake whirred a danger signal just ahead; he did not hear it.

Ha! What sharp, stinging thrust was that upon his ankle? A thorn, perhaps. Death was too near for a man to stop for trifles, and so he ran on.

IV.

A party of puzzled but determined men stood at the brink of the little

stream. Night was coming fast. For an hour they had tried in vain to strike the lost trail afresh; until now the tired, baffled dogs stood still at the edge of the water and gazed wistfully into the thickets beyond.

"It's all right," said one of the men, "He's in this swamp. So much we know, and every inch around it is guarded. We'll have him before daylight comes again."

The others acquiesced but they lingered, searching aimlessly about. Presently the two old men, the white and the black, came laboring up. Their limbs had lost their vigor and the others had left them far behind. The white man was almost exhausted.

"I am very tired and dry, Silas," he said, "Let us go to the river and drink; the water is purer there."

They waded through a stretch of swamp and came down to the brink of the swirling, gliding water. A little way off a strange-looking object lay. They went up to it and saw the swollen, bloated corpse of the hunted man. Two tiny punctures on his ankle showed the manner of his death.

The white man fell upon his knees:

"'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' saith the Lord," he quoted solemnly.

"Amen," echoed the negro.

Then they called the others.

A Little Group of Native Songs

"THERE IS A QUIET SPOT"

THERE is a quiet spot that calls
To me when hawthorn blossoms blow,
Where sunlight through the linden falls
Upon the clovered hush below.

'Tis there wing'd Peace comes down to me;
'Tis there my heart interprets clear
God's promise of the years to be:
There, at the grave of my Most Dear.

W. J. Elmendorf

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.

ALL SOUL'S DAY

WITHIN the church on All Soul's Day
I knelt with those uncomforted,
Who bowed their weary heads to pray
Their sad prayers for the happy dead.

We, with the sting of tears still hot
Upon our faces, prayed for those
Who have forgot all tears, forgot
The long-passed pageant of old woes.

We, with the anxious soul and brain,
Prayed peace for those who ever dwell
In that great calm that follows pain
Safe-housed in God's white citadel.

Oh, futile, tender mockery!
We, hampered, fettered in the strife,
Should pray for those glad souls made free
Of the great burden that is life.

Dear God, another prayer I said—
Humbly I asked who might not give,
Pray ye for us, thrice happy dead,
For us who live, for us who live!

Theodosia Garrison

NEW YORK CITY.

MON DESIRÉ

AMIDST the throng one moves in softest grey,
Uplifts to mine a glance of shy surprise:
With chastened mien, wide-eyed, serene; beneath—
What slumbrous passion lies?

Fair temple! framed by le bon Dieu, to guard
The flame celestial bright: in Vestal true,
A chaste enduring light that doth but serve
To swell each charm anew.

Be mine the raptured bliss to feed the fire,
That steady burns till journey's farthest reach;
Of love that when all else in shadow falls,
Still answers sensate speech.

Minnie Nelson Hinds

WINCHESTER, MASS.

MARRIED AND MATED

THE vows were said which made them one
For happiness or woe;
They pledged themselves thro' light and gloom
Together e'er to go.
The echo of the wedding bells
Came slowly, as if freighted
With more than bliss, to those who now
Were married — were they mated?

The bridal gown was put aside,
The veil was laid away:
A frock was donned to suit the needs
Of somber every-day:
Dropped threads of life were gathered up,
And two lives joined were fated
To walk the path of days as one,
Wedded—but were they mated?

"Two lives with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one";
Two souls to strive in unison
Till strife of life is done.
One life with doubled force for joy,
And usefulness, ne'er rated:
Thus is a marriage made in Heaven,
And two souls here are mated.

They "know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
But only know they cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."
And as they climb to loftier planes —
Tho' slow, and oft belated —
With hand in hand, and heart to heart,
They'll go—for they are mated.

Mildred Tate Wells

DARDEN, MISSISSIPPI.

I HEARD A LARK

(From John McGovern's *Poems*)

I HEARD a lark amid the morning clouds
That wrapt his flight of song. As if that lark,
Seer of the dawn, rose on prophetic wing,
The sun now gorged the canyons of the sky,
And, all the barriers of the zenith breaking,
On happy Earth there flowed a shining ocean.

With this thing seeing, I, poor wonderling,
Made half of saddened sunlight, raised mine eyes,
Cast off my baser part, and grew eternal.
Lark of the earth, thy song shall still go on
When mocking blasts bestrow thy tiny plumes.
E'en now thy notes of earlier Spring may be
Well out upon an awful pilgrimage,
Where dumb, despised, unshapen worlds go by,
And all is dark forever. Yea, although
The hand of Cruelty might scarcely feel
Thy heart-beats in its grasp, not less thy cry
May probe eternity, to leave behind
Faith's low petition and Doubt's loud harangue.

John McGovern

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

THE CHANDLER TREE

WE are bent, my brother; the heavy load
Is a galling one for the dusty road
Of the years which stretch in unbroken line,
To the fate that's yours and the fate that's mine;
So, to hide my tears, I direct my gaze
Toward the borderland of those boyhood days
When the orchard sod was a tropic sea—
And a fruitful isle was the Chandler tree!

I can see you now—as you hugged your knee,
With your back to the pole of the gnarled old tree,
With your brown toes sunk in the yielding sand—
And the juicy fruit in your dexter hand,
Through the sugared rift in its piebald hide,
Was a glimpse of the pink-veined meat inside—
And the sun-flecked shade of that Chandler tree
Was a land of plenty to you and me!

I can see you, too—as you crooked the tip
Of your index digit, and gave a flip
To the over-venturesome, greedy bee
That was bent on pilf'ring the sweets that we
Held all our own—as a special joy
That the Lord had made for the barefoot boy!
And the mottled shade of that Chandler tree
Was a kingdom ruled by you and me!

Ah, those days are gone, with the sticky stains
Of the apple-juice—but the tang remains;
The familiar tang of the wine we lipped—
'Twas a drink divine that the gods ne'er sipped!
Then a smack—a taste; and I'll lift my load,
And go plodding on down the dusty road
Of the years which stretch in unbroken line—
To the fate that's yours and the fate that's mine!

James Ball Naylor

MALTA, OHIO.

Phases of American Affairs

By FRANK PUTNAM

CONCERNING AN ALLEGED SHORTAGE IN THE BABY CROP

THERE are ten men fit to command an army, against one man fit to father a family. Is it possible that a recognition of this fact is the inspiration of the visible revolt from the marriage altar — race-suicide, the president terms it?

As a matter of course, this, like all other social phenomena, is the result of economic causes, not of moral decline.

As for "race-suicide," I know no race except the human race, and that is certainly increasing in numbers. I am not deeply concerned for exceptional race-fragments which from obvious causes decline, perhaps perish. There are plenty left—and the best are always left. If the French and the Australians and the Americans of the early stock have ceased to breed as rapidly as they die, why, they will in time disappear, and nobody the worse for it. Their places will be taken by immigrants of later date, who will multiply and replenish the earth quite rapidly enough to supply the demand for men and women to do the world's work.

A Baseless Fear

As many as a dozen men of various stations and conditions of life have told me, during the last half dozen years, that they feared the world would be harder on their children than it had been on them. We are in the midst of vast economic changes. No wonder these are not clearly understood by the majority—or by any. No wonder their portents fill the minds of the many with dread. We *seem* to see, even in this freest country on earth, the liberties of the individual abridged, slowly, steadily; the rights of man subordinated to the rights of property; and it is not surprising that many now of mature years should fear for the future of their children.

There is no real reason to fear. The individual in this country, and in every civilized country on earth, was never so free as he is today. The forms of tyranny survive in most constitutions, and men are not lacking, in legislatures and courts, to give temporary effect to these legally permissible tyrannies. These are the expiring efforts of the old order. We have outgrown all our constitutions; and our legislators—even our courts—now take their law direct from the People. Education is making men free — and nothing under heaven can stop its operations. Invention is emancipating men and women from the back-crooking, heart-breaking manual labor of the world, and no power of human greed can long prevent the just

and equal diffusion of the benefits of invention. Patents expire, prices fall; that which yesterday was a luxury enjoyed by a few is today the cheap and common tool of all.

Pain in the Transition

The transition involves pain. Our ablest men—not our best—seize special advantages — a natural monopoly of a universal necessity, for example, as of anthracite, and levy robber toll upon the rest of us. But the toll-taker's days are numbered. Our children will have less trouble with him and his kind than we have had.

Personally, I suspect that the women are managing this recent decline in the birth-rate. It has nothing to do with social ambitions, or that sort of nonsense. It is at work from top to bottom of the social scale. Probably it means that with increasing intelligence the women see themselves more clearly in their time-honored role of household slave—and determine to get a change.

The highest test of the noblest powers and attributes of man or woman is parenthood. It is kind and thoughtful of certain comfortable bachelors, viewing the battle from afar, to give advice to braver or less cautious men struggling with the actual problems of fatherhood; but, the fact is, most of their theories do not apply. There is no problem more puzzling, nor more laden with painful possibilities, than a young son or a daughter. I do not wonder that young men and women of this day hold back from marriage until they have given the subject deep and prayerful consideration. Since I have been able to view the question from the standpoint of experience, I have rather marveled at the reckless gayety with which youth in all the past ages has assumed the marital bond.

Coming back to our starting point: I have no very clear idea whether the Americans of the early stock are committing race-suicide. Nor do I very much care whether they are or not. The one thing I am tolerably certain of is that there will be plenty of men and women for the work of every age of the earth, and in every age better and stronger and wiser and freer men and women. I am not borrowing any trouble about the next generation. It will know more, and live better, and probably longer, than our own generation.

What a Bald-Headed Poet Said

It was a bald-headed poet and philosopher who once said to me, apropos of nothing that would interest you:

"Marriage is a fearful joy. It is a sweet sorrow. It is the most important business in the life of any man or woman, yet almost every man and woman enters upon it with less preparation for its duties than either would commonly make for an evening party. False modesty locks the lips of Experience, and Youth proceeds, unadvised, to learn all the old lessons in the school of hard knocks. By this system, it takes the average married pair ten years to fight each other to a stand-still. I think this is a condition that gravely reflects upon the intelligence of the race. I fully believe that we should be able to cut this period to five years."

What a Woman Said

It was a woman, a very gentle, wise, motherly little woman, who said to me:

"The president and Doctor Eliot and the rest of the worried gentlemen have not mistaken the signs of the times. There will hereafter be fewer children born into all civilized countries, and these will be reared with more thoughtful care. What we want is not more men and women, but better men and women. No man can know the misery of a mother condemned to bring a new child into the world every year or two,

when she knows she has no possible chance to give them a fair start in life. Women are responsible for the decline in the birth-rate; but they are not moved by any such selfish motives as the men ascribe to them. They simply have determined that they will not bring into the world more children than they can take proper care of."

It was a scientist who said to me:

"The decline in the birth-rate in all civilized countries is the natural and inevitable result of improvements in the means of preserving and prolonging life. Savage peoples, exposed through their ignorance to the ravages of wild beasts, of plagues and famines, and other scourges which civilization has eliminated, must of necessity breed rapidly or be wiped out. In proportion to the degree in which these menaces are abated, and the consequent advance made by any people in true enlightenment, its birth-rate will be found to decline. This is one of the things that are self-regulating—or regulated by the subconscious intelligence of the race."

It was a grizzly old doctor, gruff of manner and tender of heart, who said to me:

"If husbands had to take turns in bearing babies, there would be not to exceed three children in any family. The wife would be fool enough to bear a second child, but no man would do it. When a woman has borne a man's child, she has put him under obligations from which nothing on earth ever can decently set him free. He owes her more than he owes any other mortal, not even excepting the mother who bore him. If he has an atom of manhood in him, he will sacrifice everything, endure everything, to protect and care for the mother of his child."

The doctor disapproves of divorces.

THE FARMER'S SON AND HIS PROBLEMS

PROFESSOR J. B. WEEMS of the department of agricultural chemistry in the Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, is gathering material for a book to be entitled *The Farmer's Son and His Problems*. He has addressed, among others, one of my distinguished friends, with a request for answers to a dozen questions touching on the farmer's son and his problems. Now, although my friend was an infant prodigy in the business world, he was not a farm boy, and is not, therefore, entitled to speak upon this subject. I doubt if he could locate a ringbone, or milk a cow, and I consider it an even bet that he could not find the king-bolt on a Studebaker wagon. He never put in any rainy days turning the grindstone, nor did he ever husk the down-row. He has, therefore, naturally enough, asked me to answer Professor Weems' questions from the standpoint of an expert. These are the questions and the answers:

1. *What advantage has the country boy over the city boy for success in life?*

Fresh air, more hours of sleep, closer knowledge of nature, less random amusement — plays, papers, society, etc.—and more forced thinking on practical problems.

2. *What disadvantages has the country boy to overcome as compared with the city boy for success in life?*

Usually, the lack of good books and of the time to read them; a shyness, when he does enter the town to begin his career, in the presence of people who mentally and physically are probably in no degree superior to himself; a disposition to mistake the clothes for the man—until he learns the tricks of the city, and that elegance is quite as likely to cover a good bluff as to adorn merit. His dis-

advantages, in short, are a mighty sight less conspicuous than his advantages.

3. In the country school, what studies would you regard as the most important for the country boy?

Let the teacher find the boy's natural bent and encourage it. The average boy gets more from history and general reading—more breadth of view, more sympathy with his fellow-men, more joy of life—than from other studies. One boy has a business instinct strongest; another has an intellectual impulse predominant; another loves mechanics; another inherits love of the soil, and a more than ordinary wisdom in working it: the wise teacher will discover these special aptitudes, and help each boy along the line of his natural preferences. A teacher's best work is in keeping square pegs out of round holes.

4. Do you think the young men find the city more attractive than the country? Why?

Apparently, since the cities are constantly recruited from the country, many, perhaps most country boys, find the city the more attractive. Why? In obedience to the common human impulse to better one's condition, to widen one's knowledge, to see more of life. In many cases—(but never in the case of a boy really worth anything)—in order to escape labor that soils the hands and tires the muscles.

5. To what extent are the farmers responsible for their sons leaving the farm?

It all depends on the farmer—and the boy. Farm work is of necessity man-work, hard work. To the extent that a farmer makes his boy's work harder than it need be, to the extent that he makes the boy's home less pleasant than it might be, he is responsible if the boy acquires a distaste for his home and the farm.

6. Do you believe that the country boy should have a college education if he is to remain on the farm?

I believe that every man and woman should have all the education that can be honestly acquired and safely carried. If a boy is of the kind that would be made better and kinder by a college education, he should have it, provided he can get it without depriving his parents of simple necessities. I think any parents would be glad to sacrifice most of the comforts to educate a child they thought likely to be benefitted by the education. Of course, if he means to be a drudge, working from dawn to dark, and sleeping from dark to dawn, merely to acquire more property than he actually needs, he doesn't require any education beyond a knowledge of his animals and his fields and his markets. But if he means really to live, I know of no good reason why he should not fit himself to enjoy the same intellectual delights that are open to his brother in the city.

7. To what studies would you advise a young man from the country to give special attention in his college course if he desires to remain on the farm?

First of all, he should learn all he can that will make him a him a more skillful farmer. Secondarily, history, the science of government and citizenship, the rudiments of the fine arts at least, and the best literature of the ages. A college course should open to him the doors of all the temples of civilization.

8. If a young man desires to become a scientific agriculturalist, which would you recommend, a four-year course in an agricultural college or a four-year general college course with the short or general course to follow?

A four-year course in the agricultural college for the average boy.

9. What advantage in your opinion has the young man who is a graduate of an

agricultural college over the graduate of any other college, the early years of both having been spent on the farm?

A more intimate and special knowledge of his business, with the impetus of four years devoted almost singly to preparation for it. Not quite singly, let us hope; for the agricultural college that should take no account of the humanities nor of other than agricultural science, would scarcely merit the name of college.

10. Do you believe that scientific farming offers as favorable an opportunity for success as other occupations? If so, please give reasons.

Special fitness and special training will bring a clean, kind, busy young man to success in any calling, in a great majority of cases. The first class man who measures success by the number of dollars he can acquire will do better in Wall Street, or in large merchandising or manufacturing, where he can levy toll on the labor of more servants than he could on the farm. If he measures success by his health and happiness, the respect of his neighbors and himself, and by the possession of a modest independence, the first class man with any natural aptitude for agriculture would probably look far before he found a better field for his life-work than a good farm in a civilized community.

11. What are some of the most important characteristics which an agricultural college graduate must possess to make a success in life?

The three elements of the kind of success which I most esteem may be stated thus: To be clean, to be kind, to be busy. Other standards call for others elements.

12. What was your dominant ambition as a boy living in the country? If the opportunity was presented again would you change in any respect your early ambitions?

To be a scout, like Kit Carson, and fight Indians. I could not hope to get more fun out of any other ambition than this one, at the same age, and hardly think I should wish to change it.

Remarks: Please add any suggestions which you think would be of value in connection with the problems of the farmer's son.

The farmer's son is just an average unit in the organism of human society. Within reason, he can make himself what he will. He should thank God, whatever his troubles, that he has the earth under his feet and the clean sky over his head. He can draw his natural inspirations direct both ways. Smoke and the pavement insulate the city boy.

FIVE FIRST CLASS AMERICANS OF THE LAST CENTURY

FIVE hundred years from now, when the roster of first class Americans is called by some industrious historian, I think it is reasonably certain that at least five men of the nineteenth century will respond. And I suspect that these five will be:

Lincoln, the Emancipator.

Grant, for his battles and his *Memoirs.*

Longfellow, for his imperishable poems of the heart.

Whitman, whose conception of a world-wide democracy will then be nearing fruition.

Emerson, the "Yankee Plato," the splendid captain of the New World's intellectual revolt from age-old superstitions.

Few countries, if any, have ever produced five first-class men within a single century. Of these five, all except Whitman were of British blood. Whitman was of Dutch ancestry. Kentucky bred Lincoln, and drove his father north to

seek free air and social equality on other than the property basis. Ohio gave us Grant, our mightiest soldier, peer of Cæsar, Hannibal, and Napoleon. Maine bred Longfellow, our greatest lyric poet. It is the fashion of the dilettante now-a-day to sneer at Longfellow; but he is our supreme artist in the realm of song: his is the art which conceals art. He is the only natural singer, his the most catholic mind and heart among all our so-called great poets. Whitman is New York's contribution—a Long Islander. His case is still in court—but he has gone to join the immortals. Emerson, the Bay State man, loftiest expression of the Puritan genius, has stamped his ideas upon the national mind more deeply than any other American. He is our national conscience.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Emerson was born May 25, 1803, one hundred years ago. Preparations are making, as this is written, to celebrate the Emerson centennial in a formal manner at Concord and Boston.

But the really significant Emerson centennial celebration will take place in the countless homes, where mother and father will again read his glorious messages of hope and courage and noble achievement.

Philosophy is most palatable to the general taste when strained through the medium of a lively humor; hence I could offer you no better suggestion, now that you are all presumably preparing to take note of the Emerson centennial, than to reread Oliver Wendell Holmes' *Life of Emerson*. The combination of the two in Holmes' *Life* is fitly comparable to a brimming tumbler of Kentucky's best with a sprig of mint in it.

BEAUTY AS AN INSPIRER OF DIVINE WORSHIP

FEW factors in life appeal to any of us with more power than the love of beauty. The chromo in the backwoods cabin is as eloquent in support of this statement as the splendid art gallery of the city. The rural fiddler and the Symphony Orchestra alike minister to this universal hunger, differing only in the intensity of their culture.

I think the churches have lost their hold on the masses (in-so-far as they have lost it—and one frequently hears wails on this score) quite as much through their neglect of man's esthetic nature as through their lack of faith and fervor. If anything could be more hideously ugly than the average of rural school houses in this country, it is the average of the smaller churches. They are as bare-faced and matter-of-fact as it is possible to make them. Their pews are a penance and their services a duty.

Are? Rather say, were. It is a glorious fact that of recent years even the

ST. MARK'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROOKLINE, MASS.

churches have come to see and enjoy some of the sweetness and the beauty of this life. They have determined, apparently, that the opera and theater shall not any longer hold a monopoly of the things which delight and illuminate the finer physical senses.

I was set off in this train of meditation by an incident of a recent Sunday in the Hub. In the morning — a bright, sunny morning — I wandered down Broadway in South Boston. Hearing through the open door of a little frame church the swelling chorus of a hundred quavering voices joined in a grand old hymn, I entered. The song concluded, the pastor introduced a young fellow in ministerial black as Brother So-and-So, who wished to ask aid for a mission which he was organizing in a city suburb. Then this young fellow proceeded to preach forty

THE INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROOKLINE, MASS.

REV. DILLON BRONSON, PASTOR OF ST. MARK'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROOKLINE, MASS.

minutes in what an old farm-hand friend of my youth called the "hell-and-beggary" style. It was painful, but I sat it out, glad, when he had done, to be once more out in the sunshine, where even the scrappy sparrows were ridiculously happy and light-hearted. In the afternoon, by way of contrast, I attended the vesper service of St. Mark's Methodist Episcopal church in Brookline. This mid-afternoon service had gained a certain celebrity throughout Boston. It must have done so to reach me, because I seldom go to church. (I was led to the bar of repentance three times before I reached the age of ten years, and I hold that I have still something on the right side of my balance with the church as an institution.)

This vesper service was a revelation. High upon either side of the chamber were windows, a row of them, wide and clear. The descending sun poured his warm rays through the west windows, flooding the interior with golden light. Down in front, on a slightly raised platform, was the pulpit; behind it, a black-robed figure, Rev. Dillon Bronson. Back of the pulpit, and raised half the height of the church wall, a gallery ran across the end of the chamber. Seated in this gallery an orchestra of young men and women, who presented a side view to the congregation.

At a signal from their leader, the players in the gallery drew their bows across their violin strings, and began to play. The sun smiled upon them through the high west windows. Reed, string and brass sang together in a divine harmony. The gallery and its occupants seemed like a sculptured frieze struck suddenly to life, renewing strains silenced ages ago in young-hearted Greece. Over all the great congregation a hush like the hush that falls upon a twilight wood when the thrush pours forth its song. Then did I feel with the poet McGovern:

"With this thing seeing, I, poor wonderling,
Made half of saddened sunlight, raised mine eyes,
Cast off my baser part, and grew eternal."

This was a true temple, where the children of earth worshipped their Creator with their best gifts, and with gladness.

The Building of the Panama Canal

By PETER MAC QUEEN

THE close of the Spanish-American war left us in possession of Porto Rico, dominant in Cuba, masters of the Carribean Sea and arbiters of the destiny of North and South America. To crown our position, it became at once imperative that this country should build and own the great water-way that will connect the Pacific and Atlantic oceans —the Panama canal. By skillful diplomacy, our government abrogated the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, an obsolete article which gave England the right to "butt in" on Central American issues.

By good business management, our government succeeded in purchasing from the French De Lesseps company their charters and their property in Panama. By indefatigable patience, our legislators have been able to get from the Colombian government the concessions necessary to dig and operate the canal.

For the past four hundred years the engineers of Spain, France, Germany, England and America have been engaged in projects to connect the two great oceans. Thirty different routes have been surveyed; but during the last ten years all interest has been absorbed in two great routes, namely, the one across Nicaragua, which would be a hundred and ninety-five miles long, and the one at Panama, which is nearly straight and measures only forty-nine miles in length. It would require thirty-three hours for the passage of ships through the Nicaraguan canal, whereas it will take ships only eleven hours to sail from Colon to Panama. So it seems that the inevitable canal must be in Panama.

Last July I sailed from New York to Colon. The voyage occupies one week, and it is a most enjoyable one. I found Colon a town of seven thousand inhabitants, healthfully situated on an island. Its citizens are made up of different races, with a heavy sprinkling of Jamaica negroes. These latter were brought here to dig for the De Lesseps company. During the prosperous days of the De Lesseps company, Colon was the head-

PETER MAC QUEEN AND A GROUP OF AMERICANS AT PANAMA

quarters for the drinking, gambling and fighting which destroyed so many workmen. It is an ill-favored looking place, but it could be made very wholesome. The houses are built on posts raised about two feet from the ground, and underneath them one may see pools of green scum, with alligators moving to and fro. There is a colony of about one hundred and fifty Americans, and their quarter of the town is exceedingly neat and clean. The Americans are usually businessmen or officers on the Panama railroad.

The Panama railroad runs parallel with the projected canal. It is operated entirely by Americans, and was built in 1850. The Colombian government has forced a peculiar concession from the railroad company, enjoining the company to carry, free of charge, all the people living along the line. So that most of the passenger traffic consists of deadheads, and the passenger cars are always crowded. If a man has a quarrel with his wife or if the baby cries for Castoria, the house-holder leaps upon a train and goes to the seashore. The regular fare for a stranger is ten dollars for the forty-nine miles—the most expensive trip in the world. The railway, however, is mostly used for freightage, and carries as much as ninety million dollars' worth in a year. Colon is the terminus for five European steamship lines; and the goods they bring are entrained to Panama, whence they are reshipped to Pacific ports.

The superintendent of the railroad, Colonel Shaler, took me on a special train across the isthmus. For the first ten miles we kept well in sight of that part of the canal already dredged. The land at first was flat and swampy, and overgrown with an impassable jungle. There are no roads there except the railroad track. From time to time we noted the great iron ribs of rusting machinery that peered above the tangled undergrowth like the rotting bones of prehistoric monsters. Anon we plunged into the pathless wilderness, where we could see nothing ahead of us or behind us but two lines of glistening steel. Emerging from this dense forest we found ourselves twenty-five miles from Colon, among the foot-hills of the Cordilleras. At this point the canal enters the hilly region and we could see five hundred workmen engaged in cutting down the mountains. The greatest cutting on the canal route will be that which runs through the Culebra mountain. It will be three hundred feet deep and ten miles long, and will be the most gigantic enterprise ever undertaken by the human race.

AN AMERICAN RAILWAY TRAIN ON THE ROAD THAT CROSSES THE ISTHMUS

There are three leading problems in the building of the Panama canal. The first is this great cutting through the Culebra hills. The second problem will

be the regulation of the Chagres river, which crosses the canal eleven times. It is a torrential stream, liable to overflow its banks at any time of the year. To obviate this difficulty, a gigantic reservoir will be built near the Culebra cut to hold the overflow of the Chagres and its many tributaries. This dam will be twenty miles long and two hundred feet deep; and the foundations of its mighty sea walls will sink into the earth eighty-eight feet deeper than the caissons of the Brooklyn bridge. No such engineering feat has ever been done by man.

THE CUTTING FOR THE GREAT CULEBRA DAM, IN THE CANAL'S ROUTE

The third great problem is the question of health. Smallpox and yellow fever have at times broken out at Panama; and this has given the public the impression that these dread pests are indigenous to the isthmus. But this is positively not the case. My genial friend Doctor Randall, the physician of the Panama Railroad company, showed me the books of the hospital at Colon for the past ten years. There had been comparatively few cases of smallpox or yellow fever; but there had been a large number of cases of a malignant fever called Chagres fever. This Chagres fever has numbered its victims by the hundred, and it makes no difference what a man dies from if he dies—a very unpleasant thing for a man in good health to do.

It is said that during the construction of the railroad, for every tie laid down a human life was given up; but this is one of those romantic lies which everybody likes to read but few believe. There were indeed a great many deaths; some caused by legitimate disease and some by careless living, and many by drinking a native beverage called ron. This latter liquor is made from sugar-cane, and it is such a drink that a Scotch highball is pink lemonade along side of it. Taken in small quantites it prevents malaria, but taken in copious draughts, as some men use it, it produces life everlasting.

Beyond the Cordillera hills our train debouches out into an open, rolling country which slopes down to the Pacific. At the Pacific terminus of the canal, we came into the city of Panama, a fine old Spanish town numbering twenty-five thousand inhabitants. It is a picturesque place four centuries old, and is quite innocent of such modern inconveniences as street cars, drainage and water-works. I drove through Panama with my good friend Captain Beers, the general freight agent of the railroad. Observing that the streets looked quite neat, I spoke to the captain about the cleanliness of the place.

"We have clean streets here," the captain said; "between the heavy rains and the buzzards, the town is kept in fine condition."

The captain and his son-in-law, Mr.

Hunt, live at La Boca, two miles outside the city, where the canal enters the Pacific. From their beautifu house, on a hill overlooking the harbor I could see the terminus of the Panama railroad, which is coeval with the mouth of the canal. The railway company has built a splendid pier which cost a million dollars, and to which ships of the heaviest tonnage can approach. The railway will be of immense use in the construction of the canal, to carry the materials and the men along the route. The railway will become the property of our government when it purchases the rights of the De Lesseps company.

The De Lesseps Panama Canal company was the most fantastic tragedy of the nineteenth century. M. Ferdinand De Lesseps, the great French engineer who built the Suez canal, lent his name to unscrupulous speculators, who collected about two hundred million dollars from the peasantry of France. They formed the De Lesseps Panama Canal company and began work on the isthmus in 1881. For eight years they continued the undertaking, spending money in the most wanton waste. Two hundred Belgian engines were brought over at great expense and allowed to rust in the moist climate. The rainfall across the isthmus is three hundred inches a year, and unless great care is taken, machinery will very soon be destroyed. Hundreds of barrels of Portland cement were brought from France and built into a sea-wall. Great blocks of artificial granite were thrown into the Carribean along the water front of Colon, apparently without any aim. De Lesseps himself built a house at the cost of a hundred thousand dollars; he lived in it one day and then returned to France. He was a corker. A million dollars was spent for a hospital among the Cordillera hills. It was useful but very extravagant. At a place called Gorgona, a town was built for the working-men, the water-works of which were lined with porcelain. There are houses for four thousand workmen. Some of the expense was very useful indeed, but a great part of it was wasteful extravagance.

ISTHMIAN TRAFFIC: SHIPPING BANANAS ON THE PANAMA RAILWAY

I took a trip along the part of the canal finished by the De Lesseps company. There is a stretch of twenty miles already dredged. This portion is a hundred feet wide and thirty-two feet deep. Considerable work will have to be done by the Americans over this part already partially finished. Nevertheless, experienced engineers have reported that one-fifth of the entire work has been done.

Where the canal passes through the mountains, it will be eighteen feet above the level of the sea. There will be four great locks on the Pacific and four on the Atlantic side of the isthmus. The work will occupy nearly ten years, and

it is supposed that the entire cost will be three hundred million dollars, and we shall pay the Colombian government two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. To pay the interest on our investment, will cost us twelve millions a year, and the annual tolls will be about seven millions. This will leave us an annual deficit of about five million dollars at the first; but the enormous world-trade which must eventually pass through this canal will, in the end, more than pay us for the investment; and it will be one of the mighty agencies which will make the United States the foremost world-power.

Present-Day Politics in Europe

By CHRISTIAN A. LUHNOW

THE subtleties of the diplomatic game in European courts are once more vividly illustrated by the Russian-Austrian alliance and the trumpetry with which these powers insist upon the introduction of administrative and civil reforms in Macedonia and the Balkan dependencies of Turkey. Count Wladimir Lamsdorff, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, and Count Goluchowski, the imperial chancellor of Austria, are to all public appearances working heart and hand together for the introduction of the long-delayed reforms in the Balkans. But suspicion was raised against the joint action of Russia and Austria, by the very fact that both Lamsdorff and Goluchowski were painfully anxious that their intentions should receive the widest publicity.

COUNT GOLUCHOWSKI, THE AUSTRIAN PREMIER, WHO CONDUCTED JOINT ACTION WITH RUSSIAN PREMIER LAMSDORFF FOR REFORMS IN THE BALKANS.

For the keynote of Russian policy toward the Balkans and the European provinces of the Ottoman Empire is still to be found in the avowed ambitions of Peter the Great to extend Russian dominion to Constantinople. Alexander regarded Constantinople as "the key to my house." Nothing has transpired since then to curb Russia's ambitions. Its aggressive steps in Manchuria showed how powerful is the appetite for the extension of Russian influence. There are those who insist that if the attitude of Bulgaria toward Turkey, and the revolutionistic instincts of the Macedonians, could be fathomed completely, they would be found to contain a strong mixture of Russian initiative.

THE SULTAN PREPARES TO FIGHT

The sultan wants peace, because his tottering empire cannot withstand the

shocks of many more revolutions, and the designs of European diplomats tighten the bonds from year to year. Despite all conflicting reports, it remains true that Turkey is reorganizing its forces, mobilizing troops and protecting its frontiers,—not so much with a view of suppressing internal disturbances as to guard against foreign foes seeking to steal a march upon each other.

Germany, France and Italy, although not active cooperators with Russia and Austria, have their respective interests to protect in the Balkans. Germany is especially suspicious of Russian designs, owing to the enmity aroused in Russia by the proposed construction of the Bagdad railway with German capital, which affords the empire an unmistakble advantage in opposing the extension of Russian influence in the Orient.

The sultan has, perhaps, no better friend among the powers which signed the Berlin treaty than Germany. The kaiser and the sultan are constantly exchanging good wishes, and whenever a German prince or potentate visits the palace of the sultan there are unusual festivities and warm embraces. The German ambassador at Constantinople joined with other diplomatic agents in urging the sultan to accept the reform proposals for Macedonia, but it was an act of grace rather than sincere cooperation. Late in March the crown prince, who is just concluding his student career at Bonn, was the guest of the sultan, and carried assurances from the kaiser.

GERMANY AN ISOLATED POWER

The joint action of Great Britain and Germany in enforcing the payment of indemnities against Venezuela revealed once more how difficult it is for the authorities at London and Berlin to bring about a *cordiale entente* between these nations. If the alliance aroused rebellion in the British house of parliament and in the press as the mouthpieces

COUNT POSADOWSKY, AUTHOR OF THE GERMAN TARIFF BILL AND MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR FOR THE GERMAN EMPIRE

of the British public, it was equally unpalatable to the German taste. Great Britain can afford to reject friendly overtures from Germany, but the latter is not so happily situated. *Furor Teutonicus* has been responsible for the practical isolation of Germany from all European powers. There is no real bond of sympathy between Germany and Austria as political allies. The Prussian hates the Austrian for reasons which might be traced in history, and because of Prussian arrogance. It is this Prussian arrogance which causes the kingdom ill will not alone in its relations with other countries but likewise with the federated German states.

It is fortunate for the German empire that a man of such brilliant intellectual qualities as William II occupies the throne, else the ultra-aggressive instincts of the Prussians might bring about more serious complications. This accounts for the fact that popular sentiment and the imperial policy are at times at logger-

heads. While Kaiser William is professing peace and amity the popular feeling is one of enmity and antagonism. While Kaiser William is sending statues and historical presents to the United States, the German press attacks the Monroe doctrine, urges the adoption of a discriminatory commercial policy against the United States and resents its interference in the Venezuela affair,—although it is difficult to see in what way the Washington administration hampered German policy.

BACK TO BISMARCK'S POLICY

Every well-informed student of German-American relations is free to admit that Germany has no designs upon South American territory and has no deliberate intention of offering violence to the Monroe Doctrine. Many of the professions of friendship displayed by Kaiser Wilhelm toward the United States must be taken with a measure of reserve and with the understanding that Germany, officially at least, wishes to remain on a peaceful footing with the United States, as its most formidable commercial foe. Germany has had such ill luck with its colonies in Africa and other portions of the globe that the adventurous spirit of territorial conquest has been somewhat quenched. The necessity of husbanding its military and naval resources for home defence makes more popular from year to year the policy of Bismarck — to conduct affairs so as to strengthen the Fatherland and not create diversified interests demanding an enormous expenditure for a sea-going navy.

TARIFF WALLS RISING HIGHER

Commercial treaty and tariff readjustment is now the prime issue absorbing continental European powers. For the time being, international and domestic political issues become a secondary consideration. Germany sounded the challenge for higher protective tariffs by the enactment of its new tariff law. Russia, Austria, Italy and other tariff nations are now seeking to protect themselves against discrimination and endeavoring to reach a new basis for the renewal of reciprocity treaties. The era of reciprocity inaugurated under Caprivi, however, appears to have passed away for all time. Germany is now committed to a high-protective-tariff policy. Russia and Austria have announced their tariff programs, which are also intended to meet domestic needs for protection and at the same time afford scope for retaliation.

SOCIAL DEMOCRATS' BIG GAINS

The various European parliamentary chambers presented some picturesque and at times exciting scenes during the last month. In the German reichstag the social democrats are taking advantage of the opportunity to create ammunition for the coming reichstag elections. At the last reichstag elections, in 1897, the social democrats scored over 2,000,000

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY, WHO ON FINISHING HIS STUDENT CAREER AT BONN PAID A VISIT OF STATE TO THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

votes, entitling the party to a larger representation than that of any other party in the popular assembly. Nevertheless, the representation is arbitrarily confined by the Bismarck limited suffrage law, which bases representation not upon number of popular votes but upon area and property qualifications. Yet the social democrats expect over 3,000,000 votes at the coming election.

BRITAIN AND FRANCE IN AFRICA

The reopening of the British parliament afforded a picture of the unstable condition of the English army, the great problems which the government is encountering in its work of peaceable subjection of the South African possessions and the increasing activity of the government opposition forces. Joseph Chamberlain appears to have met with varied experiences in his inspection tour of the new British possessions. De Wet's revolutionistic threat was not treated seriously, but the trip nevertheless must convince Chamberlain that it will be generations before the Boers willingly and freely adjust themselves to British sovereignty.

M. Delcassé, the French premier, is winning laurels for himself and his party, despite the strong opposition which characterized the beginning of his regime. His manner of treating the Morocco issue demands praise. It is pacific and at the same time guards French domination in Egypt. He has shown a willingness to negotiate with England for the adjustment of disputed rights in Morocco, which will at once protect British highways and give France a free hand in maintaining its position in north Africa.

BERLIN, April 5, 1907.

A LULLABY

Upon my lap my sovereign sits
And sucks upon my breast;
Meantime his love maintains my life
And gives my sense her rest.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

When thou hast taken thy repast,
Repose, my babe, on me;
So may thy mother and thy nurse
Thy cradle also be.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

I grieve that duty doth not work
All that my wishing would,
Because I would not be to thee
But in the best I should.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

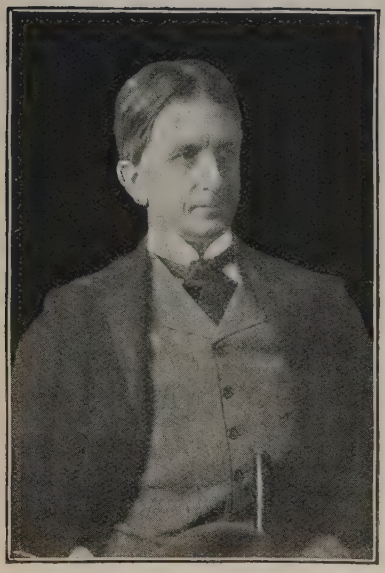
Yet as I am, and as I may,
I must and will be thine,
Though all too little for thyself
Vouchsafing to be mine.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy.

The Genius of Business

By CHARLES FERGUSON,

Author of *The Affirmative Intellect*, etc.

CHAPTER I.



CHARLES FERGUSON, AUTHOR OF "THE RELIGION OF DEMOCRACY"

I SUPPOSE that never again on this planet will it be possible to organize society on a grand scale for any other purpose than for work. For unnumbered ages it has been possible to draw vast populations into an organization for praying or for fighting; but all that is passing or has passed. Small populations and parts of large ones — sects and parties — can still be got to submit to regimentation for these ends, but the power of such societies is failing with the fainting pulse of the old regime. A man with the modern breath in him hates the thought of an organization for the maintenance of fine theories and excellent states of mind. For these he will not pray any more nor fight any more. Social organization as it is being worked out in the United States is simply industrial organization. There is a religious motive, without doubt, and a political method — but the soul of the organization is industrialism. This is the age of Business. Religion is the whip and spur and Politics is the bit and bridle, but Business is the horse and the rider. Never again on this continent will the politician impose his elocutions and his diplomacies upon the man-of-business. It has become — since the events of the other day — quite as impossible that the industrial order should be ruled by professional statesmen as that it should be ruled by professional churchmen.

THE NEW BASIS OF HUMAN SOCIETY

If the industrial system works at cross-purposes and grinds its own cogs — gives some more than they can spend and others less than they can live by — it is because the people hold back, afraid to commit themselves frankly to the new order of the world. They keep on paying the tax of old-world privilege because they fight against it with old-world weapons — the blunderbusses of professional politics and professional religion. Not half of us understand that a revolution

has taken place — that we have just passed the poignant crisis of the revolution that began with the discovery of America and the earth-hunger of the Elizabethan age — and that society in this country rests now not upon political and religious formulas but upon industrial and commercial ideas. Social organization, according to those that understand what has happened, consists now simply in getting men into their right places according to their competency and the requirements of the day's work. The conditions of the material problem determine the form of the social organization. The exploitation of the universe is the game, and nature yields not to wishes but to work. The organization is for work, and the law and order of it is not to be deduced from tradition, not to be thought out in libraries nor fought out in struggles for abstract justice. It is a problem in fine art and engineering and is to be settled by the resources of human nature in face of the nature of things.

EUROPE AND AMERICA CONTRASTED

That old world of memory and dull prejudice, now passing to its rest, has exhausted its passion in the vain attempt to establish upon the earth the throne of justice and truth — leaving the world's work undone; a new order arises and girds itself for the work of civilization, without heart-ache or head-ache, confident that the inner truth and right of things may be safely left to its own self-vindicating power. It was David Strauss, the author of *Leben Jesu*, who first made the remark that morality consists in the relation of man to man while religion consists in the relation of man to the universe. Accordingly, it may be said that in Europe social order is still a conventional arrangement and rests upon some well-settled moral theory; religion is merely called in to prop up the existing code of law — the state supports the church as an aid to the police. But America, just because it makes no account of religious forms, has a way with it that is essentially religious. More and more society in this country is going to depend for its unity, not upon the fixity of moral codes but upon the sound relation of a lot of private persons to the constitution of the universe — the God of the open air. Morality — the manner of human relationships — in this new world is not the underpinning of social order but the consummate flower of labor and love — the finest of the fine arts. The people who are hammering out new theories of social rights and duties had better be paving streets.

THE REPUBLIC AN INDUSTRIAL PARTNERSHIP

The old story goes that Pheidias, who carved the frieze of the Parthenon, was regarded with some disdain by his contemporaries because, after all, he occupied himself as a stone-cutter when he might have been babbling philosophy and politics. The ancient man's disrespect for industry was — I am convinced, in spite of Plato and the professors — due to his cosmic cowardice, his dread of tackling nature with naked hands. The plain truth is that the old world built its little states on moral platitudes and dyked them 'round to keep out the creative instincts and the elemental currents. Of course the tides of nature, soon or late, flooded the narrow streets of the old cities and upheaved the foundations of fixed and formal law. The Babel-towers tumbled down because they were built on one settled theory or another of what the truth is, without regard to the changeful, flowing reality of the truth as it is actually dealt with by working-men. The old

world is an in-door world; it is the mission of America to break the spell of its fatality by moving out into the sun and wind.

The Republic is not an organization for the protection of rights and the punishment of wrongs any more than it is a missionary society for the propagation of the accredited creeds; it is a partnership of the people for the prosecution of the arts and sciences — an industrial combination for the building of cosmopolitan cities and the conduct of a world-commerce. Its laws are drawn not to reward good people and punish bad ones, but to defeat the folly of bunglers and release the energies of the efficient.

WHEN CLASS ANTAGONISM WILL WEAR DOWN

The social problem — I mean the antagonism of classes — will exist here as elsewhere and will grow more and more acute so long as we persist in regarding the republic as a state built on the old-world plan for dealing out abstract justice to rival claimants. The problem will be solved and the class antagonism will wear down when we accept the whole program implied in the American revolution and begin to see this unprecedented social order of ours in its true light as a business-partnership for the pursuit of human happiness. This is the uniqueness of the democratic republic — the world-changing significance of our new-born western society.

I do not know where in literature it has been pointed out, but it is true and important, that the class struggle, with all its loss and misery, is an inevitable fact so long as the political and religious organization of society is conceived of as a thing apart and aloof from the organization of industry. The real outcome of the historic struggle of the workers for a fair chance, has been the gradual dissolution of purely political and purely religious society and the growing absorbtion of the political and religious interest of men in the development of the industrial order. Man, as the mere creature of God, the quintessence of dust and the subject of laws, gives way to man as the improver of the creation — the master of materials and the maker of laws.

The industrial order is the kingdom of creative humanity, and it is going to solve the social problem by making laws for economizing the repressed creative forces of the people without much regard to theoretical or customary rights: democracy, liberty, equality, fraternity are only fine names so long as a man's legal rights determine what he can do; they become the life of the law as soon as what a man can do determines his legal rights.

MORALISTS CANNOT SOLVE THE PROBLEM

The gap between capitalism and laborism can never be closed by purely political devices. There is no way of organizing political society apart from industrial society that will not at last produce a ruling class and a ruled class — masters and slaves — a stationary order and the death of enterprise. One set of people will be legally empowered to do what they are naturally incompetent to do, and another set will be legally disqualified for doing their natural work. If the millionaire senators, metropolitan bishops, money-magnates, labor-marshals, sociological experts, prophets of paradise and so on — were to agree together upon a definition of righteousness and frame it into a perfect political system, the world of enterprise would hate their righteousness and repudiate their system

within a week. In an industrial society the right of things must work in a sliding-scale, according to the exigencies of the business in hand. It never can be fixed and settled by moralists.

It is in the course of our adventures into more intimate relations with the Soul of the Cosmos that we are to open up the sealed orders of democratic justice. There is no dissolving of any of our economic doubts so long as the question of property is posed in the old unworldly way — as if the question were: Which of the litigants has the diviner right to quit work and retire into a heaven of rumination and rest? We shall solve the social question fast enough when we begin to ask the right question. The question of property must be stated as a problem of industrial expediency: Which of all the proposed measures will best avail to put tools into the hands that can use them, and release to the maximum the creative faculties of men? That is the right question, and there is always a workable solution. But the solution is never final. There is no finished formula for the working of a farm.

WHERE DEMOCRACY AND PROTESTANTISM FAIL

This idea of organizing society on one plane for the maintenance of rights, and then organizing it again on another and lower plane for the doing of work, is an idea that can hold its own only where industry is unsystematic and labor is despised, only where the conception of the spiritual conquest of the material world has not yet risen to be — as it is coming to be in America — the romance and passion of the people. Democracy as a mere political program has had results that are mainly negative. Moving in the sphere of politics, as distinct from that of industry, democracy has not solved the social problem and cannot. It cannot release the creative faculties of the people from the ancient thralldom of authoritarian law. Yet it has done the world a service: it has discredited the political superstition — has proved that a progressive society can not be ordered on the metaphysical ground of abstract right. Just so protestantism, with all its vagaries, has destroyed the ecclesiastical superstition — proved the inapplicability of miraculous revelation as a pattern for social order. Political democracy, like protestantism, is seen to be an impossible and transitional phase of existence, a state of unstable equilibrium. It calls in question the sovereignty of princes and presidents, but it is incapable of establishing the sovereignty of the people — except in a documentary sense. Democracy comes to itself only when it gives up the attempt to create a political organization apart from the industrial order — just as protestantism realizes its own implications of moral and intellectual liberty only when it stops trying to organize a church apart from the secular world. The parties and sects that have come out of political democracy and protestantism are the lees and dregs of the old regime: their wine is in the veins of the working world.

A GOOD IDEA BUT IT DIDN'T WORK

When the population of the United States was small and our industrial order an orbless nebula, it seemed possible to keep the political order separated from industry but parallel in its development. It was supposed for a moment that the new world had invented political machinery that could work changes in the law as fast as the industrial machinery could work changes in the conditions of existence. But it has been demonstrated in the last quarter-century that

Metaphysical Politics and Intensive Industry are nags that can not be coaxed to travel in double-harness. If one grows blithe and mettlesome the other goes lame. There remains no question now as to which, on the whole, is the sounder animal and longer for this world.

The scholars-in-politics have had their day and ceased. The paralysis of ideal politics has become the settled and successful policy of business. Whether by the courtesy of the Senate or the bad manners of Tammany Hall, the industrials contrive somehow that nothing political shall be done. And the most that a politician can do in these days is to hold up their wheels on the road for a moment — by the threat of doing something. It is not the total depravity of trust-makers and Mr. Addicks that has sapped the vigor of the political system— that is a pious prejudice. The truth is that the political system had no vigor. The virtue of the age had gone out of it.

For two full generations the tenser life of the American people has been given to industry — in contempt of politics. It is the instinct of efficiency to despise the mock-heroics and cumbersome indirection of political reform. Nobody with a talent for accomplishing things can spend his time in persuading a multitude of people to think alike. There is a shorter way of changing the laws than by talk. It is discovered that every stroke of effectual industry changes the nature of man and the conditions of earthly existence — and that changes the laws. If our super-mundane political system now makes for the interest of plutocracy—the infernal reign of Plutus—that is because it is a dead body. And a dead politics in the house is as dangerous to health as a dead religion.

INDUSTRY THE GENIUS OF THIS LAND

The genius of this land is industry—the regenerative life of the world. With the discrediting of sects and parties it becomes possible for the people to get together in the spirit of the arts and sciences, for the work of civilization. It becomes possible to set up the true standard of the university and to build the free city.

Of course the spirit of the arts and sciences is the same thing as the spirit of industry. For the spirit of industry is more than the bulk of commodities; it is the victorious heart of humanity in wrestle with the resistent conditions of life. A child may have a part in it. A serene old woman on her dying-bed may do more for the building of the free city than fifty navvies with swinging mattocks.

The university is the church of the industrial republic — the spiritual organization of the people for adventurous enterprise. Its standard is the original and final creed of humanity—the faith that the human spirit is at home here; that the things of science are framed for the works of art; that the hardest materials of nature are plastic under the hand of an indomitable ideal.

It has been said that the Middle Ages had three great dreams of universal order. But they were not all dreams. Charlemagne dreamed, indeed, of a world-empire based on conventional law; and Hildebrand dreamed, too — of a world-church built on the ordinance of revelation. But the third dream was no dream at all, but the clear vision of a multitude of men of genius who stood at the door of modern times. Their vision was of a world-republic founded on the arts and sciences and wrought out through the patient endeavor of the human spirit to prove its right to the possession of the earth. With this vision the Middle Ages awoke—it was the vision of the university.

The university in its original type — the University of Paris, Bolougna or Salerno in the twelfth century — was a democratic commonwealth substantially independent of Church and Empire. The student-body was the governing body. In the true psychology of history the mediaeval university is the progenitor of American democracy—the initiator of government by the people for the pursuit of happiness.

When Abelard left the cloister and went out alone into the Champagne country, followed in his exile by ten thousand men, who built their shacks around his shack in the wilderness, to share the life of one who could face Nature with a naked mind, a thing had happened that had more to do with the rise of the industrial republic of the West than Magna Charta or Martin Luther.

The University of the People is not a school for teaching the people how to work. No one in a democracy can stand in a pedagogic attitude toward the people. The university, in its original and essential character, is the free association of a working people for the accomplishment of their artistic and scientific enterprise. The existence of a vast public school system in industrial society implies the existence of an adult population, competent to work — and so competent to teach. This implication needs now to be made good by a general renunciation of the puerilities of sect and party and the institution of the university in every town and city-ward as the organization of the industrial life of the community and its political primary in perpetual session.

RECOMPENSE

ALONG the paths of ease I strayed, nor dared for man's unrest,
And all the treasures that I loved, the fruit of earth's fair quest,
Lay at the mercy of my touch, my idle eye the test.

And of the dreams that brooding lie within the walls of sleep,
Those haunting ghosts of life's dead past that slip from out the deep
Of yesterday's old memories, no palest wraith did creep.

And of the pleasures that allure, all lay within my glance,
In piles of gold and beauties bold and madness of the dance,
No single one of all I craved was left to fate or chance.

And then Adversity, proud queen, but touched me with her wand,
And lo, I walked as beggars walk, with poverty my bond,
And all remembering was pain, and all I loved, beyond.

I ate the bread of homely toil, I drank the bitter tears,
And all that life had promised me was crossed by painful years,
And all my joys were in the past and all my hopes were fears.

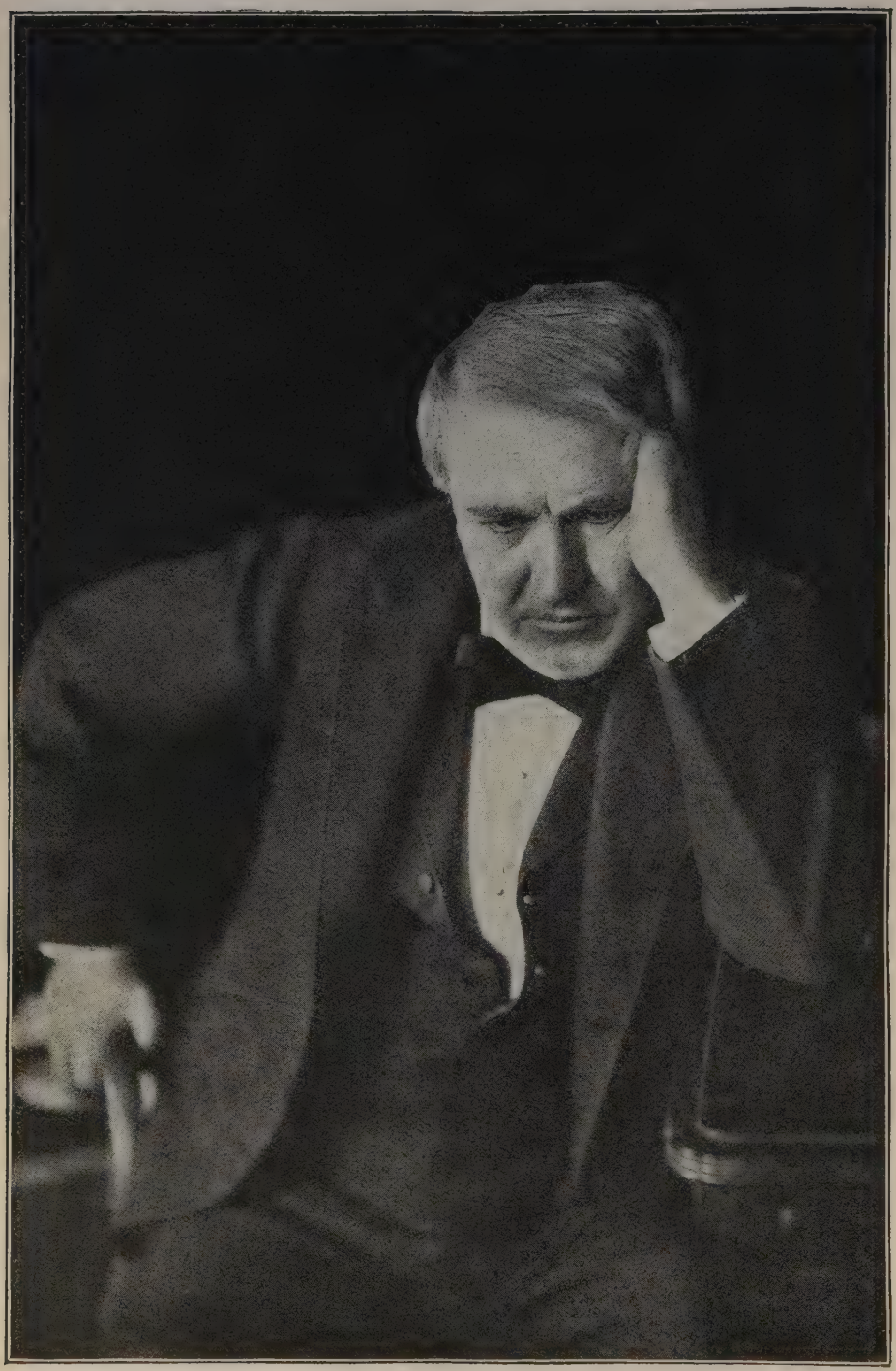
I toiled as do the hopeless poor in sorrow's saddest hour,
And with the toil came sturdy strength, the body's surest power,
And with the strength came certain calm that death alone can lower.

My bread of sweat was sweet to taste, my sleep the rest whereby
I rose refreshed to daily tasks that eased my soul's sad cry,
And in the boon of harvest noon, I felt my unrest die.

I learned to love my fellow-man; to share his misery,
And in the fullness of our bond, his gain was gain to me,
And I stood without the gate and blessed the hand that set me free.

EVERETT, WASHINGTON. GRACE G. BOSTWICK

THOMAS ALVA EDISON, THE FOREMOST AMERICAN ELECTRICAL INVENTOR



Edison's Favorite Invention

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

OF all the names to conjure with, in a horoscope of the present century, none surpasses that of Thomas Alva Edison. When I entered his laboratory, at Orange, New Jersey, I felt that it was truly a shrine of the great inventive genius of the age.

There I saw the Wizard, just one day past his fifty-sixth birthday, mixing a substance in a mortar, pestle in hand, more with the air of an absorbed and concentrated workman than of the great inventor of an age. Attired in a light gray suit covered with stains of real labor, with spectacles focused well down on his nose, he was involved in the intricacies of a new process of making Portland cement so as to bring the price within the range of a common necessity.

There is a gentle and sweet winsomeness in the smile of Thomas A. Edison that is attractive. His blue eyes light up, and there is an expression of kindness in his countenance that one seldom sees in the face of a man. He left his work and took me through an arsenal of chemicals, compounds and contrivances to a quiet corner, where, on plain stools, we could talk. Mr. William E. Gilmore, the president and manager of the National Phonograph Company, was with me, and it was plain to see where the successful alliance has been formed that has made the Edison phonograph so great and so complete a commercial success.

As he leaned back on the bench from his stool, Mr. Edison began to talk in his own quaint, quizzical way, with an expressive twitch of the mouth and shoulders by way of emphasis. He is slightly deaf, which he minds but little, as do those with him, and his voice has a gentle softness that is charming. His keen eye catches the words and expressions so quickly that one soon forgets that the ears of the man who invented the phonograph, as well as a thousand other things, do not absorb every sound of articulation. Perhaps he hears just enough to concentrate his attention only on things that count.

My first interrogation as to his favorite invention child, among the long array of his brain creations, elicited a prompt reply.

"The phonograph—the phonograph, by all means!" he exclaimed, with the enthusiasm of a lad with his first kite. "It has been a long time since the first phonograph, as we count time nowadays, and improvements come every day; but I think I have accomplished more the past year on it than in any of the years before. My ambition is to have it so perfect that it will reproduce your Boston symphonies to perfection, giving the distinct intonation of every instrument.

"Yes sir, the Edison Phonograph has more than a commercial mission to perform, although that is the first practical point we seek. It will make American homes brighter and more cheerful and attractive. If we can produce them so cheaply that they can go into every home and bring the little circle in touch with the greatest music and oratory of all time, I shall esteem a life's work well repaid. Those long winter evenings, in the solitude of isolated homes—I knew what they were as a boy—there is where the real character of the individual is determined."

It was plain to see that in this laboratory, containing almost all, if not all,

the known substances on earth; from lima beans, cotton skins, chemicals, including every known mineral ranging from kalium, that ignites water and is preserved in benzine, to radium, ten times as valuable as gold; there was a Wizard who worked with real things, as well as with ideas. This has been the great characteristic of Mr. Edison's work. He has practicalized products as well as projects, and produced them at a cost that has brought them within the range of every day use, as he did the incandescent light. I shall never look upon an electric light again without recalling a picture of the modest man who made it all possible.

When asked as to how he came to invent the phonograph, he replied in his grimly humorous way:

"All things within reason are possible, if you keep at them long enough, but the phonograph, when first discovered, was as great a surprise to me as it is to the world. I was working on some telephone receivers and observed the point moved and made a whirring sound, as it does recording a telegraph message. I put a piece of tin foil on a cylinder and it recorded sound, a whirring noise, that seemed to me, then, almost articulate. From that moment, I was convinced that sound could be practically recorded and reproduced.

"In those days, I used to make a rough draft of my ideas on paper and mark a price on the paper, for the boys to produce the machine according to specifications. Sometimes it was nine dollars — sometimes it was ninety dollars. The question of profits never entered their heads — they made it. Sometimes it was a profit for a day's work, other times a loss of a month. But dear old John Kruesi, who recently died at Schenectady, made my first phonograph for me, and his quaint, German-accented comments in broken English were always cheery and optimistic. We took it in a box to the office of the Scientific American in New York. I had recorded the verse —

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go,—

and the reproduction of my own voice sounded almost supernatural at first. Of course the articulation was not especially distinct,— unless you knew what the words were,— but it revealed the wonderful possibilities in the perfection of the work performed on that piece of tin foil."

Those who recall the days when Edison introduced the first phonograph, remember the tremendous sensation it occasioned. Here he was, twenty years after, as enthusiastic as ever, and at work on the same machine, the Edison phonograph, which has echoed the human voice in every country on earth. The original plant of the Phonograph Company was a modest beginning, which has been added to, building by building, until now it covers acres and requires the work of thousands of skilled artisans, night and day, to supply the demand for machines and records. At first it was thought the phonograph would be only a fad, a curiosity; but today it has developed into a household article, as essential to the home as organ or piano.

The front part of Mr. Edison's famous laboratory, which is connected direct with the works of the Phonograph Company, is a large library and museum with several lofts. In the center are the bits of statuary and a business-like array of desks; for the great inventor can come right from his chemical tests, or electric elaborations, or forge and smithy, and dip into a patent law question or a bit of legal transaction with the poise and equanimity that he passes from one experiment to another.

Behind a net-work of iron bars, in the adjoining room, is a collection of almost

every known material and substance — a sort of scientific Noah's Ark. To inventory this collection, or rather to collect it direct from the markets of the world, would represent a sum far into the millions, and the various articles there would run up into many thousands; and yet Edison could tell you where every bolt or bottle was located, and almost go to it in the dark. He lives, breathes and has his being in the laboratory, and a few couches scattered about would indicate his desire to sleep there for the few hours of rest he requires.

Always at it — eternally at it — never quitting — and with a genius to see clear through propositions pronounced impossible, this seems to state concisely the genius of Edison.

"It is the simple things that stagger," he resumed. "They are so simple that they are overlooked, oftentimes, by the inventor and scientist. The most wonderful achievements are small things that men have been stumbling over for centuries past, and generations to come will likely have similar things to say of us."

Here a forge, there a cauldron, and here an oven; here a room with delicate electrical appliances; opposite, a complete X-ray outfit; in an adjoining room a regiment of draftsmen, poring over blue prints. On one floor, a gigantic machine shop, with chemical appliances interspersed. Here, on a bench, are several pieces of plate glass on brown paper, on which the inventor had been scraping with his knife. All this great establishment in connection with the Phonograph plant, from gigantic castings to the most delicate films; for experimenting and testing the plans and ideas of the great Edison. In this one initial workshop, were evolved and perfected the ideas which have created great industrial plants all over the world and given enjoyment to millions. All from the genius of the one modest, gray-haired man, who goes apparently at random from one thing to another in that gigantic chemical, mechanical, electrical museum, as impulse leads him. Every stage of the work is carefully noted, recorded, discussed and argued, for there is no time lost by Thomas A. Edison in taking up the threads of his work.

A pen picture of Thomas A. Edison cannot be made without telling of his phonograph, for that is the one thing upon which his greatest personal enthusiasm concentrates. Those who have Edison's phonograph have what has done more than any other one thing to contribute to his greatness. The early records, containing the voice of Gladstone and Bismarck, were a priceless heritage, only recently destroyed by accident; the voice of William McKinley is preserved by the Edison phonograph for future ages. The phonograph now supplies the part of an instructor in all the modern languages. And all this is the result of the keen but kindly blue-eyed man, whose vim and inventive genius first comprehended all of the great and almost bewildering commercial possibilities of what was at first regarded chiefly as a toy of scientific investigation, or a laboratory exhibit.

Since 1881 Mr. Gilmore, the present president and general manager of the Edison Phonograph Company, has been associated with the Edison interests, but it was not till 1889 that he became the head of the National Company. He has seen the magic development of the phonograph under the master's genius. Perhaps no man is closer to Thomas A. Edison than the president of the National Phonograph Company, and it is he who has made a commercial triumph of the invention. The industry now gives employment to 1,500 in this one company alone, and the process of manufacture is an interesting and fascinating study of the full voltage of an Edison idea, once it enters the arena of industrial development.

The array of automatic machines, singing their busy song in "making the parts," as if by some great invisible directing force; the assembling of the various parts; the nickling vats; the japanning room; even to the boxing and crating of the various types of machines, labeled for all parts of the world, is a scene beyond the wildest prophecy of a century ago.

The Edison phonograph is more than a mere article of commerce. It has a moral influence in the charm it lends to the glow of the home circle, and has become more than the *National* Edison phonograph — it is truly international. The triumph of American commercial designs is inseparably linked with the inventions of Edison. Thousands, with the aid of the phonograph, are mastering the languages, to enlist in the conquest of trade, who would feel that they could not afford the time or expense of a tutor.

To me the most fascinating portion of the great Edison phonograph plant was the record-making building, where the magnificent records are being made. Here was Kryl, the great cornetist, with hat and coat off—his collar unloosed, his long hair flowing, pouring the masterly strains into a funnel, beside which stood two operators, watching minutely every detail.

A slight error is made, which to an audience would pass unnoticed, but Kryl shakes his locks — the record is destroyed, and he begins all over, playing a strain that in a short time is to echo all over the world. The accompanist at the piano, placed on a high platform to bring the sound within the range of the large trumpet, patiently repeats the interludes.

There are rooms fitted up for brass bands, vocal choruses and orchestras with elevations adjusted according to the science of sound, to get the best possible results for the records. There are chimes of bells, in fact, all of the properties of a theatre, for here the indelible record is made that time cannot wither. It is marvelous how this great department is kept busy to supply the world with something new for every hour of the day. Years ago the new piece of sheet music was purchased after its popularity was assured; now it is the new record that takes up the main burden of the distribution of popular airs.

The new records are of much darker color than formerly, and are much more loud and distinct. A contrast of records recently made and those made a year ago, showed a marked improvement, and with Mr. Edison's watchful eye on the lookout for further advancement, one feels that the Edison will remain the standard phonograph of the times. The records are now electrotyped in gold, so that they are all virtually and actually "originals," instead of reproductions, as formerly. The whole process is so simple when once understood as to be startling, and, as Mr. Edison remarked, "It's strange that it was not made a practical success before."

Scattered through the various departments, from X-ray to machine lathe room, are those rough pencil drafts, made by Mr. Edison. His drawings have nothing of the polished finish and exactness of the blue print in the drafting room, but they have the vitality of the great and yet simple idea. These drafts are made oft-times to show the impossibility as well as the possibility of a project. And in all the range of ideas from the first tin-foil record to the perfected wax record of 1903, Thomas A. Edison has surpassed even his own expectations in the phonograph. It is the one predominating hobby of his life, and with a phonograph in the home, every American home has a souvenir remembrance and reminder of what Thomas A. Edison considers the greatest achievement of his life.

ART MOVEMENTS OF TODAY

IV.—THE SO-CALLED PASSING OF IMPRESSIONISM

By FREDERICK W. COBURN

"MAMMA, what made the man think it looked like that?" queried a little girl in front of an impressionistic enigma—a question that, repeated ten thousand times by people of more mature years, seems to be having the effect of driving a certain sort of impressionists out of the art business. The disciples of Monet and Sisley in this country are somehow losing their grip to such an extent that one hears the phrase "the passing of impressionism." It is certainly true that the leading art exhibitions of the past two or three years have contained relatively fewer of the red-yellow-blue symphonies in high key than did the exhibitions of, say, ten years ago, as well as rather more — at least so far as the characteristically American field of landscape painting is concerned —of rich, low-toned compositions, conceived and executed after the spirit that had inspired the big landscapists of this country — such men as George Inness, A. H. Wyant, Homer Martin and Winslow Homer — long before the cult of French impressionism reached these shores.

The fact is, the exhibition-going public in this country has become so used—and for the most part so indifferent—to ways of seeing and rendering nature which fifteen years ago were held the height of the revolutionary, or the ridiculous, that I feel rather like apologizing for including impressionism among the art movements of the day. Strictly speaking, the movement is away from impressionism—if by the term we mean just a peculiar fashion of painting with odd little dabs of unmixed colors; with nothing of the careful blending and slick shading once supposed to be a distinguishing mark of competent painting.

At the same time American impressionists are still doing powerful work—virile painters like Frank W. Benson and Edmund C. Tarbell of Boston; Childe Hassam, Robert Reid and J. Alden Weir of New York; together with an immense number of brilliant fellows in the middle West, where the movement shows fewer signs of abating its force; and we know that the aims of these men, in spite of twenty years of more or less popular discussion in the magazines and newspapers, are still little enough understood. Indeed, it is not improbable that many of my readers think of impressionism as just the lazy artist's way of getting out of mixing his paints properly; and it is pretty hard beyond peradventure for a layman to understand what excuse there can be for some of the jokes that are sprung seriously upon a long-suffering public. Yet, as the method of the impressionists is not always so mad as it looks — and it does not by any means invariably look so mad—I may, perhaps, be pardoned a fresh brief attempt to explain what the impressionists really have been driving at, and where they

have come out. I believe it to be necessary to this series of articles, because without the interesting impressionistic enthusiasts we should never have been ready for the big decorative enterprises of which I spoke in my first article.

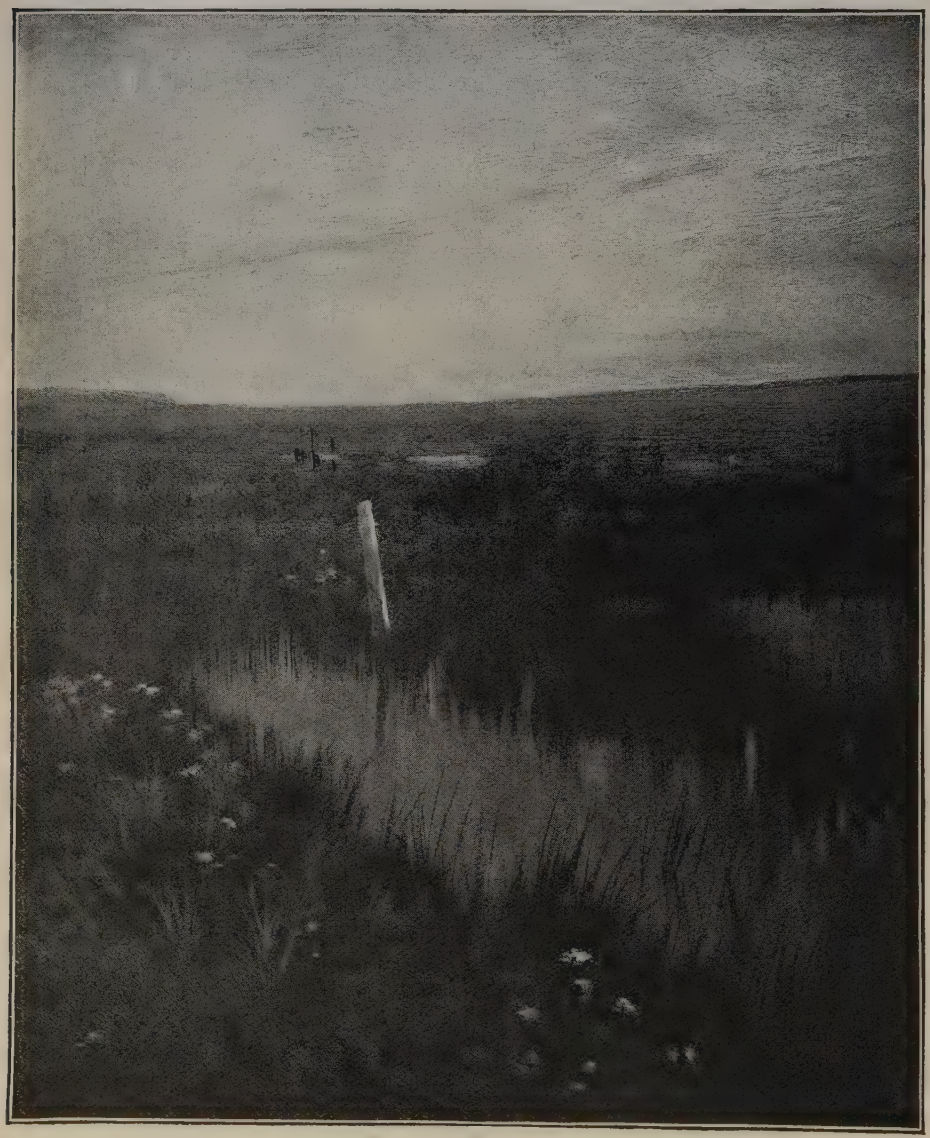
Now the very word *impressionism* is not defined in popular thought. An exceedingly intelligent man, a school teacher, lately remarked to me:

"I suppose that impressionism means the easiest way of getting at a result."

But, as I told him, that is just what impressionism is not. If it is at all

"THE GREEN MANTLE OF THE STANDING POOL"

From the painting by Arthur Hoeber, owned by George S. Payson of Chicago. Mr. Hoeber, who has just been holding an important exhibition of his works in New York, is one of the leading American painters of low-toned landscape.

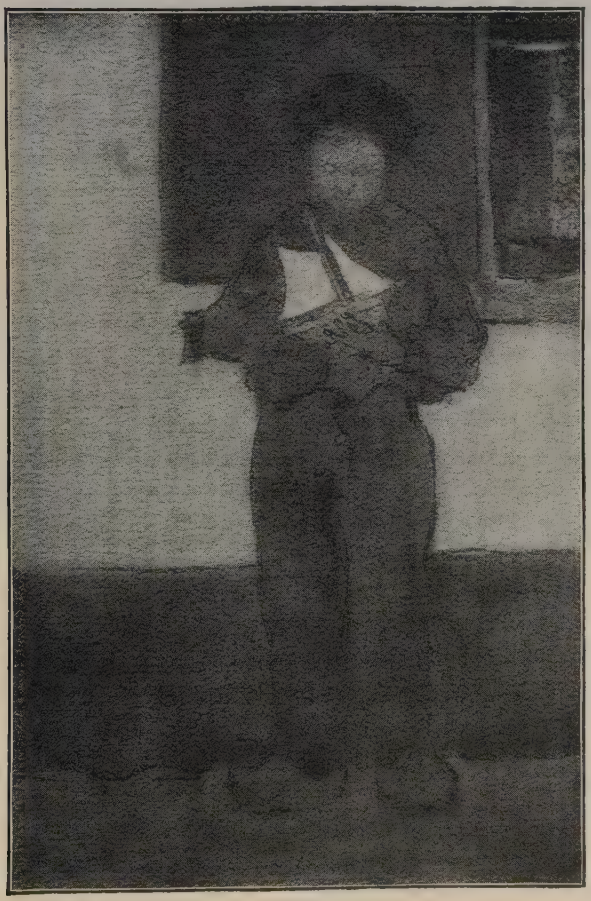


worthy the name of art, it is the only way of securing a certain result, and its question of difficulty has nothing to do with the case. The apparently easy things, as we all are aware, are generally the hardest. It is far less difficult to do things painfully, conscientiously, than it is to do them with simple directness. What we need is to get at a more serious definition of our term.

In art, according to a classification suggested by my friend Mr. Enneking, every important work of representation is bound to be either descriptive, typical or impressionistic. That is to say, a man depicts things in nature—or rather their effects—either as they look to him after he has examined their various dimensions and bearings, as they relate themselves to other things of the same kind, or as they strike him at a flash. And, in this sense, impressionism is nothing novel or startling, but is, on the contrary, as old as art itself. Any capable craftsman ought to be able to work now impressionistically, now descriptively, according to the result he desires to achieve; nor is there any question of wrong or right about the matter but only of point of view.

"THE BOY AND THE BOAT"

From the water-color painting by Charles Pepper Hovey, exhibited recently in Boston. This may be taken as a good example of the typical picture.

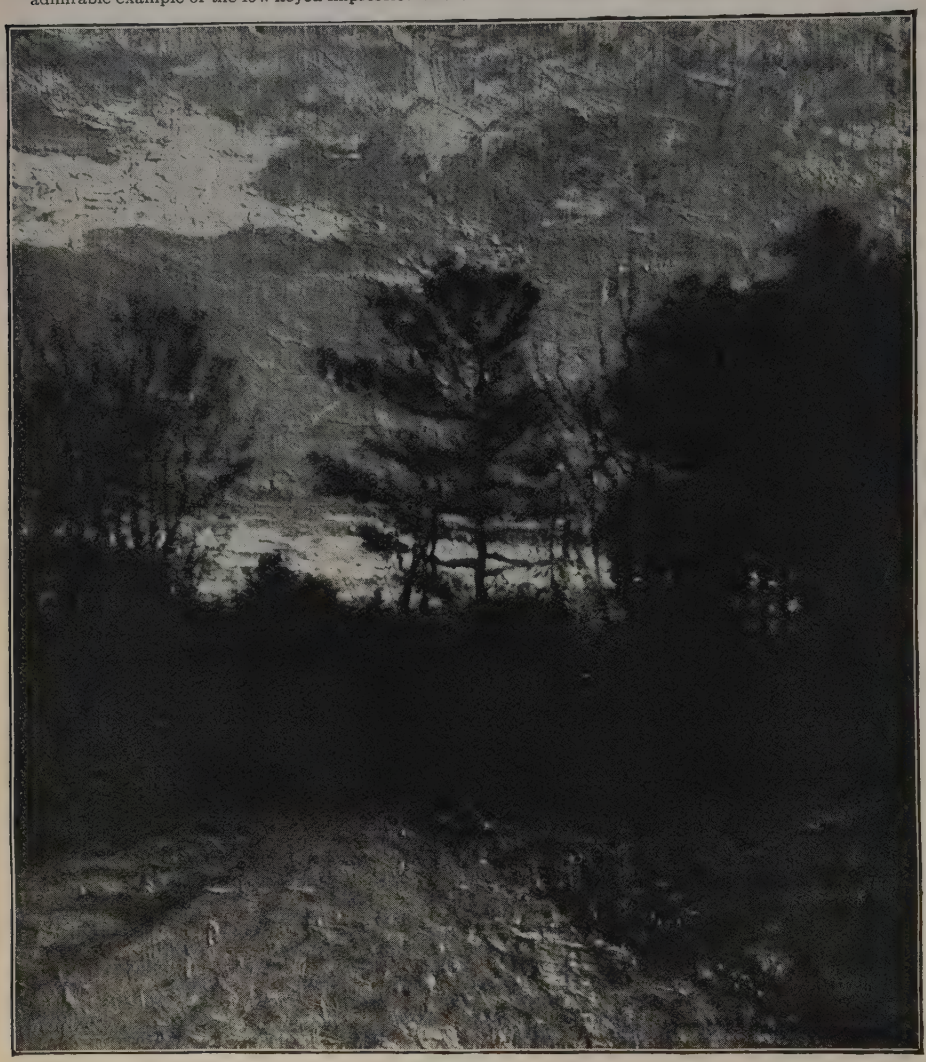


But there is another, narrower meaning of impressionism, by which it refers to the efforts of certain painters of France and other countries to render effects once considered unpaintable, and the attempts of these men to do the impossible have led to thickly painted canvases showing such peculiarities of workmanship and such novel ways of approaching subjects that it is not at all strange if this impressionism, in its extreme forms, at first excited wonder, ridicule and abuse, and if, after being featured for a number of years in the art entertainments of all civilized nations, it has generally failed to make good.

Even its most notable triumph, its particularly successful "stunt," the painting of broad sunlight, which was heralded as somet spectacular, turns out to only a minor number in the great continuous art performance

"WINTER TWILIGHT," BY JOHN J. ENNEKING OF BOSTON

This painting, by the artist upon whom the mantle of George Inness may be said to have fallen, is an admirable example of the low-keyed impressionism.



of the ages, and not a new, world-thrilling form of entertainment. Yet the impressionists have certainly done their prettiest in devising a unique plan of attack upon the problem of portraying the effects of very strong light. Impressionistic artists of the old school used to contend that only gray days and twilights can be adequately rendered with paint, and they would invariably discourage a beginner from trying to express the full glory of noontide.

It actually took artists centuries to discover the obvious truth that a light effect demands a very light picture. This is as simple as most of the great scientific discoveries of the nineteenth century; yet it was only the other day discovered and announced as a working principle. It is a point of view, and one that an

artist finds extremely difficult to maintain consistently, because, to do so implies practically ignoring all sorts of typical and descriptive elements which, in the ordinary forms of art, painters who choose to work impressionalistically still do not altogether exclude. From the very nature of the paints the artist uses — having nothing brighter than white, which is dull compared with the glare of a sunny sky — he cannot but do some apparently queer things in his efforts to pair the light, for various things have to be sacrificed in order to keep the colors from getting dark. To express it scientifically, the picture must be such that if it were whirled about on a color wheel it would fuse into a very light spot.

Nor is this lightness easy to achieve, as anybody who has worked much with colors must realize. The more thoroughly you mix the pigments the darker they get; the impressionist solves that difficulty by hardly mixing them at all, in some instances actually squeezing straight from the tubes to the canvas. In that way he is sure of fresh, pure color. Then, too, he has to ignore all sorts of facts that we generally regard as typical of sunlit landscape — powerful contrasts of dark and light and fine sharpness of contours—for if he once admits any large patch of dark into his picture he at once reduces what we call the average of luminosity, and thereby runs the risk of seeming to paint moonlight rather than sunlight. In fact, about the only important descriptive fact that he is not obliged to cut out is the contrast of colors, which he always expresses fully and often exaggerates, in order to make the different masses distinguishable and to get, by the well known principle of "vibration of color," by which two contrasting colors laid side by side make each appear more brilliant than if it stood alone, an even greater effect of light than could have been secured had only black or white paint been used. By these and other technical devices the impressionists have suc-

"CLAM DIGGERS AT SOUTH DUXBURY," BY ENNEKING: A DESCRIPTIVE PICTURE

ceeded in doing what was once supposed to be quite impossible — in securing really effective representation of sunlight; but there are still two opinions as to how much their accomplishment is worth to the practical work-a-day world. They have to sacrifice so many descriptive and typical facts which plain people everywhere regard as essential to pictures of places and persons that they can hardly be permanently popular, however much attention they may secure when their work becomes a fad.

This is an old story—one that readers of the National who are interested will find set forth with great clearness and precision in Mr. W. G. Brownell's *French Art.* Yet perhaps the most interesting feature of it is one that is not ordinarily appreciated: that the impressionists of today regularly become the decorators of tomorrow. They so far get into the habit of excluding all sorts of facts which most painters feel they must at all costs express, that they very quickly apprehend the decorative point of view in accordance with which they must resolutely cut out everything that does not contribute to the architectural effect. And especially at this time, when schemes of decoration in private and public houses are so generally light, so high key, men who through experience of years have trained themselves to secure their contrasts by oppositions of color rather than of dark and light, are certain to be able to meet decorative conditions. Hence it is not strange that some of the best work now being done in the field of mural painting is by thorough-going impressionists.

Yet, successful as impressionism — using the word in its narrow sense—has been in preparing for the decorative movement, it has not proved adequate to the task of interpreting American landscape. The wonderful clearness of our atmosphere, the almost invariable sharpness of our architecture, make sunlit representations somewhat unsatisfactory to people who have seen the similar effects in nature with all the wealth of interesting and positively essential detail. The grayer, more somber appearances—those which Wyant and Winslow Homer learned to render poetically years ago—are still preferred by the picture-buying public. So that a reaction in favor of low-toned landscape has come about in recent years, and a new and vigorous school of painters has arisen which affects the older forms of impressionism with little sacrifice of the descriptive and typical. Such men as Arthur Hoeber and Ben Foster of New York, Elmer Schofield of Philadelphia, John J. Enneking and George H. Hallowell of Boston—these men are as truly impressionistic as was the late John H. Twachtman, the king of all painters in high key; but it is characteristic of them to renounce study of broad sunlight in favor of interpretation of the deeper, more soulful aspects of twilight nature — renderings into which a man may crowd greater fullness of intention—to use Mr. La Farge's phrase — than into that painting which sacrifices much to obtain a little.

SONG

Years have flown since I knew thee first,
And I knew thee as water is known of thirst:
Yet I knew thee of old at the first sweet sight,
And thou art strange to me, love, tonight.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Mrs. Watson's Silver Set

By BELLE C. ESTES

MRS. WATSON was supremely happy when she came home from Topeka with her silver set.

It had been the dream of her life to possess a set of silver: a coffee pot, a tea pot, a sugar bowl, cream pitcher, teaspoons, tablespoons and silver knives and forks. For years she had skimped and saved and worked, but some calamity always came to Kansas to prevent the fulfillment of her wish.

One year it was the grasshoppers; another year it was the drought; another year they had great floods; one year all the swine died with the cholera; another year all the chickens died with some new disease; again, the cyclone brought destruction and ruined all the growing crops; then came a year when the cows gave plenty of milk, the swine had no cholera, the chickens flourished, the rains fell regularly and the corn crop was the largest in the history of Kansas. But when the corn was ready to gather, the price went down so low that very little ready money could be realized.

Then Mrs. Watson almost gave up the fight and shed some bitter tears in secret. "It looks as if the good Lord had set his face against me having that silver set. Kansas is always a-having something happening to it different from other states — such as cyclones, grasshoppers and droughts — some calamity is always coming along to keep me from having that silver set."

But Mrs. Watson did not give up. She wore her old bonnet and dress that winter and skimped more than ever. The prying eyes of her neighbors discovered that her underclothes were patch upon patch. Mrs. Rickets said that was the reason that she dried her clothes in the cellar.

"She says she can't give any more to the Children's Aid society, and she mixes rye with their coffee. I saw her with my own eyes."

"They must be dreadful hard up," said another. "She hasn't paid any missionary money this year, and she used to be the president of the society. And just see how shabby she looks. She often looks blue with the cold when she wears that threadbare blanket shawl."

The villagers continued to gossip about the closeness of Mrs. Watson; but when October came 'round again she had the hundred dollars ready to purchase the coveted silver set. The day was set to go to Topeka to make the purchase.

For a week she hardly thought of anything else. No one knew how tired she was of the very sight of her best dishes. "Anybody can tell that the teapot spout has been broken and cemented on with that cement that always leaves its mark behind it; the sugar bowl hasn't any top, and the cream pitcher has a nick in the spout." She said this to herself with a contemptuous toss of her head.

The day before the trip to Topeka, Mrs. Watson was very busy. She put the house in perfect order and then laid out all the clean clothes on the best bed ready to put on in the morning. Mr. Watson stood and watched his wife as she went about her work of getting ready for the journey on the morrow, and at last cleared his throat and said:

"Hannah, it does seem to me that you hadn't ought to get that silver set.

There will be lots of suffering this winter right here in this town. John Paul told me yesterday that his hogs had the cholera and there is no telling how soon ours—"

"Jacob," Hannah spoke in a hard voice, "I set my mind on having that silver set fifteen years ago, and I've denied myself for it ever since. I've scraped the money together at last to get it, and now I'm going to have it. I take notice when you want a corn-planter, or a patent hay-rake, or a riding plow with a canopy top, you usually get it. I have earned the money, every bit of it, to buy the silver set, and I'm going to buy it tomorrow. I guess you needn't say any more about it."

"Hannah, the case is entirely different. I have to have implements to farm with and you do not have to have—to have—"

"Jacob, some one is knocking at the kitchen door. Who can it be at this time of night? Wait a minute, I will go to the door, for you are nearly undressed."

After some conversation with the person at the door, Mrs. Watson closed the door with a bang and came back with a stern look on her face. Mr. Watson looked at her inquiringly, but she did not look at him.

"Well, Hannah, who was it come?"

"It was Tom Graham. Lucy's got the croup awful bad, and they can't find the doctor. Gone out in the country somewhere and didn't leave any word where he was going."

"Hannah, did he want you to go home with him?"

"Yes, he did, but I ain't a-going a step. I ain't a hospital nurse. I gave Tom Graham the croup medicine and told him he would have to get somebody else, for I was a-going to Topeka tomorrow."

Mr. Watson for once was silenced. He began to feel worried as he thought of his wife. She must be taking one of those new-fangled nervous diseases that women have nowadays. She had for years been an authority on children's ailments and was noted for her kindness to the sick and needy; but something was wrong with his wife. She was a changed woman. Yes, he felt sure that she had some nervous disease working on her.

The trip to Topeka was made the next day. Mrs. Watson went to every jewelry store, and some other stores where silver-ware was offered for sale, before she could make up her mind. Then she went back to Nicholson's and bought the first set that she had looked at.

The next morning Mrs. Watson unpacked the silver set, placed each piece carefully on the table and sat down to look at it. She must be dreaming. She pinched herself to make sure. Yes, it must be true, there was the tea-pot, the sugar bowl, the cream pitcher and the coffee-pot. She was still looking at it with sparkling eyes when Mrs. Bolly came in.

"Solid silver?" said Mrs. Bolly in a doubtful tone. "Are you sure?"

Mrs. Bolly was small and wizened looking, and had a wrinkled, sour face, with envy showing from every wrinkle.

"Yes, I'm sure," said Mrs. Watson. "Look at the mark on the bottom of every piece. Sterling it says, and that means solid silver. Land knows I paid enough for 'em. It just took an even hundred dollars to buy 'em."

"You don't say so," said Mrs. Bolly, in a doubtful tone. I wonder you didn't get a water pitcher while you was gitting.

"Well, I must be a-going." Mrs. Bolly put on her sunbonnet and shawl and went home; and some of Mrs. Watson's happiness went out at the door with her.

She was wrapping the white tissue paper about the tea-pot when Mrs. Denning came in.

"I have just heard that you had bought a solid silver set, and I came right over to see if it is so. Is it? I am just all out out of breath, I walked so fast."

"Yes, it's so," said Mrs. Watson, in rather a subdued tone. "Here it is on the dining-room table; I was just getting ready to put it away."

"Oh, how strange," said Mrs. Denning. The tone and the look that accompanied it sank like steel into Mrs. Watson's brain. "How much carving and what large designs."

"Yes, said Mrs. Watson. Plenty of carving; that's what I like. They asked just as much for a plain, small set with tiny little sprays of ferns on it. I wanted to get the best value I could for the money."

There was an ominous silence.

"Oh, it's real pretty, and it took lots of work to do all those flowers. Yes, it's real pretty, if it is a little out of style."

"Out of style! Why, I hunted all over Topeka and I only found one set that was anything like this. I wanted this kind of a set."

"Oh, then, if you are suited I guess the rest of us can stand it. Mrs. Crowley has a new set. It's the very latest style. You know she always gets everything the very latest. It's all plain, with very little carving on it. She said it was the Colonial style, I believe. Oh, yes, she got the water pitcher, too. Well, I'll have to go. Your silver set is just real pretty," Mrs. Denning said in the polite tone one uses to conceal insincerity.

Mrs. Watson sat down and looked at her silver set very soberly. Was it old-fashioned? Was that the reason this design had been so hard to find in Topeka? No, of course it wasn't old-fashioned. Any woman in her senses would know that it was worth more than the plain kind. No, Mrs. Denning was just a little jealous, that was the reason that she had hinted so strongly that it was old-styled.

Just then her only daughter, Susan, came in with her school books and placed them rather carelessly on the table.

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Mrs. Watson, "Don't you know any better than to push my silver 'round that way. You get one of them pieces scratched and you will see what will happen to you."

Susan looked frightened, for in all her life her mother had never spoken to her in that tone.

"I didn't do any harm," she said.

"No, but it's a wonder. You mustn't push silver around that way. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, mother." There was a sound of tears in the girl's voice as she replied.

From that day Mrs. Watson was afraid to allow any one to touch the silver.

"Susan, I'd just as 'lieve you'd put it in the stove and melt it up as to scratch it."

Susan trembled every time she put the sugar bowl lid on, or carried any piece to the china closet. Before the end of a week she hated the sight of the silver set.

Mrs. Watson invited some company to celebrate her husband's birthday. The expected guests came and the supper was excellent; but Mrs. Watson could eat little for watching her silver. The school teacher's wife praised the supper, but she did not say anything about the new silver set. Finally Mrs. Watson said in a kind of apologetic way, "How do you like my new silver set?"

Mrs. Green answered and said: "Excuse me, but I did not know it was new. It is such a quaint, old-fashioned pattern, that I thought that it might have belonged to your mother. One seldom sees large designs. Nearly all the new styles are very plain with little carving. Mrs. Smeltzer has been hunting for just such a pattern, and she said she couldn't find one in Kansas City. Of course it

is just a matter of taste, anyway. It is a beautiful set, if it is a little different from other people's.

"Have you heard about Lon Hickson? The doctor says that he will go blind if he don't go to New York and have an operation performed on his eyes. He has spent everything he had trying different things. His wife is so delicate she can hardly do her own work, and can't do anything to earn money."

"How much will the operation cost?" asked Mrs. Watson.

"Oh, seventy-five or a hundred dollars. I wore my old clothes last winter and gave the money to the poor, and I know you have been doing the same thing."

"I am afraid not," said Mrs. Watson, in an embarrassed way.

"Oh, of course you won't let people know how much good you do. I've been saying, for a long time, that you had not been wearing your old bonnet and that rusty shawl for nothing. When I have heard people criticise you for being so close, I just up and told them that I knew you better than they did, and that if you hadn't been giving as much publicly as usual, you had been giving privately, I was sure. No, we can't raise seventy-five dollars. I am afraid that Lon Hickson will have to lose his sight, and then the family will have to go to the poor-house. I can't bear to think of it."

"Can't the church raise the money? Lon is a member in good standing."

"No, Mrs. Rogers only gave fifty cents to our collection on Thanksgiving day, after we had made a special plea and told just what the money was to be used for. The very next week she went to Topeka and bought a new parlor set and an organ for Lucy. I couldn't sleep if I had done such a thing. I have always said there was nothing like having a clear conscience. Now Mrs. Watson, don't you look so cast down. You always were so sympathetic."

It was three weeks afterward that Mr. Watson missed the silver set.

"Why Hannah, where's your silver set at? I haven't heard you say anything about it for a week. You surely haven't got tired of it already, after wanting it so many years."

"No, John, but I let Mrs. Smeltzer have it. It was just the pattern she wanted and she paid me more than I gave for it. I gave Lon Hickson a hundred dollars to go to New York and have the operation performed on his eyes. He started Tuesday morning and is in New York by this time. I am going to buy some new things for myself and Susan with the other twenty-five dollars."

"Well, I never!" Mr. Watson came near his wife and looked at her. "Well, I never! Why, Hannah, you are your old self again. It seems for a year or two you have hardly been yourself. It made me feel so bad to see you have so little sympathy for the poor and sick. I just think some new disease has been working on you."

"Yes, I think so, too." She looked up with a cheery smile and said: "I guess I've had the silver craze."

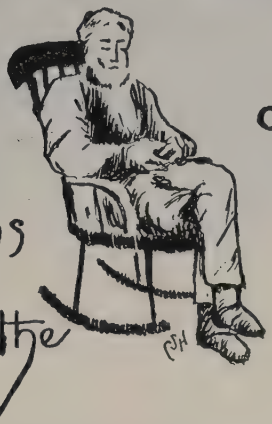
TO THE STATES

To the States or any one of them, or any city of the States, Resist much, obey little,
Once unquestioning obedience, once fully enslaved,
Once fully enslaved, no nation, state, city of this earth, ever afterward resumes its liberty.

WALT WHITMAN

A Historic Railroad

From Recollections of the older Employees by S. Harrington



PROBABLY no railroad in this country is better known to-day than the Boston & Albany Railroad. Originating at Boston in 1834, it ran to Angier's Corner, now known as Newton, and in 1835 it extended its line to Worcester under the name of the Boston & Worcester Railroad. Later, in 1867, it consolidated with the Western Railroad, forming a through line between Boston, Albany and the West. It soon was the principal outlet for both passenger and freight traffic and though practically only two hundred miles long, it became noted for the excellence of its road-bed and the regularity of its train service, a reputation that it still holds at the present time and which is national in extent.

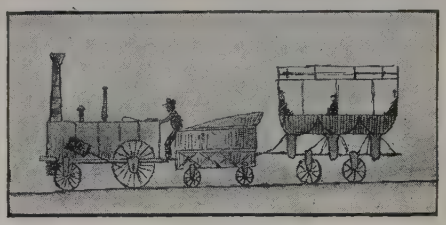
The average person knows more or less of the geography of the region traversed by it, and a small portion of its history, and every traveler is familiar with the attractions both natural and artificial along its "right of way," while it appeals to the business-man as a great factor in the commerce of the nation, and to the tourist its easy track, luxuriant cars, courteous service, fine stations and grounds are facts that make travelling over its route a long-remembered pleasure.

A "section gang," at the Ashland, Mass., station of the Boston & Albany railroad in 1840. The station agent wears a tall hat and has a book in his hands.

In the following reminiscences, the writer has omitted statistics as much as possible, desiring to present simply

such interesting events and customs as are told when a number of the older men "get to telling stories" of their experiences.

The "Meteor," the first locomotive used on the Boston & Albany railroad.



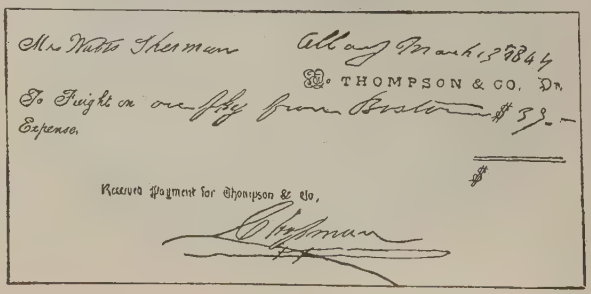
It is related that when Boston & Worcester shares were first offered for sale, customers were scarce and that on one occasion seven shares of stock were exchanged for seven pounds of sugar. I omit the price of sugar out of consideration for the Railroad Company.

It is only a few years ago, within many a man's memory, that a journey of length was the event of a life. When, before the advent of the railroad, stage coaches ran from Albany to Springfield and from Springfield to Boston, coming over the "Turn Pike" to Springfield and the "Bay Path,"—rendered famous by J. G. Holland's story of the same name—to Boston, there were six lines and eighteen coaches covering the entire route; freight business was handled by heavy wagons and required a two weeks' journey, while the stage for the one-hundred-mile trip to Boston took eighteen hours. Surveys were made in 1791 for a canal from Boston to the Connecticut River and were to be continued to the Hudson River. In 1827 a survey for a railroad was made; two years later the legislature recommended that a line should be built by the state. This line was to have a horse-path between the rails and paths for attendant railway men alongside. Ten miles an hour was the estimated speed and a change of horses every sixteen miles. The rails were to be laid on granite slabs. This excited remarkable opposition, its opponents claiming that the cost of a railroad would amount to more than the entire value of Massachusetts; but the year 1834 saw the first train leave Boston. The first engine came from England and was called the "Meteor." This was followed by engines of home manufacture and by several cars named for the counties in the state, each car holding twenty-four passengers who paid their fares to the "train-master." This official carried a whip, either as a badge of authority or to keep away the small boy, who no doubt stole rides then as now. A newspaper advertisement of 1834 reads as follows:—

> "*Tickets for the passage either way may be had at the ticket office, No. 617 Washington Street, price 37½ cents each, and for the return passage of the master of the cars, by order of the President and Directors.*"

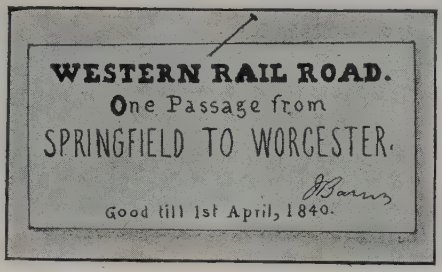
In 1839 the Western Railroad from Worcester to Springfield was opened and later the tracks were continued to State Line to meet the Hudson and Berkshire Railroad. In 1858 the second track was laid and completed about 1863, making then as today the only double-track route between New England and the West. Following

Bill of Thompson's Express Company for freight on one package from Boston to Albany—$37.


Mr Watts Sherman
Albany March 29 1844
THOMPSON & CO. Dr.
To Freight on one pkg from Boston $37.—
Expense.
Received payment for Thompson & Co.,

this, there has been a constant change in straightening of curves, avoiding grades, abolishing grade crossings and building new stations, and the same plan of perpetual improvement is steadily going forward under the administration of the New York Central management.

The first ticket issued, now in possession of the auditor of the Boston & Albany railroad.



When the railroad first started, people from all parts came to "see the wheels go 'round." Engines were not much like modern ones and they were slow,—slow both in looks and in speed. Any smart horse could keep a dust in front of one. Brakes were simply levers worked by hand, but accidents were rare. Nothing went fast enough to prevent a person's getting out of the way. Once a train killed three men. The killing of three thousand would not cause half the excitement today or be talked about half as long. People said railroads would soon depopulate the whole country.

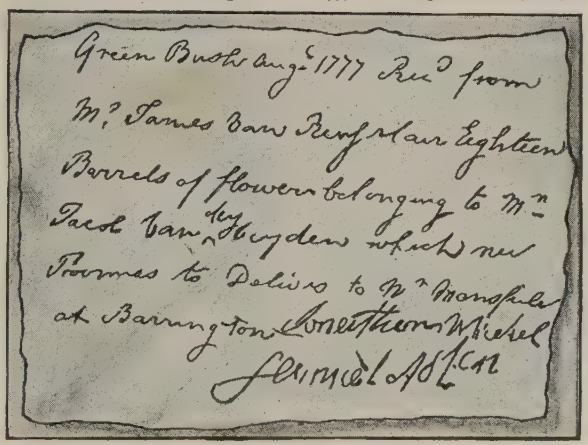
I recollect an old fellow who in 1887 was "still with the road." He heard the whistle of the first train coming into Springfield and supposed it "was some one killing a pig," but being a section hand he remembered a train was to arrive, so went to see it. People crowded about the diminutive locomotive "touching it with their fingers to see if it were hot," and when the engineer suddenly blew his whistle, he says words cannot describe the panic that followed, and in a few minutes the place was deserted.

About 1839 a custom prevailed at Springfield, namely, a bell in the cupola of the station was continually rung for fifteen minutes prior to the departure of a passenger train. This bell was also rung on the approach of a train.

From 1860 until recently the Boston & Albany owned a cannon, which was used by them in firing salutes to regiments departing over their line for the South.

The writer well recalls the trains of his boyhood—yellow cars with flowers and pictures painted inside, bright red wheels on both engine and cars, and polished brass bands around the boiler and brass cylinders. Sometimes the connecting rod was outside and often inside under the boiler, while two rods worked back and forth beside the engineer's seat. Huge tunnel-shaped smokestacks, piles of wood on the tender and each engine named as well as numbered.

Facsimile of a bill of lading issued in 1777 for transportation by wagon.


Green Bush Augt 1777 Recd from
Mr James Van Rensselaer Eighteen
Barrels of flowers belonging to Mrs
Jacob Van Heyden which are
Promises to Deliver to Mr Mansfield
at Barrington Connecticut Wickel

In the cars a wood-stove kept passengers in its immediate vicinity exceedingly warm, while the ends of the cars were cold. Wax candles were used for illumination and

In the heart of the Berkshire Hills: an old arch bridge, with modern suspension built above to give greater strength and provide against accident; on the line of the Boston & Albany railroad.

State Line Tunnel, drilled by hand and blasted with powder; on the line of the Boston & Albany railroad.

a brakeman's duties were to twist the brake-wheel for every stop, for hand-power was a sole reliance.

Switching was done with horses, sometimes one and then again with a tandem, using a rope or chain hooked to a corner of a car, and horse-power then was nearly as great as locomotive power. In the early days of the road, there was a smash-up and all were badly shaken up. The next morning a burly farmer limped into the superintendent's office and said, "Mr. Superintendent, I came in to see what you were going to give me for shaking me up so yesterday." The superintendent asked how much he thought he ought to have for his injuries. "Well, I think it is worth fifty cents and I will settle for that." The superintendent replied that it was quite a sum, but as the man seemed honest he would pay him, and did so, taking his receipt in full. The superintendent said, "I will be liberal with you and give you a pass to take you home." "No you won't. As long as these pins (slapping his legs) last, I won't go on your darn railroad any more."

A certain class of freight engines were called "crabs," clumsy little fellows with upright boilers, some having four and others having eight wheels. Some of the freight cars had but four wheels, while the passenger cars had no end platforms or entrances, but there was a running-board on the side. The seats were not

Chester, Mass., ledge; drilled by hand; on the line of the Boston & Albany railroad.

Washington, Mass., ledge, the summit of the Berkshires; on the line of the Boston & Albany railroad.

reversible, one facing forward and the other backward. They were covered with drab cloth, and for a back support had a loosely hung band of hair-cloth.

The agent at a country station received a live hog consigned to a man whom he did not know, and who neglected to call for it. After feeding it a couple of days, he concluded that this constituted a mortgage on it, so foreclosed by killing the hog and "salting it down." Soon afterward the owner called and demanded it. "Well," said the agent, "it's in that pork barrel and if you can identify it, why, I'll just take it out and give it to you."

Tickets, after collections, were returned to the agents and resold, but each agent was obliged to sign each ticket. Employes wore no uniforms, and fast trains made twenty-five miles an hour.

An agent of one of the stations was annoyed by the loafers of the town congregating about his stove on cold mornings. One particular morning he came in and found a crowd there, so he called his baggage-master, and with his help moved the stove into the yard. "There!" he said, "if you fellows want that stove, take it, but I want the office to work in;" and work he did all day in the cold without any heat.

The road-bed was streaked with all kinds of soil, whatever came handiest, and when "T" rails came, it was thought a track would last forever. So they just let the grass grow and the frost work, and they soon woke up to their mistake.

About 1877 one of the sub-foremen in a certain section was left with a gang of men to put in some new ties. As it happened, there were a lot of bad ones there, so he took them all out for six lengths of eighteen-foot rails, put in new ones and tamped them all up and trimmed the ballast off in good shape. When the foreman came along on the freight train, while the men were at dinner, and rode over the six lengths of rail at fifteen miles an hour, he saw there was not a spike in the whole length of the six lengths of rail, and not one of the rails moved out of

The "Bay Path" stage road to Boston, over which coaches and freight wagons traveled. It is nearly parallel to the Boston & Albany.

Two roads to Boston: the old "Bay Path" and the Boston & Albany

The Albany "Turnpike," a stage road from Albany, N.Y., to Springfield, Mass., adjacent to the tracks of the Boston & Albany railroad.

line or gauge. The paymaster "paid off" the employes once a month, making his journeys on a hand-car for the purpose, and carrying his ink in an inside pocket to keep it from freezing. He likewise had to take his turn at propelling the car, to keep warm.

The sheriff got after several train-hands for illegal fishing, but they eluded him. Later, learning that they were in the shops of the Boston & Albany Railroad, which adjoined the Connecticut River shops, he went through to find them, but was treated to a shower bath under a spout used for supplying locomotives with water.

He complained of this treatment and stated his reason for wanting the men to the superintendent, who, by the way, had been supplied with some of the fish caught, and the superintendent answered him as follows:

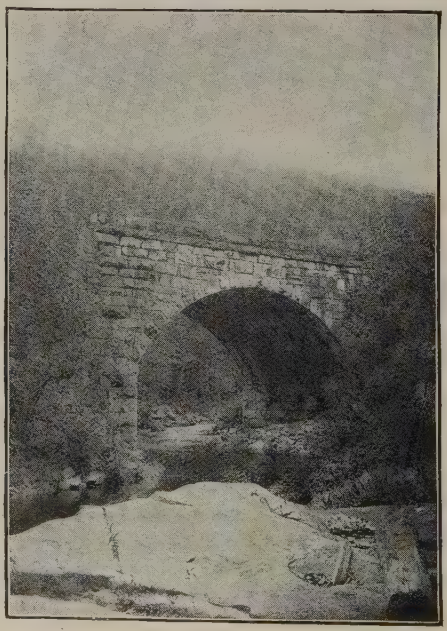
"Mr. Sheriff, those were not Boston & Albany men; they would never treat an officer of the law in such a manner. You got into the wrong place. You were in the Connecticut River Railroad shops, not the Boston & Albany's, for they hire such men and we never do."

An old rule required the station agent to take a horse and ride down the track to meet a train when it was over an hour late, and to ascertain the cause of the delay. Rule ten of the general rules of the Boston & Worcester Railroad required all trains to pass roads cautiously, so as not to frighten horses.

Freight trains on the same road carried a blue flag, notifying employes that another train would follow them. Sometimes several freights would follow in sight of each other. In such cases one conductor was assigned for all the trains, and he must ride on the rear car of the last train.

A freight conductor was sent to Warren with machinery billed "As per schedule." He said he could find it all but the d—d schedule, and it must have "shook off."

Railroad bridge built by the old Western railroad; still in use and over which passes the main line of the Boston & Albany railroad.



Iron rails were used, set in chairs pinned lengthwise with a long iron pin. These superseded wooden rails with strips of iron on top.

An extract from a report of a committee of directors of the Boston & Worcester Railroad of 1840 says, "The rate of fares for first-class cars shall be $2 for each person," but this was reduced within the year to $1.50.

The report also reads, "It is obvious that 200 passengers, with their baggage, would form too heavy a load for a locomotive, and to suppose an average of 200 passengers is to suppose more than could be accomplished even if 200 passengers were found for one trip." A ten-ton engine will draw fifty-nine tons of merchandise or about two car-loads of the present time.

In a smash-up at one time, the cars were badly wrecked and some passengers were killed. The train-men were busy getting them out of the wreck, and making them comfortable on the grass, ready for the surgeon. The conductor saw a man that walked with a cane, and who had been laid on the grass, reach over where lay one of his neighbors, and punching him in the ribs with his cane, exclaim, "Groan, consarn you, Joe; you won't get nothing if you don't." Then he set up a terrible groan himself.

There were no labor organizations during early railroading. Each man settled his own case, though perhaps the following account may go to show that even strikes were not unknown factors. Two Irish laborers concluded to introduce one, in hopes of obtaining an increase of pay. So they called on the superintendent and said:

"Mr. Superintendent, we've struck."

"Get out," says the official, and with that he seized a chair and drove them from his office; and, strange to relate, the men returned at once to their work without further protest.

All the ledges were drilled by hand and blasted with gunpowder, as was the tunnel at State Line, and continual effort was made to make the road-bed more uniform and to counteract the effects of changes in temperature, by substituting gravel for clay.

Engines and cars were proportionally improved, the huge tunnel-shaped stack gradually contracting until it became a vertical pipe, which from time to time was shortened to the present length. Many experiments were tried, one of which was an engine which the inventor claimed "burned its own smoke," the smoke-stack being placed just in front of the cab.

This brings us to a comparatively modern period of the road's history.

THE INTERVIEW AND THE WRITTEN WORD

I HAVE often asked myself why it is that the interviewer will sometimes get so much more wisdom out of a man, and so many more fresh and entertaining statements — in short, so much better literature—than the man can get out of himself. Is it because one's best and ripest thoughts rise to the surface, like the cream on the milk, and does the interviewer simply skim them off? Maybe, in writing, we often dip too deep, make too great an effort. Interviews are nearly always interesting,— much more so than a formal studied statement by the interviewed himself. Many a piece of sound, excellent literature has been got out of a man who had no skill at all with the pen. His spoken word is vital and real; but in a conscious literary effort the fire is quenched at once — From John Burroughs' "Literary Values." (Houghton-Mifflin, Boston.)

Williamsport, Pennsylvania

By EMERSON COLLINS

A FEW hardy pioneers had made their way into the valley of the West Branch of the Susquehanna river prior to the Revolution. After that, when the dread of the invasions of the fierce Iroquois from the North had been removed, settlers came rapidly. By the year 1800 these rugged home-builders had pushed their way deep into the forests that darkened all this valley. At that time Williamsport was a wilderness-girt hamlet of some twenty houses. The origin of the name, Williamsport, is clouded in doubt. Its early growth was slow. There was little to distinguish it socially or industrially from various other towns of this region, for the next fifty years. In 1850 the population was less than 2,000 and in 1860 just above 6,000. What were the causes that have made it the chief city and industrial center of north-central Pennsylvania?

The eastern slopes of the Alleghany mountains draining into the West Branch river were covered with dense forests of white pine and hemlock. The pine was of superb quality and the hemlock of unequalled size. Enterprise and brains and brawn were lured from far and wide to harvest this vast and virgin wealth. In the middle of the nineteenth century this part of Pennsylvania was still "the West" to the New Englander seeking a new or wider field for his energies. Men trained in the traditions and methods of the lumber woods of Maine began to come. Many came from New York and some from New Jersey. In large measure the lumber industry of the West Branch was built up by these enterprising, progressive and daring spirits who for twenty years or more from 1850 crowded hither from the states east and north of Pennsylvania. The intermingling of these new elements with the sturdy Pennsylvanians already here—mostly of German, Scotch-Irish and Irish ancestry—has given Williamsport a strong and virile body of business-men and produced a citizenship unexcelled anywhere.

WEST FOURTH STREET, BELOW LAUREL, WILLIAMSPORT

How came this lumber industry which depended upon the forests extending over so large a territory to be centered at this place? Under present-day conditions a net-work of railroads would be laid throughout it, with numberless tentacles reaching up the valley of every affluent of the river. Not so then. Waterways — natural and artificial — were yet main highways of commerce and transportation. The canal had reached and the railroad was reaching the little borough of Williamsport from the seaboard. A keen-minded Yankee from New Hampshire conceived what then appeared the hazardous plan of building a boom in the river at this place,— by that means to catch the logs thrown into the stream above and thus make Williamsport the seat of manufacture— the point where logs should be turned into lumber. A company was formed, a charter with liberal powers obtained from the state and the boom built. It is yet in active operation. It consists of a series of piers, connected with heavy, removable timbers or sticks, extending from the south bank up the middle of the stream, a distance of six miles. This makes a vast pocket into which the logs run and are impounded and thence rafted out at will and delivered to the mills. Each owner has his logs marked with a registered stamp as a means of identification. As many as 350,000,000 feet of logs have been held in it at one time. The logs, stocked in the winter season, come in on flood and freshet, from forests 150 miles distant. This boom made Williamsport.

HOSPITAL BUILDINGS AT WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

Great saw-mills were erected. Capital and labor rapidly found an opportunity. The town became the lumber center of the East. In a decade it leaped from the status of a struggling, moribund village into a well-built city of 15,000 people.

The total amount of pine and hemlock lumber caught and delivered by this boom to Williamsport saw-mills, to date, exceeds ten thousand million feet, aggregating in value at the current price of lumber from year to year the stupendous sum of $1,500,000,000. These West Branch lumber-men have been a splendid type of business-men—big, brave, brainy fellows who took large risks, at times suffered severe lossses, but masterfully in the end won out—to the everlasting advantage not simply of themselves alone, but as well the beautiful and prosperous city which they have done so much to build.

Lumber, however, in the nature of things cannot be a permanent industry. The Williamsport method by which a whole mighty region has been made to pay large tribute to its mills is the most durable, but even the grand forests of pine and hemlock that once covered the West Branch watershed have their limits. Years ago it was seen that the end must come—when the river would "again run unfretted" by the crowded mass of tumbling logs. For some time now this industry has been in a decadent state. And here is where Williamsport superbly demonstrated her right and purpose to live and grow. The country is scattered over with wrecks of towns that had de-

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT WILLIAMSPORT

pended upon a single industry. They waxed with its rise and waned with its decline. There were not wanting those who twenty years ago prophesied the same unhappy fate for Williamsport. But the energy that made lumber profitable has found profit in other industries, until today Williamsport's tide of prosperity is higher than it ever was before. Twenty years ago it was a place preeminently of one industry; today it is one preeminently of diversified industries. It welcomes and assists all industries, but depends upon no single one. If there ever was an honest doubt as to Williamsport's future, it has vanished in the smoke of throbbing mills and factories. If there ever was a halt it has been mercifully forgotten in the quickening pace of present-day progress. The diversity of industry making so powerfully as it does for stability of growth, is well attested by the fact that the manufactures of Williamsport include more than fifty different products of common use.

Among the fifteen iron plants are the Demorest Company, making the well-known sewing machine of that name; a nail-works with an annual capacity of 150,000 kegs; a boiler concern with an annual output worth $1,000,000; an engine works; two plants of the American Wood-Working Company with 350 employes; a wire-rope company, and a factory, making various staple articles, employing 350 persons. The Lycoming Rubber Company, one of the constituent plants of the United States Rubber Company, turns out daily 7,000 pairs of boots and shoes, and has 600 operatives. A single pants and skirt factory makes 3,000,000 pairs of pants and 1,500,000 skirts yearly. Two silk-mills have a pay-roll of about 1,000 hands. A bark-tannery employs 250 men. There are six growing furniture factories with over 1,000 employes. The Distin band instrument is made here. Two leather boot and shoe factories are in successful operation with a large capacity and running full. While lumber is no longer king, yet nearly 100,000,000 feet of hemlock is being annually sawed. Sash moulding and other building materials are made in large quantities. These, with many other important or lesser manufacturing plants, make the place one of the most thriving and prosperous spots in the land. Moreover, some very large lumber operations in the north-west, in

THE WILLIAMSRORT MASONIC PROPERTIES: HOUSE OF THE HOWARD CLUB, KNICHTS TEMPLAR, WILLIAM HOWARD MEMORIAL CATHEDRAL A. A. S. R., AND THE MASONIC TEMPLE

THE HANDSOME AND IMPOSING CITY HALL OF WILLIAMSPORT

West Virginia, and in other parts of Pennsylvania are owned and directed by Williamsport capitalists. The vast profits arising from these enterprises outside the gates help to swell the effective wealth at home.

Williamsport has a population, with the outlying districts not yet incorporated, of about 40,000. The wealth of the place finds proof in her banking institutions. There are four national and one private bank, a Savings Institution and a Trust Company. The aggregate deposits reach $7,000,000. The thrift of the wage-earner is witnessed by the $2,500,000 deposits in the Savings and Trust banks. Williamsport, of course, is sharing in the abounding and unexampled prosperity now blessing all parts of the country; but the man on the ground, knowing the whole truth, sees that this city is enjoying a special "burst of speed" peculiarly its own.

Williamsport possesses superior advantages as a manufacturing center. It is situated in the very center of Pennsylvania's exhaustless coal fields. Cheap and abundant coal is its industrial birthright. Railroad facilities are unexcelled. It is a fact eloquent of Williamsport's shipping facilities that, excepting New York, it is the one place in the country reached by the three great trunk lines—the Pennsylvania, the New York Central and Reading. It is on the main line of the Pennsylvania system from Buffalo and Erie and the Great Lakes to Philadelphia and Baltimore. The New York Central, in getting to the great Clearfield coal region, reaches out to Williamsport and here connects with the Reading.

Labor here is of a high class, not simply in the matter of efficiency but in its intelligence and public spirit. For thirty years there has not been a strike save of a momentary and inconsequential character. There has never been a boycott. In very large proportion the working-men own their own homes. There is not a single tenement block or corporation boarding-house in the town. The percentage of foreign population is small. What there is has been long here and consists almost entirely of the good old German, English and Irish stocks which have entered as loyally and intelligently into the city's upbuilding as the native American. The West Branch valley is one of the most fertile spots of the state. A large and prosperous agricultural area is tributary to Williamsport. It adds to the industrial welfare and indirectly much more in affording an

GREYSTONE, A SUBURBAN RESIDENCE NEAR WILLIAMSPORT

abundant quantity of farm, dairy and garden products at a reasonable price. The standard of living is high, the cost moderate.

Among the chief instrumentalities in the promotion of Williamsport's industries, the Board of Trade stands foremost. This organization is not content merely to talk about things. To borrow a phrase from a celebrated speech in eulogy of one of the nation's heroes, it is "great in the arduous greatness of things done." This Board of Trade does things. It has enrolled every man in the town whose influence or help would be valuable in an army battling for industrial progress. In a single hour, at a meeting held last year under its auspices, the sum of $140,000 was raised to secure the Susquehanna Dye Works — a plant now in operation with hundreds of employes. Its most unique achievement, and one that has won wide and deserved commendation, was to raise a guarantee fund of $215,000 with which it stands always pledged and equipped to assist any new enterprise of approved merit. Under the leadership of this organization Williamsport is now making rapid and substantial gains. Growth and promise rest no longer upon transitory conditions. Every citizen feels the new, vitalizing force.

VIEW OF WEST FOURTH STREET, BELOW SUSQUEHANNA

As a place of residence Williamsport possesses many charms. Its situation is one of stirring beauty. Rising on the south of the valley is the bold, blue Bald Eagle spur of the Alleghanies. To the north are the rolling hills of woodland and well-ordered farms. The view from the Vallamont and Grampian heights, sweeping a distance of forty miles up and down the valley, with its varied detail of river, mountain, forest and sun-crowned hills, and the city lying in the vale below, is a scene that thrills all who behold it. To the stranger it is a revelation and to the resident a joy forever. Brandon Park, containing forty acres, lies well within the city. It was given to and is maintained by the city, and is a beautiful bit of landscape gardening.

The city is well built. In appearance it is not a typical Pennsylvania town. Its broad streets lined with noble trees—with the houses well back in ample grounds — give it the appearance of the elm-towns of New England. No Delaware or Euclid Avenue can of course be boasted, but the loyal Williamsporter is ever ready to back West Fourth as a handsome residence street against that of any town of the same or twice the size in the country. There are some impressive public buildings. The United States government building, containing the federal court-rooms and the post-office, is generally esteemed a model of its kind. The City Hall is much admired for graceful proportions and commodious interior. In its front stands the monument erected to the memory of the fallen heroes of the Civil War.

Williamsport citizens are notable for their charity and deeds of benevolence. The Hospital'Nurses' Home, Y. M. C. A. and Home for the Friendless are handsome and well appointed structures. These and other charitable organizations are enduring monuments to the altruistic

spirit of the people. The Masonic Temple and the Scottish Rite Cathedral — the latter a memorial gift — the two costing $150,000, are beautiful and conspicuous.

The vital statistics are of themselves sufficient to make the place desirable as a home. According to the United States census report of 1900, the death rate in Williamsport was the lowest of any city in Pennsylvania and fourth lowest in the entire Union. This results from many favorable causes, chief among which are the high degree of intelligence of the residents, the purity of the water supply, the cleanliness of the streets, miles of which are paved, and the general thrift and comfort of all classes.

The public schools are thoroughly equipped and in all things up-to-date. There are fourteen modern buildings representing an investment of $350,000, with an indebtedness of but a few thousand dollars. Dickinson Seminary is a Methodist institution with more than fifty years of honor and usefulness to its credit. The religious interests of the town are well ministered to, as is shown by many stately and imposing churches.

The municipal government of the place leaves little to be desired. There has been no taint of corruption in a generation. It is substantially non-partisan and civil service prevails in practice. To this is largely owing an efficient and admirable fire department.

While proximity to New York and Philadelphia, with a fine train service, lays the daily papers of those great cities upon Williamsport's breakfast tables, still the local papers are well edited and enterprising. There is one morning daily, the *Gazette and Bulletin,* and two evening, the *Sun* and the *News.* Here is also published the *Pennsylvania Grit,* which has 120 employes and circulates 180,000 copies in 8,000 towns.

VIEW OF MARKET SQUARE, WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

Williamsport has passed the iron gates of adversity. With a body of able business-men, possessed of large means and yet larger faith in the city's future; with all the manifold industrial advantages owing to easy access to the raw materials of successful manufacture; unsurpassed transportation facilities; with a situation of such beauty and a condition of such healthfulness as to make living an inspiration; with splendid social, educational and religious opportunities; with a civic pride and spirit always triumphant, Williamsport faces the future with the firm assurance that its destiny is among the greater cities of the land.

VIEW OF WEST FOURTH STREET, BELOW LOCUST STREET

GLANCES AT NEW BOOKS AND THEIR WRITERS

POULTNEY BIGELOW writes from the Century Club, New York, that he has "been spending the past month or two in the heart of the Adirondacks chopping wood and lopping the rough edges off a book that will shortly amaze the unsuspecting and incredulous"—and I venture to say it will do all of that.

YONE NOGUCHI comes to Boston from London, where he spent the winter. He published a new collection of his poems there, and won a really remarkable success of esteem, the press and leading men and women of English letters joining in a chorus of praise and appreciation. Noguchi is the only Japanese poet who has ever addressed an English-speaking audience in its own language. He is hardly twenty-five years old, and has been a student of English only ten years. His poetic genius is of the finest order, so that in what he has so far written he is a poets' poet only. But he is gaining strength and freedom in the expression of his thoughts in English, and with the ripening years bids fair to achieve a large and permanent success in his chosen field. His newest book, FROM THE EASTERN SEA, has not yet been published in America.

THE LEGATEE, a novel reporting life in a Wisconsin lumber village, is the first work of Alice Prescott Smith, born in St. Paul of New England parents, and now resident in San Francisco. The dramatic climax of the story is reached in the journey of the lovers through a burning forest.

ALICE BROWN'S newest novel, THE MANNERINGS, reveals her growing mastery of this form of literary expression. It is her most admirable production down to date—and that is very high praise.

JOHN W. FOSTER'S AMERICAN DIPLOMACY IN THE ORIENT is a sane, sympathetic recital of the opening of the doors of Eastern nations to the demands of strenuous visitors from the West. It emphasizes the really remarkable part this nation has played in the opening of those doors, and best of all it sets American methods in shining contrast with those of Europe in these transactions covering the better part of a century.

I KNOW of no other book that tells so much, simply, without heat, concerning trusts and tariffs, as George L. Bolen's PLAIN FACTS AS TO THE TRUSTS AND THE TARIFF. It will serve admirably as a text book for students of our great economic problems.

HOW many of you have read SAPPHO AND PHAON, Joaquin Miller's epic of the Pacific? A little while ago some one listed Howells, Aldrich, Stedman and Van Dyke as the first four living American men of letters. It is not difficult to see what test was applied to reach this result. Fine, true artists they are, but none of them approaches greatness of the first order. As poets, all are distinctly minor. As novelists, essayists and critics, insofar as each has worked in these fields, none has risen above good second class achievement. They are sound and sweet and wholesome as winter apples, and deserve all the honors that have been paid them by their grateful countrymen, but were not dowered with the flame of genius. Miller spite of his lack of scholasticism, his unevenness; Clemens as incarnate comedy; Riley in his unique lyrics of the child-heart, and Markham in his thundering ode,—these have out-run the others and will out-last them. But comparisons are ungracious: we need them every one and are glad that we have them.

FRANK PUTNAM

PHILLIPS BROOKS, by William Lawrence: Houghton-Mifflin, Boston.
THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, a novel, by Guy Wetmore Carryl: Houghton-Mifflin.
STUDIES IN THE THOUGHT WORLD, by Henry Wood: Lee, & Shepard Boston.
THE MASTER OF APPLEBY, a novel, by Francis Lynde: Bowen, Merrill & Co., Indianapolis.
JOHN PERCYFIELD, a novel, by C. Hanford Henderson: Houghton-Mifflin.
SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION OR REGENERATION, by R. C. Douglass: Lee & Shepard.
THE SOCIALIST AND THE PRINCE, a novel, by Mrs. Fremont Older: Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.
THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA, Vol. III: Funk and Wagnalls Co.
A DAUGHTER OF THE PIT, a novel, by Margaret Doyle Jackson: Houghton-Mifflin.
HOME FLORICULTURE, by Eben E. Rexford: Orange Judd Co., Chicago.
LITERARY VALUES, by John Burroughs: Houghton-Mifflin.
AMERICAN DIPLOMACY IN THE ORIENT, by John W. Foster: Houghton-Mifflin.
THE LEGATEE, a novel, by Alice Prescott Smith: Houghton-Mifflin.
THE MAHONEY MILLION, a novel, by Charles Townsend: New Amsterdam Book Co., New York City.
YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF HOLLAND, by William Elliot Griffis: Houghton-Mifflin.
COME WITH ME INTO BABYLON, a novel, by Josiah M. Ward: Stokes Company, New York City.
WHERE AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE WAS BORN, by Daniel Monroe Wilson: Houghton-Mifflin.
A DAUGHTER OF THE SIOUX, a novel, by Captain Charles KING: Hobart Company, New York City.
FROM THE EASTERN SEA, poems, by Yone Noguchi: Unicorn Press, London.
THE MANNERINGS, a novel, by Alice Brown: Houghton-Mifflin.
PLAIN FACTS AS TO THE TRUSTS AND THE TARIFF, by G. L. Bolen: Macmillan Co., New York City.
AMERICAN FOOD AND GAME FISHES, by Jordan and Evermann: Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

THERE is nothing I like better than to serve as advance agent for the National in working up its *Progressive American Cities* series. It keeps me in personal touch with those factors so essential in the up-building of the nation —the home-building spirit first and foremost. Seldom have I been more interested in or impressed by any city than by Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Nestling in the valley of the Susquehanna, the headquarters of the lumber industry of a vast region, and the seat of scores of rich and growing manufacturing plants, it represents the virile strength of a western city, with the conservative balance of old eastern communities. Stopping at the Park Hotel, located in the center of a square near the station, and one of those fine old-time houses that are always picturesque and interesting, I felt quite at home. At the breakfast table was a pleasant-faced young man with glasses. My first inquiry was concerning the drinking water.

"Best that can be obtained anywhere—pure mountain water," he said.

"Then this must be a healthy city?" I ventured to ask.

"Fourth healthiest city in the United States and healthiest in Pennsylvania," was the prompt and positive response.

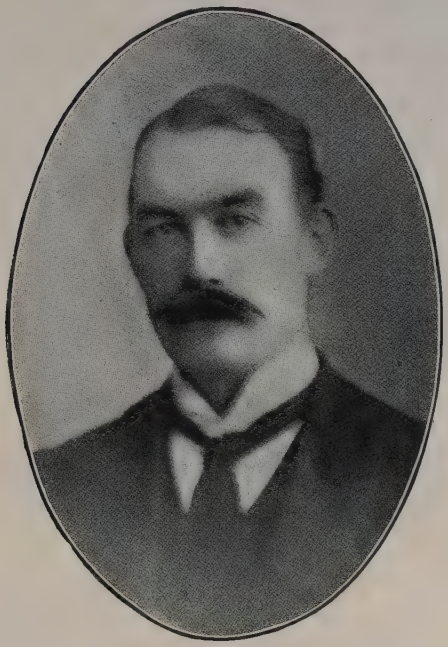
We soon drifted into conversation and he grew enthusiastic over the growth and prospects of the city. He pulled from his pocket *Bulletin No. 12* published by the Williamsport Board of Trade, and containing concise statements and comment concerning what Williamsporters are doing. A glance inside gave one the key to the situation. Williamsport is wide-awake, and has wide-awake men in charge of her affairs.

My inquiries were not confined to a few individuals, and everywhere I heard the same loyal tributes to the city and its chief men, and especially to Senator J. Henry Cochran, the president of the Board of Trade and the head of pretty nearly every movement for advancing the city's interests. The porters about the hotels, the men at work in the streets, street car men, every little shop I dropped into — all gave evidence of their pride and belief in Williamsport and the splendid creative work inaugurated by Senator Cochran. The miles and miles of handsome residences and homes were to me the most impressive proof of Williamsport's soundness. It is a rare thing to see the public work of one citizen so enthusiastically appreciated by all its beneficiaries as that of Senator Cochran in Williamsport — so rare that I take

pleasure in recording it. As a public-spirited, generous, kind and just man, he stands preeminent in his community, and his fellow citizens apparently could not say too much in his favor. And yet a more modest, and unassuming man never lived. He is a true type of aggressive, helpful, self-reliant Americanism.

SENATOR J. HENRY COCHRAN, HEAD OF THE WILLIAMSPORT, PA., BOARD OF TRADE

EARL DENBIGH, COMMANDING THE LONDON ANCIENTS



LADY DENBIGH, MISTRESS OF NEWNHAM PADDOX

WHEN I carry a musket on old Boston Common in June of each year and try to look severely military in gorgeous braid and buttons, at the annual

A GROUP PICTURE OF THE TEN CHILDREN OF THE EARL AND LADY DENBIGH

drum-head election of officers of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston I somehow feel in touch with two centuries past. In 1638 the first commander of this patriarchal military company took his command; and in the armory at Faneuil Hall hang the portraits of the men who have served since that day, whose lives span American history. The Boston company was formed as a part of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, by those who desired to keep in touch with the military and social spirit of the "old home."

An event of international importance will be the visit of the London Honourables to this country. Under the command of Rt. Hon. Earl Denbigh, they will arrive October 2, next, two hundred strong, the first armed British force to touch our shores since the fateful days of 1814, when the song, *The Star Spangled Banner*, was given birth. Their coming emphasizes the feeling of good will and good fellowship that makes the frowning armaments of the word mere ball-room and holiday ornaments, and the sheathed gatling gun as harmless as the gold-hilted sword in the salon. In 1895 the Boston company of the Ancient and Honorables were the guests of the London Honourables and were given "royal welcome" indeed by their commander, the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII, and his sainted queen-mother. For the first time a foreign flag was unfurled and greeted by an English sovereign at Windsor Castle — and that flag was "Old Glory," the stars and stripes. It is significant that the present era of exceptionally good feeling between the two nations reached its high tide in the wake of this visit, when the Engish hospitality captured the hearts of Americans. Now American hospitality is to reciprocate, and it is unnecessary to say that it will be real reciprocity.

Many of the greatest achievements of diplomacy and statecraft are the outgrowth of incidents of this nature — the unpublished history where social good cheer transcends the brutalities of business and trade and the subtleties of statecraft. No real progress is made without confidence and both parties sharing in the results. Faneuil Hall, the old "cradle of liberty," will ring with cheers from English throats greeting the entwined flags. The redcoats at Bunker Hill will be given a different reception than that of June 17, '75. The "embattled farmers" at Concord will be there with a cordial greeting in which the old flint-lock will serve only as a relic. The memories of the "minute men" at Lexington will remain only to illuminate the kindred affection that exists today. The graves of the fallen English soldiers will be visited for the first time by their countrymen in arms. True, it is all sentiment, but it is just such sentiment that brings together the brothers of the race—man to man—with a hand-clasp.

A grand banquet in Symphony hall and a reception in Horticultural hall in Boston will be followed by a trip to New York over the Fall River line, that will place the visitors in charge of the "Old Guard" of Gotham. A visit to West Point and then "on to Washington" in a very different way and a very different route than that taken in 1814. A Sunday at Niagara Falls,—no Englishman would feel that he had been in America unless he saw the Falls,—then on to Toronto and Montreal to get a sight of blood-kin on American soil, and finally a return banquet to the Boston Ancients on October 14, the night before sailing for "merrie old England," after a conquest of New England in a way that would never have been dreamed of in Lord Howe's day. The visit touches more than the actual participants; they merely represent the idea of comity that is given expression in this manner.

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The craving for liquor is broken in six to twenty-four hours and sleep and appetite become natural in three to five days. In a few days more the nervous system is restored to normal condition and the drink addiction is gone.

The treatment is free from everything painful or objectionable, and is administered privately by physicians of the Institute. No hypodermics are used. Perfect privacy is observed, and no restraint is put upon the patient, who is at liberty to go about his regular affairs.

All drug addictions yield to the Oppenheimer Treatment with equal readiness.

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NET RESULTS.

BY LEE S. OVITT.

RESULTS are what count.

What a man is *going* to do, is one thing, but what he *has* done, *the net results* of his labors along his chosen line, proves his fitness for his work.

My work is financing gold mines and putting them on a footing where they will produce, and *pay dividends.*

The *results* of my three years' work along those lines are briefly summed up as follows:

1st — California Mines — mill on property — aerial tramway built — tunnels run on different levels — immense body of ore ready for treatment.

2nd — Cracker Oregon Mine — tunnels run — splendid mill about completed — ore uncovered ranging up to $50,000.00 to the ton.

3rd — Golconda Consolidated Gold Mines — increased mill capacity — new deep sinking hoist — reservoir for power and light, etc., etc. Stock sold to provide these improvements.

Three successful enterprises in less than three years. There is something tangible in this record, and I am proud of it.

I am at work now upon a fourth Gold Mine, which I feel is going to eclipse all of my former offerings, and with your permission I shall briefly outline its present status and future possibilities.

This Gold Mine is the Cracker Jack, a next-door neighbor to the famous Cracker Oregon Gold Mine, in fact a continuation of it — the youngest member of that rich family of gold mines, located in the Cracker district in Eastern Oregon.

The record made by the Cracker Oregon is generally known, and yet in the face of that mine's showing I am going to put myself on record and claim that the Cracker Jack will surpass it, and in my judgment prove to be a greater producer than any of those great producers which surround it on all sides. Why?

Because the surface showings all point to this mine being at the very fountain-head of the great Mother Lode — a well defined deflection of the vein showing the exact point where it crosses over and on to the Cracker Jack group — at the apex of the mountain. (See photographic reproduction of mine in prospectus.)

We don't have to resort to guesswork in these days of the Science of Mineralogy to arrive at accurate conclusions as to veins and values.

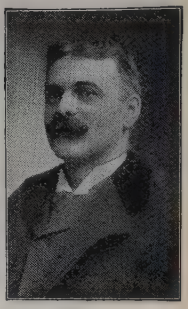
"Divining Rod" methods are not in order.

It is no easy matter easy to keep within the narrow lines of conservatism when such a property as this is under discussion.

It makes one optimistic, when the facts are known as I know them.

When the Cracker Gregon was in the same stage of development, about a year ago, I began the stock sale, and told the investing public that I believed we had a bonanza in this mine — but my predictions were fulfilled on so generous a scale that the Cracker Oregon became the toast of the district.

And here comes a mine that bears all the marks of a greater Cracker Oregon!



Do you wonder at my enthusiasm?

To sell stock in such a mine will need no urging. The indications, from present sales, point to a "clean up" by July 1st.

Work will begin with the opening of spring and as it progresses the prices will be advanced.

It is a "prospect" that I offer you in a certain sense, but what a magnificent prospect!

A short time since a block of Cracker Oregon stock was transferred through one of my offices at $1.50 a share which gives a line on what it will be worth when the mill begins to grind out the precious yellow metal.

And when I am willing to go on record and prophesy that the Cracker Jack will prove a richer mine than the Cracker Oregon — with all the facilities I possess for making an intelligent estimate at my disposal — then I think that the man or woman who doesn't listen to me, provided they have any money lying idle, is letting a golden opportunity pass.

I have had printed a prospectus, which goes into the Cracker Jack proposition from all sides, and I want to send this book to you.

Following my usual plan I am offering this stock, good as I know it to be, on the "look before you leap" plan.

Investigate the mine and the management first, and if satisfied — buy. That is the advice I give to all who write in for particulars.

Investigate — get the facts first.

I shall be pleased to put you in possession of all the information necessary to form an intelligent opinion as to the merits of this mine.

I believe it will again draw the attention of the investors of the world to Eastern Oregon, as being the greatest of the gold producing districts in the world, without any exception.

In this advertisement I have reversed the usual order of things, and have put my peroration first — "*Results are what count.*"

The reason for the change is that I want to impress on my readers first and foremost this fact. That when I talk gold mine I talk from the standpoint of one who has made good, if you will pardon the use of a current saying. The mines I exploit and stand sponsor for, must first of all pass my critical censorship and show unmistakable merit, else I'll have none of them.

I have too much at stake personally to take any chances of a possible failure.

I point you to the California, the Cracker Oregon, the Golconda — a trinity of producers.

They are the fulfilment of my promises, the net results of my labors as a gold mine promoter up to date. All three will be bringing results in the shape of dividends for years and years to come, to those who had faith in my promises and invested in these stocks.

Results are what count!

LEE S. OVITT, Fiscal Agent.

Main Offices, A 31-55 Merrill Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis. New York, A 349 Stewart Bldg.
Boston, A 632-641 Board of Trade Bldg. Pittsburg, A 711 Penn Bldg.
St. Louis, B 345 Odd Fellows Bldg.

WRITE ME AT ANY OF THESE ADDRESSES.

WHAT THE JUNE NATIONAL MAGAZINE WILL OFFER YOU

LITTLE BROWN ANN

A 15,000-word novelette in which a fine delicacy of style is united with vital human interest — a story with grip—complete in this number.

By *Eva Hampton Prather* of Atlanta.

THE ALUMNUS

A swift and jolly story of western life, in which an Eastern university man wins his spurs and the girl of his heart, defeating his cowboy rival.

By *Norman H. Crowell* of Iowa.

SILHOUETTES IN FICTION

A group of bright short stories depicting various aspects of American life, by *F. H. Lancaster* of Mississippi, *Clarence Hawkes* of Massachusetts and *Lavon C. Cheney* of Wisconsin.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL GRANT

A curiously intimate recital of minor but characteristic sayings and doings of the great soldier during his years in the field.

By *"An Officer of Grant's Personal Staff."*

TICKLE-BIRDS AND THE COCCINELLIDAE

A happy and enlightening humorous study of a certain interesting school of of nature students, with some pertinent suggestions for all of us.

By *Dallas Lore Sharp* of Boston.

OUR ISLAND IN THE TROPICS

An illustrated account of a traveler's impressions in Porto Rico — its people and its natural resources, and its fitness to become a great winter resort for Americans. By *John Hicks, LL. D.*, of Wisconsin.

THE GENIUS OF BUSINESS

Charles Ferguson will contribute the second paper in the very significant series of social studies which he is now preparing for the National under this general title. His thought is original, his style forceful and breezy. He makes it easy to read and understand the laws that govern human actions.

THE REACTIONISTS IN ART

Fifth in the series of illustrated papers on *"Art Movements of Today,"* begun in the National for January, 1903.

By *Frederick W. Coburn* of Boston.

The Departments — *AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON*, by *Joe Mitchell Chapple*, and *PHASES OF AMERICAN LIFE*, by *Frank Putnam*, the former lavishly illustrated,— will be crisp, timely, readable.

ASK YOUR NEWS-MAN TO RESERVE A COPY, OR SEND TEN CENTS TO THE HOME OFFICE, 41 WEST FIRST STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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Saves time
in the kitchen
ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS
SAPOLIO

THE JULY NATIONAL

FIVE CHARMING SHORT STORIES

THE BIRD O' PARADISE . *By GRACE MAC GOWAN COOKE*
A LUCKY OPAL . . . . *By JAMES BALL NAYLOR*
CUPID AT CAMP MEETING . *By MINNIE REID FRENCH*
THE OLD HOME PLACE . . . *By WALTER BIDWELL*
THEIR SECOND COURTSHIP . *By JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY*

Affairs at Washington

A breezy letter from the capital, illustrated with many new and attractive photographs . . . *By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE*

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The story of the part that Sir Alfred Jones is playing in the industrial awakening of Great Britain, with a portrait . *By J. W. MITCHELL*

An Adirondack Pilgrimage

The story of a visit to John Brown's farm, with photographic illustrations of the house and its historic contents. *By MAY ELLIS NICHOLS*

Raccoon Creek

A vividly delightful account of a day in bird-land . . . . .
By DALLAS LORE SHARP

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Third in the series of six papers written to outline the development of the Free City, the University of the People and the Pan-American Republic . . . . . *By CHARLES FERGUSON*

The American Invasion of Canada

A paper foreshadowing annexation . *By JOHN HOWARD TODD*

Boston's Welcome to America's Educators

A forecast of the great convention of the National Educational Association, which will bring 10,000 teachers to the Hub early in July
By DR. A. E. WINSHIP

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Personal recollections of his sayings and doings in a critical period of the Civil War . . . . . *By JAMES MATLOCK SCOVEL*

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With new portraits of famous players *By GEORGE T. RICHARDSON*

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Concluding a series of six papers, on Art Movements of Today .
. . . *By FREDERICK W. COBURN*

PLACE AN ADVANCE ORDER WITH YOUR NEWS-DEALER OR SEND TEN CENTS TO THE HOME OFFICE, 41 WEST FIRST STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

YOU SEND THE PHOTO
WE DO THE REST

The National wishes to enlist the help of its readers throughout the country in obtaining handsome pictures to adorn its pages. Nowaday nearly every family has some member that owns a camera. The camera-owner is pretty likely to have an album in which he keeps copies of his best pictures. Thousands of mothers thus make a camera record of the growth of baby daughter or son — and what record could be half so precious in later years? Other amateurs fill their albums with bits of scenery, or with snap-shots full of human interest. The National, in order to obtain some of the best of these photographs for its pages, and also with a view to promoting interest in amateur photography, makes the following offers of

PRIZES FOR ITS READERS

1 Best portrait of a baby under two years old . . $5
Second best 3
Third, fourth and fifth best, each a two-year subscription.

2. Best portrait of girl between 16 and 20 . . . $5
Second best 3
Third, fourth and fifth best, each a two-year subscription.

3. Best out-of-door scene $5
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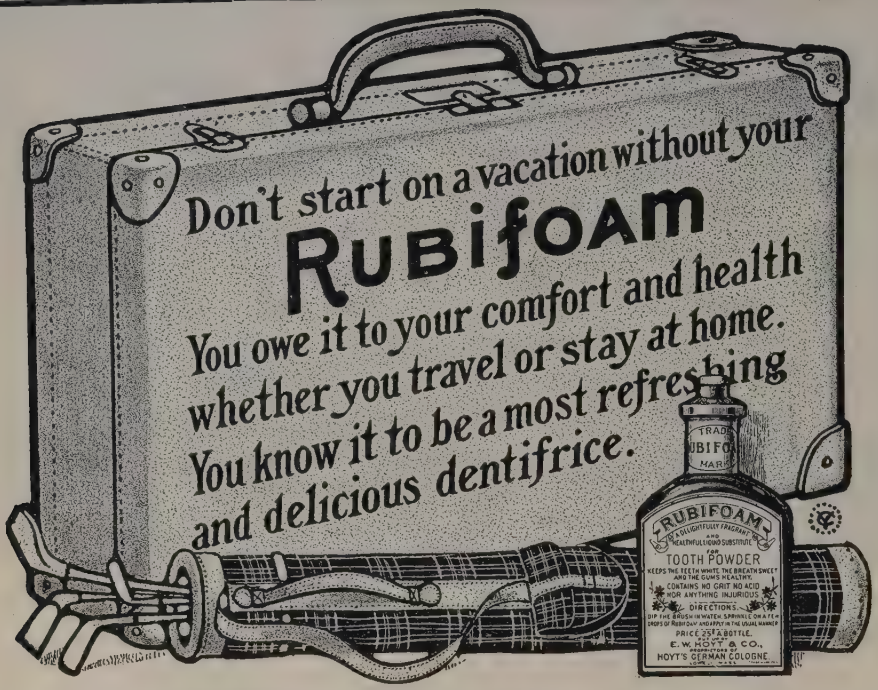
Third, fourth and fifth best, each a two-year subscription.

Address all communications to PHOTOGRAPHIC PRIZE EDITOR, National Magazine, 41 West First Street, Boston. Photographs not winning prizes will be returned if stamps are enclosed for that purpose — not otherwise. Full names or titles must accompany all photographs.

PRIZE WINNING PHOTOGRAPHS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE AUGUST NATIONAL

☞ *A new list of prize offers will appear in this page of the July National.*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RUBIFOAM
You owe it to your comfort and health
whether you travel or stay at home.
You know it to be a most refreshing
and delicious dentifrice.
RUBIFOAM
A DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT AND HEALTHFUL LIQUID SUBSTITUTE FOR TOOTH POWDER
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE, THE BREATH SWEET AND THE GUMS HEALTHY
CONTAINS NO GRIT NO ACID NOR ANYTHING INJURIOUS
DIRECTIONS
DIP THE BRUSH IN WATER, SPRINKLE ON A FEW DROPS OF RUBIFOAM AND APPLY IN THE USUAL MANNER
PRICE 25¢ A BOTTLE
E. W. HOYT & CO.
HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE

"White Mountain" Refrigerators

SPECIAL FOR 1903

WHITE OPAL GLASS LINED REFRIGERATORS. Solid aluminum shelves, removable and adjustable. These White Opal Glass Lined Refrigerators look inviting, clean and sweet. The linings are radiant with opalescent reflections, and impart a glow of purity to the entire interior. These Refrigerators will be absolutely the best white lined box in the market.

See our 1903 Catalogue.

Maine Manufacturing Company

Nashua, New Hampshire

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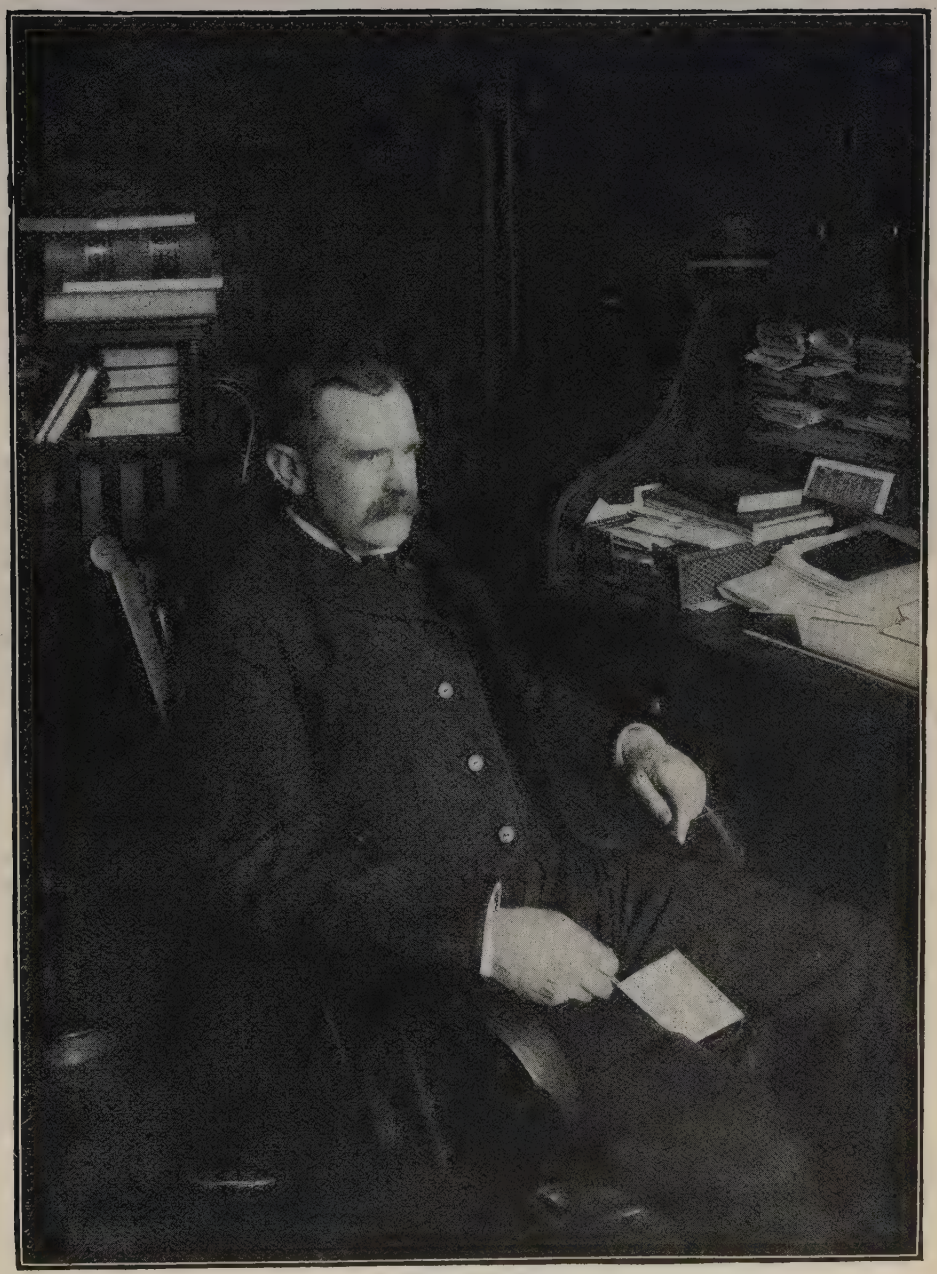


WILLIAM A. DAY

ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES

(Photograph Copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett.)

Mr. Day was the chief associate of Attorney General Knox in the legal battle that resulted in the order for the dissolution of the Morgan-Hill merger of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways.

"JUNE-TIME"
FROM A WATER COLOR BY LOUISE LEWIN MATTHEWS

JUNE-TIME AND ROSE-TIME

By Louise Lewin Matthews
Blue Hill, Milton, Mass.

IT is rose-time, it is June-time,
Hear the lark a-down the dell
Singing sweet in tuneful measures
Summer songs he loves so well.
All the woods are full of verdure,
All the lands are rich in bloom;
It is rose-time, it is June-time!
South winds bring the sweet perfume.

Roses blush along the wayside,
Roses red by garden walls,
Roses white so pure and stately
Blossom where the sunlight falls.
June-time hours grow long and tender,
Full of wonder rare and sweet,
Filling all the world with splendor
As the day and evening meet.

It is rose-time, it is June-time,
Swiftly drift the hours away;
Though the summer glories linger,
June-time cannot always stay.
Roses sweet are ever fading,
Other blossoms bloom anew,
Yet in memory long will tarry
Happy thoughts of June-time, too.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII. JUNE, 1903 No. 3

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ABOUT once in so often there will break out an epidemic of scandal talk in Washington, involving some department of the government. It is not my purpose to discuss the scandal, for that is in the hands of the newspapers and inspectors armed and equipped for that purpose. An outside observer must casually note how much personal feeling and bitterness precipitate and permeate the exposure and prosecution of a public scandal. It is amazing how little clouds of personal pique will develop into public scandal-cyclones under full headway. It is perhaps just as well to have an official departmental house-cleaning now and then; but the ease with which apparently innocent indiscretions are flared into dainty morsels to roll on the public tongue has become a commonplace among those who have a more than casual acquaintance with the public service at the capital. Glaring headlines and a modestly exaggerated emphasis, if not actual distortion of facts, makes very racy reading and pricks the public conscience for a moment at least into a more active scrutiny of its servants' work.

BEN FRANKLIN, FIRST POSTMASTER-GENERAL

The center of the firing line the past month

HENRY C. PAYNE, POSTMASTER GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES

Mr. Payne, as he enters his carriage, says to the National photographer: "Here I am, half an hour late for lunch. If any of those fellows up there on the hill think this job is a sinecure, let them come down and try it for a while." Doubtless a good many of them would like to try it if the chance were offered them.

has been a hand-to-hand fight in the postoffice department. The postmaster general always has with him, under civil service rules, a varied assortment of subordinates inherited from earlier administrations; and, in the nature of things, he has to use diplomacy to relieve the friction incidental to all human undertakings that employ many men of many minds.

* —

AS I sat in the office of Postmaster General Payne and gazed upon the placid face of Benjamin Franklin, the first postmaster general of the nation, it had a soothing effect—seeing I was in the midst of the current tea-pot tempest. The kindly eyes of "Poor Richard" had looked into the teeth of scandal at various times. About the room were hung the portraits of twenty-seven deceased postmasters general—all safely beyond the breath of scandal and the reach of rural delivery. An especial interest centered in the face of one of the twenty-seven, labeled "unknown" — that is, there is an uncertainty as to the genuineness of the likeness. The four walls furnished an interesting study in official portraiture prior to the inauguration of the custom under which each member of the cabinet provides his department with an oil portrait of himself on retiring from his office. A large number of the early postmasters general were from the South. This department has likely been the center of more vigorous political patronage fights than all the others combined. The cards of senators and congressmen pile high here when "expiration day" approaches. Joseph Holt of Kentucky, the postmaster general from 1859 to 1861, had perhaps the most exciting hour in office of any of the occupants of this post, when he saw the mail service sundered by a single stroke of the pen.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT MEETING MAJOR PITCHER, SUPERINTENDENT OF YELLOWSTONE PARK, WHOSE GUEST HE WAS DURING HIS VISIT TO THE PARK. *Photograph by N. Lazarnick*

There is no other department in which the whole people are more keenly interested. It is the one great common carrier in which all Americans are equal stock-holders, and is, moreover, an experiment in the nationalization of public utilities, which socialists—and some others—regard as an opening wedge for an extension of this principle.

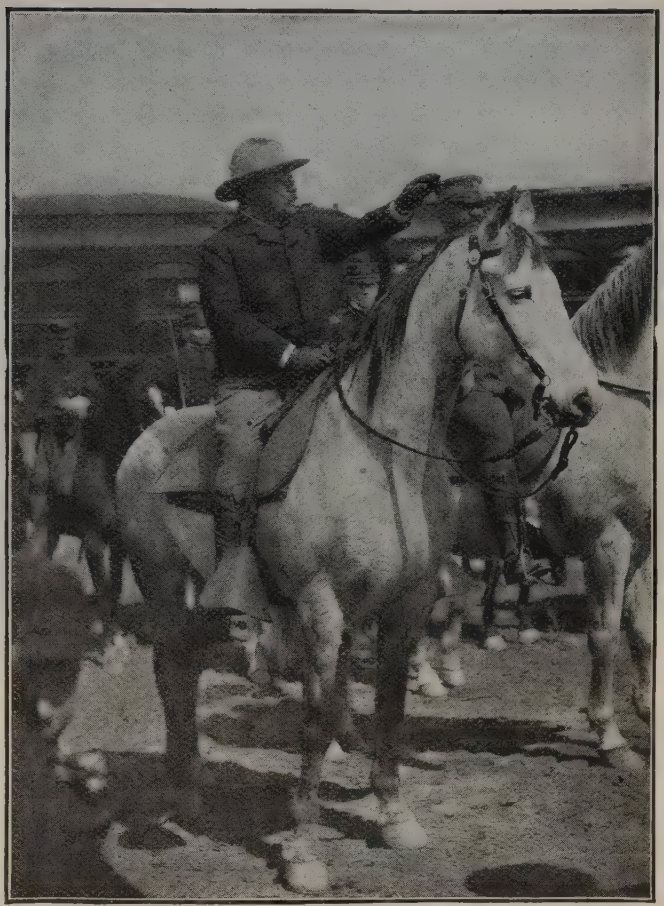
Postmaster General Payne is a man of large and successful business experience, and his policy in office has been from the start to place the department on a strictly business basis. To accomplish this at once, dependent upon a force largely inherited from his predecessors, and with whom he had of necessity to gain acquaintance, has not been an easy task, and it is not strange that the periodical outbreak of a postal scandal arrived in due time, spurred on by the "outs" to get the official scalps of the "ins". The result may be satisfactory in clearing the atmosphere at least.

The historic stage coach which was used in the mail service on the plains in pioneer days, and which for years has occupied a nook in the veranda of the postoffice building, has recently suffered at the hands of vandals. It was a relic of early days in the postal service which very few tourists discovered, owing to the out-of-the-way nook it occupied. The coach has carried many distinguished visitors through Yellowstone park, and has a record of making 108 miles in eight hours—pretty good time for mountain mail service, even in these days. The coach was captured by the indians in 1877 and later was recaptured by General Howard. It suggests the era of Buffalo Bill. By the way, its passengers on that record trip of 108 miles were President Garfield and General W. T. Sherman; and from a glance at the stage it may be inferred that the president and the general had a "rattling good time of it" during those eight hours.

Altogether, there have been lively doings about the post-office building in the lull that followed the adjournment of congress and the departure of the president.

—

THERE is an increasing disposition in this country to regard as a really exceptional honor an invitation to christen a big ocean-going vessel, and particularly is this the case where the new mistress of the seas is a war vessel destined to prove an important addition to the United States navy. Two important recruits for Uncle Sam's fighting forces on the water have recently taken their initial plunges into Old Ocean—the armored cruiser West Virginia, at Newport News on April 18, and her sister ship, the Colorado, at Philadelphia one week later. It was the intention to launch the Colorado first, but delays necessitated a postponement. In the case of each of the vessels the coveted honor of breaking the traditional bottle of champagne over the bow was accorded to the daughter of the governor of the state, after which the vessel was named. Thus Miss Katherine Vaughn White, the daughter of Governor A. B. White, acted as sponsor for the West Virginia, while Miss Cora May Peabody, the very pretty daughter of Hon. James H. Peabody, governor of Colorado, formally bestowed the name of the Rocky mountain state upon the big armorclad which slipped down the ways at Philadelphia. These new vessels are of exceptional size, each being 502 feet—a tenth of a mile—in length.



THE PRESIDENT AND MAJOR PITCHER IN GARDNER, AT THE ENTRANCE TO YELLOWSTONE PARK. *Photograph by N. Lazarnick*

—

WEALTHY folk from all parts of the country have lately been establishing homes in Washington in increasing numbers, attracted by the climate and other charms of the city of leisure on the Potomac and with the advent of this new element there has dawned a new era in residential conditions at the seat of the

COWBOYS CHEERING THE PRESIDENT AS HE ENTERED YELLOWSTONE PARK.
Photograph by N. Lazarnick

RANCHERS AND CATTLEMEN AND THEIR FAMILIES ASSEMBLED AT THE ENTRANCE TO YELLOWSTONE PARK TO GREET PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS ESCORT. *Photograph by N. Lazarnick*

INDIAN CHIEFS WHO WERE BROUGHT DOWN FROM THE RESERVATION TO SEE THE "GREAT FATHER," PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, AT BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA. *Photograph by N. Lazarnick*

government. The historic houses which have sheltered in succession the distinguished men of several generations are being overshadowed, in a spectacular sense, by the superb new palaces of the multi-millionaires. The climax of achievement in the provision of splendid social palaces has apparently been reached by the famous new million-dollar home of Thomas F. Walsh—unquestionably the most wonderful habitation in Washington and one of the most luxurious places of abode on the continent.

The new Walsh home has a frontage of eighty-five feet on Massachusetts avenue—the coming preeminent fashionable thoroughfare of Washington—and a depth of practically one hundred feet on a side street. The residence is four stories and a basement, and is thoroughly fireproof, all the structural work being of steel and stone. The main entrance opens into a hall twenty feet wide and sixty-two feet in length. To the left of the main entrance are the drawing-room and library which, when thrown together, form a salon almost one hundred feet in length, and which is rendered even more spacious by the fact that it opens upon a conservatory.

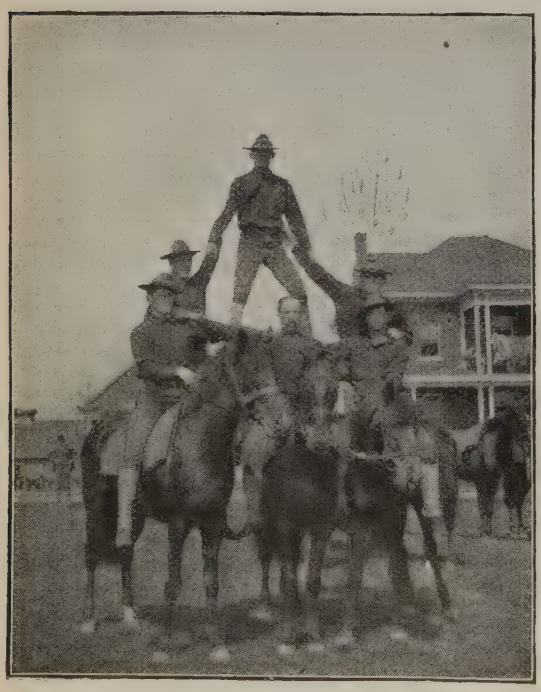
The dining-room, where henceforth the Colorado "mining king" will entertain at those dinners which won him the universal favor of royalty at the Paris Exposition and secured him the King of Belgium as a business partner, is forty-seven by twenty-four feet in size. In the basement, in addition to spacious domestic apartments, are refrigerator-rooms, wine-rooms, an elegantly equipped billiard-room and a complete office suite. Here also is the motor-room for the elevator machinery, but all the boilers and heating apparatus for the mansion occupy separate buildings. On the fourth floor is a ball-room practically one hundred feet in length, and adjoining are

ARMY HORSEMANSHIP—TAKING THE HEDGE FOUR ABREAST.
Photograph by Clinedinst

retiring-rooms and a serving-room which is connected with the basement by means of dumb waiters. There are sixty rooms in the house and everyone is connected by a private telephone system.

—

SIR CHENTUNG LIANG CHENG, the new Chinese minister at Washington, is much like President Roosevelt in many respects. Although but forty years of age he is the father of seven children, three of whom have accompanied him to this country. The envoy's wife died about two years ago, since which time the diplomat's household has been presided over by his mother. Like President Roosevelt, also, Sir Liang Cheng enjoys seeing the youngsters romping about, and even when he is busy their activities never disturb him, so that the Chinese legation is likely to be a very lively place henceforth.



THE PYRAMID

The new-comer from the far East, who has been heralded as the "Dandy of the Orient," will be generally known in Washington as the "Giant of the Diplomatic Corps." He is full six feet in height and weighs over two hundred pounds. No person better qualified to serve as successor to the popular Wu Ting Fang could possibly have been chosen. He has been educated in the United States and England; speaks our language as fluently as a native of Uncle Sam's domain, and is broad-minded and progressive to an almost unheard-of degree for one of his race. Sir Liang Cheng is thoroughly in touch and sympathy with American ideals. Only twenty years ago, when he was a student at Phillips Acad-

JUMPING SIDE BY SIDE

emy at Andover, Massachusetts, he was especially enthusiastic on the subject of baseball and it was he who introduced the baseball nine of the school to the mysteries of the curved ball.

The new representative of the Celestial Empire has been very busy since he arrived in Washington. First he found it necessary formally to deny that he is engaged to be married to Nellie Yu, the daughter of the Chinese minister at Paris, and whose maternal grand-father was an American. Then he was confronted by the disinclination of some of the members of the diplomatic corps to acknowledge his right to the title Sir, to which he deems himself entitled as a result of the bestowal of the honor by the late Queen Victoria upon the occasion of her jubilee; and, finally, the new minister has been busy preparing to take possession of the magnificent new legation home—a building of forty-two rooms—which has just been completed for the imperial Chinese government at a site on the heights overlooking the city of Washington. Still another task has been found in the selection of tutors to give instruction in English to the three children who accompany him. Two of the trio are boys, while the third, a girl of sixteen years of age, is already a center of attraction in Washington.

—

THE most remarkable exhibition of military horsemanship the world has ever witnessed—not even excepting the marvelous performances of the German and Italian cavalrymen—was given publicly the last week in April at the big military show in Madison Square Gar-

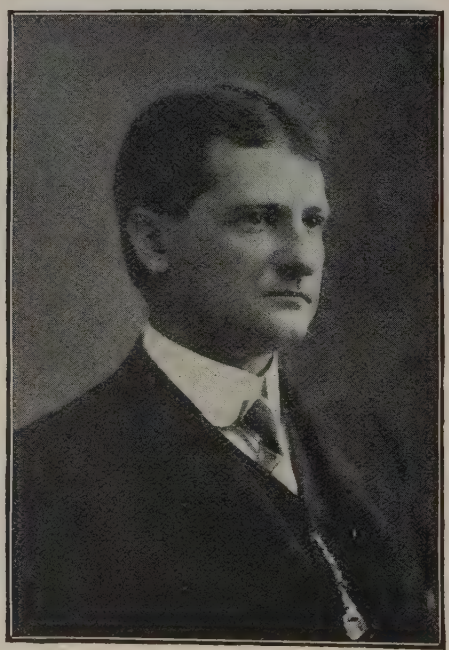
THE NEW ARMY HORSE THAT EATS GASOLINE AND HAS TO BE CURRIED BY A MACHINIST.

PICKETS

den, New York. The riders formed a composite troop of the Second United States Cavalry, and they practiced for weeks prior to their public appearance at Fort Myer, Virginia, the famous military post across the Potomac river from the city of Washington. The performances of these picked riders embraced "monkey riding," every phase of bareback work, pyramid building by cavalrymen standing on horseback, and all the other feats in which the United States cavalrymen excel, but which have never heretofore been mastered so perfectly

JOSEPH SWAGAR SHERLEY OF KENTUCKY

Mr. Sherley has just been elected to Congress from Louisville, his native city. Only 32 years old, a lawyer and a tireless worker, Mr. Sherley is expected to make a great career in politics.

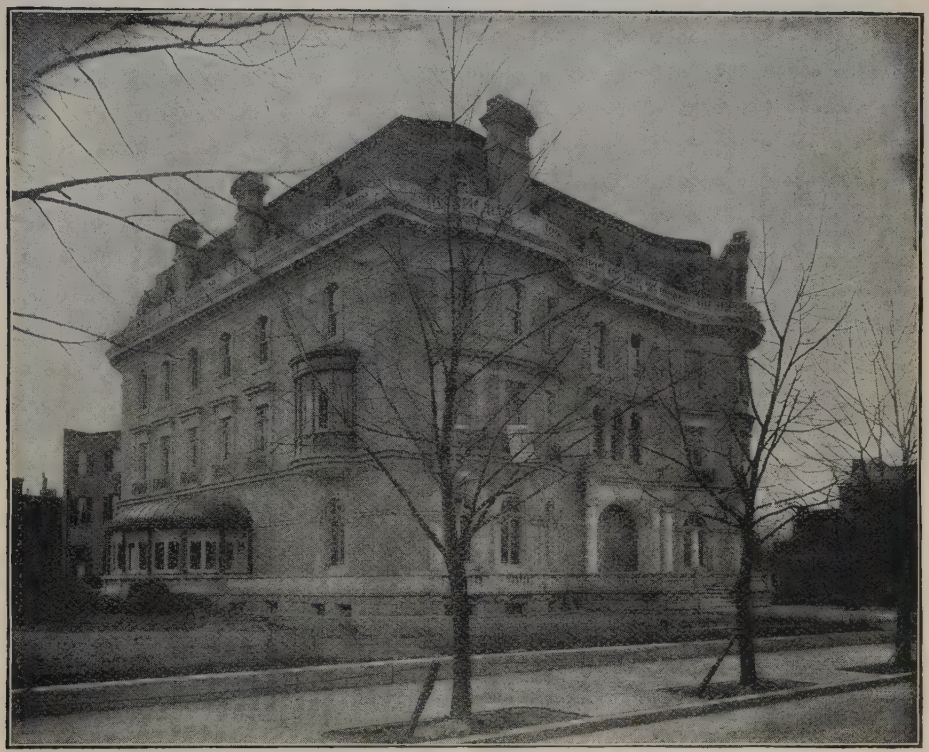


ROBERT F. BROUSSARD OF LOUISIANA,

Who has left congress, where he did effective work for his state, and who is now urged by the progressive younger element of Louisiana's democracy for the office of governor, for which post his character and attainments eminently qualify him. He is one of the coming men of the South.

as by the members of this crack troop.

The public which witnessed the dare-devil feats of these most fearless of living riders, marveled at the achievements these twentieth-century centaurs; but even deeper was the admiration won from Major General R. Baden-Powell, the famous British cavalry commander, who visited Fort Meyer to witness this



Thomas F. Walsh's New Sixty-Room, Million-Dollar Mansion in Washington

renowned troop's performances. The experienced and critical visitor from England was lost in admiration of the firm seat and agility of the American troopers and the great control which the men exercised over their mounts.

Fort Myer, where this "champion cavalry troop" has been brought to its present state of perfection, is one of the most interesting posts in the world from the fact that here are carried on the experiments to determine the efficiency of novelties introduced into the American army. Just at present the most interesting investigation in progress is that designed to determine the usefulness of automobiles in warfare. The government has purchased for use at Fort Meyer all sorts of horseless vehicles, from motor bicycles designed to carry a single infantryman, to ponderous touring cars intended to transport the apparatus of the signal corps and ambulances for the use of the hospital corps. Even automobile batteries, consisting of rapid-fire guns mounted on self-propelling carriages, are being given a trial. Such of the "war autos" as are reported upon favorably by the investigating committees of officers at Fort Myer will, in all likelihood, be adopted for general use.

Miss Cora May Peabody, Who Christened the Battleship Colorado.

IT is estimated that the population of the United States will be 90,000,000 in 1901, and 110,000,000 in 1920, if the present rate of increase is maintained. The whole continent will soon be necessary to accommodate the natural increase of our own population and the gains from immigration, and it may as well be confessed that the Monroe Doctrine means more than a notice to European nations to "keep off the grass," in the calculations of those American statesmen who are taking a horoscope of future centuries. "South America is our preserve for future development, and the sooner we turn our eyes that way for closer trade relations the better it will be for us all around." This was the remark of a prominent member of congress, who studies out the meaning of public questions from a practical business standpoint, rather than through academic spectacles.

There certainly are signs that the permanent census bureau will not only prove very convenient for the nose-counting of 1901, but also that it is an essential part of our industrial and commercial development. The recent appointment of S. N. D. North to the head of the bureau provides the best available successor to Director Merriam. Mr. North's experience in this line of work is large, and he has a way of presenting facts and figures that gets the tangible results required for business purposes. He was in charge of the department of manufactures in the census of 1900, but his first official work of this kind dates back many years before that.

—

THE last few days that Uncle Joe Cannon was in Washington he spent in looking for the clothes-line upon which Dolly Madison's servants hung out the White House washing years ago. He made the clothes-line the text of a sarcastic reply to the attacks of Representative Gaines upon the administration, for selling at public auction the sideboard presented to Mrs. R. B. Hayes while the Hayeses were in the White House. I shall never forget the mock-heroic attitude of Uncle Joe as he waved his long arms aloft and below, in imitation of Mr. Gaines, as he cried:

THE DAUGHTER OF THE NEW MINISTER FROM CHINA
Photograph Copyrighted, 1903, by Clinedinst

"Where, where is that clothes-line today? Why have we so far forgot," etc., on up to a fitting climax.

Any speech that will take Mr. Cannon's hands out of his pockets is considered a great oratorical effort, and it is now stated that his trousers are being rigged with a double battery of pockets, so that he can appear easy and natural in the speaker's chair at the next session.

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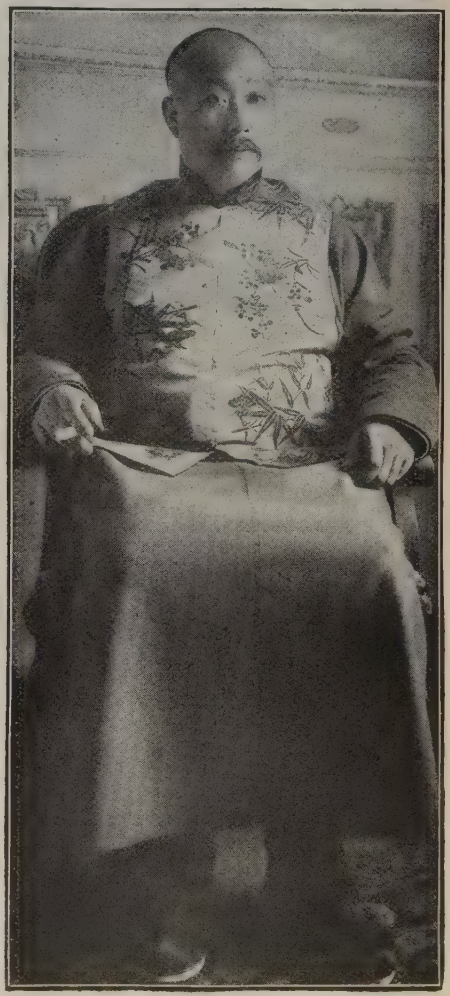
IN my travels about the country, I find that congressmen are important factors in the building of American cities. In Akron, Ohio, there is General Dick, a native of the city and an Akron enthu-



SIR CHENTUNG LIANG CHENG, THE NEW MINISTER FROM CHINA
Photograph Copyrighted, 1903, by Clinedinst

THE SONS OF THE NEW MINISTER FROM CHINA
Photograph Copyrighted, 1903, by Clinedinst

siast second to none. General Dick is one of those quiet, serene, cool-headed, enthusiastic men whom it is always refreshing to meet. Akron comes first in his civic affections, and yet never to the detriment of any other Ohio city. Nor does he feel called to serve his own city or state at the expense of the nation —he is a full-sized American in the best use of that word. The National is indeed gratified to have from his trenchant pen a contribution to our *Progressive American Cities* series, with a subject so popular and interesting as Akron. Sometimes it makes me feel as if I would like to live all over the United States, after reading the good words that can be, and are, said for each of the scores of cities whose stories of progress and aspiration have been told in this magazine during the last half dozen years.

THERE was something cool, restful and serene in the atmosphere the morning I sat in Senator Frye's room at the national capitol. The midsummer heat had just begun to indicate itself in the weather recorders at the entrance of the marble room. The air of quietude contrasted sharply with the busy scenes which this room witnesses during a senate session. The straggling groups of tourists peeped in, after they had taken a sweeping glance at the senate chamber and sat in the vice-presidential chair. To me, this vice-president's room, just across the inside corridor from the senate chamber, is one of the most interesting in the capitol. In one corner is a bust of Lafayette S. Foster of Connecticut, who was president *pro tempore* of the senate during the Johnson impeachment trial, and who would have succeeded to the presidency had Johnson not escaped, by the narrow margin that he did, impeachment and the loss of his high station. Alas, such is fame in public life—how many today remember Senator Foster? These events took place before the law regulating the presidential succession was changed, so that the line now runs down through the cabinet, following the vice-president regularly elected by the people.

The $200 silver ink-well on the table is a work of art, symbolic of a reunited North and South, a silver eagle surmounting the whole, breathing defiance. This is altogether the most handsomely furnished room in the capitol. The portrait of Washington in this room, painted by Peale in 1825—(Peale had known Washington and painted this portrait from memory mainly)—was exhib-

ited in Europe in 1833 and then purchased by a member of the staff of General Wilson Peale, a son of the famous artist. It was in this room that Vice-President Henry Wilson died during Grant's administration. The mirror over the clock was the occasion of a three-days debate in the senate, because some members thought Vice President John Adams had been grossly extravagant in paying $40 for the mirror "to gratify his personal vanity." The mirror surmounts a $1,000 clock, whose beautiful chimes sound the quarter hours, and which displays also the signs of the zodiac. This clock has not once been stopped in the whole half century that it has ticked away, while vice presidents came and went. Directly opposite is another mirror, costing $500, in which the $40 extravagance of John Adams is continuously reflected. Surmounting the portrait of Washington is a flag made of the first silk woven on American soil —during the early days of the mulberry craze—and presented to the government by ladies of Philadelphia.

It is here that Senator Frye comes for a few moments of relaxation when the senate has adjourned—takes up a book and a black cigar for a breathing spell, and, we may suspect, spends a few moments in reverie concerning the good fishing streams away up in Maine.

MRS. CHARLES JOHNSTON, DAUGHTER OF SENATOR NEWLANDS AND ONE OF THE BRIDES OF THE EASTER SEASON, ON HER FAVORITE HUNTER, "DEVIL-MAY-CARE."
Photograph by the Illustrated Press Association

JUSTICE AND MRS. W. R. DAY AND THEIR FOUR STALWART SONS

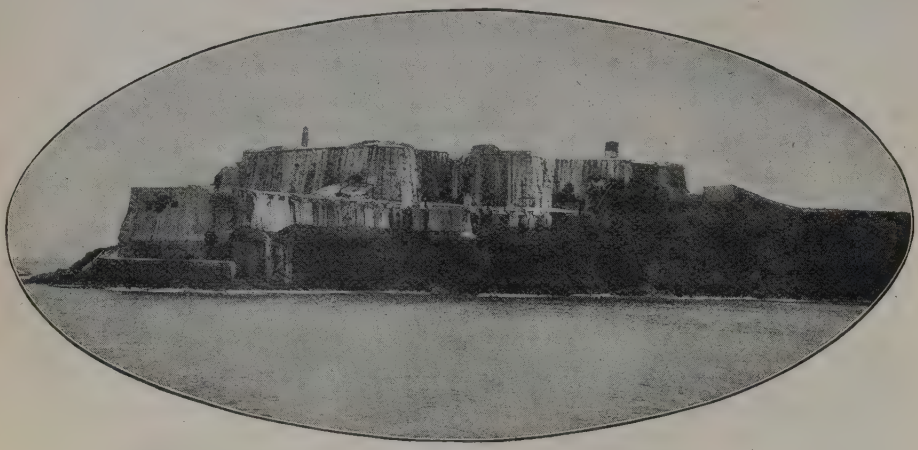
The appointment of Judge Day to the Supreme court adds to the group of young men of Washington official life the four fine sons of the Day family — William L., Rufus, Luther and Stephen.

THERE is at least one girl in America for whom the superstition "thrice a bridesmaid, never a bride," apparently has no terrors. The courageous young lady is Miss Isabelle May, the handsome Washington heiress, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry May, social leaders at the national capital. Last autumn Miss May acted as bridesmaid at the fashionable Martin-Oelrichs wedding and twice during the month of April of this year has she acted in a similar capacity. She was an attractive figure at the wedding of Miss Cathleen Neilson and Reginald Vanderbilt at Newport and later in the month she was one of the attendants of Miss Alice Thaw, the Washington-Pittsburg heiress, upon the occasion of her marriage to the Earl of Yarmouth. Miss May is a stately brunette who is exceedingly popular in Washington. She is known at the seat of government as the especial chum of the vivacious Countess Cassini, adopted daughter of the Russian ambassador.

—

CUPID has been making a double requisition upon the family of Hon. Francis G. Newlands, the new senator from Nevada. The prettiest romance of the season at the capital was disclosed when Miss Edith Newlands and Mr. Charles Johnston, the senator's private secretary, were married, and, on the same occasion, the engagement of Miss Janet Newlands and Mr. Johnston, a brother of the groom, was announced. The Newlands girls will inherit large fortunes. Moreover, they are fine examples of the best type of American womanhood. The wedding took place at Woodley, the suburban home of Senator Newlands and the most historic of all the famous old country seats which surround Washington. This old mansion, now on the very outskirts of the growing city has served in its day as the country home of four presidents of the United States; the autograph of the author of the *Star Spangled Banner* is cut upon one of its windows; and it is said that George Washington sat upon the rear portico of this old manor house and planned to have the Capitol built in that vicinity, but finally reconsidered and chose the present site.

Miss Isabelle May of Washington



MORO CASTLE, AT THE ENTRANCE TO SAN JUAN HARBOR, PORTO RICO

Our Island In the Tropics

By JOHN HICKS, LL. D.

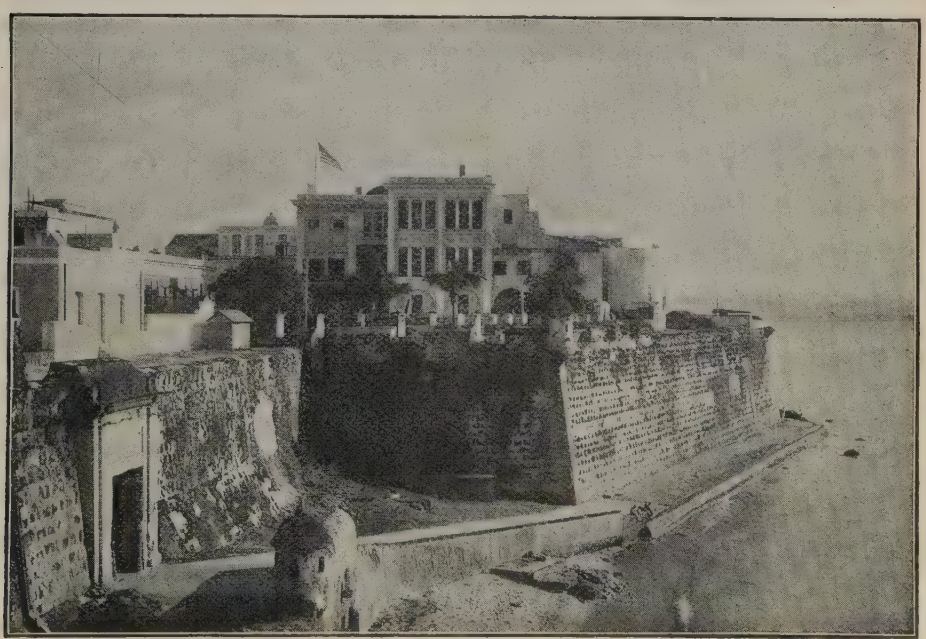
TO the resident of the northern states, a visit to the tropics is a matter of great interest, and if it is the first time he has been in the region of perpetual summer, nothing can exceed the novelty of what he sees. No point in tropical America now accessible to the traveler offers so much to charm and entertain the visitor as the island of Porto Rico. Starting from New York, a ride of six days on an American steamer brings him to the quaint old town of San Juan, the capital and chief city of the island. Like Havana, it has its Moro Castle, a strong fortification on a hill directly at the entrance to the harbor, where a semaphore gives warning of the approach of steamers, and a light-house notifies the navigator to look out for land. There is a splendid harbor, nearly land-locked, in the bay south of the Moro, where several hundred ships can lie at anchor in water thirty fathoms deep.

Landing from the steamer, which goes directly to its wharf, the traveler finds himself in a new country and among a strange people. Although Spanish is the prevailing type, and "the soft, bastard Latin," as Lord Byron called it, is the language used, yet it takes only a short sojourn here to convince one that the island is *sui generis*—there is nothing just like it anywhere else in the world. It is not like Vera Cruz or Panama; it is something like Havana, yet entirely different, and it is not the same as Valparaiso, or Callao, or Colon, yet it has some points of similarity; nor is it like Cadiz or Gibralter, though there are features here that remind one of both.

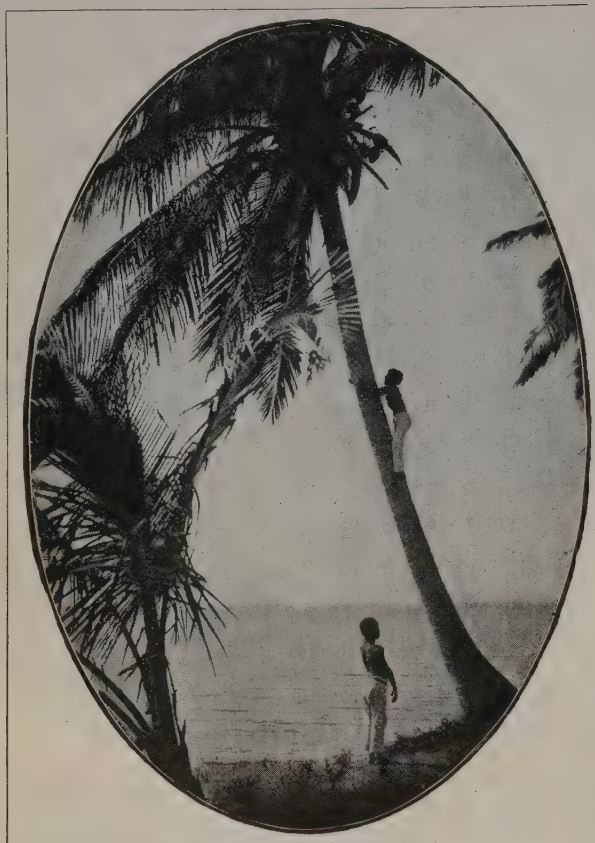
There are many two-seated carriages to rent, drawn by little half-starved horses, and if you choose you can hire one of them to take you to your hotel. First, we are surprised and delighted to find that the streets are cleaner than they

are in New York or Chicago. Situated on the side of a range of hills, the three principal streets, Tetuan, Festileza and San Francisco, running parallel to each other, are in line with the water-front and each one is twenty or thirty feet lower than the one above it in the order named. Then each street is covered with Belgian blocks, making a smooth pavement which is swept three or four times a day by prisoners from the jail under a guard of the insular police armed with revolvers. The principal cross streets, running down-hill at right angles, are also paved in the same manner, except a few that are covered with blocks of native stone. Added to the regular sweepings are frequent showers, which wash off the pavements two or three times a day; and you can believe me when I say that I have never seen a city, north or south, that presents such a wholesome appearance in its streets as the little out-of-the-way town of San Juan.

The fare from New York is too high—$50 for the cheapest staterooms—and there are not sufficient hotel accommodations on the island. Were these two conditions changed, many thousands of American tourists would come here every winter. The traveler is told of three hotels on his arrival here. One is kept on the American plan, but the rooms are dingy and ill-furnished and the table is mediocre. The other two are kept by natives on the Spanish plan. One is in the center of a beautiful garden overlooking the sea, and the other is in the business district with the rooms opening on an interior court. The table has sufficient variety, but it is difficult for the ordinary American to adapt himself to the native cooking. Although the island teems with tropical fruits, vegetables, fish and flowers, almost the only native productions offered to the visitor are the orange and the banana. Beds consist simply of a set of springs covered with a blanket and a single sheet for covering, but each is provided with net-



The Palace of the American Governor of Porto Rico



GOING AFTER COCOANUTS

ting, which is let down every night to keep away the mosquitoes. The temperature in the daytime runs about eighty degrees in the winter and spring, and from eighty-five to ninety degrees in the summer. In the sun it is broiling hot at any time, but in the shade it is quite comfortable, even in summer. Situated in the region of the trade winds, Porto Rico has a fresh sea-breeze day and night the year around. For the visitor who avoids violent exertion and keeps out of the direct rays of the sun, its climatic conditions make it a veritable paradise.

To the student of human nature, or one interested in sociology, the island presents many problems worthy of attention. Your Spaniard of today is the lineal descendant of the Romans whose legions, in a past age, conquered the known world. He inherited much of the old Roman nature and is the residuary legatee of the qualities that distinguished the old Latins, for he is brave, patriotic, hospitable, courteous, eloquent and polite; yet he is often bloodthirsty, cruel, emotional, vain, fickle and volatile. He is a degenerate, physically and intellectually; a Roman in every sense, but a Roman in his old age, like a man past his eightieth year.

In America, and especially in Porto Rico, the old Spanish element is mixed with new blood, but the blood of inferior races. Here the Carib, who originally inhabited these islands, has been completely absorbed by the Spanish and negroes, and the type in Porto Rico is a mixture of all three. He is a trifle below the medium size, has dark hair and eyes, swarthy complexion, fine manners, speaks Spanish, but learns English readily; and, when given a chance, he soon demonstrates his intellectual strength in comparison even with Americans.

These people have been kept down for 400 years by Spanish tyranny. Now, under the genial influence of liberty and encouraging trade relations with the United States, they have started on a career of endless development. American money is building factories and giving employment to men and women all over the island; and, better than that, the American school-ma'am is here by the hundreds; the Y. M. C. A. and the W. C. T. U. have arrived; American churches have opened up all over the

island and new life is infused into veins where hitherto the purple fluid has been almost stagnant. The outcome must be beneficial to these people, for they are naturally clever and receptive. Teachers say that the children learn English with surprising rapidity, and the young men pick up a trade or knowledge of tools or machinery more rapidly than Americans.

There are two great forts defending the city, the Moro and San Christobal. Both are on high promontories rising up from the sea and both are protected by solid masses of stone wall. Spain became alarmed for her West Indian possessions in 1895, and fitted out both forts with new breech-loading six-inch guns of improved make, capable of throwing a projectile weighing 110 pounds a distance of three miles. These guns are all in good condition today, but alas for changed conditions! Spain kept in each fort from 5,000 to 6,000 troops to defend the island, while today there is in each a single company of United States artillery, numbering eighty-five men, no more!

Governor William H. Hunt is at the head of the insular government, and the laws are made by an executive council of eleven members and a house of delegates numbering thirty-five. Public order is secured by a constabulary or police force numbering in all 600 men, against a force of 3,000 soldiers maintained by the Spanish. The police are uniformed in khaki with soft brown hats, and make a very dressy appearance. There is a government telegraph line extending all over the island, and you can send a message anywhere on its wires for twenty cents. It is now self-sustaining and it is expected to yield a profit in a few years.

I wish I had time to tell you about some other interesting things, but I have filled my allotted space.

A Native Orchestra with a Typical Porto Rican Audience

ONCE I PASS'D THROUGH A POPULOUS CITY

(From "Leaves of Grass.")

By WALT WHITMAN

ONCE I pass'd through a populous city imprinting my brain for future use with its shows, architecture, customs, traditions,
Yet now of all that city I remember only a woman I casually met there who detain'd me for love of me,
Day by day and night by night we were together — all else has long been forgotten by me,
I remember I say only that woman who passionately clung to me,
Again we wander, we love, we separate again,
Again she holds me by the hand, I must not go,
I see her close beside me with silent lips sad and tremulous.

Personal Recollections of General Grant's Life in the Field

By AN OFFICER OF HIS STAFF

I THINK that I know as much about the real character of the great soldier as any man living today, for I saw him under many different circumstances, and at the closest personal range — in the privacy of his own camp life, when "off duty," as well as in the storm of battle, or in conference with his most trusted lieutenants. I have again and again gone into the general's quarters at the dead of night to deliver a message and found him smoking and thinking about his own vast plans of military operations.

In camp life General Grant was very unassuming and democratic. He was easily approachable and always pleasant and gentlemanly. The most natural and friendly manners prevailed about the headquarters and everybody was allowed the fullest liberty consistent with duty. But all members of the general's army household had something to do. There were no sinecures about the camp.

In the presence of strangers Grant was a trifle diffident, lacking a certain self-assurance which gives the quality of ease and dash to the bearing of some great soldiers. He was never undignified in deportment, but his thorough modesty and unselfishness made him appear less consciously at ease before the public than some other officers who perhaps never commanded a division of men in battle.

As a soldier Grant did not like display. He dressed very plainly, and his staff followed their chieftain's example

in this respect. It was well known at headquarters that some brigade commanders had more baggage than General Grant.

While not apparently concerned about the observance of the forms of military courtesy toward himself, no officer was more certain to recognize the salutation of the humblest soldier. He was a very keen observer and always saw what was intended for his eyes in the way of army usages.

In the person of his adjutant, General John A. Rawlins, the leader of the armies of the Union found a true friend, and a valuable officer. General Rawlins was a keen, sagacious man, quick to see some dangers that were concealed from the less suspicious eyes of his chief. But in all matters relating to the management of the army, General Grant was his own counsellor. He would not be controlled by any one in directing a military movement. Neither the president, the secretary of war, congress nor public sentiment could ever dictate to this wonderful leader a policy contrary to his own judgment. There were no councils of war held at General Grant's headquarters. The commander always heard with respect and just appreciation what his subordinates had to suggest, but his own supreme military genius decided every question at last. In this character of self-sufficiency, when required to act in a great emergency, he was certainly a unique man.

He knew the value of his associates in the army, and recognized a soldier's merits with the most generous readiness; but General Grant, though a model of modesty and gentleness, seemed to discern his own supreme fitness for command.

It was a saying about headquarters that the general had never been known to exhibit any angry feeling except on one occasion, when a soldier was discovered robbing a lady's wardrobe. He was one of the most imperturbable men I ever saw. Passion seemed to have no place in his life. He could pass through trials touching the deepest emotions in human nature, see the "dice of war" thrown for the greatest stakes of the battle-field, and yet betray to his most intimate associates no sign of excitement. Yet with his great strength of will, the man was sensitive and gentle, incapable of a cruel thought. Those who thought that General Grant was unmindful of the welfare of his men or regardless of the value of human life, knew nothing of the real nature of the man.

In his habits I never saw one sign of dissipation, and if Grant ever tasted liquor of any kind during the war, it was not in my presence, and I had the best position possible for observing his habits.

The general could do a great deal of work and not seem to grow tired. He wrote a uniform and neat copy, seldom erasing or interlining a word. His literary style was clear and simple. He could write the most important order and at the same time carry on a conversation with two or three officers about other matters. His memory was excellent. I have seen him talk to Commodore Porter and General Rufus Ingalls, chief of commissary, about the Mexican war, while writing orders for dispatches. He never discussed pending military affairs. I never saw the general dictate a letter or dispatch. Nearly all the orders that were issued came into our hands just as he had written them.

It was a rare thing to find General Grant asleep, even late at night. I suppose no man ever needed less sleep than he seemed to require, when directing the operations of the war. I went into his quarters at all hours, and can hardly remember seeing him asleep one time, from Vicksburg to Appomattox.

He smoked almost incessantly. After it became known that he liked good cigars, every mail and express brought

the finest brands to headquarters. Boxes of choice cigars were sent by hundreds of admirers, from all parts of the country. The general often passed around a box of cigars and had everybody take a handful before he stopped. We usually took one at first, but the general would say: "Take more, take more," until the box was empty.

It was well known that General Grant was an admirer of good horse-flesh. He was an excellent rider, and in the saddle appeared at his best. He had three horses most of the time. One, a black pony, captured on the Jefferson Davis plantation in Mississippi, and branded "J. D.," was the animal most used in the army of Tennessee. The cities of Cincinnati and Louisville each presented him with a fine horse. The man who rode with the general had to use his spurs. He generally kept his horse at a rapid gait when riding a short distance. While riding along the streets of New Orleans in 1863, his horse slipped and fell, severely stunning and bruising the general. It was several days, after he returned to camp, before the commander attempted to mount a horse, and then aides carried him to the saddle. Once seated, however, all lameness was forgotten, and, touching the horse with his spur, he galloped off at a reckless speed, as though no accident had ever occurred.

In Grant's estimate of the abilities of the generals of the armies, I think it safe to say that Sherman stood first. For John A. Logan he perhaps entertained the warmest personal feelings. His friendship for this brilliant soldier was very pronounced. General Thomas he considered a safe man, and an indomitable fighter. Sheridan was one of his especial favorites. He considered this dashing soldier almost invincible. There were many generals under Grant whom he regarded as soldiers of great ability. I have heard him speak in very high praise of several who are hardly ever mentioned now. He never sought to deprive any man of his merited honor, and was apparently without military jealousy. A more magnanimous man never lived.

General Grant's courage was supreme. No man could face danger with greater composure. He did not seem to know the meaning of peril when duty called him to risk his life. At one time I saw the general escape death by a very slight margin. We were breaking camp at Spottsylvania Court House, and under the fire of a Confederate battery. All of the headquarters equippage had been removed except a camp stool, and on this the general was sitting, while the shells of the enemy's guns shrieked over our heads. A shell passed just over the general, not missing him, apparently, more than a few inches, and struck the ground about thirty feet away. Without showing the slightest nervousness, he called to me to "Get the shell," saying: "Let's see what kind of ammunition that battery is using." I went and picked up the shell, which was a six-pound spherical case, and the general examined it as coolly as if there was not an enemy's gun within a hundred miles of him.

I did not go out to see the surrender of General Lee. I remember well the event of General Grant's return after the surrender. I think there were not more than three persons present when the general came in and took a seat at a table to write. He looked up with some expression of animation, and remarked:

"More of Grant's luck!"

This was an allusion to the newspaper critics who had been in the habit of calling his success luck.

This little comment on the surrender of Lee was the only word of exultation I ever heard from the victorious soldier. It was a very slight expression of triumph to follow such a stupendous achievement—but wholly characteristic.

LITTLE BROWN ANN

By EVA HAMPTON PRATHER

Author of "In the Lonesome, Silent South"

I

THE WAYFARERS

IT was midsummer in the Cherokee Country, in the year of our Lord 1848. The grass was green under foot, the sky rounded upward from the hills — a blue, unclouded dome; the river sang in its bed. Then, as now, the Kingston road ran along the banks of the Etowah, shut in by cliffs, rainbow-tinted where the rains had washed their rich ores bare, or bordered by bottoms, green-golden, under their harvest of corn. Here and there a clear creek leapt from the hills, crossed the road at a bound, and rushed laughing down to the river's embrace; and farther on a stiller stream slipped slowly, with sibilant sound, beneath the black sumacs and sighed to lose itself in the larger life. Each onward mile added depth and darkness to the river rolling down to Rome its rich and sullen tide. In the liriodendrons on its banks, the scarlet hoods of woodpeckers could be seen flashing from bough to bough; whole villages of blue jays inhabited the oaks about the occasional farm-houses or lined up on the rail fences to watch chance travelers go by; and there was in the crisp, delicious air the subtle impetus of a new country but lately opened for settlement.

You know this old Kingston road over which none now may go without hearing the tramp of De Soto's horses, the clank of armor, the sonorous voices of the explorers who first found it out in their fruitless search for the mythical city of gold? You know how it skirts the dim river going down over bars of granite and gneiss, down, down to Chiaha to join the green-glancing, light-flashing, loveliest stream of the Cherokee Country? In three hundred years, it has scarce changed as much as most roads change in fifty; and as it looks now it looked then, when, into this charming Vale of Chiaha, so old and yet so new, two travelers entered by the Kingston road, on this July afternoon, in the year 1848, and made for the largest wooden warehouse on the Oostenaula side.

In front of this warehouse they paused, looked at a man with a pipe in his mouth standing in the open door, held a whispered consultation, and separated, the woman keeping in the middle of the road, while her companion walked forward and handed a folded paper to the smoker in the doorway.

The man took it, set a pair of large, round, horn glasses on his great red nose, looked sternly through them at the traveler and then beyond him at the

woman in the road, and slowly brought his glance downward to the folded oblong of blue letter-cap which he held in his hand. On the back it was endorsed in pencil, "A. Webster, Conductor G RR." Again he looked sternly at the traveler, and with pompous deliberation unfolded the sheet. It read:

My servants, Lewis, of copper complexion, and Ann, of brown complexion, go hence by the different communicating R Road cars to Kingston, Georgia, and thence by foot to Chieftains to A. N. Verdrueil, Esquire. When at Rome they will report to Messrs. Sloan, Hawkins & Co. for directions to Chieftains. Whilst pursuing their journey, I request that the boy and the girl be not interrupted.

BEL-AIR, Georgia, July 23rd, 1848. GEORGE W. CRAWFORD

"Well," said the warehouse keeper, "this is but your pass. Have you a letter for Messrs. Sloan, Hawkins & Co?"

The traveler reached in the bosom of his shirt and took out a package of letters, turned it over three times in his hand, and drew out the letter on top.

"Dis am yone, marsa," he said in the soft, low-country negro voice with which Hawkins was evidently familiar, though he made no comment upon it as he broke the seal of this second communication and read:

BEL-AIR, GEORGIA, July 23rd, 1848.

Messrs. Sloan, Hawkins & Co.

Dear Sirs,—This will be handed you by Lewis, my servant of whom I have previously given notice to A. N. Verdrueil, Esquire. He is of copper complexion, of sturdy build, and should be accompanied by a small, brown woman named Ann. They will need direction to the estate of A. N. Verdrueil, to which they can readily go on foot if the woman be in usual health. If the woman be not well I would wish her to be kept and cared for over night.

Should Lewis obey orders and reach Chieftains in safety, I will forward my bill of sale (on notification of the same) to you; and you will receive from Augustus N. Verdrueil, Esquire, draft on D. Linton & Co., Augusta, Georgia, and forward to me.

Respectfully,

GEO. W. CRAWFORD.

Mr. Hawkins motioned to the woman to come forward. "Your name?" he said to the man.

"Lewis Craffud," answered the traveler. "An' dis am Ann."

Ann courtesied. She seemed the smallest of her race. A little, wizened, dark face looked out of a curious hood, formed by the winding of a soft, white cotton cloth about her head and neck; large, black eyes shone deep in sunken sockets, and her skin had that tint of peculiar gray which stands for pallor in the negro race.

"Sick?" said Hawkins, looking at her with curious eyes.

"I nebber 's be'n well, marsa," answered she, "but I'se gwine tuh git well now, please de good Gawd."

"Set right down here on this here bench," said the white man with gruff appreciation of the situation. "Sloan!" he shouted to someone within. Here's the master o' Chieftain's a'gin been acchallie a-buyin' of a sick nigger!"

A sullen expression shot over the face of the mulatto at these words, but the little negro woman, who had seated herself as bidden on a long bench beside the door, raised her eyes complacently to the face of the gray-haired man who now came to the front, and repeated:

"I'se a-gwine tuh git well, marsa. Miss Sunie's a-gwine tuh mek me well, please de good Gawd."

Sloan, Hawkins & Co. gazed at each other in amazement. The absolute peace, the transcendent faith of the small, wizen face, the thin, sempstress hands folded on the blue, homespun skirt, the pathetic bent shoulders, the white wimple hiding head and neck; the whole heart-rending picture of Little Brown Ann looked up at them. The commercial good sense of the younger man met the kind heart of his older partner as Sloan responded heartily:

"Of course, Hawkins, of course she's bound to get well. They ain't nobody in the Cherokee Country as good a doctor as Miz Verdrueil, an' you know it yourself, Hawkins!

"Go 'round to the back, boy," he continued, motioning to the mulatto, "an' tell some o' them darkies back there to send her somethin' to eat. You look to it yourself an' see it's good."

Lewis departed with alacrity.

"When did you set out from Kingston?" Sloan went on, looking kindly at Ann.

"'Bout fo', marsa," said she. "We comed mighty slow 'long de ribber bank; de buds war a-singin' all de way, en dey warn't no raison to walk fas'."

"Right smart little walk!" said Hawkins, with interest. "Whut kind of a fellah is that yallah boy you brought along with you?"

"Well, yo' see, marsa," replied Ann, slowly, weighing her words, "it's dissa way wid Lewis. He's jess lack yo' hez notice, marsa, ef yo' hez a glass tum'ler an' yo' gine tuh set hit on de table; ef yo' tu'n hit right side up an' den yo' strike hit wid yo' finger, hit rings ez sweet ez uh silber bell. But ef yo' tu'n hit wrong side up, hit 'ell soun' dull ez uh meat-ax. Hit's lack dat, marsa, wid Lewis. Hit's all uh owin', marsa, tuh de way yo sot 'im up, an' den, marsa, tuh de way yo' strike 'im tuh git de music outen 'im."

"And you think?" said Sloan, his old eyes twinkling.

"Marsa 'Gustus," said Ann, "has a gif' fuh settin' niggers right side up."

"Ah!" said Hawkins. "But then he's Hosay Lavveelay for a driver, you see."

"Me 'n Lewis done knowed Hosay Veelay down in Gusty long 'go, marsa," said Ann. "Hosay war born 'long 'bout Marsa Gustus. Hosay's paw brunged Marsa Gustus'es paw tuh Gusty ober de ocean. I 'members merse'f when dey buried Lar Veelay. Hit war a fine time, marsa."

At this juncture Lewis came around the side of the warehouse, bearing in one hand a tin plate well filled with savory viands, and in the other a tin cup full of steaming coffee. He was grinning broadly. Behind him walked another negro as unlike the "yallah boy" as if he belonged to a different race. His rich, black, shining skin, his full lips, his pearl-white eyeballs, his broad nose, the close wool on his magnificent head, his great neck, like a column of ebony, rising from his snow-white shirt, his brawny hands, his trousers of white cotton rolled up above his knees, his immense black legs and bare feet, his giant frame, made a picture full of savage charm and splendor. His imperial stride and the proud

poise of his head spoke for the integrity of his blood. Hosé La Violet was the Zulu unmixed.

Little Brown Ann rose trembling from her seat.

"Goo, now, Ann," said Lewis, "sot down, gal, an' eat yo' fill. Huh's Hosay Veelay, now, come to tek us home."

Hosé came up grandly.

"How do, Ann?" he said. "Yo' is er-lookin' bad. Marsa Gustus axed me tuh fin' yo' ef yo' hed comed. Little Miss Sunie, now, wants tuh see yo' a mighty heap. She's a-gwine on seben, en she's a mighty lackly lil gal."

Ann sat down, her big eyes full of tears.

"Ann's a-ben sick ebber sence she wuz borned," said Hosé, by way of explanation to the warehouse keeper. "Marsa Gustus tooked her fum Marsa George Craffud tuh do sewin' fuh mistus onct down in Gusty, en de lil chillun ben er-greebin' tuh hab her back agin. Ann a mighty fine dancer when she ben well, en a mighty fine singer when she ben sick er well, en de lil chillun ben er-greebin' tuh hab her back agin. An' now dey knowed she's comin', dey jess a-dauncin' down tuh de ribber eber sence sun-up dis mornin' tuh see ef she had comed."

Ann looked up brightly from her cup.

"Thankee, marsa, fuh dis huh good cawfee, hit done sot me up pow'ful, alruddy," said she. Hit mighty kin' uh yo' marsa, tuh git hit fo' me. En yo' Lewis, yo' is kin' tuh fotch hit tuh me. En Hosay Veelay, de sight uh yo' done do my hairt good alruddy."

Wide as is the intellectual gulf that separates the view-point of the Ethiopian from that of the Caucasian, lofty as is the barrier that divides the master from the slave, each of the four men standing before her saw in his own imperfect way the lovely, pure spirit that shone in the gray-black face of Little Brown Ann. And the superior race, as well as the inferior, had given it the grace of silence. Sloan looked off down the Coosa, away off to the mist of the purple hills beyond, to the floating shadows on the mountains, to the circling birds high up in the silvery blue; Hawkins saw the marriage of the waters — gray, sullen tide and green-glancing river, and the boats that dotted the navigable stream; Hosé La Violet gazed down at his great, black toes in deep meditation; and Lewis looked long at Little Brown Ann.

As to Ann herself, quite humble and unconscious, she sat still and finished her meal; and when she had done, rose and stood in the presence of her betters until they deigned to give her further thought.

II

THE MASTER OF CHIEFTAINS

As they stood so, on the hill that rose behind them, coming leisurely down from the upland on which the new town was building, downward toward the apex of the angle formed by the confluence of the Etowah and the Oostenaula, two gentlemen, wearing the fashionable garb of that day, were to be seen. One of them, taller than his companion by a head and broad shoulders, led by the bridle a fine brown mare; the other walked at his side, rapidly talking, shrugging his shoulders, gesticulating in a manner quite foreign to the English settlers of the valley.

Hawkins was the first to see them.

"There, Hosay," said he," is your master, and Long de Champs."

Hosé grinned broadly and the other negroes turned also, pleased expectancy on their faces. The gentlemen were now within hearing, but though the warehouse men heard, they were not party to the import of the rapid Parisian that rained brilliantly from the lips of one of them, nor, for that matter, to the richer, slower Provencal that fell occasionally from the tongue of his taller companion.

"No, de Longchamps," the horseman was saying, "Hosé cannot be purchased. He does not belong to me."

"Not belong to you!" exclaimed the little man. "Why, is he not the overseer on your plantation? He told me himself that he belonged to you. I want him to take to Paris with me. I want to make a sensation there." Then, catching sight of the group in front of the warehouse and especially of Hawkins' interested face and listening attitude, he gracefully dropped his mother tongue and drew him into the conversation by including him in his next remark.

"Ah, Meestaire Harkin!" said he. "Vous haf not slightess idée vat sensation zat Hosé La Violet créat á Paris."

"Mr. Hawkins," acknowledged the master of Chieftains, lifting his hat with the indescribable distinction which marks the Gaul of noble birth, and displaying as he did so the black curls that grew down in a point over his high, white forehead and softened the effect of features cast in heroic mould. The blonde Frenchman at his side continued speaking with increasing asperity.

"Meestaire Harkin," said he, "I haf been tryin' conveence my fren' zat Hosé La Violet eez nécessaire to my 'appeness. I haf no penchant pour ze Zhorzhaire gol'. I go rattourn á Paris. I navaire deeg een my live. I know not deeg, mais Auguste de Verdrueil he lige to deeg, he moose deeg pour ze Zhorzhaire gol' vich he may navaire git. I loan heem tousan' dollaire zees minute to do zat deeg, an' I ask heem to geeve me zat Hosé La Violet, to tek to Paris to show my frien's, for to créat one leetle sensation. An' he ruffuse to lemme git zat Hosé wiz me!"

"De Longchamps," replied the older man, "I have told you that Hosé is not mine to give nor to loan. If he goes with you to France, it is of his own free will. My father offered his father freedom in 1792. His father refused to take it. It is a point of honor with me to regard Hosé as a free man. None of my father's children would receive money for the children of La Violet. When I die I shall not will Hosé. Should he choose to stay and serve, that is his own affair. It is a point of honor also with Hosé."

The giant black looked seriously at the tall Frenchman. He did not speak, but in his confident and unruffled demeanor there was a solemn grandeur.

"Meestaire Harkin, deed you evaire?" continued the young man. "I offaire Auguste de Verdrueil plain tousan' dollaire for hees beeg black negaire, an' he ruffuse to lemme git heem. Meestaire Harkin, deed you evaire!"

Appealed to for the third time, Hawkins took his pipe from his mouth and suggested mildly in the up-country English, which, for reasons best known to himself, he always affected with possible customers:

"A thousand dollars is a mighty big price fur Hosay Lavveelay. He hain't got no trade that I ever hearn tell on. That money 'd hope you out powerful with that shaft I hearn you been gitten Griffin to sink up thar on the Hightower, Mr. Verdrueil."

"Mr. Hawkins," responded with hauteur the gentleman addressed, "if I accept a loan from De Longchamps, it will be with good securities on the land at Chieftains, which is at present unencumbered. I feel I am due no explanation touching Hosé La Violet's worth; yet, since we are gentlemen together, (he included Sloan in his slight bow) I may give it and thenceforth feel that we understand each other in entirety.

"At the beginning of the Revolution in France, my father's father sent his younger son to San Domingo to manage his coffee lands there. My father was in control of one thousand negroes working on those coffee lands. In 1792 there was a terrible rising of the blacks, incited by the mulattoes, who had received their freedom because of their illegitimate birth. Hundreds of the French were murdered in their beds; indeed, almost none of the planters escaped. My father alone, of all his friends and intimates, arrived safely, four weeks thereafter, in an American port, brought thither by three of his negro men. Of these three men, La Violet planned the escape and forced La Rose and La Tulip at the point of his machete to man the boat which sailed safely into the harbor of Charleston. My father offered La Violet his freedom. La Violet answered, that in his own country he had been a slave and had always served a master; that the black man was the natural servant of the white, and that he was no yellow cur of a mulatto dog and would not accept his freedom. Hosé La Violet is the son of that honest black. He takes pride in his birth, and as much pains to preserve the integrity of his good black skin as you, De Longchamps, to keep yours white. And, so help me the good God, Hosé La Violet shall go down to his grave as free a man as Auguste De Verdrueil goes down to his!"

He warmed as he spoke, the color flashed in his cheeks and dyed his deep blue eyes, and a touch of accent crept into his glowing speech. There was a second's awkward pause which Hawkins was the first to break.

"Cravin' yo' pardon, Mr. Verdrueil," he said, "ther's a couple o' darkies come up frum Augusty over thar and Hosay Lavveelay with 'em."

The gentleman turned at once, spoke a few words of greeting to his servants, and withdrew with them to the river bank, where, among other craft, a simple dug-out was drawn up on the strand.

"Mr. Long de Champs," said Hawkins, "I think I may say to you, in strict confidence, that a loan on the Chieftains estate would be exceedingly valuable to you in time. The place was drawn by Mr. Verdrueil in the lottery of 1832; but he kept his factor, Mr. Holt, in charge until 1845, not caring to live here. It was the home of the Cherokee chief, Major Ridge, and is, therefore, the finest land in the Cherokee Country. Mr. Verdrueil contracted the gold fever in 1837 and has been losing money in the valley of the Hightower ever since."

"Meestaire Harkin," returned the Frenchman, "I mek you not onderstand, I bleeve. I doan want none deese lan' een zees vildairness of Zhorzhaire, I just want zat neegaire vat I done tole you, zat Hosé La Violet."

"I take you, Mr. Long de Champs," returned Hawkins with patience, "but you will in time git both Chieftains and the nigger, if you will take a loan on the estate. Mr. Verdrueil, sir, will bury them both in his Altoona gold mine, and it is only a question as to who will dig them out."

The young Frenchman smiled. "I nayvaire deeg, Meestaire Harkin,"

said he. But Hawkins knew, by the glint in de Longchamps' brown eye, that the advice he had sown would take root and bear fruit to the undoing of the tall horseman by the river, whom both men now turned to gaze upon as he stood in the sunlight, back toward them, reading from a sheet of blue letter-cap which fluttered in the soft breeze that rose and swept upward from the stream.

Dear Sir, (went the letter he read)

I have made the necessary arrangements by which I hope to place Louis and Ann on the cars on Thursday evening next; who, without accident, may reach Kingston on Friday evening. They will be directed to lodge there over night and set out at dawn on foot for Rome, a not unreasonable distance, I am told, to cover by Saturday noon. There they will go direct to Messrs, Sloan, Hawkins and Company, from whom they will get directions to Chieftains. Lewis may dodge on the road, but I scarcely believe he will even attempt to dodge.

I have asked Seven Hundred Dollars and I will be content with $700 for him; as I do think him to be a valuable servant in any occupation to which he has been trained. Some people, white and black and, aye, copper colored, send out deeper roots and broader branches in going to a virgin or a fresher soil. I trust this yellow fellow may find a master who will awaken him from his sloth and improvidence.

As touching the black woman Ann, who is of scrofulous diathesis, and who will not—I am told by Leon Dugas—survive her complaint above five years, I have asked Three Hundred Dollars, which is but a nominal price for so fine a sempstress.

I trust that it will be entirely to your convenience to receive my bill of sale from Messrs. Sloan, Hawkins and Co., and to settle by draft on D. Linton and Co. of Augusta. I know and feel that the times are hard and tight. Heaven knows I would not make them harder nor tighter. Yr. friend,

GEO. W. CRAWFORD.

The gentleman read it twice before speaking. Then he looked up from the sheet and considered the young negro before him out of his kindly blue and honest eyes.

"Lewis Crawford," said he, "you have done exceedingly well in obeying your orders, and rest assured that I shall remember your uprightness on this occasion. Hosé La Violet is now in charge of the quarters and of the men who work in the field. I have given him permission to take you home in his boat. You, Ann, will report to your mistress, so that she may put you in your place at the house. Hosé, I leave Ann and Lewis in your charge; if your boat is in readiness you may go at once. Tell your mistress I shall bring Mr. de Longchamps out to stay over Sunday at our place."

"Ha, my good Auguste!" exclaimed de Longchamps, as the master of Chieftains rejoined him. "Meestaire Harkin haf tole me 'ow you haf git ze veegvam of ze prince of ze Sherokee."

Struck by the condescension of the tone, the older man flushed slightly and looked critically at his companion for the fraction of a second; but in the largeness of his unsuspecting soul he could not have measured the subtle imagination of de Longchamps, nor reckoned that, even as he spoke, the Parisian fancied himself as already the owner of the beautiful demesne over which he himself now exercised his peaceful and prosperous rule.

"It is a hard story," said he, looking toward the Oostenaula, where Hosé's bark canoe shot off and up-stream, a line of silver marking the dip of the paddle

as it rose dripping from the water; "hard for the red men who inherited from their fathers this beautiful and fertile land. Major Ridge was an educated gentleman. His father came from Massachusetts and Ridge received his own education in that state. The Cherokees over whom he held sway were attractive, graceful, sweet-voiced savages, not more savage, neither, than many an English settler I have known in this land. My wigwam is solidly built and all of my fields were well cultivated when the place came to my hands. Half the negroes in my cotton patch came down to me from Ridge, and they are good and steady workers in the field. The indian was a hard task-master and reared the best of slaves, for he brooked no idleness under him from a race he considered born to the hoe."

De Longchamps stood silent, looking down and tapping his small, shining boot with his cane. As the master of Chieftains spoke, he handed to Mr. Sloan the letter which he had just been reading, and when Sloan had glanced over it and looked up again, he said:

"Return it to me with the bill of sale and I will settle my indebtedness in the desired manner."

"De Longchamps," said he to his friend, "shall you return to Chieftains with me?"

"*Mon Cher* Auguste," returned the Frenchman, "I prayfaire to reste wiz ze ladies een ze hotel. We haf plan one leetle affaire on ze stream by ze light of ze moon."

"In that case," said the older man, "I must lose you for tonight, but tomorrow I hope you will remember that we dine at twelve."

"Oh, ze droll veeldairness of Zhorzhaire!" exclaimed the young man, "vaire ze people dine een ze mornin' an' breakfas' een ze night! *Mon Cher*, Auguste, you do me mos' gret kindness, an' I veel coom to ze veegvam ez soon ez I mek ze toilette *pour ze dejeuner a la fourchette* vat you haf."

III

THE PLANTATION

In the meanwhile, Hosé, standing in his boat, pushed his paddle hard against the bank and sent the canoe well out into the peaceful river; then, paddling first on this side and then on that, he began to row against the current. Now and again he looked downward at Little Brown Ann dragging her hand in the water, or met the eager, restless gaze of the mulatto boy. Occasionally he answered a question with slow and pompous dignity, as became the driver of the hands on a rich river-farm. After a while he handed his paddle to Lewis and folded his great black arms as he watched his pupil with critical eye or encouraged him with compliments Anon he took it back to himself for a stiff pull where the stream ran swift, and laughed a loud appreciation of the admiration of his less skilled companions. Presently the river widened east and west over a bed of pebbly shingle and on either bank the land lay low, then the current curved in a broad and lovely sweep round a quiet knoll, giving an open view upstream for half a mile or more. Across the shingle ran the road from Rome, curving outward and away from the river and rising on the hills beyond.

With a sudden twist of his wrist, the black shot his boat broadside to the shingle and planted his paddle in the sand. The canoe scraped along the pebbles, rocked a second, and stood still. Hosé leapt out.

"And so, each thin, brown finger a prisoner to a chubby fist, Ann climbed the hill."

"Dar now," said he, showing his big, white teeth, "Dar now, niggers, whut yo' tink uh dat?"

"Bress de good Gawd!" exclaimed the brown woman, standing up with sparkling eyes.

In front of them, broad corn-lands filled the bottom and rose on the upward sweep of the hills around a green and lovely knoll, on which stood a square, colonial mansion painted white. Dark hedges of the Cherokee rose bordered the road on either hand, and the gardens were aglow with althea and crepe myrtle in all the tints of red. On the posts of tall gateways leading to the stables and barns, peacocks were seen sunning their gorgeous trains. Beyond it and beyond, step by step, green and blue and violet and gray and misty amethystine hues melting into masses of cloud, rose the lovely Blue Ridge mountains, unspeakably fine and fair.

"En dat a injun wigwum?" cried the yellow boy in derision. "Hosey Veelay ain't yuh shame yo'se'f tuh tell me dat?"

Hosé's loud guffaw brought to the river-front and the inner gate a perfect shower of little dancing blossoms on little twinkling feet, and almost before the blue hills had echoed the Zulu's laugh, a stream of white dresses and trousers poured over and around Brown Ann,—a bewildering circle of black eyes and blue, blonde curls and brown, and close-clipped heads of tiny boys, all their owners talking and laughing and shouting together, from the toddler in his bib and tucker to the twelve-year-old damsel with a rose in her hair.

"Bress de good Gawd," said she. "Bress de lil chillun! Bress yo', Miss Sunie! Yo's kin' not tuh fergit dis po' nigger Ann!"

"Didn' I tole yo," grinned Hosé! "I tole yo' fuh sho, I 's a-gwine tuh fotch her dis berry same day?"

And so, each thin brown finger a prisoner to a chubby fist, Ann climbed the hill.

Above the shrill voices of the children there floated out to her from the mansion a low, familiar crooning of an old, Provencal cradle song, scarce translatable from its passage over-seas, of strange dialects, but accentuated as it has ever been by the rock, rock of a wooden cradle and the tap of a slippered foot.

"Do, do le petit, puisque mama le dit,
Do, do le petit, puisque mama le dont;
O, Do, dicque do, fasse do, do,
O, Do, dicque do, dorma;
Do, do le petit, puisque mama le dit,
Do, do le petit, puisque mama le dont!"

said the singer, and ran down to a soft swing on the final nasal as if it sank into a well of melody and slipped down, down out of sound into the land of dreams.

"Children, children!" a voice from the dimness within chid in an anxious aspirate, as the little runners entered the hall. And amidst the hush that fell upon the noisy crowd, a woman appeared with hand raised.

"Sh,—sh—sh—!" said she. "Sh—sh, you'll wake the baby!"

Brown eyes large and soft looked from her gentle face, brown hair thick and silken framed it in the smooth, old-fashioned way and formed the round, abundant knot. Her gown of white dimity was simple and full and the wrist-bands of the large, white sleeves set off the beauty of a hand long and slender

and finely formed, the index finger of which kept place in a leather-bound volume which she held.

"Ann," she said with gentle condescension. "You are very welcome here, for we have missed you much. I have just been studying your case in this volume which you now see with me, and I trust we may hope to make you well again, God willing."

"O, mistis," answered the little negro woman, "Yo' is so kin'. Hit do me good alruddy tuh see yo' agin. Fo' sho, mistis, dis po' nigger Ann am ergwine tuh git well, please de good Gawd."

"And here is Lewis, too," continued the lady. "So many good faces from home, Lewis, are pleasant things to see. We had Harrison from the Governor last year. I trust you may prove as fine a man as he."

Lewis grinned, as befitted the occasion. But across his face a shadow fell and rested, leaving it darker than before. Harrison had been the governor's first experiment in reformation and had borne an evil name. He had killed a fellow workman in the cotton patch with his hoe and therefore the governor had sold him to the master of Chieftains. Lewis had the same unhappy leaven in his blood, the white man's long memory of wrong. Therefore, he would rather have heard an evil report of Harrison's career at Chieftains.

"Hosé," continued his mistress, "I wish Ann to have Lucinda's cabin. Lucinda will give her the bath I have ordered, the poultices of herbs and the clean linen she must put on. Lewis will go with you to the field quarters and you will find a place for him there. I must see you both at prayers."

So dismissed, the two negroes followed Hosé La Violet out of the house. The quarters at Chieftains were in two sections, those of the house servants being quite distinct from the field quarters under Hosé La Violet's rule. The house servants led a more laborious life; but their hours depended upon those kept at the mansion, their quarters were not patrolled. Hosé's quarters, on the contrary, were under the strictest surveillance; the patrol rode around them at nine o'clock, and woe to the worker found out of his pallet and cabin.

Ann disposed of, Hosé and Lewis were crossing the wide, unencumbered yard, when, through the stable gate, there came a squat mulatto man in the dress of a carriage driver, his buff trousers and high boots, his green coat and sleek hat shining with care. Seeing the two negroes crossing the open space, the one black and barefoot, the other dusty and travel-stained and at best but poorly clad, he was about to let them pass without salutation, when Hosé thrust forward his great frame and brought him to a halt.

"Hairson," said he with his good-natured guffaw, "huccome yo' doan know dis huh yallah nigger whut I done fotched up de ribber tuh day?"

"Huh? Lewis?" grunted the mulatto. "Yo' am gwine tuh wuk in de fiel' ?"

A moment before the fields, with their robins and their flowery fence-rows and their sweet breath of clover and corn, the fields with Hosé La Violet over them, had seemed to Lewis unspeakably fair; but now they were blighted by that evil breath and withered by that wicked eye. Their summer music and perfume gave place to a winter of discontent.

"You hab hit hit, fo' sho," laughed Hosé. "Mistis done gim me Lewis fo' good. Yo' doan make no stinkin' stabul boy uh him. Me'n Lewis ull swing tuh de hoe. Gullong wid yo' fuh uh loser dis onct." And Hosé laughed with glee.

"Huh?" grunted the yellow man again. So hit's wid yuh lack dat?

"'Run, nigger, run! De patrol ketch yuh!
Run, nigger, run! O, doo, dar, day.
Run, nigger, run! De patrol ketch yuh!
Run, nigger, run! Ah, whar, loo, lay!'"

Harrison's shrill, uneven voice broke like a child's on the familiar air, and the jolly old plantation challenge became on his tongue a mean and heartless reproach. Lewis winced. The Zulu, however, kind of heart and slow of comprehension, laughed again.

"Fo' sho,' Harrison," said he, "yo' am de wus singer en de 'hole worl'. Yo' cain't mek no tune 't all; yo' wussen de screech owl en de pleg. Come 'long, Lewis, we'll 'scape de confection."

And as he went onward he laughed again, a great, ringing laugh that rang down to the field quarters and hailed the happy black giant home. They came out to meet him by the way, the women and children first, their faces full of the fun and frolic that marks the dark children of the sun. Lewis looked at them. He saw no yellow face among them all.

Some hours thereafter when seated at the evening meal, the planter said to his wife:

"I had hoped, my dear, to have Lucien de Longchamps at tea, but he will dine with us tomorrow, instead. These young men do not well to be so long unsettled. De Longchamps falsely hopes that the troubles in France will soon be past, and peace will make her home in that fair land once more. But I fear it is never to be, and in this great, new country I would wish he could find an abiding place before his patrimony is wasted in riotous living. See what you can do for him, my dear; old de Longchamps looks to us to make a man of his foolhardy Lucien."

"But," answered the lady, "would Lucien take an American wife?"

"Oh, as to that," returned the master of Chieftains, "our girls have too wide a choice. I fancy Lucien would be more ready than they. But what did you think of Little Brown Ann? Is she not less strong than you had hoped?"

"I trust to the mountains," answered the lady, "to the blue limestone and the crisp winter winds, to the happiness of teaching little children, to my own care, to your faith, Augustus, to your faith in the over-ruling providence of God, and to Ann's belief in our power to heal."

"True," answered the master of Chieftains, "we have faith; but have we enough for this great problem that the governor would have us solve? This problem of reform for these unfortunates who have the ambitions of the white man and the instincts of the black. I know not what to hope, my dear, for Lewis Crawford; and, therefore, I have put him under the open skies, among the men of the field."

"With Hosé La Violet," said the wife.

There was a long pause, the cloud lifted from the planter's brow. The husband and wife sat looking at each other; but the eyes of each looked far afield and saw the abiding-place of the Zulu giant in whose single and unsullied affection the planter knew himself forever safe.

"My dear Susan," he answered, "we rest in the hands of God, and Hosé La Violet is an ever-present proof of his protecting grace. It is ingratitude, no

doubt, to think of Harrison in this connection or to fear the devil of vain-glory that has a home in his heart."

"I believe," said the wife, "that in Harrison you have already made your spirit strong. You forget, Augustus, how short a memory these poor creatures have. Harrison has forgotten his evil days. It is as George Crawford hoped, the changed surroundings have renewed his spirit and he is already that better man whom you would have him to become."

"God grant it may be so," replied the planter." But I distrust his yellow skin."

"Hark!" said the wife, rising from her seat. "Who is singing the patrol at this hour?"

The master of Chieftains stepped to the window and looked out. The broad light of a fair half moon was flooding the garden; and, at the farther end, leaning on the gate that opened toward the quarters of La Violet, he recognized his carriage driver, the mulatto Harrison. Harrison was singing, without melody, it is true, but with an unction totally at variance with any pleasure he could have derived from the sound of the shrill and tuneless ditty that formed his present peculiar amusement. The planter gazed at him in silence. At the third repetition, he called to his wife.

"Susan," he said, "do you see that fellow down there? How would you reckon his thoughts? It has occurred to me, may God forgive me, that he is goading the yellow boy whom Hosé brought hither today."

IV

ANTICIPATIONS

The frost came late that year and the cotton bolls from the last planting had spread their snow over the bottoms and uplands of the Oostenaula, when a sunny morning in early November found de Longchamps and Hawkins riding out the river road.

"This road," said Hawkins, "was made by Mr. Verdrueil for his own use. It's about the best road in these parts, a mile out from Rome, you see, and all this land is his. Where the river widens above the house, he is about to put in a fine ferry, between his place and Lafayette Lamar's land across the Oostenaula."

"*Vraiment?*" exclaimed de Longchamps in his airy tones, "Auguste de Verdrueil eez one reesh personne, *ma foi!*"

"Apparently so," said Hawkins. "Griffin tells me, however, that he has spent thousands already on that Altoona mine, which has never brought him a dollar, and all his niggers are mortgaged."

"Naut zat Hosé La Violet!" exclaimed de Longchamps excitedly. "You doan tell me zat zat beeg, black neegaire eez mortgage, Meestaire Harkin?"

"Why, as to that, Mr. Long de Champs," answered the warehouse man, "you have Mr. Verdrueil's word for Hosay Lavveelay's bein' a free nigger, I reckon."

"Ah, ha, Meestaire Harkin," laughed Lucien, showing the even rows of his little, white teeth. "'You doan tek me for zat beeg fool? Ah, *j'en foutterai! ma foi!* Auguste de Verdrueil may be descen' from ze eediat Raimund, *mais* he haf ze deesposeetion *a issi* of ze Pavageaux. You haf hear of ze Pavageaux?

Mais non? Ah, *j'en foutterai!* Zay haf ze — I fergit ze verbe — zay air ze Shylock for ze bottom dollaire."

"Then," said Hawkins with safe gravity, "you may hope to be bought off with Hosay Lavveelay, if you should put Chieftains under the hammer."

"Zat eez joust ze case," smiled de Longchamps. "You onderstan' me, Meestaire Harkin. I haf ruhsolve. I tek ze advice you haf geeve. I mek loan on zeez veegvam. Ze Zhorzhaire gol' not be foun'. I say, '*Mon cher* Auguste, geeve me zat beeg, black neegaire, zat Hosé La Violet.' Eef he veel naut geeve ze neegaire, I tek ze veegvam. *Ma foi!* You tek me, Meestaire Harkin, *parfaitment.* Ze Pavageau veel geeve me hees free neegaire."

"There's the nigger now," answered the American, pointing with his whip to the field on the right, where some twenty negro men were at work, bending over the brown plants and filling their baskets with the snowy harvest. The men were all together in the field, picking on the even rows, and as they worked they sang, the resonant voice of Hosé leading the rest. De Longchamps drew rein to look at him. The singing of the negro in the open is like the song of the uncaged lark—civilization and cities destroy it. They sang with lovely harmonies of tenors, baritones and bassos, quite unconscious of themselves:

"De cotton iu the fiel' am silkin',
De nigger in the patch am wilkin',
An' all de while de gin am bilkin',
An' I's a-gwine tuh Jerusalem.
O, Jerusalum! sailum, sailum!
Jerusalum! sailum, sailum!
Sailum, sailum, sailum, sailum.
I's a-gwine tuh Jerusalem."

"Look a-yonder," said Hawkins, "at them yallah boys."

De Longchamps looked with languid indifference to where the two mulatto men worked apart from the rest with silent voices and sullen mein. *"Ma foi,"* said he with disgust. "Ze pale neegaire eez layzay, you haf mean?"

"No, I never," answered Hawkins. "For work one yallah boy is worth three blacks. But you see they ain't singin'. Too good to mix, I reckon."

"Vat eez zat?" exclaimed the young man. *J'en foutterai!* Eet eez naut so."

"Ain't it?" said the warehouse man with a short laugh. "Mr. Verdrueil puts all his niggers pickin' for the last crop, to get it in before the frost. That's his carriage driver Harrison, and the other man's the yallah boy that brought the little nigger woman from Augusty. You remember the day, I reckon?"

"Ma foi!" said the Parisian. "I haf ze day *par coeur.* Zat eez ze day I haf meet ze ladie zay call ze Sherokee Rose. Mees Angie, you onderstan', Meestaire Harkin."

Hawkins did understand how the meeting of Angie Ketchum might mean a red letter day for any man, but he was hardly prepared for the sudden blush that dyed de Longchamp's cheek as he pronounced her name in a tone of tender seriousness quite outside of the character Hawkins had conceived of him.

For several seconds both men rode forward in silence. Hawkins was making a rapid calculation on his own account, while de Longchamps was

recovering from his blush, a rare occurrence in his life, so rare as to need considerable mental readjustment.

"Angie Ketchum?" ran Hawkins' calculation. "Ketchums' good customers. Fine thing for Miss Angie. Sort of ballast for Long de Champs Chieftains now?"

"Mr. Long de Champs," he said aloud, "have you ever noticed the fine prospects of this place? The estate joins the Ketchum land over yonder and across there is Lamar's patch. If you were to offer Mr. Verdrueil a large loan with a lien on the river place, he could still hold or sell considerable land toward the town. Somebody else will get him if you don't. Perfectly impractical man. Bound to ruin himself. Give him a short time note to be met within the year, and insist upon foreclosure of mortgage *sine die*."

De Longchamps struck his horse sharply, without answering, and the animal leapt forward at a long bound, and settled into a canter that brought him presently to the outer gate and gave the alarm to the hounds within the enclosure. They immediately heralded de Longchamps' coming and brought the master of Chieftains out to meet them.

As they entered, a little brown woman crossed the yard and glanced at them from her large, black eyes. Hawkins recognized her by the white cloth wound about her head and neck. The gray tint had gone from her skin and she shone with the rich tones of polished mahogany which distinguish the healthy brown races of Africa. She courtesied before going into the house.

"So Miz Verdrueil has cured the little nigger?" said Hawkins to the master of Chieftains.

"No," answered that gentleman, "she hopes to do so in time, God willing; but she is only feeding ahead of the complaint at present. Ann still wears her hood, you see. But she is a great comfort to my wife, amuses our children, and teaches our serving women to sew. She can get up the finest trousseau in the land. When you find the suitable lady, recommend her to your fiancée, Lucien."

So challenged, de Longchamps blushed again and answered with a gentle dignity which became him:

"I haf announce mon intention to ze loaflies' ladie. I haf hope to git her to marry me."

"So?" said his friend, extending his hand. "We may hope to keep you in America? One may pity our poor France, since she is soon to lose so fine a son."

"*Ma foi!*" laughed the young man. "Eet eez not settle. I doan forgit zat ze ladie may ruffuse."

"Get my wife on your side and she'll not refuse," answered the older man. "But to our present comforts! We will have to wait on ourselves, barring the women, for I have all the hands in the field. Hitch the horses here and come into dinner. Lucinda," (to the negro girl standing near) "tell your mistress we have Mr. Hawkins and Mr. de Longchamps to dine with us today."

When, after the mid-day meal, the three men were walking in the garden between the trim rows of box, and smoking the afternoon pipe, de Longchamps turned a smiling face upon his friend and asked:

"Haf you idée vy I haf trop een today, Auguste, to ze déjeuner wiz you?"

"For the pleasure that you feel your presence gives us, Lucien," answered the older man.

"*Ma foi!* you pay me vaire great compliment een zat. *Mais non*, I ha coom gif you zat t'ousan' dollaire wizzout zat Hosé La Violet. *J'en foutterai!* Et eez no gret kin'ness. *Mais non!* I tek loan on ze veegvam for zat. I joost mek you one leetle advize—zat I geeve naut t'ousan' dollaire, zat I geeve ten t'ousan' for ze Zhorzhair gol' vat you deeg."

"Lucien," answered the older man, surprise and gratitude struggling for supremacy in his deep blue eyes, "I cannot express to you my exceeding great happiness at the confidence you show in my good judgment. I pin my faith to the enormous profit to be derived from the rich veins below the surface in these North Georgia mountains. The only necessary factor is a sufficiency of capital to develop the productive power of the old Indian diggings of the past. The Altoona was one of the Cherokee mines said to have yielded great returns. Ten thousand put upon it now would enable me to sell in a few weeks to Englishmen interested here for fifty thousand profit on my investment. I could then meet all my obligations and still have a little left for my diggings in Hall county, which promise much. Here is my last letter from Ford."

De Longchamps took the letter. He deciphered with difficulty the ornate penmanship of the miner, who wrote:

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A. N. Verdrueil—

Dr Sir I Resume My Seat To drop you a line all well Progressing Slow with our Shaft down and Started out Our tunnel which is going To be a Teadjus peice of Work to Compleat We have to Blast every 11 ft We are progressing Slowly with our uper Shaft We have not a Connectsion. I have not Run the Mill Since you was here. I am in Coraspondance With the company from Augusta, Girardy, Whey and Co. and am looking for them up Every Day they Think there is no doubt but that They Will Effect a Sale with the Englishmen. Send us a Cook if you can spare a Cook I shall Expect to see You Soon. yrs Respectfully &c

JOHN J. FORD

"Well?" said the master of Chieftains. "You see the sale will be made. But if it should not be, your lien on Chieftains will secure you for the amount and I am so sure of immediate returns in the event that you make me this loan that I will write out your mortgage for payment in January next, and that *sine die*."

Hawkins exchanged a glance with de Longchamps. The latter's color rose somewhat as he answered lightly:

"Eet eez joost wiz you, *mon cher* Auguste. I doan warn you poot yo'sel' out *pour* Lucien de Longchamps. I wish you mek eet all ri-eat for yo'sel', en et ez all ri-eat *pour mio. C'est tres bien, n'est-ce pas?*"

The master of Chieftains assured him, with many protestations of gratitude, that it was not only all right but most kind; and he presently made an excuse to go into his library, where the three drew up the necessary papers to make the house at Chieftains and the original lot of sixty acres immediately surrounding it over to de Longchamps, in consideration of his loan of ten thousand dollars, the mortgage to mature on the opening of the new year.

The moon was up when they began their journey back to Rome; the cotton pickers were gone from the shining fields; the lovely uplands swept in soft gray undulations down to the gleaming stream, and de Longchamps and his

companion rode with their thoughts. With his thoughts also, thoughts full of charity for all the world, the master of Chieftains walked by the river before he slept. The confidence de Longchamps had shown in his judgment flattered the simplicity of a man whose providence had always been at a discount among his nearest neighbors and his next of kin. The loan lay not at all upon his heart; he had the wherewithal to pay and sufficient unto the day were the evils thereof. He was thinking most of Little Brown Ann, of the perfection of her handiwork, and the gentle acquiescence of her mind. And as he thought, he saw, standing in the river road before him, idealized by the moonlight and made particeps with the beauty of the night, the little negro woman in her white cotton hood and gown. She waited for him to come up to her and courtesied without speaking.

"Well, Ann," said the master, and Ann answered:

"Marsa, yo' hez ben so kin' tuh dis po' nigger Ann; but, marsa, hez yo' notice dat yallah nigger Hairson, what kilt dat man in Gusty long 'go? Hez yo' notice, marsa, how Hairson ben singin' de patrol 'round 'bout dat fiel' quarter sence Lewis hab ben dar? Hez yo' notice Lewis, marsa? Hez yo' seed how he hab got wussen wusser sence de day he done comed? Ef yo' doan tek notice, marsa, scusen me tuh be so bol', ef yo' doan do somethin', marsa, Hairson done kill Lewis wid dat hoe, same ez he done done in Gusty long 'go."

She trembled with emotion as she spoke, and the master of Chieftains, astounded at the audacity of her interruption as well as at the import of her speech, did not at once reply.

"Please de good Gawd," continued Ann, swaying from side to side, "he ain't hab kilt Lewis yit. O, marsa, ain't yo' gwine tuh do somethin'? Ain't yo' gwine tuh stop 'im, marsa, fo' he done chop Lewis wid dat hoe?"

"Where are they, Ann?" said the master. "And what can have happened that you are so stirred?"

"Dey ain't done comed," said she.

"They are still in the field?" questioned her auditor. "And where is Hosé La Violet?"

"Hosé done sing de patrol, marsa. It war Saddy night, fo' sho. En de patrol done fin' Lewis Craffud war outen his cab'n, en outen his bed, en gone. En, marsa, Hairson not ben en de stabul yaird, fo' I done look merse'f. Please de good Gawd, marsa, Lewis not ben daid."

V

THE FUGITIVE

As if in answer to their thoughts, a sudden, shrill scream came from the woods and rang on the frosty air. Just once it came and all was still. The planter waited for its repetition; but no second sound was heard, and presently, skirting the trees, dodging the silvery lakes of moonlight in the road, and keeping well in the shadow, the listeners caught sight of a man running. He came up, saw them, and cut into the deeper glooms of the cedars on the upland and disappeared from view. The brown woman and her master knew this man, and when they presently turned about and looked each other in the eye, each read the other's thought.

"Praise de good Gawd!" said Ann.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," echoed the master of Chief-

tains. "You, Ann, that he has saved your fellow servant from a terrible death, and I that he has awakened me from my lethargy as touching Harrison. Ah, dear God, how we Thy poor servants need to watch and pray!"

On the following Monday, Hosé La Violet was called upon to row the children to the school in De Soto, while the master of Chieftains put Lewis in charge of the stables and himself rode into Rome to report a runaway negro to the county officers; for Harrison had never returned from the fields. But the winter was coming on, and the killing frost had fallen on the night before; the quarters at Chieftains were reckoned unusually comfortable, and Harrison had seemed so well content, that, though at his coming he had borne a dangerous name, he had so far lost his past reputation that, while the search was noisy, it was neither diligent nor of long duration; the patrol, the neighboring planters, and the master of Chieftains himself, being very generally of the opinion that Harrison was merely playing truant for a day or two and would reappear by cold weather. The master, in fact, while conforming to the law in the matter of the search, congratulated himself that Harrison's absence would enable him to remove Lewis to the yard under the influence of Ann, and would furnish an excuse to degrade Harrison, on his return, to some position less desirable than the carriage driver's place.

Ann was plainly pleased at the change, and when, some days after his installation, she saw Lewis busy giving the horses their morning toilet she came and leaned over the barnyard gate to talk.

"Yo' am strange tuh me now, Lewis," she said in her soft, low-country voice. "Yo' uster holp me out wid mey wuk."

"Yo' doan do no wuk," mumbled the boy; then, catching the reproach of her face, he added, "Leastways I nuvuh hearn tell uv hit."

"Dat's becaze," said Ann, "yo' nuvuh tuk no intrust in mey wuk no mo'. Now yo's en de stabul, whar Hairson useter wuz, yo' kin come tuh see mey wuk ebry day."

Lewis made no answer.

"Yo' see," continued Ann in her soft, persuasive tones, "dey ain't no patrol fuh de kerridge driber, fuh he hab tuh be out mosen de time ruther late, 'specially ef dey's a daunce down tuh Kingston or some yuther place, en de white folks ez a-gwine."

"So Hairson useter 'lowed," returned the boy, straightening up and looking at Ann with angry eyes. "Faugh, dat patrol! How now's yo' 'lows dey doan fin' dat damn yallah nigger, daid uh libe?"

"Cose, Lewis," answered Ann mildly, "ever' man got tuh do his own way in dishuh worl'; en, please de good Gawd, Hairson is alruddy repintin' in his min', 'specially ef he's col'. Dey ain't nuthin' lack uh rail frawsty mawnin' tuh mek uh nigger repint uh his sins."

"Hairson ain't nuvuh repint uh none uh hissen, 'less he am repintin' dis mornin' by de fire en de bottomless pit," returned the boy with a hard laugh.

Something in the manner of the speech arrested Little Brown Ann's cheerful, social thoughts. She was so long in replying that a curious uneasinesss crept into the mulatto's sullen face as he watched her. The white hood hiding her head and neck, the known goodness of her heart, the exceeding sweetness and cleanness of her daily life, the great distance of her difference from the other negro women he had known, the Sabbath air of sanctity that breathed in her

speech, filled his mind with sudden superstition. What if she had the gift of divination and could read his thoughts? He turned his back upon her and nervously busied himself with curry-comb and brush.

"Lewis," she said at length, "huccome yo' mek out Hairson ben daid?"

"Cause he ain' ben fin' erlibe," retorted the boy without turning 'round.

Another long silence followed his answer. At length Ann began to speak again, but her voice trembled and she hesitated in the choice of her words.

"Dey ain' nothin', Lewis, she said, "nothin' yo' hez done done; dey ain' no wickedness yo' done meditated en yo' hairt; dey ain' no evil uv yo' ways; dey ain' no cloud afore yo' eyes; dey ain' no heaviness en yo' breas', whut de good Gawd ain' done knowed war dar long 'fore yo done ben borned: en, ef he knowed it war dar, he done got usen tuh it's bein' dar long 'fore yo' ever foun' hit outen yose'f. Ef yo' git tuh thinkin' 'bout dat, Lewis, yo' fin' hit mighty kuyus dat he done fotched yo' long in peace an' pleasantness dis far; dat he done let yo' climb de hill ever' morning' wid de hoe in yo' han'; dat he done let yo' see de sun whin he ez up en his glory; dat he done let yo' smell de sweet yurth uv de fiel's, en see de robins come sweepin' outen de sky fuh de bait; dat he done let yo' swing de hoe wid Hosay Veelay, en sing de hoein' song; dat he done letten yo' fish fuh de fat en de pot; dat he done gib yo' de long ahternoon, en de red sun goin' tuh his gol' pallet en de clouds, en de silber moon arisin' tru de trees en smilin' on de ribber en de night. Dat de good Gawd done gib yo' all dat fatness uh de lan' ahter he done seed down into yo' hairt, Lewis, so long 'fore yo' done seed it yo'se'f, an' knowed all yo' wuz a-gwine tuh do."

The negro boy turned about and let her look on the misery of his trembling face, let the hot tears roll down from his unveiled eyes, and met the hesitating horror of her stunned regard.

"Gawd!" he exclaimed, "Gawd, Gawd, Gawd!"

December came chill to the Cherokee Country, and Little Brown Ann fell ill of her malady. In spite of cream and rich meats and the care and affection lavished upon her by her mistress, she grew steadily less strong, and finally could only lie still on her pillow and watch the red blaze of the logs on the wide cabin hearth. When the winds blew cold from the mountains and the clouds lay over the moon, Lewis often came in and sat out the night by her fire. Since their first conversation at the barn lot, neither had mentioned the runaway negro, though Lewis knew that Harrison lay heavy on the heart of little Ann. The first sweep of the north winds should have hailed him home, and often in the chill, dark hours before the dawn, as her silent companion leaned over and piled up the logs and stirred the coals, or sat up on his stool and gazed sullenly at the orange tongues of flame that swept up the roaring flue, she read his thoughts and shivered cold in the folds of the heavy quilt.

It was on such a night as this, when they dragged out the hours drearily, when the sufferer slept fitfully and waked often from uncanny wanderings in the land of dreams; when Lewis let the logs burn low and the light wax dim; when the wind sank out of sound; when the frost crept over the ground; when the hounds howled dismally in the lot, that out of the chill dreariness of the dark, a voice began far off to sing, in quavering, hoarse, and broken tones, the patrol of the fields.

A tremor shook the frame of little Ann and she opened her large eyes

to look at Lewis. Her lips parted to speak, but her words were frozen in their utterance by the aspect of the man. Lewis was half standing, half crouching by his stool. Even in the dim, yellow light from the fire, even with his face hidden in shadow, she knew by the tension of his muscles that Lewis listened and was afraid. The hand on the dark side of him rose slowly in the air; she felt rather than saw the veins bulge and throb in his temples, and heard the horrible, low gurgling that came from his throat.

The song without went on, gradually increasing in volume with its repetition as the singer came nearer, nearer, nearer, step by step. Then it seemed that some one in the darkness without touched the latch of the cabin door; it gave out a ghostly creak, opened narrowly, and let in a draught of icy air. The moon broke through the clouds and shed a silvery beam on the cabin steps, within the cabin door, and across the still form of Little Brown Ann. She sat up.

"Hairson? Hairson?" she whispered.

The world seemed to throb with the pulsing of her heart. She drew in her breath and closed her eyes as if to force audition to the verge of recognition. She stretched out her thin fingers to feel a possible human propulsion in the air. The strained attention of her senses well-nigh reached numbness before a sharp pain drove itself through her head and she fell back on her pillow, panting,

"O Gawd, O Gawd!"

Lewis came to himself with the cry. "Ann," he whispered, sorrow struggling in his tones, "Yo' neenter be afeared. Hit am not comed fo' yo'. Hit am de ha'nt fo' me."

He waited for the encouragement of her soft, questioning voice; but she did not speak, and finally he went on hastily:

"Hit am de ha'nt. Dat damn yallah nigger Hairson, whut I done kilt."

"Yo' kilt 'im fo' sho, Lewis?" answered the woman wearily.

"I knocked him offen de currie rock inter de mocksin pit, en he nuvuh open his mouf no mo'," replied the man.

Neither spoke again. The wind sighed out of doors, the hounds howled dismally, the moon slipped back, under her clouds. The log broke on the andirons, and Lewis rose and heaped on the fuel and brought back the homely, cheerful blaze. Then he closed the door and latched it and put more covers on the bed. When he did so, Ann stretched out her hand and touched him gently, as she would have touched a little child.

"Hez yo' notice, Lewis," said she, "hez yo' eber sot yo' min' on dat fac' how de good Gawd done fotched ebery thing 'roun' tuh de pint whar he kin do his po' creetur's some good in dis worl'? Now yo' hab ben a-hatin' Hairson in yo' hairt, en dat hatin' o' yone done fotched ebery thing outen fix. De fiel's war jess ez full uh music, de paths war jess ez full uh parfume, de hills war jess ez full uh beauty, de sky war jess ez full uh fleecy clouds, en all de time Hairson war a wukin' in de keow lot wid de hawses en de mu-uls, en uh smellin' uh de stabul all de time. Cosen Hairson couldn'ter had no sweet odors in his nostels like ez Hosay Veelay a-singin' in de fiel's. Cosen Hairson nuvuh could a had no sweet smellin' thoughts in his min'. But de good Gawd done lookit in your hairt, Lewis, en he seed how it war in dar. So he done put Hairson in yo' way, en done let yo' hab Hairson's place in de stabul, en done let yo' git Hairson's smell in yo' nostels, en done sen' de ha'nt to mek yo' recommember de days afore yo' done done dat awful deed. Hit am all de good Gawd, Lewis, de good

Gawd a-lovin' his po' creetur's outen dey sins. Oh, I bress de good Gawd, Lewis, for all yo' done done, Lewis; an' fo' all he done done, Lewis, to you."

The negro drew his shirt sleeve over his eyes. Through the dimness of his clouded moral vision broke the dazzling beam of a celestial light. He had no words to make known the dawn that woke his dull inner world to wondrous hues of heavenly beauty, no language to charm a listening ear. His thoughts alone absorbed him quite. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." In that moment Lewis loved the Lord, in that moment he recognized a Creator to whom all sins, all sins alike, mean but separation from himself. Before this moment, God had stood to him as an avenger, whom he feared. Now a hopeless loneliness filled his heart, that terrible sense of division from all we hold most dear; and he thought of that body lying cold and alone where his own hand had cast it, cold and alone at the foot of the currie rock.

"Ann," he said, "O Ann, po', po' Hairson!"

VI

THE HIDDEN STREAM CALLED HATE

At the moment when this cry of contrition fell like balm on the sore, sorrowful heart of Little Brown Ann, Hosé La Violet rose from his pallet and made his way along the dim aisles of the dark, low-branching cedars that marked the quarters of the field, came onward between the hedges and reached the yard gate, where he stood expectant and alone. The darkness was too intense for visual perception, but he drew in the air through his wide nostrils like a setter afield, his savage sense of smell standing him in stead. Presently his trained ear corroborated the testimony of his nose, and he stretched forth his great arms and collared a creature in the dark. The two struggled and stumbled, and strained and panted for some seconds, but finally the strength of the unknown was exhausted and he lay still in Hosé La Violet's grasp.

"Huccome yo' ain't make yo'se'f knowed?" said the black, in the hoarse aspirate that stood to him for a whisper. "Huccome yo' sneakin' 'roun' disshur house? Huccome yo' ain' ben tendin' tuh yo' bizness all disshur time? Huccome yo' singin' dat patrol lak yo' ben a ha'nt? Huccome yo' ain' ben axed Marsa Gustus tuh teck yo' back in yo' stinkin' stabul place, yo' cur, yo' yallah cur uv uh mullatta dog?"

Between each interrogation, Hosé paused and shook the power of repsonse out of his opponent. At length he ceased, not from any appreciation of the ghost's breathless condition, but from his own sheer inability to proceed; and held the panting haunt at arms' length, it is true, but motionless. Catching his breath painfully between his words, and displaying every evidence of great physical weakness, his victim now essayed to defend himself.

"Dat yallah boy," said he, "dat Lewis Craffud, done kilt me, en t'rowed mey caircus ober de currie rock."

In spite of the grewsome probability suggested by this reply, Hosé held on, somewhat superstitiously it must be confessed; yet the mere fact of his holding on seemed to disconcert the creature so unceremoniously seized in the dark. Evidently he would be forced to explain himself farther, since his ghostly pretensions were to pass uncredited. At a loss how to proceed, therefore, he remained quite stubbornly mute. Hosé endured his unaccountable silence for some

seconds and then, strength returning with his cessation from exertion, he began, with recuperated energy, vigorously and assuringly to shake his victim into some sort of understanding with himself. At this his ghostly visitant, realizing that speech, and that definite and luminous, would be necessary to longer existence, called out lustily for relief.

"Huh! Huh!" grunted the black. "Seein' yo' wuz daid, yo' hab git mighty spry wid yo' all to onct. Whuffo yo' not staid daid all disshuh time, huh?"

"I done plum ust up," replied the haunt, "fuh some victuals whuttle hab strenk tuh stick tuh mey ribs."

This appeal came home to Hosé. Cold and hunger were within the limits of his comprehension and his anger mollified.

"Ef yo' is hawngry," said he, "whuffo yo' lay outen de house lack dat? Ef I done knowed fo' sho' dat Lewis done bruk yo' up, I done whipped de life outen 'im long effo disshuh time. Huccome yo' doan git inter de house en de day time, en tell yo' straight tale? Huh?"

"Yo' kin fin' out mey min'," whined the ghost, "ef yo' jes' lem me loost, so ez I kin stretch mey laigs, war yo' done mos' jerked mey j'ints en two."

Hosé let go. Immediately the haunt shrank, ran, dodged, hid, almost vanished, and suddenly was heard to leap the hedge with an agility born of his life at large, to shoot across the fields, and, before his pursuer could summon his slow faculties to a realization of what had actually occurred, was lost to scent and sound.

To Hosé, standing still in silence and dismay, the incident had no deeper significance than the escape of the fox to the hound. His game was gone, that was all; but there were many morrows for a more fortunate chase. Therefore, not entirely pleased with himself, yet at peace with his fellow man, he presently betook himself to his couch and slept the sleep of the just.

Not so with the yellow haunt. The demon of false pride was awake in his heart and the remembrance of Hosé's simple thwarting of his plans for revenge kept him far from sleep. Down in the reeds by the river, over the rocky fells among the hills, into the fast places of the forest, his wild thoughts fled and led him on. Who shall tell us of the intricate windings of the hidden stream called hate. The haunt hated the white man, because he called the white man master, while the blood of the white man leapt at his heart; the haunt hated the black man, because the black man's sluggish blood crept slowly through his veins and made himself less free; the haunt hated the yellow man, because the yellow man mirrored his own miserable estate; and finally, the haunt hated the Maker of men, because He had dared to make men differ in their skins. To kill, to burn, to destroy, to tear, to grind, to make miserable, there were the hopes that held him thralled. "Po', po', Hairson!"

On the morrow, Little Brown Ann was found to be sinking, and the physician brought out from Rome thought that she could not live through the day. So the river farm was full of mourning; the little children lingered shyly about the cabin door; the black men and women, going to and fro from the fields, spoke in whispers as they crossed the great yard; wagoners stopped outside the gates, bearing their loads in on their shoulders rather than drive their noisy teams within the enclosure; the saws in the mills were silenced, and the winter work stopped short. De Longchamps and Hawkins, coming to a conference with the master of Chieftains, exchanged significant glances when they learned the cause.

"Ma foi!" exclaimed the Parisian. *"C'est merveilleur!* One would zay zat Auguste de Verdrueil haf loose his min'. *J'en foutterai!* One would zay zat ze leetle neegaire vaire vorth t'ousan' dollaire et leese. Meestaire Harkin, deed you evaire?"

The night came on, with a clear, chill moon floating in far-away thin tufts of cloud. The mistress of Chieftains saw her children bathed and warmed and tucked in their cots asleep, then returned to the sufferer to sit out the hours until dawn; the master of Chieftains came to read to her from the Book of Promise some passage full of hope for a future free from pain and white with the presence of God; and the haunt kept to the chill of the wintry woods and came to sing no more.

In the great house, the children slept secure, and Sunie's golden head lay dreaming on her pillow with the rest. Sunie dreamed of Little Brown Ann. In her dream, Ann was a brown angel with wings of rose and gold; the white hood, drawn as in life about her head, was bound at her temples by a shining hoop of gold, her harp of amethyst was wound with emeralds and pearls, and her gown of blue rolled richly about her small, brown feet, like the azure robe of the Blessed Virgin in the Book of Books. She was singing, and the burden of her song came clear to little Sunie in her dream. "Bress the good Gawd!" sang the angel Ann. "Bress the good, good Gawd," sang the sweet, brown angel with her wings of rose and gold. And presently she sang little Sunie wide awake.

Out of her bed the maiden slipped and moved to the wide, deep window of her room. The moon had left her clouds behind, and smiled silver on the sobbing river and on the shadowy hills, and on the quarters and the house of Little Brown Ann. Her door stood ajar and the light lay in a broad band across the sanded yard and the silent groups of men and women standing there. It was not so far away.

Sunie put on her shoes and stockings and drew the hood of her cape over her head, undid her door softly, and crept down the steps. Once without, she found the air frosty, and so began to run, her little feet striking sharply against the frozen ground and their echo, in the loneliness and stillness of the night, chilling her with superstitious fear. She looked for comfort straight before her now, toward that commonplace of yellow firelight falling from the cabin door. And as she looked, a strange thing happened, so strange that it stopped her running and she stood quite still.

The stream of firelight took on a golden luminosity clear as amber and tremulous as distant seas under sunset; glowed and lightened like a topaz palpitant with life; and, out of this magnificent, deep gold, a tiny cone of flame, twinkling like a royal jewel, began to grow, full of mystery and white as wintry snows; began to gleam a soft and milky splendor, more lustrous than alabaster, more delicate than ivory; began to shape itself to a single superfluity of light, an angelic image impossible to be approached and analyzed and yet forever dwarfing all common impressions through its excessive glory. Whiter than white light were its seraphic wings of giant flame, and purer than pure thought the shining eyes that glanced from its glorious brow. Incandescent, intangible, and trembling with radiance, it glowed a moment on her vision and was no longer seen.

Then a low sobbing fell on her ear, and she stepped forward toward the open door. The master of Chieftains came to meet her.

"Sunie," he said softly, drawing her into the room, "Little Brown Ann is dead."

"Yes, father," answered the child smiling out of the sweet, blue eyes of seven. "Yes, father, I met her angel at the door."

"Her angel at the door?" repeated her mother wonderingly.

"Yes, mother," answered the little maiden in her clear, young tones, "the great, white seraph who was come to take her to the home of God. And now she is singing, a brown angel with wings of red and gold, singing, singing at the throne, 'Bless the good God! Bless the good, good God.'"

"Oh, I hab hearn hit too, marsta!" exclaimed an emotional old crone.

"An' I!" "An' I!" "An' I!" repeated the excited circle of blacks, and presently they all began to sing:

"'Plaize Gawd fum whom all bressin's flow,
Plaize Him all creetur's huh below,
Plaize Him above, ye heavenly hos',
Plaize Father, Son en Holy Ghos'."

Out into the night it passed, clear and sweet and strong and full of melody. Chief singer in their midst, stood Hosé La Violet. The planter looked across the crowd to where his giant head o'ertopped the rest. Up to this moment his thoughts had centered around the bedside of Little Brown Ann. Now they came back to himself. He felt in his pocket and drew out a folded sheet of time-yellowed bond, looked at it meditatively, and when the song ceased, spoke softly to his wife and stepped without. The men, Lewis and the rest, followed silently, with bowed heads, and the women left within closed the door.

The master of Chieftains motioned to his overseer.

"Hosé," said he, "I have need of speech with you."

VII

MASTER AND MAN

He walked through the groups of negroes in the yard and, the black following, entered the open road. They moved on without speaking until they reached the river road and a clump of lofty and hollow liriodendrons which stood sentinel there. Here the planter paused and turned about, his back toward the trees.

"Hosé," he said, "I have brought you here to urge that you now accept the freedom which I have offered you, and return to Haiti, where you may make an honorable name for yourself among your own people."

"Marse Gustus," began the negro, but at a motion from his master ceased speaking.

"Today," continued the planter, "I have reached a crisis in my affairs which will take it out of my power to protect you, should you wish to remain with me."

"Marse Gustus," interrupted the Zulu, but his master spoke on:

"The Altoona mine has failed. It represented to me the worth of many thousands of borrowed money, and with its loss I shall lose the major part of my inheritance. Moreover, I have entered into an engagement with Mr. de Long-

champs by which, in default of the payment of my debt to him, I shall give up this home which I have established in the wilderness and shall return—"

"Marse Gustus!" again exclaimed the overseer.

"It is possible," continued the master of Chieftains, raising his voice and speaking with emphasis, "that all of my negroes may be put upon the block, and in that case, Hosé, I should have power to protect you from sharing their fate in but one way. I offer in this paper that sure and honorable protection."

He held out to the negro the piece of time-yellowed bond which he had taken from his bosom. Hosé folded his arms and shook his stubborn head.

"It is," said the planter, a peculiar tremor in his voice, "my father's sworn statement of your father's service to him, and the gift of freedom conferred on La Violet and his children forever."

He continued to hold out the paper, though Hosé did not change his attitude of dissent.

"It is inscribed," he presently proceeded, "in French, is properly dated and attested, so that none need doubt its genuineness. You have only to present it to Messrs. Sloan, Hawkins & Co. and receive from them a pass to Savannah. I will give you money to obtain passage from that port to Habana. Thence you can easily reach Porte au Prince, hand this paper to the government there, and be forever free."

Hosé slowly unfolded his arms and took the proffered document from the hand of his master, looked at it carefully as if considering its worth, turned it slowly 'round and 'round in his great black thumbs, scratched his ponderous woolly pate, stepped off a pace or two and looked behind the trees and up and down the road as if suspecting the presence of an intruder, sniffed the air ominously, returned, regarded his master seriously for several seconds, and then deliberately put the paper into his capacious mouth, chewed it up, and swallowed it.

During this pantomine, the master of Chieftains leaned against the trunk of the tulip tree awaiting the denouement, and while he so waited, a man on the dark side of the tree walked out of the great hollow, a rifle in his hand. The man was squat and yellow and his garments, once the buff and green livery of a coachman, hung in rags about him. The planter faced the low moon in the west and stood in its full light, for the leaves of the liriodendron fall early and the limbs were now quite bare. Hosé, in front of him, his back to the moon, must have seen and heard this man, but that the fact of mastication now absorbed him quite. So, having swallowed his bond of freedom, he emitted his great guffaw and, like a good natured simian, grinned.

"Marse Gustus," said he, "huccome yo' doan know dat Marse Long de Champs gib yo' all dem dollars back, ef yo' jes' lem *me* go long wid *dim?* Huccome yo' doan know yo' doan need tuh gimme mey freedom, Marse Gustus? Does yo' railly b'lieve I's a-gwine tuh let yo' ruint yo'se'f? Naw, Marse Gustus, mey paw done resk his life fo' yo' paw, an' yo' done do me de onjestic tuh b'lieve I not a-gwine tuh resk mey life fuh yo'? We ain' no yallah dog, Marse Gustus, we alla us jes' ez good, black niggers ez yo' wanter see on disshur side Jordan. En we ain' nuvuh wuz no free niggers. En we ain' tuh gwine tuh be! Yo' sposen. Marse Gustus, ez I's agwine tuh 'low Maistis en de lil chillun tuh leabe disshu. house? Naw, Marse Gustus. Yo' is all I haz uh mey own, in disshur worl'! Yo' go to Marse Long de Champs an' say, 'Dat big, black nigger,

dat Hosé La Violet, am yone, ef yo' jessa gimme back mey money.' En he, an' Marsa Long de Champs—"

Hosé had begun with real bravery as well as with bravado; but the unaccustomed length of his speech, the failure of his beloved master to respond to his emphatic interrogations, the effort to compass what his clouded faculties represented to him as duty, the unpleasant prospect of de Longchamps' materialistic rule, the thought of separation from the dear ones for whom he purposed to sacrifice himself, and the loss of power and prestige which that separation implied, conspired to confound him. His voice broke, he ceased speaking, and tears rolled down his big, black cheeks.

The master of Chieftains leaned against the tree in silence, and the beautiful, symmetrical aristocrat of the forest supported an aristocrat of men; but it was with the man as de Longchamps had prophesied—the Pavageaux struggled in his blood. And while the conflict went on between the nobleman's fine sentiment and the merchant's common sense, the yellow man behind him crept noiselessly out of the shadow and slipped slyly into the light. Then, the planter reached out and took the great rough hand of the laborer, drew it toward him, and pressed it warmly between his own.

"Hosé," he answered, and the name was music on his tongue. "In the world to come, we shall walk as brothers in the sight of God, and so like brothers we must walk in freedom on this earth. I will find another way. You shall not be a slave to any man but me."

At these words, the face of the ragged, yellow intruder became a demon's, where envy and hatred warred together. He raised his rifle, took aim, and immediately fired. The ball entered the liriodendron just above the planter's head, and with his free hand Hosé knocked his master down; then turned and seized the man behind him, just as he fired again.

The two fell together. A shrill whistle smote the air. Then there was a savage rush of many runners and heart-rending cries for help, the curses of furious blacks, the crushing of leaves and crackling of limbs under foot, followed, at last, by the sullen tramp of silent, angry men, growing momentarily duller to the ear. And then — stillness, broken only by the sobbing of the river and the melancholy sough of the wind in the trees.

The master of Chieftains, stunned, yet struggled to regain his feet, rose on his knees and pulled himself up by the trunk against which he had stood. In the moonlit road, a great, black body lay motionless. He stumbled toward it, bent over it, called to it, knelt and touched it.

Hosé La Violet was dead.

* * * * *

That was more than fifty years ago, yet they speak of it as yesterday, the dear, gray-haired people of today. They tell in their sweet-voiced, gentle manner of those dark children of the sun whose names are household words,—of Lewis who reformed; of Harrison, torn in pieces by infuriated blacks; of Hosé La Violet who died to save his master's life; of Little Brown Ann and the great, white angel of death who came to convey her gentle spirit to the realms of peace.

Sonnets

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

(From *Sonnets to a Wife*, published by William Marion Reedy at St. Louis.)

TO THE WOMAN

To lead, not drive him, is the wiser plan,
For tactfulness will tame him all the years,
And tenderness, not tyranny, he fears,
For men were ever but a stubborn clan;
And long ago, since first the world began,
And stars rose dimly in the primal spheres,
A little wit, diplomacy and tears,—
What havoc have they wrought with every man!

So shall you conquer, as the gentle rain,
Soothing his vanity to gain your ends,
Moulding his wishes till they meet your own;
Thus as a child his confidence you gain,
For still to flattery his heart unbends,—
Only a child, a little larger grown.

TO THE MAN

If you a woman would desire to hold,
Faithful and true and guided by your will,
Be sure no art, nor flattery's fine skill
Shall e'er deceive her, nor will gifts or gold;
By love alone her spirit is controlled.
This is her law, her Deity, until
The light falls pale upon her forehead still,
The red lips ashen and the heart grown cold.

So shall you woo her if you wish to win
Her heart and soul, to wear her like a flower,
To drain her kisses and keep back her tears;
Filling with love the space she lingers in;
Making her dream of you each passing hour
With utter longing through the iron years.

THE GENIUS OF BUSINESS — Chapter II. For the University, the

How the Class-Struggle Represses Enterprise, and How the University of the

WHY is it that men with good brains—well up to the modern average—are on record as having lived some thousands of years on this earth, without learning much of anything about it or leaving any considerable mark on the face of it? Why was it left for the nineteenth century of this late era to discover about everything that has been discovered in physical science and to institute the first definite attempt of the human race to settle down upon the earth and take possession? Why is it that the moderns have inherited from the ancients—rest their troubled souls!—scarcely one good tool or a traveled road, only a few broken stones, with an immense assortment of exploded moral and legal theories and the pathetic memorials of many complicated states of mind? The answer is that the men of the old world were so preoccupied with the class-question that they hadn't any time for practical enterprise. They were so absorbedly interested in the problem of how best to get the values of the world into the hands of the right people that they had little breath and strength left for the creation of values.

The class-schism has yawned in every market-place of the old world, and one by one has swallowed the glories of the old cities. All the civilizations that are dead and buried, died of this disease. And the civilization that shall win an immunity from it will establish its right to perpetuity and will doubtless build the city of undying art and song, the city of perpetual progress. We have the best fighting-chance for this thing just here in this country and now, that ever has been known.

What is the essential nature of the class-disease? That is the social-question *par excellence*. How does it happen that a sharp line has always been drawn between an upper and a lower class—with settled and contradictory conditions on the two sides of the line? Why is it that one class has always stood in an attitude of exaction and the other of indemnification—as if the one had a store of supererogatory merits and were reaping its reward and the other had acquired only a store of demerits to be worked off? It is no answer to say that all men are covetous by nature and care only for plunder. If that were true there would be a welter of warring egotisms—no fixed order of classes.

The simple truth is that the class-struggle is the attempt to find a moral basis for society outside of the industrial order. It is the vain attempt to set up one or another social principle that shall be higher than the principle of efficiency—the plain principle that the servant of all is the greatest. Aristocracy at bottom is the rule of good people—with the understanding that the goodness is to be determined by some other test than the consideration of what a man is good for.

The class-struggle is, I submit, not an inevitable fact of nature due to the primal selfishness of men. It is a disease due to living too much in the house and it is curable by open-air treatment. It is born of the intense subjectivity of the old world—its exclusive interest in moral problems. Set a thousand men in a virgin wilderness and the question whether they will reproduce there within a year the economic deadlock of the traditional class-struggle will turn upon the question whether they are subjective-minded old-world men absorbed in the subtilties of culture and conscience, or objective-minded new-world men intent upon getting a city built. The new world takes its culture and conscience as by-products of enterprise.

The splendid White City of the Chicago Fair—that inspiring prevision of what Chicago itself is destined to become when it shall have sloughed off its inheritance of Dowieism and Utopian reform—was the work of a commission that proved its indifference to all sorts of states-of-mind by its half-facetious "Congress of Religions" and its frank concourse of all political creeds. "Genius," said Goethe, "is objectivity;" which is about the same thing as to say that the only finally authentic kind of genius is the genius of business. Those that have been called great geniuses in the books were not so because they were born on a lucky day but because they were simple enough to let the talkers talk and to busy themselves with the things they really cared about. The fact is that one man is as much of a genius as another and could prove it if he could conveniently escape from his sect and party and get down to business.

It is the class-struggle that destroys genius. For no class-man can be other than a moralizer, a pedant and a proser. The religious sects and the political parties, as they exist now in the United States, are the routed and scattered columns of the old class-battle. A religous sect is a company of harmless people engaged in the Sisyphean labor of converting the world to some class-theory of goodness. The American people have cast the sects out of the forum of the common life. But with gentle good-humor they have been guaranteed the freedom of the city—in the regions of the upper air. When any one of them has ventured to descend within calling-distance of the market-place, its ministers and messengers have been sent back flying with severe reproof. For a religious sect in America is free to dream its dream but it can never do anything about it. And a sect that should grow weary of hanging in the air and should seriously attempt to become a social and political reality—would be driven into the sea. The American people have proved again and again that they wouldn't stand it.

With the political parties the case is different—though not so much different as has been supposed. A party is a sect—with modern improvements. It is more tolerant, more practical and has a healthier sense of humor; consequently the parties are less repugnant than the sects to the spirit of modern industrial society. But after everything has been said in extenuation the fact remains that the political party is a flat anachronism, the leech of the old world fastened upon the body of the new. A party is the organized attempt of a lot of private citizens to make themselves a ruling-class. In the near future political partizanship will be looked

Free City and the Pan-American Republic — By CHARLES FERGUSON

People Will Put an End to the Class-Struggle and Open a Career for Talent

upon as sedition against the existing social order and treason against the sovereignty of the people. I venture to say that within ten years the American people will bunch the parties with the sects and will hold it to be as intolerable that a private association should undertake to capture the public offices in the name of a political creed as that a like association should attempt to do the same thing in the name of a creed called religious.

The value of the political parties hitherto — what has made them endurable—has been the fact that they have represented the principle of perpetual change and growth in legal and economic institutions. But with the increase in the vastness and complexity of our industrial order it has become impossible for the political party to represent that principle any longer. The parties cannot in these times make changes that are worth considering, or even propose to make them. The problem of the present-day politician is to propose a change that will stir the enthusiasm of ten million men, without touching the only thing they care about, to wit, their business interests. The problem is insoluble. It is impossible to get a majority of the people to make a revolutionary assault upon the system of their day's work, and it is equally impossible to get a majority to carry lanterns on poles and wear oil-cloth clothes for the sake of some slight and questionable improvement in business-methods, suggested by wordy gentlemen who do not work.

Professional politics is passing down the aisles of memory hand in hand with the wraith of professional religion. The attempt to regulate the business of the world from the outside is going to be abandoned. Henceforth, improvements in the methods of business and the keeping of accounts must be worked out from the inside of the shop—through the organization of the working world in the spirit of the arts and sciences.

The class-struggle opens up the ways of promotion to all kinds of toryism and orthodoxy. In the dust of its turmoil it is not necessary that one should know or do anything useful: it is necessary only to shut one's eyes in rapt security of the true faith and fire in the direction of the other party. Promotion comes to those who are readiest in their futility and most eloquent in their ignorance. Not what do you know or what can you do, but what do you think and how well can you put it—this is the question of life and death in the old order of the world.

The trouble with us in America today is that we have not yet wholly escaped from this unnerving controversy. As in Europe so in America the best talent is still running to waste because it will not use the tools of industry as the weapons of a class war. There are hundreds of fellows herding cattle on the ranges who have a finer talent for civilization than can be found in Wall Street—but no stomach at all for commercial casuistry and political "graft."

Achilles sulks, but he will arise and scatter his enemies. The true and indigenous American man-of-business will wrest the tools of the Titans from the hands of politicians and promotors. Industrial Democracy is clambering down out of the lap of Europe; the old crooning songs of dead faiths and bogie-fears can not woo it back again.

If this land and time were not, above all others, the place and age of faith, men would still require an unquestionable institution to lean on—and a fair form of words. But never was there a people so sure of the reasonableness of the universe in its ground-plan; never one so conscious of the infinite resources of creation and so fearless in committing itself to the dangerous stream of change. Material civilization in its final implication is a passion for the eternal realities, for the things beyond sense and time. An age that knew not God and cared not much to know, could make art a luxury, science a crime and religion a dream. But the world has grown stouter-hearted and now has faith enough to face the elemental forces in quest of its holy grail. Who doubts that we could all have a chicken in the pot and leisure for an illuminated book if we really cared for the things the old world cared for? No, we are bound to get deeper into the intimacy of God than men have ever gone, and we are ready to risk our lives daily in the enterprise. An iron hand is on the lever, and if we ride easy it is not for the ease but for the end.

The University of the People is the church of the sacrament of civilization. It will put a stop to the class-struggle and open up a career for talent by breeding a universal disdain for moral platitudes and a universal comradeship in moral adventure.

EMERSON'S ALOOFNESS FROM COMMON LIFE

Emerson finally dropped the church, but he never ceased to be a clergyman. He was like a flower escaping from the garden, and finding lodgment in an adjoining field, but which never ceased to be a garden flower. A certain sanctity and unworldliness always clung to him,—a certain remoteness from the common thoughts, aims, attractions, of every-day humanity. If he had been a better worldling he would have been a better poet, —that is, if he had had more of the feelings, passions, sympathies and thoughts of ordinary men. Emerson was always a preacher, and his theme, by whatever name he called it, was always religion, or what he called religion, namely, the universality of the moral law. * * * He was a rare soul, probably the most astral genius in English or any other literature. His books are for young men and for those of a religious cast of mind. (From John Burroughs' LITERARY VALUES: Houghton-Mifflin, Boston.)

The Alumnus

By NORMAN H. CROWELL

THE half dozen cow-punchers squatting in front of the Wiggly Bar bunkhouse chewed earnestly as the invigorating odor of boiling coffee crept into their nostrils. Through the gathering dusk the whinner of a cow-pony or the clatter of rebellious hoofs against confining lumber were heard at frequent intervals from the adjoining corral.

Sonny Hawkins, who had been studying the heavens with the air of a man engaged in puzzling mental calculations, broke the silence.

"She's a rattler!" was what he said, as if communing with himself. His mates started, ceased chewing and gazed at the speaker.

"Who? Hought's gal?" asked Spud Forbes, grinning

"Uhhu," was the grunted reply.

"Fellers," began Forbes, as he sniffed at the seductive aroma emanating from the cook's region. "Th' lad's got all th' symptoms. They're sproutin' in 'im. 'E's fast into 'er toils—'e's in love."

"Aw, shut up!" growled Hawkins, as he expectorated viciously into the gloom.

"Sartinly, son. Plain case, though, eh, boys?"

"Yep!"

"Yee-ah!"

"Sure!"

The corroboration was most conclusive.

"Yer a set of mulletheads," remarked Hawkins.

"Love makes a feller touchy, hey, fellers?" pursued Forbes.

"An' lonesome," added Sanders.

"An' full o' sorrer," added Corduroy Haines.

"Cut it out," said Hawkins, "You fellers is strainin' yer brains."

At this moment the cook thumped a dishpan thrice and the council broke up.

Ethel Brice, fresh from laurels in the art schools of sedate Boston, fitted Wiggly Bar with the same grace as a lily does a frog pond. Houghton Brice, her father, had experienced a distinct swelling throughout his two hundred and fifty pounds of superfluity at the flattering reports that adorned the pages of sundry Boston papers which in some manner had attached themselves to his daughter's luggage in conspicuous positions. One paper boldy stated that "Miss Ethel Brice, who has just blazed forth the brightest star in the artistic history of the ----- Art Institute, is the only daughter of the millionaire ranch owner, Houghton Brice of Wells, Wyoming, etc."

"Millionaire, eh? Haw! Haw!" remarked Brice, slapping his knee.

His daughter, nurtured since childhood in the educational fastnesses of the East, by reason of her mother's death, had fallen heartily in love with the free air of the range, and the gentle breeding instilled by years of ball-room languor was fast being tempered by the harum-scarum life of the limitless plain. Houghton Brice looked with undisguised pleasure at his daughter's very evident aptitude for ranch life, and praised her unstintingly to the "boys."

They, in turn, were emphatic in their assurances that she was "the stuff," and that she could "pack her clothes in their trunks"—remarks eloquent of their admiration.

To Sonny Hawkins, whose youthful face and jolly nature had won for him the chair of knight to her ladyship, she seemed a goddess. In her presence he felt a thrill of pleasure which was not abated by being dubbed "The Chaperone" by his more grizzled comrades.

Two weeks of her sway and Wiggly Bar looked a new ranch. Gaudy ties, polished chaps, clean faces, were the order of the day. Sonny, in particular, had "thrown on dog" amazingly and looked a veritable dandy as he pranced about on Renegade — whom he called his "steed." This was at the end of two weeks. At the beginning of the first, Hawkins had visibly sulked when it fell to him to "trail th' mav'rick," as he termed it. However, such is human nature, Hawkins "dressed up" was not Hawkins the cow-puncher, and he began to covet the rides abroad in company with the strange girl, whose moods he could only, as yet, guess at.

'Twas near bedtime when Sufferin' Sanders (he derived the name from a scar that gave him the appearance of constant pain) arrived at the bunkhouse fresh from a confab with the "old man."

"Whee-iskers!" was the magnetic introduction that brought every man to attention.

"W'at's into ye?" asked someone behind a sparking pipe.

"Shut up an' I'll tell ye," and Sanders craned his neck forward dramatically.

"Yer humble servant has jest held a teetyteet with th' ol' man, an' what d'ye think?" The boys' eyes opened like hungry clams—the pipe died down for lack of draft. Sanders coughed tragically before he resumed:

"She's — got — a — feller!" This was delivered as a broadside and the effect was similar.

"Naw!" remarked Spud Forbes, sitting erect.

"An' 'e's no ordinary critter. Hought says 'e's a—er—'lumnus."

"W'at's them?" asked Haines.

"'Lumnus? A 'lumnus is a feller w'at goes through collidge in a bathin' suit, eats raw meat an' punches th' bag Ol' man said so!"

Sanders drew a deep breath and watched the words sink slowly in.

"G'wan, w'at ye up to?" asked Forbes.

"I seed 'is photygraff. 'E wuz darn near naked an' a-humpin' over like th' golblamedest case o' green apple colic ever cut loose on a man. 'E's on a team, Hought says."

"W'ats' that?"

"Wal, ef you ain't ig'runt," remarked Sanders, contemptuously.

"An' then w'at?" asked Hawkins, anxiously.

"Nothin', 'cept 'e'll git here day arter tomorrow ef calkilations is not upsot," said Sanders, quietly.

A suggestive snicker circled around, and then—

"Whar now is th' Hebrew childrun,
Whar now is th' Hebrew childrun,
Whar now is th' Hebrew childrun—
Safe, safe, in the promised land!"

Corduroy Haines began it, Spud Forbes joined in, followed by the rest, each line swelling gradually to the last one, which was roared out at the limit of six pairs of seasoned lungs. When the echoes of the indignant pounding from the corral died away, Hawkins drawled,

"Thanky, cuties, fer th' song."

"Don't mention it. Oppersition is th' life o' trade, ye know," said Forbes, soothingly.

"Fasten yer face, it's wobblin'," said Hawkins.

A general laugh greeted the cow-puncher's savagery and a moment later the thump of boots on the floor indicated the rapid approach of Morpheus.

Richard Vance, known on the squad as "Dick," reached Cutthroat Station on time. Sufferin' Sanders was there to meet him and deferentially waved the

new-comer toward old Bess, a superannuated cow-pony, warranted free from vice. While lengthening the stirrup strap to accommodate his unusual legs, Vance casually confided to Sanders that he was feeling "righter'n a fiddle."

"How's that?" inquired the cow-puncher, politely.

"Oh, all strung up," said Vance.

"Jest w'at Grouchy Bob said ez we yanked on th' rope a spell back," remarked Sanders.

"Eh?"

"Hoss stealin'," said Sanders.

"That's on me. Which way?" said Vance, as he flung into the saddle.

Ten of the twenty miles to Wiggly Bar ranch had been reeled off at a pace scarcely agreeable to Bess' ancient legs, though she did nobly.

"Reckon we'd better slow up, pard, ef ye don't wanter leg it in pusson'ly," said Sanders.

"Hey?"

"Yer hoss?" remarked the puncher, waving his hand significantly.

"Sure!" ejaculated Vance as he sprung to earth and pulled out his watch.

"W'at's that for?"

"It's a way I have," said Vance.

"I've seed wuss," remarked Sanders.

The second hand swung past the sixty mark for the fifth time before Vance took to the saddle. Sanders, mystified, flipped his quirt lightly against Gray Mag's haunch and plunged into the alkali dust that boiled up in Bess' wake.

"Ol' Bess is in 'er second childhood by th' looks," mused the perplexed puncher as he felt the grit of the dust between his teeth.

"Ge-dap, Mag, ye cab-horse!" he added.

At late dusk the cavalcade pounded up to the ranch-house. The riders drew rein in the center of a circle of shadowy figures under wide-rimmed hats.

"That you, Sufferin'?" yelled some one.

"Nope, it's *us!*" was Sanders' expressive reply.

"All ready, fellers—"

"Whar now is th' Hebrew childrun,
Whar now is th' Hebrew childrun,
Whar now is th' Hebrew childrun—
Safe, safe, in th' promised land!"

"What in thunder does that signify?" asked Vance, as he listened to the resounding whacks from the corral.

"Our reception chorus — welcome t' Wiggly Bar!" said Forbes in theatrical tones.

"Thank you, gentlemen. Your welcome is of a sort a man finds it hard to forget, though he may often wish to," said Vance.

"H'rah—joke, boys—laff, ye codfish!" roared Forbes as he clapped his huge hands upon Hawkins' shoulders.

"Git out, yer coarse!" snarled the addressee.

"Whar's yer luggidge?" inquired some one solicitously.

"'Ere!" announced Sanders, exhibiting a satchel the size of a cigar box. A laugh went up.

"Goin' t' stay all night, ain't ye? W'at's in that?"

"My nightie!" responded the besieged.

"Who-whoop! Joke th' second, boys. Wal, sleep tight, pard, an' in th' mornin' wash yer face so's us fellers kin git a look at a real man—come on, fellers!" and Forbes led the rollicking fellows off through the gloom, trailing the two horses behind them.

Vance, deserted by the cowboys, found himself in the bear-like clutches of Houghton Brice, whose gutteral tones were demanding to know if by look, word or deed the "varmints" had offended in any way, shape or manner.

"Not at all, sir. They're a fine set—safe as priests and twice as interesting," said Vance, as he threw something into

his grip that caused the old gentleman to writhe with mingled misery and surprise.

"By James, sir, I'm glad I got my hand back. Lemme change feet an' git out o' yer way. Boys say I'm fallin' away lately—now be I?"

The laughter that greeted the old ranchman's pet sally died away indoors, leaving the cow-punchers engaged in a conversation originated solely for the benefit of Sonny Hawkins.

After that gentleman had retired ignominiously, Forbes asked,

"Th' name, Sufferin'?"

"Luggidge said Vance — Richard Vance," said Sanders.

"Regular upper-tenner, eh?"

"Didn't make out," remarked Sanders.

Daylight next morning found the cowboys scurrying up the fastnesses of Dry Run, six miles distant, on the trail of a family of epicurean grizzlies whose appetites were likely to prove their undoing. Sonny Hawkins, trailing along in the bunch, was thinking mightily. To his mind something was "up" to him—he knew not what. He quickly convinced himself that as a rival he possessed qualities that fully precluded the idea of meeting Richard Vance on his own level. Nevertheless, he felt as though the reputation of Hawkins as a love-lorn Romeo demanded bolstering — else the boys would chaff, and chaffing was the one thing most repellant to Sonny's make-up.

Therefore, as a warrant of future peace and a salve for past taunts, the new-comer must, in some casual manner, be humiliated. Two methods presented themselves to Hawkins' mind— weapons and horses. Horses were safer, more easily arranged, results more agreeable.

The heat of the day was passed in the shade of a rock, where the details of a very cunning little episode were hatched in the aggrieved cow-puncher's brain. Figuring conspicuously in the plans was a certain piebald, crop-eared, cross-cut, saw-tempered horse belonging to the Double Dot ranch—by name, Logjam. Logjam's specialty was his amiable, almost crestfallen appearance at all times and places—with possibly one brilliant exception. That was when someone straddled, or tried to straddle, his back. He was "slow fire." Currying, bridling, saddling, possessed no terrors for Logjams. Manipulate his tail, handle his feet, pull his ears, and he munched calmly on. Drop into the saddle and a handspring, roll over, jump-up-and-buck like a milk-shake machine might be expected to transpire inside a second and three-quarters.

The only man who ever braved the unknown capabilities of Logjam the second time was Buck Wilhite, and he died a short time after from quick consumption induced by hemorrhage and bad treatment.

Late in the day, therefore, Sonny Hawkins might have been observed streaking it across toward Double Dot ranch. The shades of night effectually shielded his subsequent maneuvers and late bed-time found him mingling with the bunkhouse group unconcernedly.

"Whar been, Son?" queried Forbes, as Hawkins edged in beside him.

"Sound asleep," remarked Hawkins, as he drew his pipe.

But the secret proved too great for one man to carry alone—ten minutes had not passed before Sufferin' Sanders was a sharer in its possession. Ten minutes more had not passed before Sanders had confided it to every man in the crowd, to the apparent discomfiture of Sonny Hawkins.

"It's attempted assassination, no less," said Haines.

"Same thing," said Forbes, nodding.

"Give a month's pay t' see it, though," remarked Sanders.

"Who wouldn't?" asked Haines.

The fact was that Logjam was at that

very moment carefully and scientifically kicking boards loose at the far side of the Wiggly Bar corral. There was a far-away look of ennui in his pale blue eyes that made them resemble the fire and sparkle of a spoiled grape-pulp as he proceeded with his self-appointed task.

Sleep settled down upon the bunk-house without the details of Hawkins' coup being made public—'twas sufficient to know that Logjam was there, so Sonny argued.

But circumstances alter cases mightily. Whatever plans may have been laid for the following day bade fair to go astray when an incipient stampede, detected among the upper herds early next morning, swung the utmost efforts of the punchers into constant play.

'Twas while engaged in this absorbing work that things transpired at Wiggly Bar headquarters. The forenoon had grown into a droning heat-ridden stretch of drowsiness. Richard Vance, fresh from a night's sleep after a long day spent about the ranch buildings, gazed across to where the white peaks hung in the wine-like air and speculated.

"Ten miles?" he said to his host.

"Thirty an' then some," responded Brice, chuckling.

"How far to those rocks over there?" pursued Vance, indicating the spot.

" 'Bout four mile."

"I'm going."

"Gal!" Houghton Brice half turned and sent his voice rumbling through the rooms. The echoes were yet glancing about the walls when his daughter appeared in the door, towel in hand.

"Better let up on th' dish-washin', daughter, an' convoy this gent t' them rocks acrost thar. They's saddles in th' shed an' hosses in th' cor'al. Cigar, sir?"

"Thanks. Miss Ethel, would you mind the jaunt?" inquired Vance, tipping his hat.

"Mind it? I'm aching to go—wait a moment!" and she darted inside, to reappear in a moment draped for the ride.

"How about these horses," asked Vance, as they started off for the corral.

"I can ride all of them handcuffed, Dick," said she.

The motley collection of all shapes and colors of horse-flesh had its fascination for Vance and he viewed it leisurely. "Which'll you ride?" he said at length.

"Anything chubby—that one will do," said the girl, tossing a pebble at her choice.

"So? Well, I'm going to take something a trifle new," said Vance. "See that soapy-eyed fellow over there by that black one?"

"That ugly one?"

"Exactly. He don't look like a trundle-bed for ease, does he?"

"I guess I never rode him," said she, thoughtfully.

Vance entered the corral, captured his animals and soon had them saddled and bridled. He gave the girl his hand and she mounted airily, Vance watching her a moment till he became aware the boys were coming pellmell up the dusty trail. Then he carefully adjusted his foot to the stirrup and, as he slowly lifted himself, glanced up to see the punchers draw rein a scant fifty feet from him. His brief glance, however, failed to discern the looks that spread over their faces, or he might have hesitated. As it was, he was just noticing the horse's hide wrinkling into little knots and bunches, when his foot suddenly slipped clear through the stirrup and he found himself clinging desperately and clumsily to the pommel, which danced rapidly away from him as the pony side-stepped.

"Gawd!" He heard the exclamation, then gripping the horse's mane, he "chinned himself" with the quickness of a cat and kicked the encircling stirrup free. Just as the pony rose on his hind legs and fell flat on his side, Vance let go and landed nimbly on his feet. He

sprang in and seized the bridle strap as the horse scrambled to its feet.

Ignoring the gaping, spell-bound group of cowboys, he again approached the horse, who shied a little, but allowed him to draw the girth a notch tighter.

Spud Forbes found his voice.

"Don't ride that hoss?!" he yelled.

"Why not?"

" 'E'll kill ye!"

"Don't be alarmed. He's only skittish," said Vance, as he swung up his leg. A moment later, he found himself propelled forward and upward — something hit him soundly between the shoulders—and he realized that he was again standing on the ground while close behind him stood the horse, calmly chanking his bit. A muffled guffaw reached his ears, mingled with a little scream from the girl. The first amused him — the second inspired him. He inspected the horse's mouth, the bridle, the leather, looking for flaws.

"Ye don't mean t' tackle that devil again?" asked Forbes.

"Nope, he's tackling *me* this time," said Vance.

"Boys, this skins *me!*" ejaculated Forbes, looking around.

Vance was ready now—he put his foot into the stirrup awkwardly, as if to deceive the horse. But his right hand was noticed to reach far around and catch the rein six inches from the horse's dripping jaws just as his leg touched the saddle.

And then, even while the horse was gathering his muscles, Vance threw all the force of his hundred and eighty pounds of training-table bone and sinew into a straight pull on the reins.

Taken unawares, the horse's head bent down noiselessly till it pressed against his breast—Vance leaned back sharply, stretching the reins and stirrup straps like bow-strings. The horse bucked, landed lurching and trembling. The fiend above pulled irresistibly, yet the horse fought with desperation at the thing that pressed so cruelly upon his windpipe, not knowing it was his own jawbone. He tumbled to his knees—his nostrils, pressed to earth, throwing up little puffs of dust. He regained his feet and threw his mighty shoulder muscles into quivering lumps, but the bent neck could not be straightened.

Logjam was plainly in distress now — gasping sobs welled up his throat and squeaked pitifully through his red nostrils. His yellow sides rose and fell irregularly as he begged for air—air for his pricking lungs. Yet tighter grew the abominable pressure. He threw his head around to bite and it was drawn back in a manner that took the heart from the terror. His switching, angry tail crept between his legs—his feet braced apart—he trembled and heaved like a foundering ship.

"Dick!" called the girl.

Instantly the reins fell slack and the welcome air rushed into the beast's lungs with a hissing, sucking noise. Logjam's bulging eyes sank into their sockets and when Vance dismounted to rub the quivering ears, huge tears crept out and rolled down toward the foam-flecked mouth. Then the cowboys came—they swarmed about Vance, yelling at him, hammering his back, twisting his hands and generally misbehaving.

"Pard, yer it!"

"Reg'lar hell-a-tearin'!"

"Sandow th' second!"

Vance looked around at the howling cow-punchers and said:

"What's up?"

"Yer 'lected champeen buster o' th' Rockies. D'ye chaw?" ejaculated Sanders, offering a worn plug.

"Eh?"

"Watch th' innercence, boys. D'ye insinuate ye don't savvy bustin' th' holy terrinest man-mauler ever raised in these parts?"

"Bad, was he?"

Sanders sprang to the ground and fumbled at Vance's cuff. In a moment he had solved the puzzle, and with a deft jerk he stripped the sleeve back to the shoulder.

"Thar!" he said, putting the heel of his quirt on the bulging biceps.

"Holy oats!" remarked Forbes, huskily.

"Be you that way all over?" asked Hawkins, edging in.

Vance laughed. He clutched at his sleeve and rolled it down. Glancing around he met the gaze of Houghton Brice, who had just arrived and was soaking in the situation.

"Whar'd that hoss come from? Ain't that that Double Dot devil?" roared Brice, between puffs.

"Ye-es, we took 'im t' break," said Hawkins.

"An' we—let out th' job," remarked Sanders.

Vance was a quarter mile away when something caught his ear—he reined in and listened. Floating on the crisp air he heard:

"Whar now is th' Hebrew childrun,
Whar now is th' Hebrew childrun,
Whar now is th' Hebrew childrun—
Safe, safe in th' promised land!"

Looking, he beheld a lone cow-puncher scurry around the horse-corral, past the bunkhouse, and plunge over a rise in the ground out of sight. Close behind him, six tall fellows were legging it, each puting his whole soul into the rendition of their favorite refrain. Vance smiled. When he looked at the girl she was smiling, too.

The Comrades — Master Fred and Sir Ben

By MAUDYE HART
(Aged 10 years)

As you look at this picture of a dog and a boy,
You can surely imagine them each other's joy.
Each month they watch with interest keen,
For the coming of your magazine.
In summer they walk out side by side,
In Winter they take many a jolly slide.
And when Master Fred
Takes it into his head
To ride on his sled,
Sir Ben must lower his pride
And give Fred a ride.
But not always must Fred be a boy made for play,
And he'll be a man before many a day.
May God good graces give our Fred
And shower blessings upon his head.

MANKATO, Minnesota

General View of a Lead and Zinc Mining District.

The Missouri-Kansas Zinc District

By FRANK EBERLE,
Joplin, Missouri

THE story of zinc mining in southwest Missouri, the greatest zinc producing district in the world, possesses many of the interesting features of romance, and in the rapid rise of this important American industry some facts seem strangely like fiction. For many years miners were grovelling in the shallow diggings of southwest Missouri, taking out lead ore. Occasionally they encountered a peculiar dark, hard and brittle substance which they threw away as worthless, not appreciating its value and never dreaming that the time would come when this seemingly worthless substance would yield yearly returns of millions of dollars and great zinc mines would take the place of the "gopher holes" made in digging for lead. It was thus by chance that zinc ore was discovered in what is now known as the Missouri-Kansas mining district, which embraces the richest zinc-producing mines in the world.

In 1872 several hundred pounds of this unknown stuff, which was neither lead nor rock nor dirt, was sent to an Illinois smelter to be tested. It was pronounced zinc ore of the highest grade, and a new American industry was inaugurated. Its rise has been sure and steady. From an insignificant output of ore, netting but meager returns, this industry has advanced until zinc mining has become one of the great wealth producers of the age in America as well as in Europe.

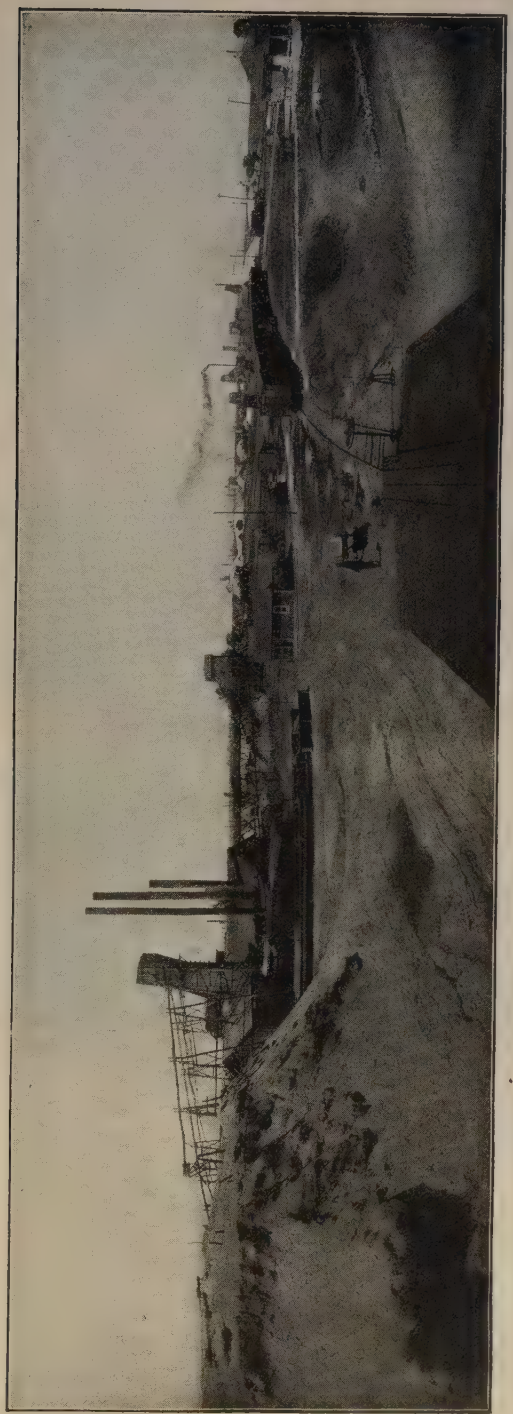
Zinc mining possesses many strange

features that are peculiar to itself and the methods of operating in this district are different in most respects from those of any other territory. The entire district is dotted with small mines and prospects, some of them mere "gopher holes," while here and there mines of considerable magnitude are found. Mining here is not yet so much an industry of big corporations with vast wealth, conducted on scientific plans and managed with care, economy and system, as in the gold, silver and copper regions of the west. Here there are some big companies, operated scientifically and according to up-to-date methods, and the number is rapidly increasing; but a large majority of the Missouri-Kansas district mines are managed very loosely, with very little regard to care or system, and still they give good results. This is often occasioned by lack of means on the part of the mine operators and sometimes by lack of experience on the part of those in charge, where owners entrust their mining interests to friends or relatives who know as much about zinc mining as the proverbial porker does about Sunday.

The peculiar conditions prevailing in this district make mining possible with very small means, consequently the miner, the mechanic, the merchant and men of every vocation are often tempted by the opportunities offered for acquiring quick fortunes to engage in the fascinating, seductive, and sometimes deceptive, business of zinc mining. Sometimes their hopes are realized; sometimes they are doomed to disappointment, but hope lingers with them to the end, and past failures but act as a stimulus to greater efforts in the future.

Workmen Shoveling Zinc Ore into a Cart.

Opportunities to mine exist there to a greater extent than elsewhere because of the system in vogue of operating on royalty. The royalty plan was inaugurated many years ago, in the early days of the district, by the Granby company, one of the most successful mining companies in the state and one of the biggest zinc-land owners in the world. This plan gives to owners of unprospected mineral lands ten to fifteen per cent royalty on all of the ore taken from their lands, and land which has already been prospected or is under mineral lease, pays a royalty of twenty to twenty-five per cent. The miners have to buy neither the land nor the right to mine it. They pay only when they have taken out and sold the ore. If they get no ore the land-owner and lease-holder receive nothing, but royalties must be



A Group of Zinc Mills, near Prosperity, Missouri.

paid on all ore that is mined whether the amount be much or little, and whether the week's output bring profit or loss to the mine operator. The man who mines takes all of the chances, but inasmuch as the cost of mining is small in this district, the miner's profits are generally satisfactory.

The conditions of zinc mining have changed considerably during the past five years as a result of the coming of so many new people, enticed by the high prices paid for ore during the big zinc mining boom of 1899. Until five years ago this great and productive mineral belt was comparatively unknown to the outside world, but the investment of millions of eastern capital gave new life to the district and a new impetus to zinc mining by the introduction of better machinery and more modern methods. The antiquated windlass, hand jigs and horse hoister are being supplanted by modern concentrating mills. The results are manifest in the larger ore output, increased demands, steadier markets, and improved conditions generally.

For many years there was a struggle between the zinc ore producers and the smelters, in which the former contended for better prices for their ore, while the smelters kept the prices low enough to enable them to realize handsome profits. In the earlier days there were no such demands for zinc ore as at present, while the cost of turning it into spelter was considerably greater, when coal was the only fuel used by the smelters. The discovery of natural gas in Kansas, conveniently near to the zinc belt, has materially reduced the cost of smelting ore and in-

creased the capacity of the smelting plants. The smelters, therefore, can well afford to pay better prices for zinc ore than formerly, and, as a natural consequence, better feeling now exists between the ore producers and the ore buyers.

Improved railway facilities, by lessening the freight rates, have also aided in stiffening the prices of zinc ore, while the many new uses for zinc create extraordinary demands for this useful metal and add to the eagerness of competing smelters to secure all of the ore possible and turn out spelter to the full capacity of their plants.

With high prices for ore prevailing, there have been no shut-downs of the zinc mines for more than a year and there will probably be no more occasion for them. In former years, when the smelters would persistently beat down the prices until the ore producers were force to act in self-defence, the usual remedy was a shut-down of the mines in order to create a shortage of ore, or the exportation of a few thousand tons of ore to Europe. The superiority of the zinc ore of this district makes it especially desired by foreign as well as American smelters, and European smelters are ready and anxious to take all of the high grade zinc ore which this district may offer. There need never be any further apprehension of the accumulation of a surplus of zinc ore in the Missouri-Kansas district, for it can always be disposed of in Europe; but the cost of exporting ore at present is so heavy as to leave little or no margin of profit to the producer.

In former years the fluctuations in zinc ore prices kept the local market badly demoralized. The producers were completely at the mercy of the ore buyers, who could offer whatever prices they wanted to pay for the week's output of ore. A producer could either accept the price offered or hold his ore indefinitely. There was no "trust" among the ore buyers, but there was a "community of interests" which prevented competition and gave every smelter assurance that the offers of its buyers would not be over-bid by competitors. The result of this self-serving harmony among the smelters kept prices down and made zinc mining profitable only to those who were in possession of very rich properties. Few of the mine owners could hold their ore for better prices. Most of them, having but small means, were compelled to sell their output every week in order to meet operating expenses. In those days the dream of the zinc miner was "$30 jack." He believed that should the time ever come when he could realize as much as $30 a ton for his zinc ore, or "jack," the millenium would surely be near.

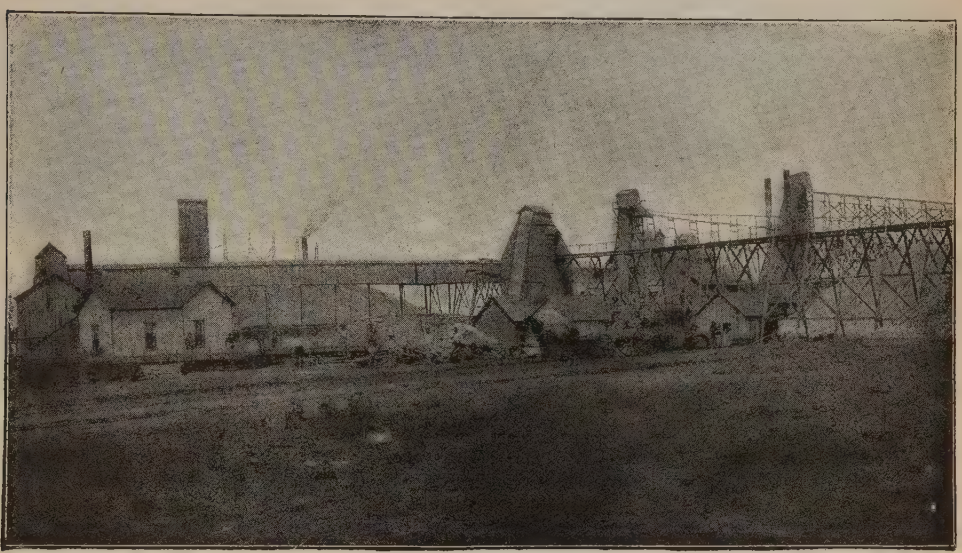
The first zinc ore sold in this district, thirty-one years ago, brought but $7 a ton, but as the industry grew and the superior quality of the ore produced here attracted the attention of the smelters to this territory, prices advanced. For years prices varied, any sum from $10 to $20 a ton being paid for ore. Mine operators were not permitted to fix the price of their own product. That was done by the smelters, who were in complete control of the situation.

About five years ago the majority of the zinc mine owners and operators of the district organized themselves into the Missouri-Kansas Zinc Miners' Association, to force the smelters to pay higher prices for ore. The association's efforts materially aided in maintaining prices, thereby giving to the ore market a healthier tone than it had ever possessed.

Not only was the outside world ignorant of the vast wealth which nature had so bountifully stored in the zinc fields of southwest Missouri and southeast Kansas, but the inhabitants of the district themselves did not appreciate or realize what they had. It was left for a travel-

ing-man with some knowledge of geology to first prove that the mysterious substance which miners had been throwing away as worthless was the finest of zinc ore, and so also was it left for newspaper correspondents first to acquaint the outside world with the wonderful richness of this great zinc belt, so long unknown, undeveloped and unappreciated by its own people. The press, the great disseminator of information, soon told the public, through its Joplin dispatches, of the "Klondike" that was so much nearer than Alaska. Eastern capital became interested and a zinc mining boom awakened the slumbering district from its long sleep toward the close of '98 and the beginning of '99. Zinc ore prices climbed higher and higher, until $55 a ton was reached. On the wave of the boom appeared many hungry sharks and they found easy victims in the North, South East and West. All kinds of wildcat companies were organized and their worthless stock was floated everywhere and sold to the unwary. Then came a decline. The inflated zinc boom had collapsed and the mining district suffered for the folly of speculators and the rascality of the knaves who had fleeced them.

But time, the healer of all troubles, restored conditions to their normal state and revived the zinc district from its depression. Conditions finally adjusted themselves and zinc ore prices took an upward turn and steadily advanced. Frightened capitalists, who had been needlessly alarmed, soon found their confidence restored, and with the many new uses and increased demands for zinc and the keener appreciation of the superiority of the ore of this rich mineral belt, the new "Klondike" which press correspondents described a few years ago is proving its worth. Its wealth is measured by millions, and even with shallow mining, above the 300-foot level, the district produces more than $10,000,000 worth of ore each year. When mine operators care to sink deeper down, where the greater ore bodies lay, a more expressive word than "Klondike" will be necessary to describe this district.



THIS MINE HAS PRODUCED $1,000,000 FROM LESS THAN ONE ACRE OF GROUND, AND IS STILL PRODUCING.

The Dragon of the Swale

First of a Series of Twelve Nature Sketches Done for

MY path to Cubby Hollow ran along a tumbling worm-fence, down a gravelly slope and across a strip of swale, through which flowed the stream that farther on widened into the "Hollow." A small jungle of dog-roses, elder and blackberry tangled the banks of the stream, spreading into flanks of cinnamon fern that crept well up the hill-sides.

Through the ferns, as I descended the gravelly slope, my path led into a tunnel of vines to a rail over the water, and on up to the woods. By the middle of June, the tangle, except by the half-broken path, was almost rabbit-proof. The rank ferns waved to my chin, and were so thick that they left no trace of my passing until late in the summer.

This bit of the swale from the lower edge of the gravelly slope to the edge of the woods on the opposite slope was the lair of a dragon. My path cut directly across it.

Perhaps the dragon had been there ever since I had known the swale, and summer after summer had allowed me to cross unchallenged. I do not know. I only know that one day he rose out of the ferns before me—the longest, ugliest, boldest beast that ever withstood me in the quiet walks about home.

It was a day in early July, hot and very close. I was wading the sunken trail, much as one "treads water," my head not always above the surface of the fronds, when, suddenly, close to my side the ferns in a single spot were violently shaken. Instantly ahead of me they whirled again; and before I could think, off across the path was another rush and whirl—then stirless silence.

I knew what it meant. These were not the sudden, startled leaps of three animals, but the lightning movements of one. I had crossed the path of a swamp black-snake, and judging from its speed and whirl it was of uncommon size.

The path, a few paces farther on, opened into a small patch of low grass. Just as I was getting through the brake to this spot I stopped short with a chill. In the ferns near me shrilled a hissing whistle, a weird, creepy whistle that made me cold, a fierce, menacing sound, all edge, and so thin that it slivered every nerve in me. And then without a stir in the brake up out of the low grass in front of me rose a blue-black, glittering head.

I have little faith in the spell of a snake's eye; yet for a moment I was held by the subtle, masterful face that had risen so unexpectedly, so coolly before me. It was lifted a foot out of the grass; the head upon its lithe, round neck was poised motionless, but set as with a hair-spring. The flat, pointed face was turned upon me, so that I could see a patch of white upon the throat. Evidently the snake had just sloughed an old skin, for the sunlight gleamed irridescent on the jet shining scales. It was not a large head; it lacked the shovel-nose and the heavy, horrid jaws of the rattle-snake. But it was clean-cut, with power in every line of jaw and neck; with power and speed and certainty in the pose, so easy, ready and erect. There was no fear in the creature's eye, something rather of aggressiveness and of such evil cunning that I stood on guard.

Afraid of a snake? of a black snake? No. I think, indeed, there are few persons who really are afraid of snakes. It is not fear, but nerves. I have tamed more black-snakes than I have killed. I should not care a straw if one bit me. Yet, for all of that, the meeting with any black-snake is so unlooked for as always to be unnerving. But let a huge one whip about you in the brake, chill you with an unearthly hissing whistle, then suddenly rise in front of you, glittering, challenging, sinister! You will be abashed. I was; and I shall never outgrow the weakness.

It was a big snake. I had not been mistaken in its size. There is nothing on earth that shrinks as a *dead* snake; and this one, so far as I know, is still alive; yet allowing generously for my imagination I am sure the creature measured over six feet. His neck, just behind the jaws, was nearly the size of a broom handle, which meant a long, hard length curved out in the ferns behind. It was a male; I could tell by the peculiar musk on the air, an odor like cut cucumbers.

Fully a minute we eyed each other. Then I took a step forward. The glittering head rose higher. Off in the ferns there beat a warning tattoo—the loud whir of the snake's tail against a skunk-cabbage leaf.

In my hand was a slender dogwood switch that I had been poking into the holes of the digger wasps up the hill-side. If one thing more than another will turn a snake tail to in a hurry it is the song of a switch. Expecting to see this over-bold fellow jump out of his new skin and lunge off into the swale, I leaned forward and made the stick sing under his nose. But he did not jump, or budge. He only bent back out of range, swayed from side to side and drew more of his black length out into the low grass to better his position.

The lidless eyes and scale-cased face of a snake might seem incapable of more than one set expression. Can hate and fear show there? They certainly can, at least to my imagination. If ever hate and fear mantled a face they did this one in the grass. The sound of the switch only maddened the creature. He had too long dictated terms in this part of the swale to crawl aside for me.

Nor would I give way to him. But I ceased switching, drew back a step, and looked at him with more respect than I ever showed a snake before.

The curved neck straightened at that, the glinting head swayed forward, and shivering through me as the swish of a stick never shivered through a snake, sounded that unearthly hissing whistle. For a second—

the National by the Author of "Wild Life Near Home"

for just the fraction of a second that it takes to jump—I was,—not scared, but shocked; and I slipped on something underfoot. In three directions I wallowed the ferns before I got to my feet to watch the snake again; and by that time the snake was gone.

I found myself somewhat muddy and breathing a little hard; but I was not wholly chagrined. I had heard and seen a black-snake whistle. I had never even known of the habit before.

Since then I have seen one other snake do it, and I think I have heard the sound three or four times. It is almost indescribable. The jaws were closed as it was made, not even the throat moving, that I could see. The air seemed to be blown violently through the nostrils, though sounding as if driven through the teeth—a shrilling hiss, fine and piercing, which one not so much hears as feels—feels it crisping cold along his nerves.

It may seem strange, but I believe this whistle is a mating call. Even the forked tongue (or maybe the nose) of a snake grows vocal with love. If only the Sphinx had not a heart of stone! No matter about its lips; with a heart to know the "Spring running" we should have heard its story long ago. Perhaps, after all, the college Sophomore was not mixing his observations and Sunday School memories when he wrote, describing the dawn of a spring morning (I quote from his essay): "Beneath in the water the little fishes darted about the boat; above the little birds twittered in the branches; while off on a sunny log in the pond the soft, sibilant croak of the mud-turtle was heard on the shore." If we could happen upon the mud-turtle mad with love, I am sure we should find that he had a voice,—a "soft, sibilant croak," who knows?

I had long known of a tradition among the farmers of the black-snake trailing its mate, following her by scent through grass and brush, persistent and sure as a sleuth hound, until at last she is won. I had been told of this by eye-witnesses over and over, but I had always put it down as a snake story, for these same witnesses would also tell me the hoop-snake story, only it was their grand-fathers, always, who had seen this creature take its tail in its mouth and roll and hit and kill a fifty dollar apple tree (the tree was invariably worth fifty dollars). I had small faith in the trailing tale.

One day, the summer after my encounter in the ferns, I was sitting upon a harrow at the edge of the gravelly field that slopes to the swale, when a large black-snake glided swiftly across the lane and disappeared in the grass beyond. It had been gone, perhaps a minute, when I heard another stir behind me and turning saw high above the weeds and dewberry vines the neck and head of a second black-snake.

He was coming swiftly, evenly, carrying his gleaming head over a foot from the ground, and following hard upon the trail of the first snake. He hit very near the smooth, flowing mark in the dust of the lane. Here she had crossed. Here he was about to cross when he caught sight of me.

For a startled instant he stiffened, threw himself on the defensive,—and showed a white patch under his chin, an ugly, blazing light in his eye, and a peculiarly aggressive attitude that there was no mistaking! I had seen this snake before. I knew him. He was the dragon of the swale.

Only pausing, he whirled, struck the track and sped on, his round, black body stretching from rut to rut of the lane. A hundred feet beyond in the grass I saw his glittering head rise and sway with a swimming motion as he trailed the long, lithe beauty that was leading him this lightning race across the fields.

This was not the last time he crossed my path. He never withstood me again; but he thwarted me several times. Once as I was descending the slope I saw him gliding down from a low cedar. The distressing cries of two chippies told me what he had been doing in the tree; I did not need to look at the half-dislodged nest. Then and there I vowed to kill him, but from that moment I never set eyes on him again. His evil work, however, went on. In a clump of briers across the stream was the nest of a pair of redbirds that I was watching. One day just before the young could fly they were carried off. I knew who did it. On the same side, up under the fence by the woods, a litter of rabbits were destroyed. The snake killed them. It was he, too, who ate the eggs of the blue birds in the old apple tree along the fence in the adjoining field.

There must be a dragon in the way, I suppose—in the way even of nature study. There are unpleasant, perhaps unnecessary, and evil creatures—snakes!—in the fields and woods which we must be willing to meet and tolerate for the love within us. Tick-seeds, beggar-needles, mud, mosquitoes, rain, heat, hawks and snakes haunt all our paths, hindering us sometimes, though never really blocking the way.

But the dragon in the swale,—ought I to tolerate him? No. There are moments when I should be glad to kill him, yet I doubt if the swale would be quite so wild and thrilling a spot if I knew there were no dragon to meet me as I crossed. But the redbirds, bluebirds, rabbits? I see no shrinking in their numbers because of the snake. A few of them breed as they always have along the swale. There are worse enemies than the dragon; though he is bad enough.

[Editor's Note—Publication of Mr. Sharp's paper, "Tickle-Birds and the Coccinellidae," announced for this (June) number of the National, has been postponed to a later number. The second article in this series, to appear in the July National, is "Raccoon Creek."]

Les Coqs de Combat

By F. H. LANCASTER

ALPHONSINE had left it to a chicken fight to decide her fate. Do not smile, *mon ami.* Men have staked their fortunes upon the turn of a card or the toss of a penny, why not then upon the fighting qualities of a gamecock? And where a man may stake his money may not a woman stake her love—herself? "Ah, *que non,*" you say. "It is not possible." *Peut-etre.* But let me tell you the story. The old, old story of a man and a woman and a garden? You shrug your shoulders, but *arretez, mon ami.* There were two men—*tant mieux?* and *voila* two game cocks also. Now you will hear my story? *C'est bon!*

To begin—you must know that it all happened in Pointe Coupee, that queer old parish in southern Louisiana than which there is not a province in France more French. *Dame,* and it all begun way back in the beginning of Lent. Mardi Gras? *Mais oui,* at the ball where Alphonsine sprung suddenly into beauteous womanhood and all the young men were dazzled. *Si?* But two were more dazzled than the rest, *mon ami*; hit hard, as we say in English. Emile Chandéche and Civilian Méhot. It would seem that they could never see quite clearly again, but went to church with a regularity that would have been alarming in an American. You smile? *Eh bien,* but to see Alphonsine would have made even an American forget his money-making,—for a while. So petite, yet so beautiful, with her wonderful eyes. *Ciel,* Cable is right when he say, "They do it all with their eyes, these Arcadian maidens." And there were lips and lashes, delicate bloom of cheek and pearly gleam of perfect teeth, and such laughter! Poor Emile! Poor Civilian! And she would not give either the slightest preference, the delicious little rogue. It pleased her much to have the two handsomest lads in the parish smoking their cigarettes every Sunday on papa's front gallery, and kneeling where they could look at her in church. She never looked at them, no! Well, what one does with the corner of one's eye—*n' importe.*

It was Madam her mother who interfered. Either Emile or Civilian would be convenable, desirable. Each had a good horse and a bunch of cattle. Each had also a tiny farm where he raised cow-peas and tobacco. Alphonsine would do extremely well to marry one or the other; but, as Madam made plain, she could not marry both and if she played with them much longer she might lose the chance of her life. Ah, well, Madam put it in French, but it lost none of its vigor by that. Still Alphonsine demurred. How could she tell which she liked the best? Her mother was relentless, she must decide before Easter.

Easter. *Voila!* The word was an inspiration.

"I'll tell by whose cock gets beat, me," she announced.

Madam was startled, horrified. *Mais, quel voulez-vous?* Either one would be a good match.

How the news got out? Perhaps Alphonsine told her best friend; perhaps Madam confided it to her best crony over a cigarette. *N' importé.* Everybody knew it—*c'est a dire* every man, woman and child that attended the Church of the Holy Virgin—and great was the excitement. Emile's cock or Civilian's cock was the theme of every fireside. Bets ran high—*vingt-cinq sou* to the side sometimes.

A cock fight on Easter Sunday? *Oui,*

certainment. Not only one fight, but many. Do you not know that custom, *mon ami? Voila il est bien* simple. When the women and children go to church on Easter Sunday each one carries a basket of eggs. They kneel beside their baskets during mass, and after the good priest has given them his blessing they carry their baskets outside the church and fight eggs. You know how that is done —if your egg breaks the other one's, why, his egg is yours and you are at liberty to eat it. So many eggs are broken and eaten, that, as they say, the road in front of the church door is paved with egg-shells. But the men do not carry eggs in their baskets, *non!* They carry cocks. And after church they set them down before the door and fight them.

"Tout les diables?" Not at all, *mon ami.* They have served God first, why should they not now serve Mammon — such a small Mammon! And besides, it is good sport. The cocks are such handsome little fellows and put up such a plucky fight. Watching them and betting on them does not brutalize one as does a prize-fight.

Eh bien! never before had been such an Easter Sunday. The church of the Holy Virgin was crowded with a devoutly kneeling multitude tense with excitement. There was Alphonsine beside her mother—more beautiful than ever in her pure white dress—and Emile and Civilian each with a basket beside him. It would seem that even the good father felt the nervous strain, he stumbled so over the mass and repeated the psalter. *Comment!* It was over at last and they flocked out, gay and eager, into the pleasant sunshine. Instantly a ring was formed around the cleared space before the door, and instantly Emile and Civilian were in the center of it opening their baskets. Subdued cries of admiration and approval ran around the ring as the cocks were set down. Rich of plumage and fierce of eye, with small, closely trimmed heads and cruel gaffles—all that skill and training could do the masters had done. There in that glistening arena they stood forth—fearless, defiant, beautiful—*les coqs de combat.* Emile's a glowing copper color struck out with blue and black; Civilian's a clear, deep red. Not a child even in that crowd that had not a bet on the one or the other. They knew them as they knew their own hands, and each bettor felt sure of his bird. And yet—*ah Sacre!*

The first look had been for the *coqs;* the second was for Alphonsine. She stood by her mother, serene, innocent-eyed; her full lips parting with a mere suggestion of a smile—*"Tenez!"*

The small heads are down, the angry feathers rising in a glowing ruff. Ha! They waste no time over preliminary pecking of the gravel. See, they are at it like true game-cocks, beak and spur. The crowd hangs over them, tense and silent. Emile gnaws his mustache; Civilian pulls at his with slow, cold fingers. *"Tenez!"* The yellow fellow gets in the first home thrust, he follows up his advantage vigorously, using his gaffle with cruel skill. *Sacre!* the red bird is giving ground. Civilian's fingers move more slowly. The blood spurts from the heads of the combatants. The yellow seems unconscious of his wounds, but the red—was that a hiss? Had it been a rallying cry the red bird could not have responded more nobly. Blind and bleeding, he rushes upon his antagonist, concentrating all his remaining strength upon the furious onslaught, and *malheureux,* the yellow fellow, already grown careless with over-confidence. Ah, he reels, he gives way—*"Tenez! Tenez!"* He is down, dying. Still the crowd is silent with an eager expectancy. With bowed head, Emile comes forward to take up his beaten bird. *Mais regardez!* Another is before him. A supple little figure in white has dropped upon

its knees between *les coqs de combat.*

"Oh *pauvre oiseau, pauvre oiseau!* Ah see, M. Emile, he is not dead. Some water may revive him." Alphonsine darted away toward the bayou, sprinkling her pretty white dress with drops of blood as she ran. Emile followed her, dazed, delighted. When the crowd remembered Civilian he was striding away sullen and silent, carrying his victorious cock to a more distant waterside. *Voila,* had he thought in English:—

"Fool that I was. I might have known that she would understand that unfair signal."

But when Alphonsine and Emile returned, bearing the revived bird in his basket between them, the maiden's explanation was demurely simple: "I said I'd see which cock get *beat,* me!"

Clouds That Lighten

By LAVON C. CHENEY

THE young teacher languidly touched her forehead with her handkerchief where tiny drops of moisture were thick upon it. The day was so warm. It seemed as if Summer, growing impatient at the mild reign of beautiful Spring, had surreptitiously inserted one of her torrid days into this beautiful month of June. The little, unpainted, country school-house was totally unsheltered from the heat of the sun. It stood a little back from the sandy road in a field of stumps and weeds. The trees had been sacrificed, being, in the opinion of the school board, useless for purposes of education and excellent for firewood; so the sun sent unbroken rays through the three small, uncurtained windows on the west, rendering the oppressive atmosphere still more oppressive. Flies buzzed lazily in and out the open windows.

Most days seemed dreary and devoid of interest to the little school teacher, of late, but this one seemed to put the crowning touch upon all. She could not arouse herself to care for the things for which she should care, not even the things for which she was paid to care. Johnnie Adams was even then tweaking the pendant braid of hair which was attached to the head of a little girl in front of him, and she was denouncing him in loud and angry whispers. Carl Mentz was carving a very elaborate something on his desk with a pocket-knife, his tongue in his cheek in a preoccupied way.

She looked at these things listlessly, as being apart from herself, and only the fact that the "district" expected her to protect its property led her to call for a surrender of the knife.

"Carl," she said, "you may bring that knife to me."

Carl brought the knife with lagging steps and a very sour face, and going back to his seat explained to the boy in front of him, in a low whisper, how he would get it again tomorrow.

"The first class in geography may take their places," announced the teacher.

The first class in geography, consisting of one little girl and two little boys, pattered forward, their brown, bare feet making but a slight sound on the floor. This first class in geography was also the last class and the only class in that study, for these three pupils comprised the entire number in school who studied this branch. She had named this class

the first long ago, when she was happy and cared; when she was interested in her work and proud of her school, her first school; when life did not seem to her the tiresome thing it now did.

"Johnnie Adams," she said, taking up the book, "you may bound Georgia."

"Georgia bounded on the north by—bounded on the north by—Georgia bounded on the north by—"

"Tennessee," shrilly whispered Abel Hancock, behind his back.

"Tennessee," boldly said Johnnie, with an assurrance born of Abel's knowledge.

"Go on," said the teacher.

"On the east by—by—by—," looking at Abel expectantly.

A long whisper announced, "Atlanti Goshen."

"Atlanti Goshen," said Johnnie.

"That is right so far as it goes, but it is not all of the eastern boundary."

Johnnie kicked Abel in token that a further installment of the lesson was extremely necessary, but Abel failed him. He had come to the end of his knowledge. Repeated kicks delivered by a despairing urchin failing to elicit any response, he said, with an air of one floundering in deep water, "Missoury."

"Did you study the lesson at all, Johnnie?" she said wearily.

Johnnie was so intent in endeavoring to insert a very large and dirty toe into a very small crack in the floor that he could not hear her, apparently, and so was convicted by his silence.

After all, she did not blame the boy very much. How could one be interested in such trivial things as the boundaries of states when life itself was uninteresting. It was worse than uninteresting, it was dull and hard. Nothing but the same old thing day after day. Piloting a little handful of scholars through the same monotonous program of reading, spelling, arithmetic and geography. As she thought of it all a great feeling of self-pity thrilled her and she could have cried because of that unhappy other girl, who was herself.

She got through with the geography class and another took its place.

"Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal,"

droned a scholar in lifeless tones. A loud thump followed by a wailing sound interrupted the reading.

"What is that noise?" said the teacher, sharply.

A hand went up. "Please ma'am, it's my little brother, Uly. He went to sleep an' rolled offen the seat."

The infant cried fitfully one moment and the next seemed inclined to continue his nap on the floor.

The young teacher picked him up, a handful of soft flesh and baby dimples disguised in little trousers of jeans that came to his ankles, and, after quieting him, sent him home under guidance.

At last the school day was over. As the last scholar left the little building her head sank down until it rested on the table. *This* day was almost over, anyway. It, at least, would never drag its monotonous length across her path again.

Her whole life seemed to stretch out before her a dull, unending line of days which must be told off as the beads of a rosary. The soft, perfumed breath of a bunch of wild roses on her desk, which one of the children had brought, was borne to her. She raised her head to look at them.

"Alice," said a voice at the door, "Alice, I could not stay away any longer. That wretched quarrel—it was all my fault, I think."

At the sound of her name she sprang to her feet, surprise, happiness, love making her face rosy, beautiful. The dreariness, the hardness of life and all her unhappiness, fell away from her as a garment, and the world was a delightful place once more.

Timely Topics of the Theater

The Next Season's Dramatised Novels — Good New Plays Hard to

Clara Bloodgood

With the exception of musical productions intended for summer runs but often subject to heat prostration, a few belated dramatic productions, some with "star casts," and the "popular priced" theater offerings, the first of June finds theatrical stagnation. In these days of expensive companies and productions, managerial caution shuns hot weather and the competition of out-door recreation. But the idleness of theater auditoriums does not extend to their offices and stages. June and July are the transition months, so to speak; it is then that the chrysalis of idea is transformed by designers, scene painters and producing stage manager into the butterfly of dramatic promise whose wings are to be singed, maybe, by the critics, but which, notwithstanding, may make a long flight. Hundreds of men will find forgetfulness of summer heat in the anxious, if fascinating, cares of preparation to cater to that most capricious of palates, public taste. Some of them will win repute and success whose measure is in dollars; others, and they, unfortunately, will be in the majority, must find their only reward in the consciousness of earnest endeavor.

The past theatrical season was not encouraging, to either managers or public. Notable successes were few; the failures were many and the attractions that just kept their heads above water were visible everywhere. Musical comedy profited by the current craze for tinkling melody, garish dressing and notoriety blazoned "show girls," and was the only form of amusement in which the majority of companies show a large balance on the credit side of the ledger. Even here success was seldom scored by intrinsic worth of music or libretto. Plays have been so scarce that ventures so obviously failures as to warrant their withdrawal have been continued for lack of material from which to replace them. When the fact is stated that at the time Charles Frohman sailed for Europe in the spring he had but two plays deemed suitable for production next season, the shortage must be admitted. Perhaps the managers and play readers do not detect the hidden promise of untried playrights as they should, but they undoubtedly do the best they can, and past experience with novices at writing for the stage is certainly not reassuring. It is scarcely to be wondered at, then, that every success finds its imitators, and that managers followed each other like sheep in the rush for Tolstoi's Resurrection when that uncopyrighted story seemed potential of favor. The success won by Blanche Walsh in a version of the novel seems to prove that in this case the managerial scent was true. It is not undue optimism to predict that the coming season is not likely to be less fruitful than that which has just closed. It scarcely could be. The American Author is not fulfilling the glorious hopes we all have for him. Clyde Fitch, just now the most successful of the species, gave us an abundance of new material, but some of it was adapted from foreign sources and all of it was disappointing. The Girl with the Green Eyes, perhaps the best of his output, was clever and "smart" in spots, but as a whole was only a sort of stage jelly-fish, which wobbled unsteadily about painfully artificial vertebrae of almost absurdly melodramatic tissue. It did a public service, however, in giving Clara Bloodgood opportunity. If her work as "Jinny" Austin is emphasized by future characterizations, it will be quite certain that a feminine star worth watching has appeared in the firmament.

Mrs. Fiske

Despite critical anathemas, the dramatized novel continues well in the center of the stage. There were more "book plays" than ever last season and advance announcements indicate that the coming fall will see many more stage versions of stories between covers. The popularity of the novel as a source of theatrical supply is natural enough. A play made from a widely read book starts with the initial velocity of adventitious advertising. If the play is fairly good, financial success is practically assured, and it may come even if the play is bad. The Crisis made a sketchy, unsatisfactory play, but James

By George T. Richardson

Find.— How Grace Van Studdiford Brought Her Managers to Time

K. Hackett kept two companies playing it to large audiences. The Eternal City is by no means the equal of its author's previous dramatization, The Christian, but its prosperity will carry it into next season. Mrs. Fiske's Mary of Magdala must be reckoned a book play, although the Bible and not a novel furnished its inspiration and advertising. Julia Marlowe replaced the dismally unsuccessful Queen Fiametta with The Cavalier, a successful book title. David Harum and Ben Hur continue to fill theaters everywhere, while Quincy Adams Sawyer, most rural of novel-plays, will be exploited by three companies next season, so great is the demand for it. With these and many other similar instances, is it strange that scores of novel dramatizations are promised for next season? The late Frank Norris' The Pit should give that fine actor Wilton Lackaye excellent opportunity, and its dramatization will introduce a new playwright in Channing Pollock, a capable journalist and successful theatrical man. Winston Churchill's early, almost forgotten, but best novel, The Celebrity, has been dug out for service. E. W. Hornung's Amateur Cracksman will present Kyrle Bellew as the fascinating Raffles, and Jim the Penman will be despoiled for a detective to watch him in the person of Capt. Redwood, to be played by E. M. Holland, the originator of the role in this country. One of Henry Harland's late successes is to be staged, as are Mrs. Ward's Lady Rose's Daughter, Dwight Tilton's Miss Petticoats and the philosophical Mrs. Wiggs and her Cabbage Patch protege Lovey Mary. These are but a few of the promises, while England threatens us with new stage versions of several Dickens novels.

Blanche Walsh

THERE may be hope for the eventual "elevation of the stage," as plans for a national theater subsidized by wealthy men are said to be progressing in New York, while Amelia Bingham, who has won fame and money as an actress-manager who has the sense to know that a good company is a desideratum even for a star, proposes to build herself a theater in which Gothamites will be permitted to support high-class plays, both modern and classical, presented by a stock company. But where are the plays? The good old ones the public doesn't want and the good new ones are not visible. And if they came would they be welcomed, or would Miss Bingham be asked to sing "rag-time?"

GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD, lately leading soprano with the Bostonians, is to star next season in "The Red Feather," a new De Koven opera, with book by Charles Klein. She certainly has the voice for a star and, if report does not lie, the temperament. The business management of the Bostonians did not suit her notions, and when $100 was deducted from her salary because she was indisposed and did not sing at two performances, she promptly resigned. A futile attempt was made to replace her in time for an important engagement in Boston, and the management was finally forced to wire her for her terms for the two weeks. The answer was $1,100, the odd hundred being as recompense for the two $50 fines. There was a wailing and gnashing of teeth not customary in comic opera, but the Van Studdiford will won. She certainly should make an ideal operatic star.

Grace Van Studdiford

THE news that Kubelik, the famous Polish violinist, has insured his indispensable left hand for $25,000, suggests a multiplicity of ways in which the indefatigable insurance man can prosecute a campaign among stage favorites. If a violinist's string fingers can be protected against fate, why cannot the popular actress be secured against the ravages of time upon her face and figure, or the matinee idol be assured golden balm for the neglect that will be his lot, when embonpoint and baldness conspire to dethrone him? But who will be venturesome enough to—as the English have it—"assure" the public against bad plays and the managers against the failure of the good ones that they insist that they are dying to produce?

A Country Courtship

By CLARENCE HAWKES

IT was the last of March and a warm south wind was blowing. The ground was bare save for an occasional snow-bank along the edge of the woods, or behind some shed or hay-rick. The frost was fast coming out, and the footing was uncertain, to say the least. By daylight the prevailing element of uncertainty was mud, and by night, in the words of the country folk, "it was as rough as a new state."

On the night of which we are writing it was as dark as a "stack of black cats," for a heavy fog was on, obscuring the new moon completely. But had we the eyes of a cat, or an owl, we might have seen the tall, lank figure of Abe Holcum swinging along the country road with a lantern in one hand and a stout walking-stick in the other; and, as everyone in Glendale knew whenever they saw Abe out of an evening, he was going up to see Hannah Wilkins, and incidentally to do a little courting; for everything that Abe did in the courting line was done incidentally, he being so bashful that he dared not come at it in a straightforward manner.

As he neared the domicile of his beloved, Abe began to whistle softly to himself, and this was alternated with clearing his throat and saying "ahem!" in stentorian tones. Presently he stopped and, setting the lantern down on the ground, carefully tucked one of his pant-legs into his boot. He then held the lantern up to notice the effect. "Seems ter me it gives a feller a sorter careless look; looks more so he just happened 'round," he said. Then he picked up the lantern and stalked on. He had not gone more than ten steps when he stopped and tucked the other pant-leg into the boot. "Seems ter me that looks still more carelesser," he thought. "I gut ter disguise myself all I can; I wouldn't hev Hanner know I wuz a-courtin' her for nuthin', cuz then I couldn't do nothin' with her. Gals is cur'us critters ennyhow." Again Abe picked up his lantern, and, quickening his pace, as though he dared not give himself time for reflection or a chance for further delay, he stalked up to the front door of the Wilkins homestead. But here he stopped and stood still for several seconds, holding his lantern beneath the tails of the black coat that he had slipped on before starting, to cover up his working pants.

"I wonder ef there is ennybody to home," he said, doubtfully, but he could plainly hear voices from within, and the inquiry was a sort of mental habit, or working up to the sticking point.

Abe's next move was to bring the lantern out from under his coat-tails and let its light fall across the window as a gentle reminder of his presence. As he did so he heard a slight giggle from the window seat near the door. "The sassy minx," he said, but with evident relief, and with a loud noise he began at once to scrape his boots.

Had the rooms within been carpeted with the most costly Persian rugs, he would not have cleaned his boots with more care; again and again he scraped them, first one and then the other, until finally farmer Wilkins, a big, gruff, good-natured fellow, came to the door.

"Better come in, Abe, an' let that

scraper be, or I shell hev ter git a new one tomorrow, an' you will hev ter git a new pair uv boots as well."

"Thank yer, Mr. Wilkins, thank yer," said Abe, passing quickly into the entry, and depositing his lantern behind the door. "I wuz—I happened 'long, an' thought I'd run in a spell. Good evenin', Miss Hanner," he said, blushing violently as he entered the kitchen, where that comely young lady was paring apples. "I jest happened by, an' thought I'd come in."

"Where wuz you goin'?" asked Hannah innocently.

"O, nowhere, nowhere, jest happened by," said Abe confusedly.

"Mother is in the pantry mixing bread, an' she will be out in a minute an' see you," said Hannah paring away vigorously.

"I didn't want ter see your ma, that is, not particular," replied Abe; and then, fearing he had been impolite, he added, "Uv course I allus likes ter see your ma, when I happen by."

At this point in the conversation, Mr. Wilkins retired to the sitting-room to read the *Greenville Intelligence*, and the young people were left to themselves.

There was both joy and sorrow in his going, to Abe. It left him alone with Hannah, and that was a privilege that many a young fellow in Glendale would have given a good deal to enjoy; but with Abe the advantage was not what it should have been. It was ever so much easier to talk to an old man than it was to a pretty girl, and so much easier to talk about cattle and crops than it was of love, or even the commonplace happenings in a country village.

Abe picked a big splinter from the wood-box, and taking out his jackknife began to whittle. This gave him something to do with his hands, which were always a source of annoyance to him, they were so big and uneasy. So, while the tall grand-father's clock in the corner ticked noisily and the kettle hummed, Hannah pared apples, while Abe whittled.

"What are you looking at?" asked Hannah, presently, as she caught Abe stealing furtive glances at her.

"Nuthin', nuthin' at all," he answered, looking hard at the kindling-box.

"O," rejoined Hannah, trying not to smile, "I thought you was looking at me."

"So I wuz, so I wuz," said Abe earnestly.

"You call me nuthin', do you?" asked the girl, with feigned anger.

"I didn't mean ter ef I did," he answered. "I meant—I wuz lookin' at nuthin' but you. I didn't finish out my leetle speech. That's what I meant, sure as guns."

Hannah resumed her paring and Abe whittled away for dear life, thanking his lucky star that he had been able to extricate himself from so serious a slip, and determined that he would not make another if he didn't speak again that evening.

The uninterrupted silence was once more becoming unbearable, when Mrs. Wilkins came in with her bread, and set it upon the back of the stove to rise.

"Good evenin', Abe," said the matron pleasantly, "ef you whittle away at that rate all the evenin' there'll not be wood enough in the wood-box to last until you go home."

"That's so," assented Abe. "That's so; I'm goin' ter stop pretty quick, an' dast Hanner to a game of checkers."

What a boon to the bashful young man the invention of checkers was, Abe thought, as Hannah got out the board, and took her place on one side of the little table, while he drew up to the other. To be able to sit so near the object of his affection and not be obliged to talk, to study her while she studied the game, and have the board

there always ready to cast one's eyes upon, when embarrassed,—these and a dozen other advantages that the country youth knows, as well as he does his birthplace, are all the natural accompaniments of that square, homely, innocent-looking board.

For the first two or three games an absolute silence was preserved by the young people, while the tall grandfather's clock and the kettle had a pleasant duet together, the only other sounds being an occasional rattle of the checkers as they were jumped and laid upon the table. Once, when Hannah made a brilliant stroke and gained his king-row, Abe said: "Wal, I swow, I wonder what I wuz thinkin' on, ter let yer in there," and she shyly remarked that "Perhaps he had been thinking uv Sally Brown or Jenny Bridges," at which Abe blushed, but could not find words to deny the insinuation.

"Say, Hannah," he ventured, as they placed the checkers upon the board for the fourth game, "There's a-goin' ter be a surprise party down at the village next week, an' Ma 'lowed as how I ought ter take you." Abe was getting thawed out. He had never come at anything so directly before in his whole life; he really was getting on.

The brilliancy and the dash of this stroke fairly took the girl's breath away; perhaps there was hope of Abe's working up to the sticking point in his courtship, after all, but her satisfaction with his loquacity must not be disclosed, so she bit her lip and looked stern.

"Well," she said, moving the second checker in the front row forward diagonally to the left, "I guess ef Tim Bridges wuz ter ask me ter go ter the surprise party, he wouldn't hev ter drag in his Ma; I guess he could ask me on his own notion."

Abe blushed to the roots of his hair. He had congratulated himself upon having made a masterly speech, and to have his proposal treated in this manner was mortifying in the extreme. He jerked his hands out of his coat-pockets and sat up as straight as a fence-stake.

"Tim Bridges, pooh!" he said contemptuously. "He is a sort uv dandy ter look at, an' he has gut a sassy tongue, but he hain't gut hoss sense enough ter stock a yearlin' colt. Why, the other day he driv out his uncle Silas's team, an' when he stopped at the waterin' trough ter water um, instead uv uncheckin' um, he unbuckled the cruppers, a-thinkin' that 'ud let their heads down."

Hannah laughed, in spite of herself, until the tears ran down her cheeks, and Abe joined in her merriment, and congraulated himself that he had scored one point on Tim Bridges, if he never did another.

"He is mighty good lookin', though," said the girl, with true feminine coquetry; "an' who wuz it, Abe Holcum, that spelt down the whole town last winter at the spellin' school? It warn't you."

"No; it warn't me," replied Abe sheepishly, "I spelt goose, g-o-s-e, an' everybody laughed. I 'low he is pretty good at books, but he ain't much ter look at accordin' ter my idea; he is too skimpin'. Why, he couldn't swing a scythe for half a hour, an' not drop in his tracks."

Again the conversation lagged, the kettle hummed, the clock ticked, and the checkers rattled on the table, as they came from the board. After a while Mr. Wilkins came in, wound the clock, and then went upstairs to bed. His better half, after fixing the fire for the night, followed his lead up the well-worn carpetless stairs, and the two young people were left to themselves with only the checker-board between them.

At this point in his evening's courtship Abe began to fidget in his chair, his play became erratic, and again and again his fair opponent broke through to his king-row, and, after three straights, Hannah

broke all previous records by "skunking" him.

"Gosh," said Abe, as he stared incredulously at the board upon which he was beaten without having gained a king. "You hev done it this time, sure. I guess I hain't no good enny more for checkers. I hev gut sumthin' on my mind, an' I guess my mind hain't big enough ter carry two things to a time, although Tim Bridges' might," he added ruefully.

Hannah said nothing, but busied herself piling up the checkers in little towers on the board; five, six, seven, eight, and over they went. She had heard Abe say so many times something was on his mind, but he had never told her what it was. Would she ever know? Ought she not to help him out a bit? Would it be unlady-like? Of all things she would not be that. Over went the little tower again, and she looked up to find Abe's eyes riveted upon her. Her own dropped.

"What is it that you hev on your mind, Mr. Holcum," she asked rather formally. That "Mr. Holcum" nettled him; he straightened himself like a fence-stake again, and asked, with as much dignity as his awkward manner permitted of, "Do you want me ter tell you, Miss Wilkins?"

"Just as you please," she answered, this time tumbling the pile of checkers over with her hand, "I guess ef Tim Bridges had anything ter tell me, he wouldn't sit there like a sick hen with the croup, a-openin' an' shuttin' his mouth an' not say nothin'," and again she poked over the pile of checkers before it fell of its own weight.

"Confound Tim Bridges," thought Abe, "I would like to lick him;" yet secretly he admired Tim's easy manner, and would have given anything to have possessed himself of such suavity for a few moments.

"Wal, Hannah," he said doggedly, when the silence had at last become unbearable, "I am a sorter 'bump on a log,' I admit I am; but dumb it, I can't help it. There ain't nobody that feels things more'n I do, an' I feel so deep that's the reason, I reckon, I can't git it out. I wuz a-tellin' Ma 'bout how I felt the other day, an' she 'lowed that I oughter tell yer. She said, 'Hannah's a good girl, Abe, an' she won't eat you, an' I know she respects manhood, an' honesty, ef it ain't so polished, an' I low she won't eat you.' That's what Ma said, an' she 'lowed ef I couldn't git it out myself mebbe she'd better invite you over ter spend the day termorrow, an' mebbe she could help me. Will you come?"

"No," snapped Hannah, with such force that Abe started. "No, I wouldn't come over ef you lived right across the road. Abe Holcum, you air a goose, an' a booby, an' I won't go to the surprise party with you next week. I'll go with Tim Bridges, ef he'll ask me. O, I hope that he will, his manners are so nice an' he talks so interestin'. I admire Tim Bridges, I do."

"Gosh — all — hemlock!" cried Abe, rising to his full six feet, and looking down upon the girl admiringly, "I declare you do look mighty pretty a-flaming up in that way; I wish you would do it ag'in."

"I shall," she said tartly, "ef you don't git your lantern an' go hum. Why, it is two o'clock, time you wuz hum, an' your Ma wuz a-tuckin' you up in bed."

Abe looked down into the firelight, then up at the tall clock, and from these objects down to the girl before him. Then his eyes were opened, and in a flash he saw the absurdity of it all. Here was the girl before him whom he loved, and something told him, away down in his honest heart, that his love was reciprocated, only he lacked the courage to speak his mind. In fact he had just insulted her by asking her to come over and hear what his Ma had to say upon the subject.

"Hannah," he said, with a composure that startled her, and made her look up, although she tried to keep her eyes on the floor, "Hannah, I don't wonder that you air mad at me, I am sech a gawk, 'side uv Tim Bridges; but he hain't got half my feelin's, I know he hain't. It wuz mighty sassy for me ter ask you what I did about comin' over an' havin' Ma tell you. I take it all back an' now I tell you what I'll do: ef you will promise ter have me, honest injun, I'll git my lantern an' go hum."

Hannah looked at the floor but said nothing. Abe laid his large, strong hand upon her shoulder with a caress as gentle as that of a woman. The girl reached up and put her hand in his; this was her answer.

Some two hours later, Abe Holcum, lantern in hand, was standing upon the porch, saying good-night to his betrothed. He stood very close to her, considering he was a bashful man, with his arm around her waist.

"Hannah," he said, finally, "ef I am ter git hum in time ter feed the calves this mornin' I must be a-goin'," so there was one more lover's salute, and he departed, but at the front gate he paused and looked back.

"Hannah," he said.

"Yes," she answered.

"I tapped a tree yesterday, an' the sap run good, an' the next time I come up I am a-goin' ter bring you up a gob uv maple wax on a shingle."

Hannah suppressed her mirth; she would not have laughed for a farm. So she said: "Thank you, Abe; it is very good of you."

Then the tall figure strode down the roadway, swinging the lantern and whistling, *The Girl I Left Behind Me.*

Twenty rods further on, at a bend in the road, Abe turned to look back. There was a light in Hannah's bed-room window. She had set it there that he might see it, and he silently blessed her.

"My!" said Abe to himself. "Didn't I do it up slick at last; but gosh! it wuz worse than hevin' all my teeth pulled," —and with one last look at the light in the window, shining for him alone, he strode on.

EVENING BY THE LAKE

The water-lily petals close
Around each sleeping golden-heart,
A stray breeze, seeking that repose,
Drinks nectar where the soft lips part.

A mist floats up along the banks,
Till veiled in gray the lowland lies;
And through the reeds that rise in ranks
Sparkle and fade the fireflies.

A boat glides by with dripping oars,
While nearer rocks an anchored one;
The whip-poor-will his sad note pours,
As some lone soul when love is done.

CORA A. MATSON-DOLSON

A Bunch of Violets

By M. MAC LEAN HELLIWELL

IT was a beautiful bunch Clifford Rodney, pausing before the florist's window, was struck by its beauty immediately. It occupied the place of honor in the window and was tied with long satin ribbons, white, violet, and leaf green.

The dewy, deeply-shaded flowers reminded him of Mrs. Atherton's eyes, but then that was not remarkable, since everything lovely and attractive carried with it a subtle suggestion of her.

He entered the shop and a moment later the flowers were his. He took them down to the office, where he did them up with great care and despatched them by a special messenger.

Mrs. Atherton was sitting in the library, lost in thought. Despite the fact that it was the second anniversary of her wedding day—a circumstance which her husband had apparently forgotten — they had had their usual matutinal quarrel, a quarrel whose sting was only the sharper and more lasting because carried on with such exquisite, icy politeness.

This morning her husband had deferentially suggested that, merely as a slight concession to *les convenances*, it would perhaps be well for Mrs. Atherton to discourage the visits of Mr. Clifford Rodney, particularly during her husband's absences from home, visits which had already become so frequent as to cause remark amongst their interested friends and neighbors. With the visits it would, perhaps, also be advisable to dispense with that gentleman's services as escort to theaters, matinees, and luncheons *a deux*. That was all.—Good morning.

So people had begun to talk, to couple the name of Constance Atherton with that of Clifford Rodney—Clifford Rodney! Why, she had merely accepted his attention because her heart was starving for sympathy and congenial comradeship and her husband had ceased to care.

Suddenly she sat upright, a flash of determination in her eyes. If people talked, she would give them cause. Why be loyal to a husband who had ceased to care, who, indeed, seemed even to have ceased to trust?

Rodney's face rose before her, passionate, pleading, as it had looked last night, when he had all at once burst out into a mad avowal of his love for her. She had been swept off her feet at first, it had been so unexpected, so overwhelming; and then, he was gone and she was left alone, in an agony of shame and humiliation that any man should have *dared* to speak a word of love to her, Constance Atherton, the wife of Harold Atherton!

Now, the shame died suddenly. What mattered anything? She would send for Rodney. She would—well, Heaven only knew what else she would do—she was reckless now.

As she stepped to the telephone the violets were brought to her. There was no card, but she turned to the address on the box and recognized the writing with a sudden throb of her heart. Yes, he cared—poor Clifford Rodney!

But, instead of taking down the receiver, she returned to her rocking chair and sat looking down with softened face at the violets in her lap.

Their fresh, dewy beauty had suddenly set vibrating a chord of memory

long stifled in her heart, and her thoughts turned from their donor to her husband.

She had been wearing violets the night she had first met Harold Atherton; they had hunted for the shy, sweet blossoms in the early spring, out in the country, in "Lovers' Lane"; he had wooed her with them, and the night he won her she culled from the violets at her belt, *his* violets, a little boutoniere for him.

Then, as her thoughts moved forward to the second year of her married life, a quick, convulsive shudder ran through her. Ah, what needless suffering each had caused the other through jealousy, mistrust, and sinful pride! Yes, despite their quarrels she loved him still as deeply, as entirely, as in the early happy days of their marriage. Had he really ceased to care?

Her revery was interrupted by a sobbing maid, who came to ask her permission to go to the hospital to see her sister, who had met with a serious accident.

Mrs. Atherton, full of sympathy, bade the girl go without delay, and as the little maid turned to leave the room, she tendered her the violets.

"Take these, Mary," she said. "They may help to brighten the ward for her."

* * * * *

Hour after hour the dying girl in the hospital held fast the great bunch of dewy violets, feasting her eyes and heart on the flowers that whispered to her of green fields and blue sky, of Home and Peace.

Early in the afternoon the end came. Someone telephoned for Mrs. Atherton, who, after arranging for the simple funeral, took Mary home.

The violets, withering but still beautifull, were given to a hollow-eyed woman who lay gazing at them hungrily in the bed beside the one so recently emptied. At four o'clock her little son came to see her.

"Yes, they was all well," he assured her bravely. "Millie was keepin' house swell, an' the baby no sort of bother. Yes, he kep' 'em goin' all right with papers and errands, an' such."

When the bell dismissing visitors pealed through the ward, the woman put the violets into her son's hands.

"Take 'em to Millie," she said. "Tell her I'm gettin' better as quick as I can. I know it's hard for you all, but I'll be back soon. These here has done me heaps o' good; tell Millie they're like the vi'lets at home I allus am tellin' about."

Out in the street the small boy paused irresolutely. " 'Twan't no use worryin' her knowin' we've had nothin' to eat since yistiddy, that I can't get any more papers on tick and no errands nowhere. She told me to take 'em to Millie, but I'll have to sell 'em; they ain't no other way."

It commenced to snow, and the hurrying crowds paid small heed to the ragged, shivering little boy, who stood on a corner offering for sale a sadly withered bunch of violets. A little note of despair was creeping into his hoarse voice, when suddenly a gentleman accosted him.

"Selling violets in the street in a February snow-storm!" he cried. "You *are* an early harbinger of spring. Where did you get them?"

"Me mother in the horspittal giv' 'em to me," the boy answered stoutly. "Won't you buy them?"

Something in the pinched, wistful face appealed to the man.

"Here," he said, pressing a bill into the small, purple hand; "cut away and buy something more filling than violets. —Oh, I don't want the flowers"—but the boy had flown, leaving them in his patron's hands.

As the storm was increasing, that gentleman hailed a carriage. Seated within it, he looked at his draggled purchase, and a half mocking, half

scornful expression crept into his face.

"Violets," he murmured, "always used to remind me of Constance; Gad," with a half laugh, "it seems they do still!" His mind travelled backwards, one year, two years, three years. What was the subtle power possessed by those simple little flowers that whoso looked upon them should straightway soften and grow gentle with recollections, regrets, and hopes! When at last the carriage stopped, the man's eyes were bright with resolution and hope.

Without waiting to doff his coat, he sought his wife. She was sitting before the library fire, but as he came up beside her and uttered her name, she sprang to her feet.

"Constance," he said, "I got these from a little ragamuffin who had been to the hospital, and as I drove up they have been whispering many things. When they called me a brute, a jealous, contemptible hound, unworthy of the wife that Heaven gave me, I knew they spoke the truth and — they are frozen and withered, Connie, not like the violets I used to offer you, but—will you take them, dear?"

When her husband went to get ready for dinner, Mrs. Atherton, wishing to make for him a boutoniere, untied the ribbons and wire that held the violets together. As they fell apart, out of the heart of the bunch dropped a twisted paper. Amazed, she unfolded it. It was a note, written in a hand she knew. Ah, that explained the familiar appearance of the long white, violet, and leaf-green ribbons. She had not connected them before with her gift of the morning. She read the few lines slowly:

"I feel that I should apologize for my words of last night, but with your dear face constantly before me, I can neither regret that I spoke nor recant. I love you too deeply not to be able to read your heart, and I know that all happiness has long since gone out of your marriage. Why wear the chains longer? I love you so devotedly that if you will come to me, darling, I swear to make and keep you happy. May I see you this evening? — Nay, I must! C. R."

The little slip of paper was still twisting and writhing amongst the glowing coals when Atherton joined his wife, his beautiful, beautiful wife, whose eyes were brilliant with love and happiness as she pinned to his coat a little boutoniere of faded violets.

"Dear," she whispered, "you brought them just in time. The danger of all this has been greater than you knew."

He thought she meant that the tension of her strained affections had been almost more than they could bear, but —well, he was right!

As they came up from dinner, Mrs. Atherton gave an order to the butler:

"If any one should call this evening, Perkins, say that Mr. and Mrs. Atherton are engaged and cannot see any one tonight."

THE RENDEZVOUS IS APPOINTED

My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain,
The Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms,
The Great Camerado, the lover true for whom I pine, will be there.

WALT WHITMAN.

Art Movements of Today — Chapter V.

Why Many American Artists Find Their Environment

Daniel Santry, the Distinguished Landscape Painter, Whose Exhibition in April of This Year Was One of the Leading Events of Boston's Art Season

"BUT surely you find Brooklyn Bridge beautiful," said a young person who was learning to draw.

"Quite the ugliest thing I have seen," replied Mr. George De Forest Brush.

The group of Art Students' League members who were listening gasped. Many of them had been brought up within sight of the big Bridge; all had been taught to regard it as one of the seven wonders of the modern world; had admired pictures of it in guide books, school geographies and popular magazines; had read inspired poems about it by Walt Whitman and Albert Bigelow Paine. This Bridge, a marvel of engineering skill, a triumph of human ingenuity, has for a generation been the pride of New York, the glory of the nation. But beautiful? Well, some people consider it so; others not, and the artists you will more likely find among those who do not.

"What is beauty, anyway?" Do not think I am going to waste the National's white paper on that antiquated question. Yet let us start with this supposition, that artists whose life is wholly spent in study of things beautiful are more apt to know beauty when they see it than, say, bankers and farmers and school teachers and labor leaders. They are, in brief, specialists. Then, of course, if you are prone to admit that you know more about the human body than eminent physicians, and about business than big financiers, and about the heavens than distinguished astronomers, obviously you had better cut out the discussion that follows. But if you are willing to understand; to get hold of the point of view of men who look at the world with more penetrating vision than most Americans, it may thus be worth your while to look over a brief exposition of the reasons for the prevalence of artistic pessimism.

For it is an undoubted fact that in the midst of material prosperity which to a considerable extent they share with other professional people; in the midst of apparently glorious opportunities for large decorative work—of the character described in my first article—many of the strongest artists we have, men against whom no charge of being soured for want of worldly success could possibly be urged, assert with ever growing vehemence that the case of art is hopeless; that the times from the viewpoint of the lover of the beautiful are utterly out of joint. These men, understand, are not mere critics, not university mossbacks vainly regretting ages in which they would have been as loath as any of us to live; they are, on the contrary, people accustomed to do things well rather than to say them sourly. In fact, it almost seems that these days the bigger a man is in the professions of painting and sculpture the readier he is to acknowledge that his own art, and his fellow craftsmen's, is a hollow mockery and that from present conditions this must be so; and for this failure of modern artistic enterprises to make good he will assign various causes. both material and spiritual, which work dead against the whole industry.

To begin with, the artist to-day cannot attend properly to his own business, which is creating beauty, because so many other men are busily engaged in creating ugliness. Isolated loveliness does not tell for much, however poets may sing of jewels borne in the heads of toads. Nothing in truth is more painful than

By Frederick W. Coburn

Uncongenial and Regard the Future Without Enthusiasm

the sight of a thing intrinsically fine set in the midst of commonplaces. If its surroundings are picturesquely uncouth it still may appear to advantage, for the picturesque is naturally beautiful; but place it in an environment of dead monotony and it seems at once to lose all interest, swamped by its environment just as when a painter drops a spot of faint pink into a mass of heavy greens and sees its pinkness all disappear. In brief, it is association of beautiful things that reveals the beauty of things individual; and it is not doubtful that modern art in large measure consists of making lovely objects for adornment of artistically impossible places.

For a very specific example take the sky-scraper. A few such buildings are found in New York, and we have heard of their existence in Chicago. In fact, in the former city so many of them have gone up along lower Broadway that Manhattan Island now threatens to tip up with over-weight at the down-town end. These buildings are ugly; in the sight, that is, of people whose nerves have been sensitized by years of consideration of the really beautiful; and, what is worse, they never can be anything but ugly so long as the human eye is what it is, no matter how capable a brood of architects, sculptors and painters we may develop in this country. Just take into account the fact that very many of them have been adorned by sculptors of marked ability, who certainly are as capable technically as the skilled craftsmen of the middle ages. Are the results of their work of decoration convincingly lovely! No, no. Whatever exquisite qualities a bit of sculpture may have, taken alone, it seems to lose when stuck against the facade of a modern commercial building. The artist, in fact, is up against an impossible proposition when he undertakes to beautify a steel building. Old Phidias himself would be stumped had he had to make friezes for the Equitable Building or the Witherspoon Building, for the monotony of the mechanically regular spacing necessitated by the use of steel beams put at the start an undue strain upon even the greatest artist. The fine buildings of the past, even those of classical regularity, are full of all manner of interesting little variations from mechanical perfection. But where steel is employed in modern construction together with the allied materials, the highly polished marbles and marbloids used for linings and the smooth, well-oiled woods for furnishing, there we get our inartistic framing that goes very far to neutralize the best efforts of artistic skill. And this unsuitable environment, which appears in its most atrocious form in the steel sky-scraper, has become so practically universal in this country, and so unalterable, that in the opinion of many artists the United States offers a hopeless proposition, so far as their profession is concerned. When Mr. Russell Sturgis the other day lamented that France and not England was vanquished in the French-Indian war he meant that a people of Latin race could never have created so meager a background for the fine arts as has been projected on this continent by Anglo-Saxons. According to such critics of our civilization, "there ain't no use in nussing," as Albert Chevalier used to sing. "Create a popular demand for art?" But, bless you, while there continues a still stronger economic necessity for the products of the machine—for sky-scrapers and model tenement houses and tenement houses that are not models and art museums that are inartistic from cellar to roof-tree—during such an era the nation may not get much fine art, even if a good many of the members of women's clubs want it ever so badly. When the leading art societies of this Continent are content to be housed in one of the falsest, most showy, most inartistic buildings in New York City, what are you going to do for art?

Is it not a fact that during the reign of ugliness, everybody, even most artists, has become so habituated to the lack of the beautiful in surroundings of daily life that it has become customary to shut beauty up in some beast of a building, technically known as a museum, where you can see it caged at twenty-five cents per head (Saturdays and Sundays free)? Is it not a sign of our obtuseness, that in forty years it has never occurred to any one to make the home of art collections really worthy of their reception, until very recently Mrs. John L. Gardner of Boston conceived the idea of the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in the Fenway, an institution which, however imperfect in many of its details, certainly conforms in a general way to the principle of a beautiful setting for beautiful things?

But the ultimate difficulty, according to Mr. Brush, whose thought regarding the relations of art to life I am trying, though inadequately, to express in this article, is spiritual. This nation has no set and fixed ideals capable of artistic interpretation; so that even if the almost insuperable material difficulties which I have thrown into relief did not exist we should still have no art because we are not the kind of people to demand art. We have no national, no racial passion. Even money-getting is with most of us a business rather than a passion.

Then what's the use of trying to have an art? Men like Mr. Brush, Mr. Douglas Volk, Mr. Abbott Thayer, Mr. W. B. Closson, Mr. J. J. Enneking and a score of others who share this pessimistic view of our vaunted civilization, keep right on creating creditable art and gaining some degree of recognition. Why don't they shut up shop and take to farming? Why they don't; why, in spite of discouraging conditions, some of them have, and all of us as incorrigible optimists ought to have, high hopes of a great democratic art, will be, as the story instalments say: "Continued in our next."

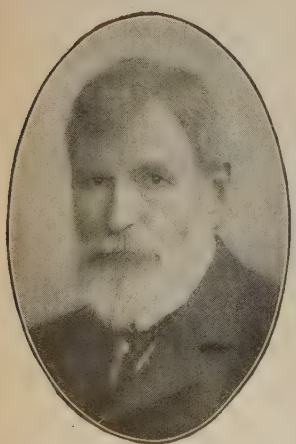
The chief trait of any given poet is always the spirit he brings to the observation of Humanity and Nature — the mood out of which he contemplates his subjects. What kind of temper and what amount of faith report these things? Up to how recent a date is the song carried? What the equipment, and special raciness of the singer — what his tinge of coloring? * * * I have allowed the stress of my poems from beginning to end to bear upon American individuality and assist it.—Walt Whitman.

NOTE AND COMMENT

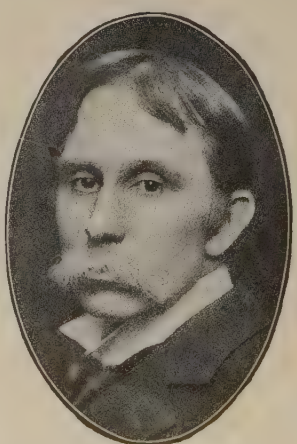
By FRANK PUTNAM

IN a recent number of Harper's Monthly Mr. Howells likened the modern magazine to vaudeville, wherein each of the performers appeared in turn, did his stunt and retired. If I got his meaning, it was that the modern magazine had become, almost, if not wholly, a medium of mere entertainment. This thought, if it correctly interprets the facts in the case, is a severe indictment of American life. But does it? The mental habit of healthy youth is inquiry; the first desire of the young is to learn how the wheels go 'round. This is true of peoples as of individuals. I do not believe the American people has so far lost its youth that, like a world-weary clubman, it asks of life only a succession of new resources of entertainment for its jaded palate.

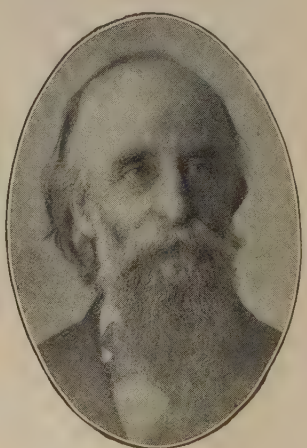
On more than one occasion recently, I have thought that I detected this pessimistic note in the usually genial and salutary gossip of the Easy Chair, and, frankly, I haven't liked it. I suspect that New York's stony bosom is not the best possible pillow for the head of a literary man or woman. I suspect that the stifling air of the metropolis; her frantic haste and her foolish waste; her bitter competition and her pitiless applause of the victor in the life-and-death struggle that constitutes her own peculiar segment of American life, have a tendency to chill the child-heart which is the secret spring of youth and hope and love and happy laughter. Henry Rightor, New Orleans' most delightful lyric poet, once remarked that New York always made him "feel like a cocktail in an elephant,"



HENRY M. ALDEN,
Editor of Harper's Monthly.



RICHARD WATSON GILDER,
Editor of the Century Magazine.



DR. LYMAN ABBOTT,
Editor of the Outlook.

and so, in degree, she doubtless imposes upon other fine, brave spirits the thrall of her gross material immensity. A man of Walt Whitman's stature was needed to embrace Manahatta like a mother—to give her a son's love, to get inspiration from her commanding spirit, and so to interpret her to the outer wilderness beyond the Hudson.

But, coming back to the vaudeville proposition, let us see how far, if at all, it really finds verification in the best of our modern magazines. Not to any marked extent in the Easy Chair's own great monthly, which is my favorite, and from which I derive quite as much food for thought as from any other. Not from the Century, whose editors possess the finest artistic culture coupled with a keen sense of contemporary interest; not from McClure's, with its savage indictment of municipal plundering and its terse, vitally important chapters from down-to-date science; not from the watchful Review of Reviews, nor from school-ma'am Cosmopolitan with her occasional giddinesses—and surely never from the staid Atlantic. The spice of mere entertainment is in all of them—and in others, more or less; but the main business of each, and of all, is to interpret the tremendous material and spiritual activities of our young and vigorous life as individuals and as a people.

American life is at once more effectively materialistic and more splendidly spiritual than that of any other people that ever dwelt upon this planet. American life is greatly, and increasingly, the life of the free spirit knocking at all the doors of nature, and demanding to know the truth. As Charles Ferguson has so aptly said in his *Genius of Business* in this number of the National, it has remained for the men of the nineteenth century to make the first serious effort to settle down upon the earth and take possession of it. This is not the characteristic of a people whose main business should be the seeking after mere entertainment. Not by a long sight! Americans are a race of strong men and women, whose first and chief joy is in their work, and who demand that even their entertainment shall have some savor of sound sense — witness the fact that the most successful so-called comic operas upon our stage win by satirizing our so-called practical natures. And that is precisely the healthiest symptom of all — that we

BLISS PERRY,
Editor of the Atlantic Monthly.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER,
Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.

AMBROSE BIERCE,
Novelist and Poet.

can detach ourselves temporarily from our main business and laugh at our own blunders.

Certainly the National is not wrought out with the sole purpose of idly entertaining its readers. It asks acceptance upon exactly the same basis that any stranger would ask it—at the fireside—where it offers in exchange for hospitality the contributions of its story-tellers, its poets, its philosophers, its nature-students, its artists, its correspondents and its critics: carrying—or aiming to carry—in its knapsack, just such stores of useful and pleasing information, of garnered fact and fancy, as any well-informed traveler might bring to your fireside from long, happy journeys in the world. In the sense that a magazine is a mixed program, the vaudeville figure holds true: but in the sense that all the players have but one purpose, and that purpose mere entertainment, it is a false analogy.

HILTON R. GREER of Pittsburg, Texas, a young poet who has contributed some very fine-spirited and melodious verses to recent numbers of the National, writes that he purposes to bring out a small book of his poems in the fall. Envy him, ye gods and commercial millionaires! I have never been a millionaire, nor wished to be, but I have seen them—tired old men; most of them, beset by a horde of beggars and cravers, burdened by the weight of the property that owned them. But I *have* printed a first little volume of verse, privately, with much calculating upon ways and means of meeting the printer's charges; with much consultation and advice from more worldly friends, who knew the nature of my complaint and regarded my case patiently, confident that time would cure me. In a way, I suspect, though I did not dream of it then, that they pitied me. Bless their kind hearts, how could they understand the delights that daily attended my footsteps, and nightly illumined my dreams? Poor fellows, they simply couldn't, and I am sure that now, at this range of a dozen years, I do pity them. That first little book had the most sudden and extraordinary success. The entire edition of 200 copies—numbered and autographed, of course—went off in one fire. Very clearly I recall that the bóokseller stacked them up on a counter together with other small odds and ends, and that my book had for its closest neighbor a heap of books entitled *The River of Life*. Nor have I forgotten how a literary celebrity of my town, who caught me standing beside that counter, the day before the fire, gazing with childish rapture upon my Works, again met me the day after the fire and exclaimed:

"My *dear* boy, I con*grat*ulate you! Your books have set *The River of Life* on fire."

However that may have been—and the origin of the fire is to this day a mystery—I warrant that if you send for one of Mr. Greer's books next fall you will declare your money to have been well expended. He is sterling, and will grow with the years. Texas will be proud of Greer one of these days.

JIMMY must have a new catching glove, and Jack needs a ball and bat. They belong to different nines. And between them, they keep the morning paper so long, reading the baseball scores, that it seldom reaches my plate until breakfast has been eaten and train-time is near. The young fellow across the way plays on his college team, and three of the four grown-ups in our block find they are able to get away from business twice a week to see the league games. Meantime, conversation at table, on the train, in the shop and the office, takes

on a cheerful but earnestly sporty cast. Judge Thayer hits the Morgan-Hill merger a rap, and the daily papers give columns to it—but we haven't time to do more than glance at the head-lines: we want to see how the new pitcher made out in his first big game—or whether the foul strike rule has been abolished. On a hundred thousand farms the bare-footed small boy of the family, clad in overalls, shirt and droopy straw hat, is saluting the morn at the creek's edge, wondering, likely enough, what ails the measly shiners, that they sleep so late. Presidents and cabinet ministers and office boys are stricken with the same infection —sap in the blood—and insofar as each is free to do it, he makes a break for the open country, the golf links or the ball ground. By the way, and in this connection, National readers have a treat in store for them. Dallas Lore Sharp, who knows his out-doors as well as any man, and who sees animals and birds and snakes in their true characters as such, not as fairy-book creations, has promised to write twelve papers for the National, each reflecting some phase of out-door life characteristic of the month in which it appears. The first of Mr. Sharp's papers is printed in this number. These papers are later to appear in book form, as a companion volume, probably, to that most charming of nature books, Mr. Sharp's *Wild Life Near Home*. If you do not own a copy, better get one.

THE NATIONAL asked Joe Leveque, editor of Harlequin, for a bird's-eye photographic view of New Orleans, and a brief statement concerning his city's

A Scene in New Orleans

recent astonishing commercial and industrial awakening. He says the accompanying picture is the best thing obtainable, and adds:

"This represents but a very small section of a city whose limits of incorporation comprise a larger area than any other city on the face of the globe. It

is a very old city, as cities go on the American map, and yet it is a very young city in point of feeling young. And just now there is no city in America enjoying such unusual attention over the globe, for men realize that soon it is to be the mighty gateway of this mighty commercial nation to Nature's tropical luxuries in the Central Americas and Mexico, to the west side of South America and to the Orient. It is easier to flow down stream and to roll down a perpetual incline than to traverse mountain ranges. It is as much cheaper as it is easier: and today the business man knows that the commerce which goes over the Rockies is bound to come down the natural incline of the continent to the gulf and the great waterway to be constructed across the isthmus to reach the Western seas.

"This is, as I have said, a very old city and from time immemorial a considerable portion of its population has been composed of an element very natural to old and staid cities—doddering old usurer imbeciles, grown rascally-covetous like the spider, without the progressiveness and productiveness of the spider. Amazed and shocked, this contingent of population is witnessing the vast transformation that is coming over the southern metropolis. The world is investigating—and investing. All the nice little 'snaps' formerly theirs by virtue of the very 'conservatism' of which they boasted are being filliped away by the enterprise and progressiveness which conditions are inviting. It is the new New Orleans indeed, with a wondrously poetical history behind and a gigantic material career before it." Leveque is finely typical of the new generation South.

ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN—now Rice—heads the list of popular authors at this moment—and she has better earned that doubtful honor than some of those who have lately preceded her at the head of the list. Her *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* and its successor *Lovey Mary* are being read everywhere by delighted thousands. Friends of Thompson Seton, who was horse-whipped by John Burroughs in the March Atlantic, rush to his rescue, and score by pointing out one or two alleged errors of fact made by Burroughs in that very article. The Burroughs' article, at any rate, served to revive flagging interest in the work of all the principal nature-writers—and this is worth while, because the books that take us out of doors in mild weather are better for us than the books that keep us indoors. Whoever shows us more beauty in nature than we knew was there is entitled to be called guide, philosopher and friend. Seton and Burroughs and Abbott and Sharp and Mrs. Miller and the rest of them are doing a real public service. More power to their elbows!

SOME OF THE NEW BOOKS

A Blow From Behind, by Fred C. Chamberlain: Lee & Shepard, Boston.
A Rose of Normandy, a novel, by W. R. A. Wilson: Little, Brown & Co., Boston.
Correct Social Usage: The Society of Self Culture, New York City.
That Printer of Udell's, a novel, by Harold Bell Wright: Book Supply Co., Chicago.
Cap'n Simeon's Store, a novel, by George S. Wasson: Houghton-Mifflin, Boston.
True Bird Stories, by Olive Thorne Miller: Houghton-Mifflin.
His Daughter First, a novel, by Arthur S. Hardy: Houghton-Mifflin.
The Best of Poe: L. C. Page & Co., Boston.
Players and Plays of the Last Quarter Century: L. C. Page & Co., Boston.
Old Squire, a novel, by B. K. Benson: The Macmillan Co., New York City.
Why the Mind Has a Body, by C. A. Strong: The Macmillan Company.
The Voice of the People, by Ellen Glasgow: Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City.

The Twentieth Century Limited

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED

THIS is the century of new sensations, and if I were asked what was my initial impression when about to board the New York Central's "Twentieth Century Limited," I would say that I had a feeling of exhilaration equal to that of ownership. No railroad magnate of any magnitude or of merger dimensions could have felt any more pleasure in traveling over the railroads which he owned, than I did when I "stepped up the gang-plank" at the Grand Central station into car No. 9, otherwise christened "Sappho." There were three other cars on the train in addition to a "buffet smoker," whose names were "Venus," "Philario" and "Claudio."

The first moments of reverie foreshadowed the noble Hudson, as, sailing around the curves of the Harlem river with the ease of an air-ship, we finally came upon the broad, frowning promontories of the Palisades on the opposite side of the river. For a moment I could almost fancy the honest old burghers of early colonial days as their tubby schooners sailed up and down the stream discovered by Hendrick Hudson. The ocean tide of the Hudson extends to Troy, and the restless waters suggested the ceaseless flow of commerce which sweeps on to New York. The great river fringed on either side by floating cakes of ice; the mossy, ruffled, tree-fringed banks opposite; the picturesque outline—all suggested a picture that put me in a pleasant and serene frame of mind contemplating a trip half-way across the continent.

Up the historic Hudson in the soft glow of a winter evening,—it was a picture never to be forgotten. The floating ice, the gorgeous splendor of the hills that have fascinated so many—a trip up the Hudson on the "Twentieth Century Limited" gives it all in a sweeping glance and awakens in the most prosaic beholder something of the charm which held Washington Irving so closely to Sleepy Hollow and the historic river and led Rip Van Winkle away to the picturesque and mystic Catskills.

It almost seemed like a twentieth century dream—that train leaving New York after the business day was practically completed and to arrive at Chicago, a thousand miles away, before the real activities of the next day should begin; but this dream now has become a very practical fact, through the energetic and up-to-date management of the New York Central lines.

INTERIOR OF THE OBSERVATION CAR

Probably the New York Central is today the best advertised, as well as the best known railroad in the world; and instead of being generally termed by the press "America's greatest railroad," we now look for the future historian to record the New York Central as "the world's greatest railroad."

There is an air of hominess about the "Twentieth Century Limited," reflected in the little electric bulb which throws a friendly ray over your shoulder when you sit down to read. A trip up the Hudson has inspired tons of fervid descriptive prose, and an equal amount of poetry, to say nothing of a stray historical novel, but it has always a new interest. Albany is reached before you have become thoroughly settled for a long railroad trip; with the genial "Mac" Ryan at the throttle there is a feeling that nothing can possibly go wrong. Ryan is a stout, smallish man with a gray moustache, a thoroughly up-to-date locomotive engineer; and on the right side of 2960 he feels there is nothing else worth living for than to make his run on time to a dot. With a time-table at hand, it was only a question of looking at the watch to know what station you were approaching, for in all that trip of 980 miles there was scarcely a variation of a minute from the schedule. Ryan pulled the first "Twentieth Century Limited" train out of the Grand Central station, and is as proud of the fact as if he had discovered a continent. Conductor Charles F. Snyder was in charge, and he is a fine type of the men of the Central, than whom none are more affable and agreeable, nor more strictly attentive to their duties.

The train seemed as compact as an ocean grayhound. Forward there was the baggage room, then the barber shop and bath room; adjoining was the smoking room and buffet. It was here, with coffee and cigars, that the gentlemen assembled. The social spirit of Americanism soon asserted itself, and little groups were soon discussing the widest range of current topics, from the ticker to psychology. The studious few clung to their books from the train library; but even the latest absorbing novel was laid aside for a chat under the spell of travelers' sociability. The gentlemen due to meet at the Auditorium on an important business deal were going over preliminaries; the lawyer, doctor, broker and the

merchant soon found their affinities, but alack! there was a sad lack of editors.

In the quiet shadows of the vestibule were young people gazing out at the star-lit, snow-crested panorama. This gave just a suggestion of the romance aboard ship. The party of sixty passengers seemed "just comfortable"—plenty of room and just enough. There was an interesting study in this passenger list of sixty. Of course there was a bridal couple; the brisk, bustling broker; the sedate, retired army officer; the capitalist. The busy business man was predominant, and here and in his room aboard the swift-footed Minerva he found just one good night's rest. There was the jolly drummer with a new crop of jokes; just enough time in the trip to give the restful flavor of acquaintanceship. Alas! there was a little lady in black—with tear-stained eyes. That told a story of death's message, and when I saw another lady passenger approach her with the kindly sympathy of woman for woman, which has been cherished since the days of Ruth and Naomi, it brought a thrill of pride in the queenly womanliness of American women, in every station of life.

EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE OBSERVATION CAR

Dining car No. 200 on the Lake Shore, brand new from the shops, finished in mahogany with inlaid trimmings and all that, was a beauty. The handsome service and apartments could not be excelled. There were so many of those little attentions and details in the service, that it is small wonder that a position on the "Twentieth Century" is regarded as a distinction. Picked men — progressive porters—intelligent, up-to-snuff and on-deck men, are there. New ideas introduced in the details of service are so refreshing that even the jaded appetite is whetted. If ever there were any better meals, more superlatively served, than on the swell "200," I have never seen them. Here is where the average man enjoys all the luxuries of royalty, without the tribulations of titles.

The sleeping and apartment cars give all the comforts imaginable. In the rear car is the observation room with its spacious plate glass front and its wide platform, which is vigilantly paced by the alert flagman. The view is "everything in sight," and that means a good deal in the swift thousand-mile flight in one night from New York to Chicago. In this room a stenographer is busy at his machine, getting off letters for the passengers, free of charge. The last remnants

BUFFET, SMOKING AND LIBRARY CAR

of business propositions are picked up and the thread is never broken. Toledo and Cleveland are passed before you know it, and the "Twentieth Century Limited" dashes on down the trail well worn by the ancient Mohawks in the days of "happy hunting grounds."

During the entire journey from New York there was not the least suggestion of restlessness among the passengers—not even a respectable afternoon yawn.

It seemed like a dream, when we glided into the Grand Central station, Chicago, right on time to the minute, 9:30 a. m., after enjoying a good breakfast and a good cigar, and forth went the sixty passengers to begin on time a day's work, refreshed and without losing even a day in the cycle of days—just a good night's rest intervened in a 1,000-mile trip. There was an air of poise and complacency that made it difficult to realize, in a glance at the passengers, that they had just arrived from New York. Even the Chicago suburbanite, just in from Hyde Park, had more of a traveled look.

The only train annunciators in the world that name but one city as a stopping-place are those which signal the departure of the "Twentieth Century Limited" from either end of its flight. At 2:45 p. m. the single word "Chicago" goes up on the board at the New York end. At 12:30 p. m. next day the name "New York" goes up on the board at the Chicago end, and the homeward journey is begun. Europe has nothing like it. Your fare is the regular fare of the ordinary trains, with one dollar added for every hour of the time the train saves you. You are a business man and your time is worth a dollar an hour at least, and this train is run for your especial benefit on this understanding. There are momentary stops at a few points along the route, to change engines, but no ticket for less than the full distance is sold for the "Twentieth Century Limited." The fare, $28, is but little more than that charged on the slower trains; but the saving in time means many times the extra cost to a man whose time is valuable.

"It's New York only and New York mighty quick," said one man, rushing up with his battery of suit-cases and fumbling about for the simple pink bit of cardboard that represents what is without doubt the finest railroad trip in the world.

After the ease and speed of the westward journey, entering the gates of

DINING CAR

Paradise was nothing compared with my feelings on returning to the "Twentieth Century Limited," for the eastward trip.

The personnel of the party indicated that no railroad train is more indicative of the up-to-date American spirit. One journey via the "Twentieth Century Limited" makes all other trains seem decidedly slow and passé. I could think of little else as we sped out of the yards in Chicago, over all the ground a covering of snow, but a sleigh-ride in fairyland, zipping, spinning along; one could almost conceive of the train as a harnessed meteor. It was all so quiet, so easy, and restful. The high speed of the train has less to do with maintaining its schedule time than the quickness with which all changes are made, and the constancy with which the wheels are kept turning. Three minutes for a change of engines at Elkhart, Indiana, and just a breathing spell for the axles, and even then another half-minute wait for time,—this indicates something of the perfection of the method with which this train is operated.

Not content with all other proved innovations employed on this train, the latest has been the introduction of wireless telegraphy, which makes it possible to receive and dispatch messages while under a headway of speed exceeding seventy miles an hour. The typical busy man and the energetic, self-poised traveler have found in the "Twentieth Century Limited" a degree of perfection in traveling that was entirely beyond comprehension a decade ago. The trip is certainly one of the wonders of the age and it is indeed a pleasure for me to tell of it to the readers of the National. If you are ever coming this way, or 'tother, write Mr. George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent of the New York Central at the Grand Central station, New York City, and he will send you some of the best reading matter ever published—and it all concerns railroads. It is a concrete triumph which Mr. Daniels and the New York Central Railroad have achieved in the "Twentieth Century Limited."

June 15, 1902, is a date of great significance in railroad history. That was when the "Twentieth Century Limited" made its first one-night run to Chicago.

TROUBLE

When I go out to promenade
I look so bright and gay
I have to take the dogs along
To keep the girls away.

—OLD BALLAD.

A Glimpse of the Manufacturing District of Manchester, New Hampshire

Manchester, N. H., An Attractive Industrial City

By ALBERT L. CLOUGH

"GOD made the country, man made the town," runs the saying, and while man is indeed the builder of cities it is equally true that their location is determined by conditions and forces which transcend his control. The location of any large community is inevitably fixed by some economic advantage to be obtained at that particular point. It may be on account of safe harborage; it may be owing to favorable transportation facilities; it may be that some particular location is the center of an area producing a certain commodity, or it may be, as in the case of Manchester, that nature has been lavish in her production, at a particular point, of that most valuable gift, next to raw material—motive power. The fact that at this special point in its course, hard ledges crossed the bed of the Merrimack river—that busiest of all industrial streams — has called together more than 60,000 people into a community distinctively industrial. In its leap of fifty feet the power of 12,000 horses is developed and 611,000

spindles and 21,000 looms are set in motion in its several textile plants.

It must be admitted the manufacturing cities are seldom attractive. One is likely to think of them as dingy with grime, foul with bad odors, and disfigured at every turn by dismal factories with smoky chimneys, and squalid tenements for the jaded, and often discontented, "help." He who is imbued with such a preconception has most certainly not based it upon any experience in Manchester. Here the immense factories are unobtrusively clustered in the valley immediately about the river and its adjacent canals, while the mercantile district is situated upon slightly higher land on the east side of the river and the residential portions occupy the pleasant slope beyond the business section as well as the northerly part of the city and the west side of the river. In no city, it is believed, is so large a volume of manufacturing transacted so unobjectionably as regards the appearance of the city.

The ordinary resident, unless his business calls him to the manufacturing portion, is hardly conscious that he is living in a factory town. The use of water power eliminates the smoke evil which spreads a murky pall over so many industrial communities.

Mere figures, as to the yards of textiles produced annually, convey a concrete idea only to those who are technically versed. Some conception of the rate of production of the ginghams, sheetings and other textiles for which Manchester is famous, may perhaps be gained by an illustration. If the output of its factories were sewed together, as produced, into a single continuous piece and its end were attached to the stern of a departing "ten-day" trans-Atlantic liner, Manchester's busy looms and spindles and its fifteen thousand skilled operatives could "pay out" the cloth as fast as called for. Manchester could make a cotton girdle to encircle the earth at the equator in over a week less time than the eighty days which Jules Verne imagnes as requisite for his traveler to circumnavigate it. Its daily output is 350 miles. A single mill of one of the manufacturing corporations contains nine acres of floor surface, and the lately constructed print works is the largest single edifice devoted to this purpose to be found in the land. Only three cities in the country excel Manchester in the production of cotton textiles.

While the production of cotton cloth was originally the city's only occupation, as it still is preeminently its most important one, the manufacture of shoes has of late years assumed great importance. The 3,000 skilled workers in its seven shops could yearly provide one pair for every sixteenth inhabitant of the land and the city now ranks high among boot and shoe centers of the United States.

The total industrial population of Manchester numbers about 20,000 and it has been a peculiar and significant fact that strikes have been practically unknown there. The textile industry has been entirely free from these distressing symptoms of industrial discontent for nearly a generation. This exceptional condition is only to be explained when consideration is given to the fair treatment extended by employers to employed, the pleasant surroundings which the worker enjoys in this unusually attractive community and the high standard of living prevailing among the employes. As one stands upon Elm street on a pleasant Saturday evening, the crowd that streams up and down the pavement present, in costume and countenance, more the aspect of holiday strollers than that of workers just released from the din of the shuttle or the whirr of the spinning-frame. About forty per cent of all the workers are women.

Between the mills themselves and the mercantile district lie the neat brick lines of corporation boarding houses

owned and controlled by the corporations themselves. In point of respectability and the character of the accommodations furnished, they are regarded as models of their class, and furnish wholesome fare and comfortable housing conditions to a considerable proportion of the industrial class. The report of a commission sent last summer by the cotton manufacturers of England to investigate conditions in the manufacturing centers of New England speaks most enthusiastically of the condition of labor in Manchester.

While these corporations provide these excellent quarters for the shelter of a portion of their help, Manchester is distinguished by the immense number of its small detached homes surrounded by neatly trimmed lawns and gardens. The city is free to expand in every direction and its extension has been most notable. Land is reasonable in price, and detached cottages of attractive style have multiplied with exceeding rapidity wherever transportation lines have been provided. The bicycle and the trolley have, here as elsewhere, assisted the expression of the instinct for domestic privacy and a less contracted life.

Manchester, as a city, is the result of the beneficent paternalism of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, which originally held the title to nearly all the real estate upon which the city stands. It was thus possible to regulate its growth most effectually. Nowhere has a land monopoly achieved a more advantageous result, and Manchester stands as an example of what wise foresight aided by the civil engineer can accomplish in the planning of a town with due regard for growth into a city. For Manchester was not one of the cities which "growed" or took its streets, as Boston is claimed to have done, from the wanderings of vagrant livestock. This city was planned from the start with perfectly rectangular blocks and a layout regular in every detail, except as slightly

In the North End Residence District of Manchester

modified by the course of the river.

Not only did the corporation thus guide its growth, but with a prevision seldom met with, it set apart spaces in different sections to be held in perpetuity as parks. No less than five such breathing spots are to be found within the closely built portion of the town, and their value to the health and well-being of the people cannot be over-estimated. They are perfectly kept and tastefully decked with flower beds, shrubs and fountains and form monuments to the foresight of the founders of the city. In the suburbs the municipality has acquired several quite extensive tracts which it is gradually developing for park purposes. In one of these repose the ashes of the patriot, General John Stark, whose last resting place is marked by a fitting monument. Stately elms and maples embower all the older streets and in summer form perfect Gothic arches of shade over the well kept macadam.

One feature of which Manchester is justly proud is Elm street, its main business thoroughfare. It extends for three and a half miles north and south on the east side of the river and follows the course of the stream. Its width from curb to curb is 100 feet, and along its middle portion it is lined with substantial business blocks. Over its perfect pavement is transacted not only the large mercantile business which pertains to the city itself but a rapidly growing trade originating in the adjacent communities for miles around, which has been developed by the aggressive enterprise of its merchants and by the extension of its suburban trolley lines.

Elm Street, Manchester

The stores which are found in its retail district can hold their own in size and attractiveness with those found in many a larger community. At its southern extremity, and upon the connecting streets, cluster the wholesale establishments which draw an increasing trade

from the country about. The north end of Elm street is devoted to the residence district of the wealthier class and is a region of costly homes and tasteful gardens.

In no direction is Manchester developing more rapidly than as a commercial center. Few realize that it is the largest community in northern New England, containing a larger population than any other city in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. Situated as it is, upon the main artery of traffic between the United States and Canada, a large territory becomes tributary to it. It is the center of five lines of railroad radiating toward the four points of the compass and forming parts of the great Boston & Maine system. A haul of only forty-one miles brings merchandise from the excellent harbor at the mouth of the Piscataqua and secures the economical transportation of coal and other heavy commodities. It is of commercial advantage to a town to be placed at a sufficient distance from metropolitan markets to avoid being over-shadowed by their superior attractions, and this is the case with Manchester. While only fifty-three miles removed from Boston, the distance is sufficient to give the city a standing of its own commercially. Upon the other hand, the easy run of an hour and a half and the excellent service of fifteen trains per day bring the people of the city within reach of the literary and artistic advantages of the "Hub" and save them from the acquirement of that provincialism which is the fate of more remote communities.

THE MANCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL

As a trade builder, there is no institution superior to the trolley, and lines have been constructed or projected which secure for Manchester the easy ingress of the inhabitants of the neighboring rural districts for trading purposes. The city itself is most admirably supplied with means for urban transportation.

At the present time the electrical supply of a city is closely related to its well-being and development. The energy of four large water powers located at distances varying from two to fifteen miles is directed into Manchester for domestic and industrial purposes. Two steam plants supplement this supply and a most perfect electric service is secured; the management being in the hands of a private corporation. The street lighting is specially noteworthy.

portion of New England. From it the city derives an unfailing supply of the purest water for domestic purposes, obtained through two separate supply systems, one of them being a high pressure service specially intended for fire protection. Lake Massabesic is conveniently reached by trolley and its shores furnish a summer resort of great popularity and unusual beauty. Pine Island park, a beautiful pleasure resort, lying four miles south of the city upon the trolley system,

LAKE MASSABESIC, NEAR MANCHESTER

Let the materialist scoff if he will, but it is nevertheless true that the natural surroundings of a town are reflected in the life of the inhabitants. The denizens of Manchester have as a western prospect, ranges of blue hills with the Uncanoonuc mountains and the bold outline of that strange formation, Rock Rimmon, in the foreground. To the east of the city lie the two connected lakes known as Lake Massabesic—as beautiful a sheet of water as can be found in this

is another pleasure ground of many attractions. Manchester's nearness to the beaches of the Maine and New Hampshire coast and to the White Mountain region render the summer vacation problem one easy of solution.

A city built upon land gently sloping and naturally drained, with a light soil and an abundant and pure water supply, is likely to be healthful, and Manchester forms no exception to the rule; its efficient board of health being able to show

a death rate of 19.12 for the year 1902. In its municipal affairs Manchester is economical and at the same time progressive and enlightened, and its efficient executive, Mayor Reed, with the board of aldermen, is giving the citizens a thoroughly business-like administration.

Municipal control has been most successfully established in the case of the water supply — the works having been built and always operated by the city to the great satisfaction and profit of all concerned.

Fire and police departments are admirably organized and conducted and Manchester can show a record of low average fire loss which is to her credit, considering how largely wood figures as a building material.

Most people have heard of the Amoskeag Steam Fire Engine and it may be interesting to know that here is the seat of its manufacture.

In Manchester's public schools are at present enrolled 6,123 pupils who have the advantages of the latest educational methods. The high school is a monumental building and cannot be surpassed in convenience and architecural beauty by any similar edifice to be found in a city of the same class. Most excellent parochial schools are maintained by the Roman Catholic churches, which are exceedingly strong in Manchester.

As an indication of thrift and prosperity saving bank deposits are somewhat significant. The people of Manchester have to their credit in its six excellent savings institutions, nearly $18,000,000, or practically $300 for each man, woman or child resident therein.

There is a deal of idle talk in regard to the decay of manufacturing in New England, and the passing of the cotton industry to the South. That this condition is not realized in Manchester is convincingly demonstrated by the fact that in the last decade the city increased thirty per cent in population. Manchester having developed from the start as a distinctively manufacturing community, all its customs and traditions are related to manufacturing, and its population is especially skillful as operatives of machinery. There is always an abundant labor market and this, considered in combination with other advantages of the city, render it a most attractive point for the location of new industries.

ALONE

He has not any home
  Save what he hires;
He warms his weary limbs
  At alien fires.

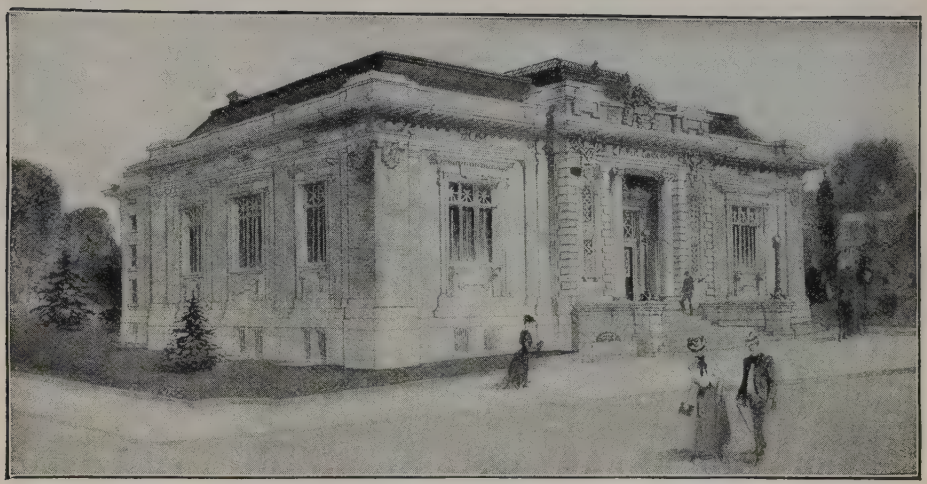
No woman clasps his hands
  Within her twain;
No children swell his pride
  Or soothe his pain.

He has no memories sweet
  To brood upon —
No echo of little feet
  Before him gone.

Time's wintry winds lay bare
  His massy head;
The weight of age and care
  Is in his tread.

How will he meet that hour
  When, overthrown
His dreams of place and power,
  He falls, alone?

FRANK PUTNAM.



AKRON'S NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY, A GIFT FROM ANDREW CARNEGIE

Akron, Ohio

By GENERAL CHARLES DICK

With Engravings from Photographs by H. T. Peck

"THE TIP TOP CITY" means Akron, Ohio, of course. The fact that its very name, Akron, is only old Greek for "highest," and the name of its county, Summit, is good English for "highest," naturally suggests that it is the tip of the top, as well as the very extreme in excellence. Situated at the summit level of the 300 miles of the Ohio canal connecting Lake Erie with the Ohio river, "the city upon its seven hills," and more, surrounds and overtops that marked elevation; and the water falling on many of its roofs drains on the one side toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence and on the other toward the Gulf of Mexico. This elevation provided the power that gave the city its start, contributing with other causes to make Akron a city without a superior in the extent and variety of its industries, and in its value to the railroads as a producer of high-class revenue. In these respects, physically and many others, it is the "Tip Top City."

Akron's present population, nearing 60,000, is made up of the busiest people to be found in any city of America. The industries here are organized with a completeness that yields the maximum of results with the minimum of effort, and require in their operation an unusual proportion of skilled employes. Their interests extend to every corner of our country, to every quarter of the globe, and in consequence there is a stir and movement along commercial lines which many a city of far greater population may envy but cannot emulate, for lack of the mainspring of it all, and that is men

MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM CORNER OF MILL STREET, AKRON

of force in affairs, far-sighted in entering upon undertakings, courageous and tenacious in holding fast until success is accomplished. The largest single establishment at this time has a value of fully two hundred times the capital with which it began in 1870. While it steadily advanced, yet its first twenty years or more were an incessant struggle. Its founder died before the tide fully turned, and yet it is going forward now along the lines he laid down, and his estate is continuously enriched by the results of his efforts. Persons who started in to back this business grew discouraged and dropped out, but others took their places and work went right ahead until now it is one of the most famous factories of the country, the pioneer of many similar establishments that make Akron the world-center of a great and growing interest; while those who stayed with it have become wealthy through their courage, energy, and resolution. In many another town these struggles would have terminated long ago in dismal and costly failure. This one case is only illustrative of many that might be narrated, showing why Akron has secured such prominence, and also indicating one great reason for the certainty that Akron's growth will continue because it is a city that has in its very spirit the determination to triumph over odds.

Another element of encouragement is in the hearty welcome to whatever comes with merit. No bonus or subsidy from the public treasury has ever attracted a single industry to Akron; but any one of them coming with a showing for success has been able to secure subscriptions for its stock, either as an investment or in the spirit of aiding whatever may promise to help build up the city. Some of these enterprises have proved profitable and have grown to greatness, others have been wrecked by various causes such as might operate anywhere. Where disaster has befallen an enterprise, the result has not discouraged further efforts; and pluck has often snatched victory from defeat. Where success was achieved, it furnished the funds for further investments and expanded growth in yet other undertakings. Thus Akron has welcomed and built up enterprises from every direction, and stands ready to repeat such endeavors every desirable opportunity.

Yet another feature of interest is the development of purely local enterprises from small beginnings to great prosperity, and in some instances to immense magnitude. The oat-meal maufacture in America had its origin here in 1856, when Mr. Ferdinand Schumacher began to operate in a mill insignificantly small.

The business has grown steadily, so that for years Akron has been the principal point of production for this first and favorite of all breakfast foods.

Employing many hundreds of people, these immense mills represent investments of millions of dollars. This has centered in Akron the principal oatmeal and other mills of the American Cereal Company and the Great Western Cereal Company.

HOME OF GENERAL CHARLES DICK, AKRON, OHIO

Closely connected with like growth of other small concerns into great ones has been the development of new industries affiliated with them. These in turn have become independent establishments of magnitude, extending their trade throughout the country and the world. As a result, Akron is notable among industrial centers for the great diversity of its different interests, thus insuring steadiness of employment and a general condition of prosperity in even the most adverse times.

These facts, particularly as to the part borne by masterful men in developing these different interests to their present magnitude and extending their operations literally throughout the globe, come first in whatever may be said about Akron, because her past successes, her present strength, and her bright possibilities are due more to the capability and energy of her captains of industry than to her natural advantages. She has these, but has never been smothered by them. The spirit of the city has always been to make the most of every opportunity, not so much by concerted effort as by the development of intense individuality, which has given every man a place for his peculiar powers. The young men, as they have come forward, have been welcomed to the work with their elders, so that there has never been any fossilizing here, and there has been no time for the moss to grow on anybody's back. Enterprise and energy have been the watchwords in making use of the opportunities offered by nature. This is not an overdrawn eulogy upon our city, but a plain statement of extraordinary facts concerning Akron's really remarkable achievements.

As to natural advantages, the first thought of a stranger who trudges over the numerous long and steep hills encircling the city and breaking it up into irregular divisions, is that Akron is located at the unlikeliest place for building a city. And yet this very topography has been Nature's first contribution to secure success through human cooperation. From Summit lake on the southern edge of the city, the Ohio canal has a fall of nearly 200 feet, passing through twenty-one locks to the northern

BIG FALLS AT THE GORGE

edge of the city. When this canal was opened in 1827, two years after the village site was named, it put Akron on what was then the main highway, not only between Lake Erie and the Ohio river, but between the great region then served by the Erie canal of New York and the vast valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi. In 1840 Akron gained the additional advantage of being the point of departure for the Pennsylvania and Ohio canal, connecting the Ohio canal with the Ohio river at Beaver, thus commanding the trade of the Mahoning valley and of the Pittsburg region, just as the coal mines and iron works were beginning to grow. Akron is thus seen to have been a strategic point, with other factors contributing to its progress. Before the second canal was built, the Cascade mill-race was constructed, partly over the same course, and for seventy years its waters have driven great flouring mills in Akron, one of them opened that very year and still in operation. The flour from these mills has had a constant sale in the eastern markets, and in fact these were the first mills west of New York making flour for the general trade.

An illustration of the Akron spirit was the risking of his fortune by Colonel Simon Perkins upon the construction of what is now the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus division of the Pennsylvania system of railroads. This first railroad of fifty years ago helped to make Akron a railroad center. Since the second railroad, the broad-gauge Atlantic & Great Western, now the Erie, came in ten years later, Akron's growth has been constant, the village advancing to a city January 21, 1865. About this time also the local industries began to receive benefit through the improved railroad facilities and their nearness to the Massillon coal fields just east and south, the cheap fuel encouraging the location of factories along the railroads without exclusive dependence upon water power.

The close of the Civil War and the boom that followed stimulated Akron's growth from 4,000 in 1860 to 11,000 in 1870. First and most important of the new shops were the Buckeye mower and reaper works of Aultman, Miller & Company, employing 800 men at full tide. The J. F. Seiberling mower and reaper concerns employed several hundred men, and their buildings are still used by various industries. Soon followed the Whitman & Barnes manufacturing company of equal magnitude, still busy, but producing other articles than those originally manufactured. The Webster, Camp &

Lane company, which has furnished mining machinery for South Africa and South America, was started in 1849, and this year has opened very large new works at the south end of the city, soon to be doubled again, where it will have greater facilities than ever for filling its orders for the hoisting and unloading machinery that has revolutionized the coal and iron ore trade of the Great Lakes, and the water-power machinery for the great hydraulic canal at Sault St. Marie. Space and time would fail, however, to name all of even the larger factories. The most important single interest at this time is the manufacture of rubber. The oldest and largest rubber works is that of the B. F. Goodrich Company, established in 1870, and now employing three thousand people. The Diamond Rubber Company, across the street from the Goodrich concern, was started next, and now has nearly two-thirds as many employes. The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, and a score of concerns in all, are busily employed in the production of practically everything in the way of rubber goods. Ninety per cent of the rubber tires used in bicycles, automobiles, and other vehicles in this country are made in Akron, and there is a large foreign trade.

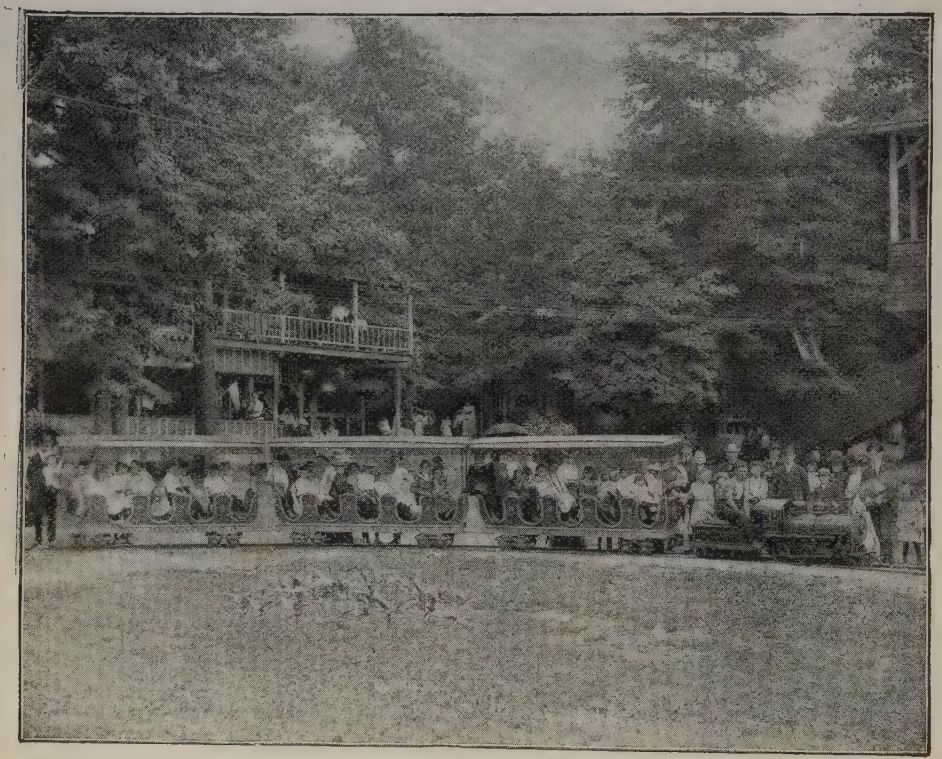
Another great industry in which Akron holds a unique position is that of the manufacture of clay products. That interest is larger here than anywhere else in the West. It was long supposed that Scotch sewer pipe was the only kind strong enough to stand the needs of great cities, but Mr. David E. Hill and other Akron manufacturers produced from the local clay a ware that stood the highest tests science could apply. For years Akron sewer pipe has been the standard of excellence. The output of the common ware has increased quite as rapidly, and there are also now several large establishments devoted to the production of the finest tableware. These shops are all growing rapidly.

As far back as the early forties, and even before, among various pioneer industrial enterprises the manufacture of matches was commenced. Out of this has grown the great Diamond Match Company, completely controlled by Akron men, with its factories on almost every continent and in almost every country.

The natural result of this vast variety of high-class industries, many of them the largest of their kind in the country, has been to make Akron one of the best points known to the railroads for the origin of freight traffic. The Pennsylvania, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Erie, and the Vanderbilt interests all have Akron lines, and not long ago the four of them united in paying $1,000,000 to Mr. O. C. Barber and his associates for the Akron & Barberton belt line, opening up additional track facilities to a large number of the principal factories or new ones. Other railroad developments that will further increase Akron's opportunities for outlet in every direction are in progress, and there is every probability that the Gould interests in their extension of the Wabash system will also soon make their way into this lucrative territory.

Within a few years an added advantage in the way of fuel has been afforded by the introduction into the homes and many industrial establishments of natural gas from the West Virginia fields through a company controlled by the Standard Oil Company, which has large amounts invested, thus affording ample assurance of the certainty of an adequate and continuous supply. The artificial gas company conducts a large establishment, and the electric lighting plant is especially complete. This last belongs to the same company that operates all the street railroads of the city and the suburban lines to Cleveland, Kent, Ravenna, Barberton,

Cuyahoga Falls and other points. The line to Canton, Massillon and New Philadelphia is separately owned. Extensions are planned to Alliance, Wadsworth, and other places in the vicinity, with two new lines to Cleveland financed, and an additional line also to Barberton and Massillon. The water supply drawn from Summit Lake penetrates to every section of the city. There



A Summer Scene at Silver Lake, one of Akron's Play-Grounds

are two telephone companies, each with a complete modern equipment.

In the way of public buildings, the most important now in use is the United States postoffice. This cost $75,000 for building and site, but the Akron postoffice revenue is nearly double that amount annually, and its net income in a year would pay the cost of the building. Across the street from it, upon ground given to the city by one of its early mayors, General L. V. Bierce, a handsome Carnegie building, to cost the donor $87,000, is being erected to house the public library. On Court House square there is about ready for use not only the handsomest but the most humane and scientific jail in the world, giving at about $100,000 cost the most ample accommodations, with complete separation of the various classes of inmates. The architect is an Akronian, Mr. F. O. Weary, and the work is attracting widespread attention. For the Akron city hospital an additional building much larger than its present quarters is under construction, the gift of Colonel George T. Perkins and Mr. O. C. Barber. The German-American music hall, a most complete establishment for its purpose, will be completed this season, in addition to the present theaters, the

New Colonial and the Grand Opera House. The Young Men's Christian Association has begun a large and well-arranged building to cost $75,000. The Union Charity Association is finishing a building for its special work that will be very complete. This will not conflict with the field of the Mary day nursery, whose handsome home was the gift of Colonel G. T. Perkins. The church and school buildings of Akron also bear witness both to the generosity of the community and to the skill of her architects and artisans.

Akron has been a pioneer in the vast and ever widening advantage to almost the entire country of a superior graded school system. Professor George W. Wright, writing in Howe's *Historical Collections of Ohio*, says: "No sketch of the educational progress of Ohio would be worthy of notice that did not describe the Akron law, which, when extended to the whole state, established the present system of free graded schools." More than that, this Akron school law, enacted in 1847, has proved a model for the grade school statutes of a score of states.

This city was also a pioneer in the matter of securing and beautifying a park-like home for the dead. The Akron Rural Cemetery Association, chartered by special law in 1839, was the first of its kind west of the Alleghenies, the mutual property of all lot-owners, whose wise efforts ever since have made Glendale most beautiful.

Yet another feature in which Akron has led the way for many cities of its class has been in making it an attractive place of residence. The hills and valleys that have proved so expensive to the tax-payers to cut down or fill up to grades that would be available for residence and business, also give numberless outlooks for most attractive views and abundant breathing space. These beauties are heightened by the presence of numerous lakes north, south, east and west of the city. The trolley lines reach these with such convenience and dispatch as to afford in all directions delightful opportunities for lovers of nature, so that no people anywhere are more given to summer outings right at home than those of Akron, — it has been nicknamed the "Picnic City." Akron's seven building and loan societies have resources of over $2,000,000 actively employed in helping wage earners build their own homes. This adds hundreds of houses yearly. There are also seven savings banks, a trust and savings bank, and four national banks.

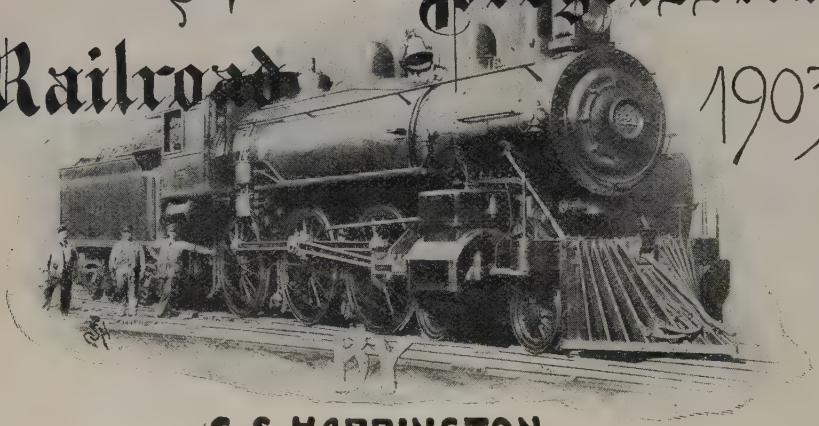
Their deposits aggregate six and a half million dollars, and their capital invested is $1,650,000. In 1902 the bank clearings were $34,578,030, and thus far this year the increase indicates that the clearings will go above forty million dollars. Merchandising contributes considerably to these totals, for Akron has unusually large and fine stores, a number of them complete department establishments.

In the original arrangement of the city, Colonel Simon Perkins and his family, owners of a large share of the land, provided several spacious parks in various parts of the town site. Other "breathing spots" have also been secured and special pride has been taken in recent years in making all these attractive.

What will the new generation accomplish to advance the great results already achieved? In the very heart of the bee-hive of America in all industrial results and possibilities, with facilities far beyond all that the past ever dreamed of, and with the example of great things done as an encouragement and stimulus, why shall not year after year see Akron steadily acquire new and potent energies for her advancement and upbuilding, thus fortifying more strongly than ever her position as the "Tip Top City?"

New England's Most Progressive Railroad

1834 1903



C. S. HARRINGTON

N a preceding article, entitled *A Historic Railroad*, the early history of the Boston & Albany has been given from recollections of the older employes.

Starting amid much opposition, and a general unbelief in its ultimate success, it has steadily pushed forward its tracks, overcoming great difficulties and winning first the respect and then the admiration of its opposers, until now, under the administration of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, its reputation as a model road spreads over all New England and to all parts of the country. Just why the Boston & Albany has progressed more rapidly than other New England roads, and without yet reaching a limit, is not a hard proposition to solve. Nothing on this road has ever been, or is, left to chance; but in every department and every branch of work, from financial transactions to laying ties and tamping tracks, the same careful supervision, the same attention to details, the same infusion of the one desire in every official and every employe to give his best effort to the general advancement of the company has ever been shown.

Along in the eighties it was considered a pretty good road, and perhaps the greater part of the traveling public thought it could not be improved, but the

management even then thought differently; conditions were constantly changing and competition demanded improvements and inventions that otherwise would have come more slowly.

In its earlier history, passengers were contented with stoves for heat; candles, and then oil lamps, for illumination; a pin-and-link coupling for connecting cars; hand-power brakes; short trains and slow speed. But the company was not satisfied. Hot water in pipes, from tank stoves placed in each car, and later steam from the engine, was substituted. Gas and electricity have replaced candles and oil, the air brake succeeded hand power, automatic couplings and patent buffers the pin and link, and solid vesti-

Boston & Albany Day-Coach

buled platforms instead of open platforms, while the running time has been constantly shortened in degrees consistent with perfect safety.

Progress signifies "to go forward," and this railroad has exemplified *progress* from its inception. From the primitive locomotives to the compound seventy-five-miles-an-hour monsters, from four-wheel open coaches to vestibuled palace cars, with two six-wheel trucks; from barn-like wooden stations to the finely finished, architecturally beautiful vine covered stone stations; from wooden rails, through successive periods of increased sizes of iron, and

Boston & Albany Parlor-Car

then steel rails, to the five-inch, ninety-five-pound-per-yard of today; and last, but not least, from barren, unattractive station grounds to the present well-kept lawns and paths, decorative shrubbery and beds of flowers.

These comparisons show a steady and systematic advancement that means more than simple decoration in an aesthetic sense, or an increased revenue. It means actual, visible, lasting progress—the progress of a progressive railroad.

In July, 1901, the New York Central assumed the management of the Boston & Albany, under the terms of its lease. At this time the whole country was in an acutely progressive state. Business, the great factor in all railroad success, was rushing; conditions were changed and kept on changing rapidly, and the equipment found adequate up to this

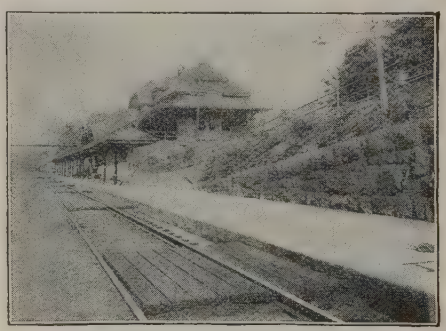
Boston & Albany Dining-Car

COUNTRY STATION AND GROUNDS

time was absolutely inadequate to meet the requirements of the increased traffic. New and larger locomotives were ordered built, borrowed or taken from other divisions, additional trains were provided, bridges strengthened, portions of the road reballasted with rock, while the terminal facilities at East Boston were enlarged and improved far beyond the imaginative dream of the most enthusiastic advocate of increased foreign trade, until, at the present time, in East Boston there are now five immense docks, the largest being 800 feet long and forty-seven feet deep, and capable of floating any ocean steamer. The Cunard piers, at which the great ocean steamers of that line arrive and depart, average 1,500 emigrants per trip, the largest number at one time being 2,300, who were ticketed, transported and distributed by this railroad in less than a day.

FLOWERS ALONG THE RIGHT-OF-WAY

The total area of floors under cover is 700,000 square feet, this being an increase of 500,000 square feet constructed since the lease to the New York Central. The separation of grade crossings at East Boston has already begun, the estimated cost of this work being $2,000,000. Numerous grade crossings are being abolished at other points, at a cost of several million dollars, while the stations at Worcester and South Framingham are to be rebuilt, and numerous small wooden stations will be replaced by stone structures. Passengers and freight business has proportionally increased since 1901, the amount of freight being greatly multiplied, while the

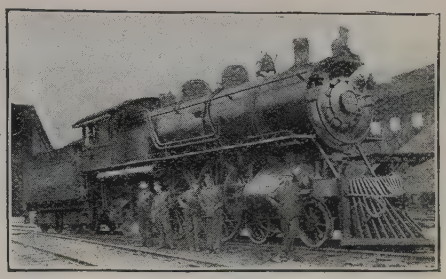


SUBURBAN STATION AND GROUNDS

passenger service has shown an enormous increase.

Many persons can readily recall the old station on Beach street with its few tracks, dimly lighted and smoky interior, and how much in contrast is the present home of the railroad under the immense structure of the South Station, covering thirteen acres with a multitude of tracks, and accommodation for thousands of passengers, supplying all their wants,—telephones, telegraphs, cable wires to all parts of the world, restaurants, private dining rooms, smoking, reading and waiting rooms, and emergency hospital; rooms for the care of children and attendants to look after them; a post-office, an information bureau, express

STANDARD FREIGHT LOCOMOTIVE

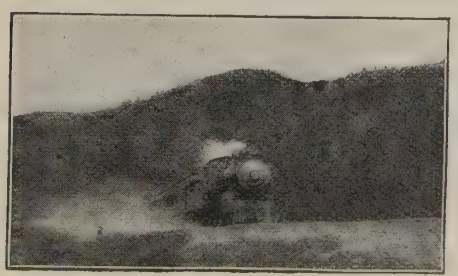


STANDARD PASSENGER LOCOMOTIVE

and carriage offices; while heat, electricity and ice are furnished and manufactured within its walls.

Let us board one or more trains and see for ourselves the progress in train service alone. One is being backed in by a switch engine. We consult the rack placed beside the gate, which is opened for passengers to enter; a uniformed gateman stands beside it to answer inquiries; the board tells us it is a suburban train and gives the time of departure and the name of each station where the train will stop. The cars are all vestibuled and furnished with high-back, comfortable seats, and at night are brilliantly illuminated with gas, while the motive power comes from a large, powerful locomotive of the latest pattern. It is time to start; the conductor turns a key in a little post near him, notifying the tower of his desire to proceed; the necessary semaphore signal-blades are dropped, switches fly into place by compressed air pressure, and the train pulls out of the station, stopping, first, at Trinity Place, a beautiful stone station surrounded by green lawns and flowering plants and shrubs. It follows a track called the Newton circuit, stopping at short intervals at picturesque stone stations, in the midst of trees, fine lawns and beds of flowers, and later returns to Boston again via the main line suburban track.

One's curiosity is not yet satisfied. A through, fast express must be taken really to appreciate the comfort of travel over a line that is conceded to have the best road-bed in the country. As with the circuit trains, it is vestibuled throughout and led by a massive locomotive. Attached to this are the long mail and baggage cars, and following are buffet-smokers, parlor, stateroom or Pullman sleepers and day-coaches, according to the train and its system of being "made-up." The buffet-car contains easy chairs, tables, writing desks and a barber shop. The parlor, stateroom and sleeping-cars are beautifully furnished in mahogany, and contain all the requisites



IN THE BERKSHIRES—GOING 60 MILES AN HOUR

THE INSPECTION ENGINE "BERKSHIRE"

and conveniences known to railroad travel, while the day coaches are, in themselves, models of comfort, the seats being especially easy.

This railroad has long been noted for the efficiency and courtesy of its employes; and, taken in connection with the luxurious trains, fast and prompt time made, connections with other great railroads and its wonderful road-bed and beautiful scenery along its line, particularly through the Berkshire Hills, which, in themselves, are well worth a long journey, it makes travel over the Boston & Albany Railroad an experience that will be always remembered with pleasure; while the feeling of absolute safety—the entire length being double-tracked and all trains being run under telegraph orders, in connection with the block signal system—contributes much to the unalloyed comfort of the tourist.

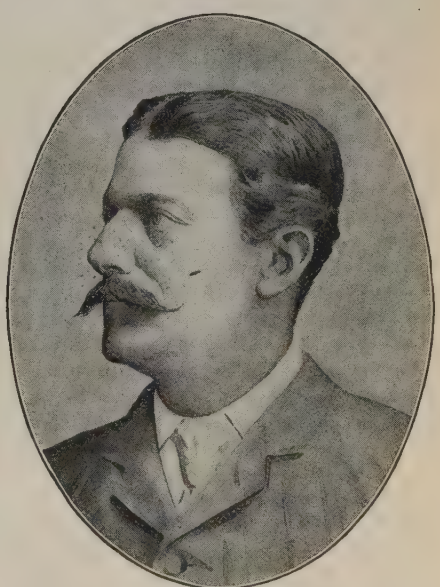
Photograph by N. Lazarnick

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND JOHN BURROUGHS

The distinguished naturalist and literary man accompanied the president to Yellowstone Park. This photograph was taken as they stood on the porch of Major Pitcher's cottage in the park. At Burroughs' right is Major Pitcher; at the president's left, his secretary, Mr. Loeb.

LOOKING back over the list of half a hundred or more books that I have read during the last year, I find one that stands out from the ranks — one that made me sit up and think more than any other. This book was a plain, business-like volume bearing the title, *The Boy*. During the six months last past I have seen this book constantly alluded to in reviews and editorials—probably, in all, not less than 300 times, and usually in journals of the highest standing. It is the sort of book that feeds the appetite it arouses. *The Boy*, in short, embodies the brief, brisk replies of over 300 successful men to questions which in effect amount to one question—How did you do it? The author, Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr., of Boston, has made a book of these replies and his own deductions from them, a book that any father on earth can get useful guidance from in the shaping of his boy's career. I asked Mr. Fowler why he wrote the book.

"First," he replied, "because I wanted to; second, because I am a sort of philanthropist and would rather do good than not; third, because I thought the book would sell; and the third reason, anyway, seemed to be founded upon fact. My experience has been most extended; it has covered the world of business and profession; I have lived in every grade of successful atmosphere. The lawyer sees the legal side of the world; the doctor sees the medical side; the minister sees another side; the business man sees another. Few men can see more than one side, not because of inability but because of lack of opportunity. The practice of my business-profession carried me into the inner-inside of every profes-



C. Oliver Iselin of New York City
Mr. Iselin is managing owner of the Reliance, which was built at the expense of a syndicate of multi-millionaires—J. P. Morgan, J. J. Hill and others.

RELIANCE, DEFENDER OF THE AMERICA'S CUP IN THE RACES OF 1903

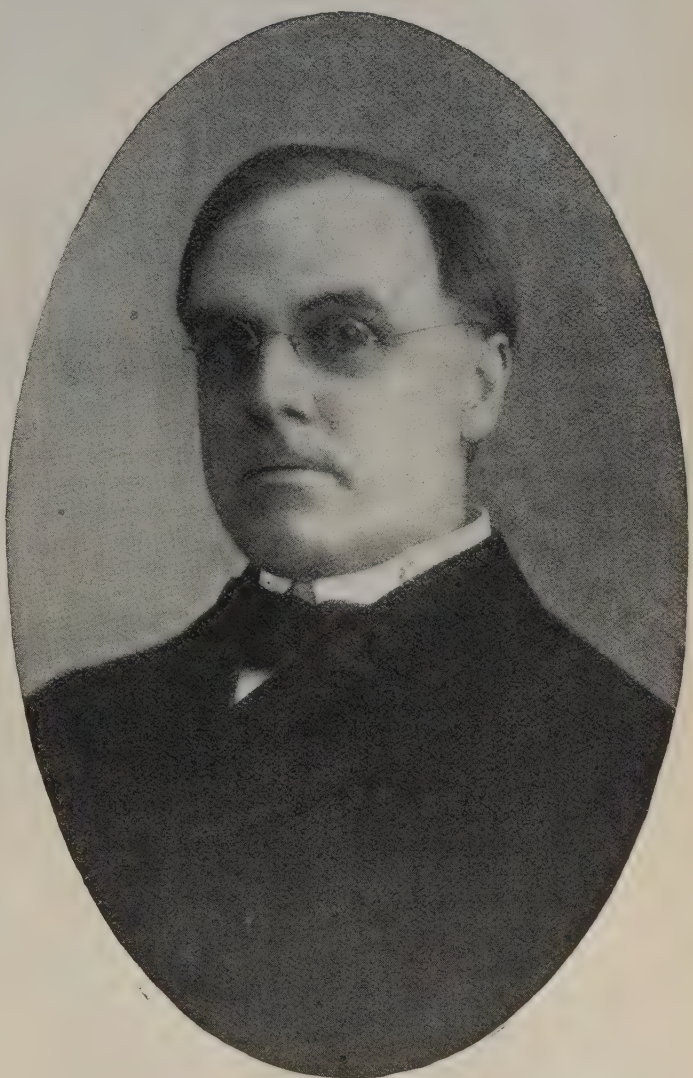
Though the first trial brush between Columbia, the defender in 1901, and Reliance, seemed to indicate the superiority of the former, it is believed Herreshoff's newest racer will finally be chosen to defend the cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock III. *From the Boston Herald's drawing*

sion and business, and I could not help seeing and feeling the elements of success. It seemed to me to be a duty. I felt that I ought to put this experience into public-seeing shape.

"I began with first principles. I served a part of what I knew to the boy, for the boy is to be the man. Briefly, I

had the experience, and simply used it for the benefit of the rising generation. Fortunately I have an enormous acquaintance, and many of the men who cooperated with me were personal friends; it was, therefore, easy to obtain the assistance of 319 men of mark, and I could have as easily have had 500, but it seemed to me best to make the book of convenient size, and to keep it at popular price. I used the nicest care in selecting the men, as it was my desire to obtain opinions only from men representing every trade and profession, from men who knew how to teach success-making. I cared nothing for the Carnegies and Rockefellers. They are exceptions. Their methods can neither be taught nor followed. You have, of course, noticed that the men collectively present composite success-making, from labor-leading to preaching, from engineering to financiering."

Mr. Fowler was born January 21, 1858, at Yarmouth, Massachusetts. His father was a professional man and his mother, he says, "a genuine dyed-in-the-wool Cape Cod Puritan." When Nathaniel was eight, the family moved to Boston, and he has lived here ever since, except three years in New York, two years in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and six months in Worcester. He finished his school



NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, JR., OF BOSTON

days in the Roxbury Latin and at fourteen started, edited, published and personally printed a sixteen-page magazine.

After several years of newspaper work he took charge of the publicity department of the Pope Manufacturing company, maker of Columbia bicycles. He originated American bicycle literature and wrote at least 25,000 advertisements and articles. He left the Pope Company to establish a social paper at Worcester, called Light, which paper, by the way, also paid at the start. He sold it, because the field was too limited, and it seemed to him that there was room for the establishment of the business-profession which he has since practiced. He has had, and still has, for his clients, the very cream of American manufacturers.

In 1889 Mr. Fowler wrote *About Advertising and Printing*, the first book of its class in the world. Subsequently he wrote *Building Business, a Manual for Aggressive Business Men; Practical Publicity, or Lessons in Advertising; Dollars and Sense, or the Retail Advertiser's Guide*, and *Fowler's Publicity, a Cyclopedia of Advertising and All That Pertains to the Public-Seeing Side of Business.*

Mr. Fowler wrote the first advertising syndicate articles ever published, and during the last twelve years he has written upwards of 1,000 articles on publicity and probably 20,000 advertisements. He is the only man I know who works for $250 a day—no more, no less—(aside from days he freely gives to deserving public and semi-public enterprises that cannot afford to pay his never-varying price) and who has all the work he cares for at the rate. Witty, genial too, enjoying life and having fully half of it still before him to enjoy, Mr. Fowler is just the kind of man I like to present to the young readers of the National.

ADMIRAL DEWEY ENDORSES THE NATIONAL'S MONROE DOCTRINE VIEWS

My dear Sir:

Your very kindly reference to me, contained in the May number of the National Magazine, is much appreciated. All that you say with respect to the Monroe doctrine accords fully with my own views; and I like the article so well that I have placed it in my scrap-book "for future reference."

Very truly yours,

George Dewey

The foregoing letter is the admiral's response to certain comment in the Washington department of the May number of the National Magazine. This comment dealt with the Admiral's recently published interview touching on the Monroe Doctrine and the German attitude toward it. The National uttered what it believed to be sound American doctrine, and is gratified, but not a bit surprised, to find that George Dewey is in full agreement with its views. We want a great navy—in the interest of peace.

MRS. WALTER FARWELL

(See AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON)

MRS. MARLIN EDGAR OLMSTEAD

(See AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON)

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII. BOSTON, JULY, 1903 No. 4

Affairs at Washington

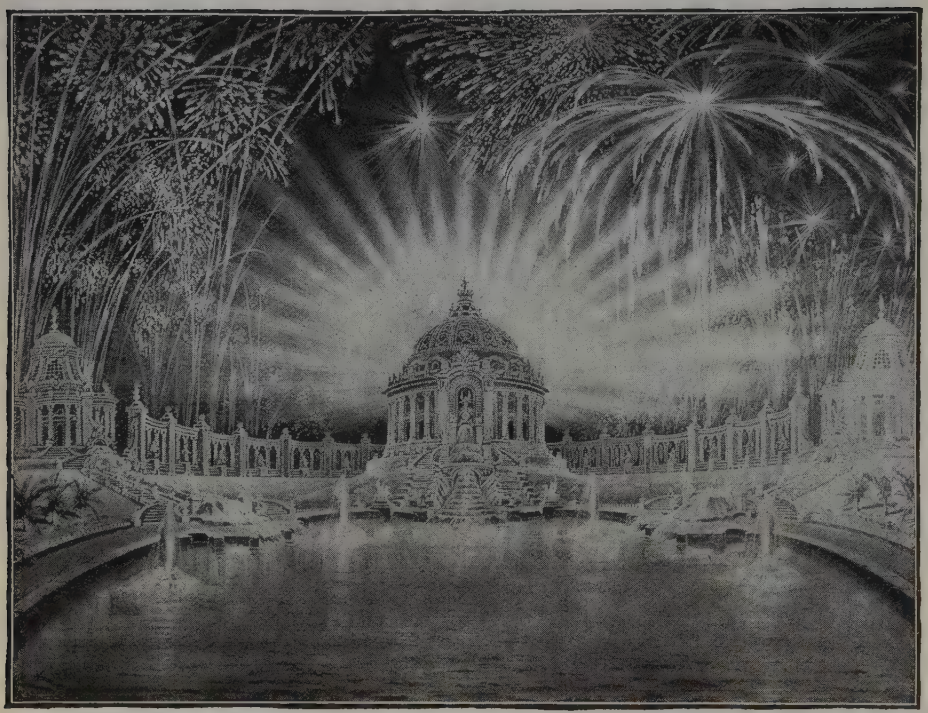
By Joe Mitchell Chapple

MR. GROVER CLEVELAND, introduced as "the world's foremost private citizen" at the World's Fair dedicatory exercises at St. Louis, was certainly an interesting character, not only as an ex-president but as the president who set the wheels in motion for the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Some of the good people of St. Louis brought out the old campaign portraits of Mr. Cleveland, dusted them off and placed them beside those of Governor Francis, Theodore Roosevelt and Thomas Jefferson.

Stolid and indifferent as ever, outwardly, there is no doubt that Mr. Cleveland keenly appreciated the kindly feeling expressed; and old newspaper men who have followed him in many a campaign—even his wedding trip—insisted that they saw him smile more graciously than ever before. He made full peace with the newspaper men at the banquet, in one of his happiest efforts. As he stood up to read his address, he had a way of standing sidewise and rolling his eyes obliquely, that had some of the seriousness of sermonizing. His ponderous sentences came out with a slight nasal twang, but very resonant. The acoustics of the building did not permit his voice to carry beyond the reporters' benches, but he went right on regardless as to who might hear him: he was speaking to the American people, and his only gestures were when he now and then thrust his hand into his trousers pockets, which ruffled his closely buttoned Prince Albert coat.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT GREETING AN OLD FRIEND FROM THE REVIEWING STAND AT ST. LOUIS

At the meeting of the Civic Federation in the chapel of the Administration building, Mr. Cleveland sat with Senator Hanna and seemed thoroughly enthused with the ideas expressed when he vigorously cheered



THE JEWEL OF THE WORLD'S FAIR DEDICATION WEEK

This engraving gives an idea of the dazzling beauty of the Cascade Crescent — declared to be the most splendid fireworks display ever witnessed

Photograph by Byrnes Photographic Co.

the remarks of John Mitchell, the president of the American Federation of Miners. The dark, flashing eyes and compressed upper lip of Mr. Mitchell lend a significant emphasis to his utterance, which has a staccato earnestness that is impressive.

This gathering was altogether the most interesting of any that took place during the dedication days — because it was thoroughly national — American — and concerned one of the great questions of the times. True, there was more tinsel and show at the diplomatic reception; but that was all purely formal, whereas at this meeting there was an air of spontaneity and real sociability, representing every phase of American life.

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ONE of the pleasant memories of the last session of congress that remains with a number of the editorial fraternity is of a reception at the home of Senator Depew. The time set was 9 p. m., and the time to go home was not "limited" in this instance, so that the result was a pretty good time. The colored men at the door swept a peculiar Depew bow that was even more gracious than the Parisian bend. The senator and his charming wife received the guests.

The guests stood pretty well lined up on the polished floor after being presented. The orchestra kept up a medley of patriotic airs, ragtime, and grand opera to stimulate conversation. The editors had all arrived when the congressmen came, in chummy "blocks of five." A little later the stately senators appeared. Finally came members of the cabinet, and by that time the reception was on, full blast.

The great tables laden with viands were attacked in church social style. Each one engineered his own plate and glass; the cheery sound of laughter and the chatter of good fellowship increased in crescendo quite as marked. The formalities had passed, the house was "open in fact" to a real senatorial stag reception—Mrs. Depew had retired.

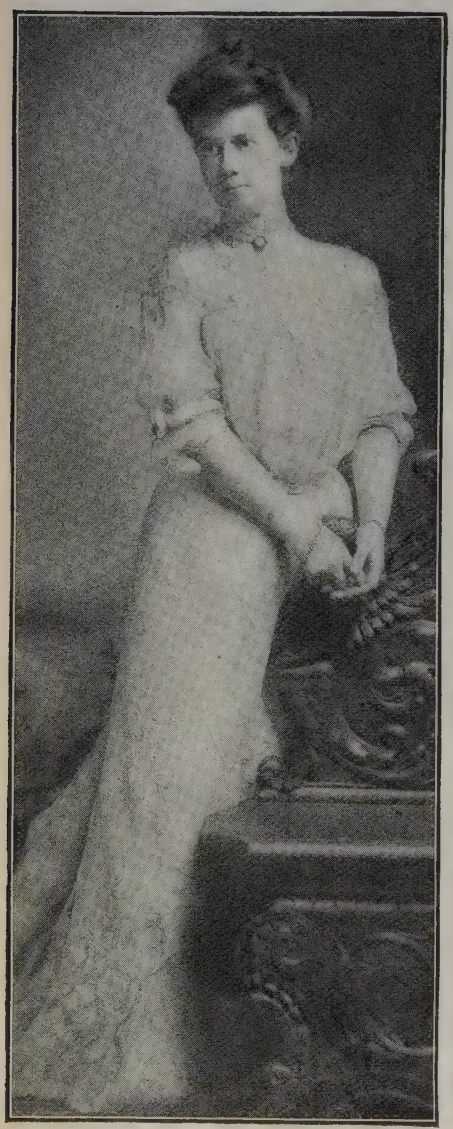
Entertaining is indeed an art, and if there is a true past master of that art it is Senator Depew. Cabinet members, senators and congressmen, editors of high and low degree, all were touching elbows and discussing men, affairs and events face to face, in a way that indicated perfect understanding. In the room of the house where Daniel Webster prepared his famous *Reply to Hayne*, senators were smilingly replying to an invitation to pass in for more.

The Depew house was the one purchased by the late Senator Calvin Brice, and has probably been the scene of the most lavish entertainments ever known in Washington. Its arrangement is peculiarly adapted for the purpose, and the decorations are certainly in harmony with the most pretentious function.

There was a hearty, homely but sincere greeting to the senator as the guests departed. A few senators and close friends lingered over coffee and a last cigar, and I think that no social effort in Washington has ever been more thoroughly appreciated than the reception given by Senator Depew to the editors. It served to bring about a better understanding among men who are prone in public and business life to look at each other through the green goggles of suspicion. And suspicion can never thrive under the benign smile of the junior senator from New York.

MARINE BAND IN THE MILITARY PARADE AT ST. LOUIS

NO phase of life in Washington is more interesting than the activities of that wheel within a wheel, — the army and navy set. The households of Uncle Sam's fighters on land and sea form a little coterie in themselves; and, be it said to their credit, worldly wealth constitutes no passport to preferment in this charmed circle. The social functions of



Miss Marie Weston of Washington

Miss Kathleen Weston of Washington

the military and naval colony possess the indefinable charm that is imparted by the presence of gold braid and martial music, and the participants possess almost universally that prime requisite of the most satisfactory sociability—the culture gained by wide travel. Prominent among the belles of the army and navy circle are the Misses Kathleen and Marie Weston, daughters of Brigadier General John F. Weston, commissary general of the army. The young ladies,

although possessed of the same general style of beauty, afford a distinct contrast in tastes and temperament. The Westons have a handsome home on New Hampshire avenue, which is each season the scene of extensive hospitalities.

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ONE of the most interesting of the new figures in official life at the American capital is Archbishop Diomede Falconio, lately appointed apostolic delegate to the United States. Strangely enough, the new envoy from the Vatican to Uncle Sam's court, although he has spent little time in the United States for upward of two decades past, is an American citizen, having taken out naturalization papers while serving as a teacher of classics at St. Bonaventure's college at Allegheny, New York, and in 1872 cast his first vote for Horace Greeley for president.

Archbishop Falconio has been in high favor at the Vatican for a number of years past, but his prestige in ecclesiastical circles in the Eternal City was not attained until after the conclusion of what might be termed his former American career. Born in Italy in 1842, Falconio in 1860 joined the Franciscan Order of Friars Minor and five years later was sent to the United States as a teacher. He labored in this country and in Newfoundland for several years and in the early '70s returned to Rome, being impelled by a desire to see his aged parents. He had expected ere long to be back at his work in New York, but rapid advancement in the directory of the Franciscan Order awaited him and he attained in a comparatively short time to the position of procurator general. His signal success rendered him a notable figure in executive circles in the Roman Catholic church and finally the pope appointed him, in 1892, Archbishop of Acrenza, thus giving him jurisdiction over a see that was supposed to present grave administrative difficulties. However, the newly installed archbishop applied to his charge the business principles and methods which he had learned in the United States, and ere long these difficulties vanished.

ARCHBISHOP DIOMEDE FALCONIO

As a reward for his services in this capacity he was in August, 1899, appointed apostolic delegate to the Dominion of Canada. From that post he was promoted to the one at Washington a few months since. Archbishop Falconio is a man of deep learning and speaks French as well as Italian and English. The functions of the apostolic delegation at Washington are largely ecclesiastical, but the papal envoy is of course the personal representative of the pope to the American hierarchy. The post calls for the exercise of the highest grade of diplomatic ability.

HARRIET LANE JOHNSTON

WE present herewith a reproduction of the only portrait in existence showing the present appearance of Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston, famous as the most beautiful of all the mistresses of the White House and in whom public interest has been reawakened by her recent serious illness and the announcement that she will spend some time at various American resorts in an endeavor to regain her health. Mrs. Johnston has lived so quietly in Washington for many years past that when she last year emerged from her semi-retirement to attend the coronation at London there were many persons who were surprised to learn that there yet lived the most admired of all America's four-year queens. At the coronation, as on the occasion of each of Mrs. Johnston's visits to England, she was made the recipient of every social attention, these being the reciprocal courtesies extended by the British royal family in acknowledgement of the charming manner in which she entertained the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, when he visited the White House during the administration of her uncle, President Buchanan, for whom she played the hostess. Mrs. Johnston resides with her niece, Miss Kennedy, in a quaint old house in Washington, filled with priceless souvenirs, including the engravings sent by the Prince of Wales in acknowledgement of the hospitalities extended to him during his stay at the American capital. It may be noted in passing that Mrs. Johnston and Mrs. Semple, the latter mistress of the White House during the Tyler administration, are the only women in Washington upon whom it is incumbent for Mrs. Roosevelt to call.

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MRS. WALTER FARWELL, the Washington-Chicago society leader, who has just been designated by society's latest fad, *The Beauty Book*, as "the most beautiful woman in America," is a bride of a few months. By her marriage to Walter Farwell, millionaire son of ex-Senator Farwell of Chicago, she has strengthened her social position con-

siderably, inasmuch as she by this alliance gains as sisters-in-law the two daughters of ex-Senator Farwell —Mrs. Reginald De Koven, wife of the operatic composer and herself an authoress of note, and Mrs. Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor, whose husband writes very clever novels despite his wealth.

Mrs. Farwell, who as Mildred Williams was one of the greatest belles the national capital has known in many years, may well lay claim to her beauty as a natural heritage, since her mother was by her first marriage Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, wife of the famous politician and a woman whose beauty was the toast of her day. After the death of Douglas his wife married General Williams, and the general, who was an army officer of considerable note, was so disgusted to find his own greatness eclipsed by that of his wife and so incensed to be constantly referred to as the husband of the former Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, that he removed with his family to a remote frontier post and did not return until time had dimmed the radiant beauty of his wife and he was himself an invalid. One of Mrs. Farwell's sisters is married to a naval officer, and she has always had the entreé of the exclusive army and navy set at Washington. She is a tall, slender, willowy girl with dark eyes and a marvelous complexion, and she has been known for years as one of the best gowned women at the capital.

Elsie Denegre and Her Black Shetland Pony that Took the Blue Ribbon at the Chevy Chase Horse Show, May 1-3

Courtland H. Smith

Mr. Smith's horses captured many honors at the Chevy Chase horse show; he rode nearly all his hunters himself. He is M. F. H. of the Cameron Run Hunt Club and an ardent sportsman.

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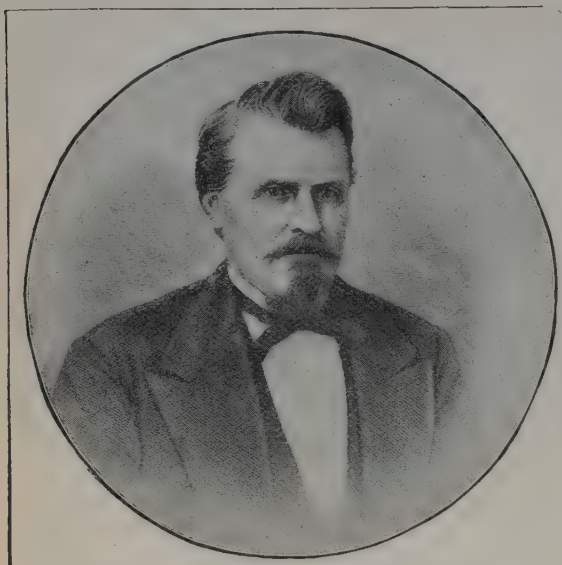
IN a recent number we published a portrait of former Governor Ramsay of Minnesota, under the impression that he was the last surviving northern governor of the Civil war period. In this, it appears, we were mistaken. At least three other men who were state executives at that time are still in the land of the



J. T. Lewis, War Governor of Wisconsin

living and take a lively interest in passing events. Mr. Harold M. Howe writes from Northfield, Vermont, saying:

"Vermont's war governor (1861) Frederick Holbrook of Brattleboro, Vermont, is still living and any facts wanted can be found in the Vermonter Magazine of July, 1896. This magazine is published in St. Albans, Vermont."

Mr. Holbrook writes to the National from his home at Brattleboro, Vermont, saying: "On the 15th of February last I arrived at the ninetieth milestone of my life. What changes and improvements in the world and in mankind during the nine decades of my life! I have a pretty wide correspondence, far and near, people seeming to be attracted by my age and my being one of the last of the war governors still surviving. * * * My physical health is good for one of my advanced age; and the slips of paper I send you in part indicate the condition of my 'upper story.'" These slips—cuttings from Vermont newspapers,—sage and kindly comment upon current events, penned by this veteran in the calm retirement of his library, are sound and fine; not lacking, either, something of the spirit of youth grown wise without growing sad that characterizes the souls of those who grow old gracefully. Vermont is proud of her "grand old man," and well she may be.

From Fall River, Wisconsin, Mrs. Sarah D. Hobart, whose sonnets published in a recent number of this magazine have won much appreciative comment, writes, saying that James T. Lewis of Columbus, Wisconsin, war governor of that state, is still enjoying a comparative degree of health and takes a lively interest in all the political phases of the time. He was born in New York in 1819, and was one of the five northern governors who in March, 1864, held a conference to devise means for aiding the government, and who, after consultation, proffered to President Lincoln 100,000 men, enlisted for 100 days, to serve on guard and outpost duty. In a private letter to Governor Lewis, President Lincoln said afterward: "If Grant hadn't had those men I don't know

Miss Alice B. Langhorne on Buckskin

Miss Langhorne won the brush on New Year's and the mask at the Christmas day hunt against a field of thirty or more riders.

how he could have got through and taken Richmond." Through the efforts of Governor Lewis many of the Wisconsin soldiers in southern hospitals were transfered to hospitals in their own state, where they could be better cared for.

Governor Sprague of Rhode Island is the third survivor of whom we have been reminded.

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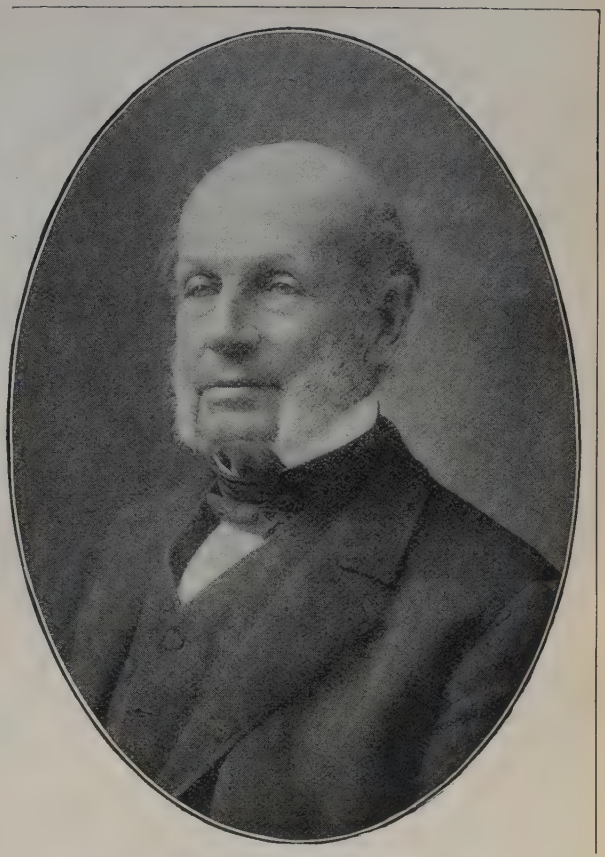
AN enumeration of the athletic diversions in which President Roosevelt is proficient would doubtless suggest that the youngest chief magistrate is an adept in the whole range of health-giving pastimes; yet there is an important one to which President Roosevelt has just turned his attention for the first time. It is fencing, and the president's enlistment in the ranks of the wielders of sabre and foil came about in rather an interesting manner. As is well known, President Roosevelt's greatest chum is General Leonard Wood, his companion in arms at the head of the Rough Riders; and when Wood took up his residence in Washington last winter, he lost no time in communicating to the president some of his enthusiasm for singlestick exercise, which is, of course, a form of fencing. Now the president was "green" at this sort of thing and the consequence was that he received several severe raps from the singlestick in the hands of his chum—thumps that left their mark on head and hands for some time afterward and forced the president to confess that he had met his match in one line at least. To be sure, General Wood did not escape entirely unscathed, for the president's long arm and quick eye enabled him to work some havoc, even when he lacked skill; but the energetic chief executive was nevertheless far from satisfied with his performances and thus it has come about that he has engaged Senor Pavese, the world's greatest master-at-arms, to give him instruction in fencing.



FREDERICK HOLBROOK, WAR GOVERNOR OF VERMONT

Senor Pavese is an Italian, but has resided in this country for a number of years. In his native land he was instructor in fencing to the members of the Italian royal family and since coming to America he has won the diamond belt which constitutes the trophy of the world's championship in fencing and

has held it against all comers. On one occasion he defeated twelve good fencers, fencing continuously for four hours. Senor Pavese has ordered from Italy, at a cost of $400, a pair of handsome gold-mounted foils which he will present to President Roosevelt.

SENOR PAVESE, THE PRESIDENT'S FENCING MASTER

When at the White House, President Roosevelt's muscle-building occupations are carried on in what was formerly the cabinet room, but which has now been transformed into a "department of physical culture." The great apartment, where a long line of presidents threshed out the perplexing problems of state, is now bare save for a varied assortment of sporting and athletic goods, including boxing gloves, singlesticks, fencing swords and foils, padded gloves and vests.

For all that the President has taken up fencing, and when in the Yellowstone grew enthusiastic over ski running, it must not be supposed that he has wavered in his allegiance to horseback riding. He also continues to emulate Gladstone in finding delight in felling forest monarchs. When the president last spring began to make regular pilgrimages to the woods about Washington for the purpose of swinging an ax, it was supposed by some that this was a new "fad," but in reality tree-chopping has been for years a regular daily diversion during the intervals Mr. Roosevelt has spent at his summer home at Oyster Bay. A tennis court has lately been constructed at the White House, but it is doubtful if the president himself will ever spend much time upon it, for he has been known to speak slightingly of tennis as a game only once removed from croquet in possibilities for excitement.

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ONE of the most beautiful women of the congressional set at Washington is Mrs. M. E. Olmsted, wife of the republican representative from the fourteenth district of Pennsylvania. Mr. Olmsted was obliged to come to Dixie for his bride, but her charming personality and marvelous grace of manner have endeared her to the people of her husband's district as well as made her a social leader at the national capital. Mrs. Olmsted is a typical Southern beauty and is known as one of the best gowned women at the social capital of the nation. The portrait of Mrs. Olmsted published in this number of the National is from the new painting in oil by Henry Asheburnham Floyd, the distinguished English artist who came to this country a few years ago, after many years of study under the best masters in Paris and who first came into prominence on this side of the Atlantic through his remarkable portrait of Lady Pauncefote, widow of the late Lord Pauncefote, formerly British ambassador at Washington. One of Mr. Floyd's portraits which has attracted much attention is that of Provost Charles Custis Harrison of the University of Pennsylvania, which will be placed at the head of the main staircase in Houston Hall, the student club of the university. Senator Elkins of West Virginia also sat recently to the artist.

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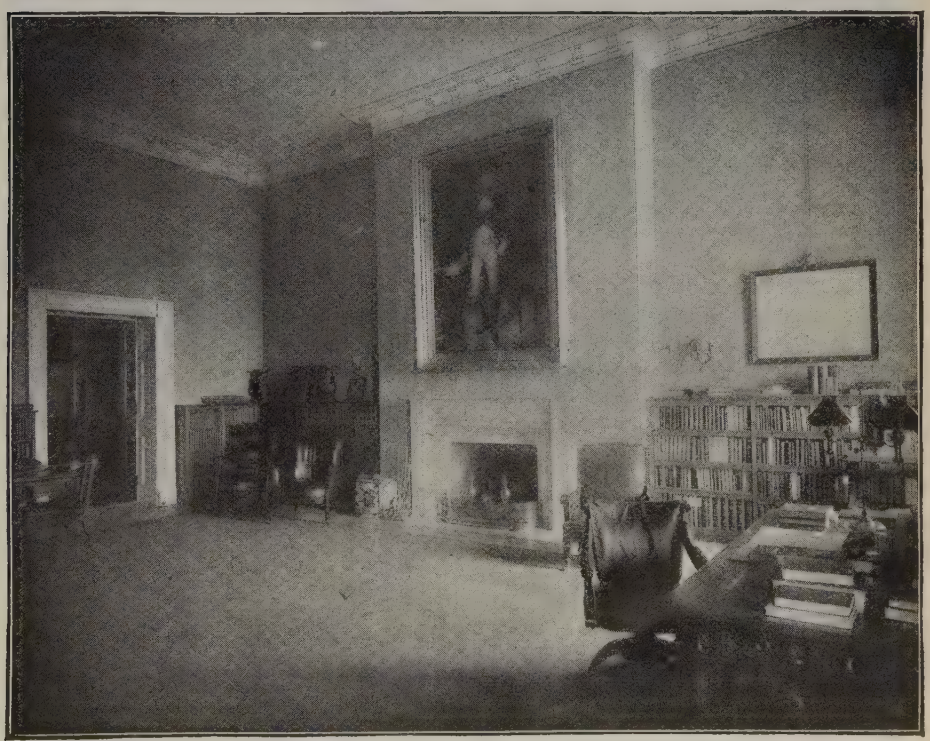
THERE are always the true and faithful boys who "stay on the farm,"

and do the work, while others are away on pleasure or ambition bent. Among the faithful guard in the United States senate, the men who appear to get their best pleasure out of hard work, is Senator Cockrell of Missouri. As faithful as an office man he goes through mountains of papers and documents during the seasons between sessions, filling the reservoirs of his information in regard to every phase of the nation's business. Men of this type are not often showy on the floor, but they are extremely valuable in dispatching public affairs.

By the way, Missouri has been fortunate, generally speaking, in her senators. One of the noblest that ever sat in the historic chamber, George Graham Vest, has just closed his career with the affectionate regard of his colleagues and the profound respect of the whole nation. As one senator said: "Even Vest's enemies love him." He has been a hard but a fair fighter. He retires because he cannot any longer carry the burden of public service. For a long time he has been a helpless paralytic—helpless, that is in a physical sense: his intellect has suffered no perceptible loss, and his last appearance on the floor, supported in the arms of his faithful attendant, proved him still in full possession of his powers as thinker and debater. It was George Graham Vest who forced the removal of the tariff on coal, at a time when the people were grateful for even a small degree of relief from the high prices they were paying. Missouri sends former Governor Stone to Washington to succeed Mr. Vest. Mr. Stone is a shrewd and strong democratic politician. In Missouri he has long been playfully hailed as "Gumshoe Bill," in recognition, presumably, of his skill in conduct-



THE PRESIDENT'S DEN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

EDWARD W. BOK OF PHILADELPHIA

Mr. Bok is the editor of the Ladies Home Journal and one of the most successful men of his time in the publishing field. If the women were all voters, Mr. Bok would be a strong presidential candidate, judging from the millions who read his magazine.

ing political "still hunts." Mr. Stone is one of the intimates of William J. Bryan, and has even been mentioned by the Bryan wing of the democracy as a promising presidential possibility.

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AS I looked upon a theater audience in Washington, sprinkled with national celebrities, it seemed incredible that there was a time when the newspapers of Washington did not dare publish theatrical notices and advertisements because of the prejudice against theaters. The evolution began first with timidly worded advertisements, then grew into perfunctory announcements; but it was less than a century ago that papers dared to print extended praise of a play in the face of public prejudice. This is a rather singular growth of public sentiment, when you find public prints now crowded with theatrical matters and the playhouses at the national capital thronged with senators, congressmen and members of the cabinet. It was not so long ago that Lincoln was severely criticized for attending a theater, and preachers intimated that the anger of the Almighty had fallen upon him for witnessing a play. Verily, the world is growing broader and more charitable. "The recreation of the American people is the only safety valve you have for your strenuous life," remarked a newly arrived foreign envoy, as he surveyed a Washington audience with his glass from a box between the acts.

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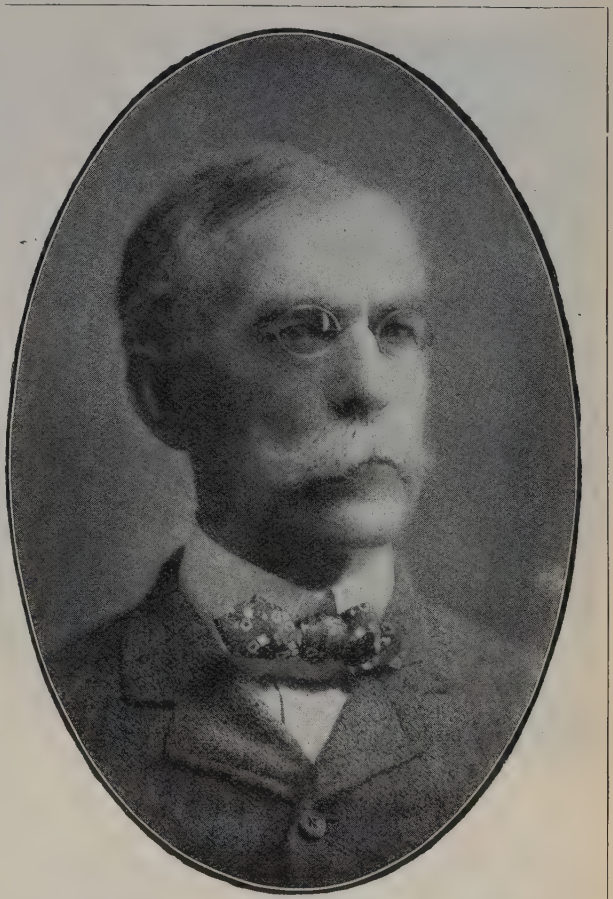
THERE seems to be a widespread agitation not only in France but also throughout English speaking countries, which has made intemperance in the use of alcohol and drugs one of the foremost sociological problems of this age. Prohibition has failed in Vermont, temperance studies in the schools have been found by scientists to be faulty, while at the same time there is everywhere an appalling increase in the use of both alcohol and drugs. It is interesting to the optimist to note, however, that contemporaneous with the twentieth century crusade and recent wise legislation, there is being developed a great institution that attacks this problem from a new standpoint and is offering medical relief for the disease of alcoholism and drug

addiction. The recent announcement regarding the proposed work of the Women's Auxiliary of the Oppenheimer Institute discloses the essentially charitable nature of the institute's work. Mrs. Dunlop-Hopkins, founder of the American School of Applied Design for Women, and Mrs. Isabella C. Davis, founder of the International Order of King's Daughters, are respectively president and secretary of the Auxiliary. They, with the other members of the board, including Mrs. Ballington Booth, Mrs. Donald MacLean, Mrs. J. E. Foster and Mrs. William G. Choate, will endeavor to raise a large charity fund for the treatment of the victims of this disease who are financially embarassed.

Thus the ultimate purpose of the Institute may be attained—that is, never to turn away from this wonderful treatment any patient on account of poverty.



U. S. Senator Hernando DeSoto Money of Mississippi

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WE all dream of a time of ease and relaxation. When I visit a cosy library in a home, with handsome books; tinted paper on the spacious walls; tables daintily arrayed with pens and inkstand glistening in silver and gold; deep leather easy chairs, solid mahogany desks, rugs, bric-a-brac, relics and pictures inspiring and artistic, I think: "What a place to delve deep into thought and reel it out by the ream!" And yet, sitting in a hotel room trying to keep the shaky, spindle-legged desk, scarred by cigar stubs burning around the edges, from sea motion; with the hotel stationery as copy paper; among strangers; no one sociable except the bell-boy waiting for a tip; looking out on a rear view of stables and dismantled drays; hearing the twitter of swallows outside — I am supremely happy. The old scratching pen permits me to talk to the readers of the National and send them the word of good cheer, that the world is growing better and better; that the "giants of olden days" are superseded by giants of today; that there are millions of good people in the world, and that I have never yet failed to find sterling, genuine men in every one of the 325 cities I have visited in my travels.

MARIE CAHILL

IF all the summer forecasts result as anticipated by the prophets, we are destined to a notable resurrection of Shakespearean drama during the coming season. Shakespeare is, and ever has been, very popular with the gentlemen who have one eye on the box office and the other on the finger which they may select to feel the public pulse; for be it remembered, the "divine William" collects no royalties. If the "dear public" would consent to it, every Tom, Dick and Harry of theatricalism would be exploiting Shakespearean tragedy or comedy, or the old English dramas whose authors, too, have long been where statements of receipts have no interest. But, unfortunately, it has been evident for some years that Shakespeare, *per se*, is unmarketable. The success of such productions as Richard Mansfield's *Julius Caesar* and E. H. Sothern's *Hamlet* proves merely that with elaborate staging and a popular actor even tragedy may not keep people away from the theater. Yet popular players have found Shakespearean ground untenable. Julia Marlowe, for instance, was compelled to desert the roles she liked best and resort to a dramatized novel to keep her footing. Despite the fact that she is admittedly the best of the Shakespearean actresses of the decade, her admirers demanded novelty. Ada Rehan, long a great favorite at the head of the late Augustin Daly's company, was a financial failure as a star in Shakespearean comedy. That she will tempt fate again as Katherine, Portia and Lady Teazle is due to the belief of a pushing firm of managers that the association with her, as joint star, of Otis Skinner, will give the public taste the fillip it requires. If, as announced, Mrs. Fiske essays Lady Macbeth, Viola Allen deserts Hall Caine hysteria for *Twelfth Night*, Wilton Lackaye tries conclusions with Othello, and Nat C. Goodwin makes us laugh as Bottom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the hope of success will be based chiefly upon the personal popularity of the several players and the natural curiosity of the public to see what they will make of their classic and nowadays unfamiliar roles.

SUCCESS on the stage is won by so many and such diverse methods that the aspirant for theatrical honors has a multitude of paths from which to choose. Unfortunately the one selected, although apparently tried and proved by successful predecessors, may turn out to be "no thoroughfare." Laura Biggar, for example, had excellent precedent for belief that her somewhat unsavory suit for a dead millionaire's fortune would make her a successful star; but despite the fact, unusual in such cases, that she is an actress of ability, her tour in *East*

Lynne ended in disaster. Can it be hoped from this that the day when notoriety was a valuable stage asset has passed? Marie Cahill and Blanche Ring, two actresses now pretty near the top rung of the success ladder, would probably be at a loss to explain their own good fortune. It was not so very long ago that Miss Cahill was as near despair as a woman of her sunny pluck is likely to get. Engagements were neither numerous nor fruitful. She was just as clever then as today, but the public had not recognized it. "They won't have me," she once said; "they seem to think I can only dance." One day someone dared to try her in a role in *The Runaway Girl* that had opportunity. She improved the opportunity and today is, perhaps, foremost among musical comedy stars. Two or three years ago Blanche Ring was a vaudeville singer, and not at a fancy salary, either. From the position of leading woman with Chauncey Olcott she drifted to singing three songs twice a day. Her success was pronounced with those who heard her, but still she did not have the name with the public that, to managers, is the synonym for greatness. Last summer came her opportunity. It was in *The Defender*, a musical concoction famous principally for being made successful by two songs introduced during rehearsals. One of these songs, a topical ditty with an easily whistled refrain, fell to Miss Ring's lot, and made her famous and a rising star in a musical comedy named *The Gibson Girl*. Clever, isn't it, this growing scheme of dramatizing pictures? The only ideals to be satisfied are visual, and grease paint works wonders.

Blanche Ring

IF you are in search of remunerative employment and can predict with certainty success or failure in theatrical enterprises, your life work and a salary to make Steel Trust President Schwab envious are assured. You might, for instance, have satisfied Charles Frohman that *The Earl of Pawtucket* would be the roaring success that it has proved. Augustus Thomas wrote this comedy, which tells the story of a Britisher's futile efforts to pass for a Yankee, for Lawrence D'Orsay. This actor off the stage is the same as on it, and Mr. Thomas took him to his Long Island home, studied him several weeks and wrote his play to fit. *The Earl of Pawtucket* first went to Mr. Frohman and was rejected, even though Mr. Thomas named Mr. D'Orsay, then in Mr. Frohman's employ, for the Earl. Kirke LaShelle, on the contrary, saw possibilities in the play. "Who for the Earl?" he asked. "D'Orsay," said Thomas. "Can I get him?" queried LaShelle. "Ask Frohman. He's paying him a salary and has no part for

FRANK KEENAN

him," answered Thomas. So LaShelle went to Mr. Frohman, borrowed D'Orsay and also secured the Madison Square theater. In his own theater, with his own actor and with a play he had himself rejected, Mr. Frohman saw one of the greatest successes of the season, a success continued after the play had to be removed to another playhouse. This species of failing to say "come in" when Fortune knocks at the door is so common in the theatrical business that a warranted prophet could command his own terms.

IT would not take much of a prophet, however, to predict that Mrs. Mabel Baer, *nee* McKinley, will not create a furore as a singer in vaudeville simply because, as advertised, she is a niece of the late President McKinley. Yet it is said that the inducement for her to take to the stage was $1,000 a week and expenses. If this be true and not merely a part of the advertising scheme, it may be that Mrs. Baer's manager is the original after whom the hero of *A Fool and His Money*, a recently successful play, was patterned.

NOVEL readers will find all their favorites on the stage in the fall if the present contagion spreads. Bertha Galland, a star who has hitherto failed to find the right vehicle, will exploit *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*. Orrin Johnson is emboldened to star by *Hearts Courageous*. The tide has turned, and vaudeville performers are invading the "legitimate." Another book play, *Miss Petticoats*, will return Kathryn Osterman to the drama. Lillian Burkhardt, Eva Williams, Jac Tucker and Nat M. Wills are other vaudevillians who will tempt fate and one night stands at the head of companies. The "legitimate," however, continues to nourish vaudeville. A recent convert is Frank Keenan, whose offering is conspicuous because of the fact that it is fully up to his usual high standard. Unfortunately for vaudeville, it is the customary experience that when the legitimate actor "stoops to it" he does half-hearted, slack work. Not so Mr. Keenan, whose comedy *The Actor and The Count* is clever and is as carefully and intelligently played as if Mr. Keenan and his company gave the entire evening's entertainment.

STATISTICS mean little, but it is interesting to note that of ninetytwo new productions last season in New York sixtyfour were plays, twentyone musical pieces and seven burlesques. Seventeen were serious, fifteen romantic, thirteen melodramas, nine farces and four tragedies. Fortyeight were original, five adapted and eleven from novels. It seems gratifying that thirtysix were by Americans, while only twentyeight were by foreign authors; but, unfortunately,

the majority of the native output of plays were not seen at the leading theaters.

IT will be consoling to many National readers to learn that a wise Massachusetts justice has decided that a theater patron has a perfect right to hiss, call out, groan or otherwise express his approval of anything he may see upon the stage. We may not do any of these things, but it is comforting to know that if we chose to express the sentiments we often feel in the playhouse, we would be sustained by the strong arm of the law. For some day the worm may be ready to turn.

KATHRYN OSTERMAN

JOSEPH JEFFERSON continues to give lectures on the drama. Opposing the national theater project recently he said that "some actors are so touchy that they would play second to no one." Mr. Jefferson may be "the dean of the American stage," but he has certainly done very little toward its progress. When has he produced a new play? Did he ever encourage a playwright with a royalty? Has he ever had a first class company? In short, what has he done except make money by the constant playing of the three or four roles with which he became identified many years ago?

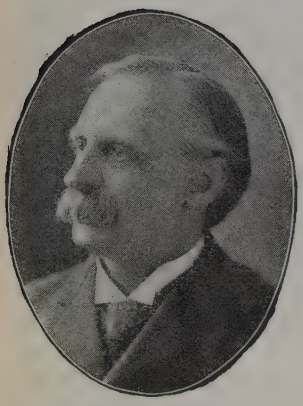
THE failure of *Du Barry* in Berlin proves that German playgoers do not visit the theater merely to see the scenery. Equally pleasant news comes from Italy that Tommaso Salvini is to return to the stage with his son Gustavus in his company. If the son approaches the father, the ensemble will be magnificent. London sends word that Charles Frohman has captured Harry Irving, Sir Henry's son, who is described as a fine actor, despite the fact that he is known as a "matinee idol." Sir Henry's *Dante*, by the way, has aroused so much varied criticism that there will be great interest to see it when he comes here in the Fall.

NOW that a globe-trotting Parisian literateur has been pleased to pile up adjectives in eulogy of American chorus girls, and to couple them with the Carnegie Steel Works as the two most noteworthy features of the nation, the gorgeous creatures who condesend,—for a consideration,—to let us feast our eyes upon their loveliness, will be more than ever conscious of their power, and the managers of musical shows (for, be it known, there are no more operas) will have to kowtow lower and lower. If we must have chorus girls who cannot sing, it is some compensation that they should be handsome; but, unfortunately, as a result no beautiful girl nowadays cares to become an actress. She can be a "show girl" with less work, for more money.

Boston Welcomes America's Teachers

By DR. A. E. WINSHIP,

Editor, the Journal of Education



DR. A. E. WINSHIP,
Editor, Journal of Education

THE convention appetite is on keenest edge. The most recent evidence thereof is the exposition activity for which the national government appropriates several millions, St. Louis a few millions and various countries and states several hundred thousand dollars each. The incidental features are found in each trade, occupation, profession and calling which conventionalize in every state and section. There are, for instance, a thousand educational conventions of one kind or another in the United States each year. What the St. Louis exposition is to the cattle shows and mechanics fairs, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League and National Educational Association are in their respective fields, and the noblest of these is the National Educational Association.

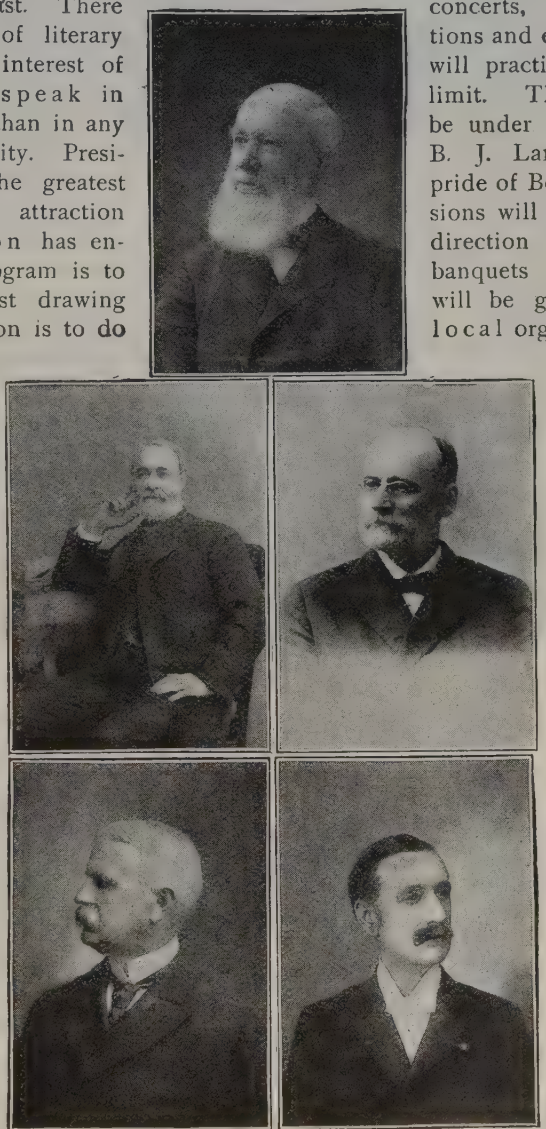
Heretofore it has been the least of the five in size, but the most important in its representative capacity. Its speaking is scholarly; its papers and addresses are always prepared for the occasion and are always published in a *Volume of Proceedings* of more than 1,000 pages of 600 words. Each of the eighteen distinctive educational interests of the country has its own section in the convention for practical work. There is a permanent expert secretary on a salary, whose entire time and energy are given to the promotion of the interests of this association. There is an accumulated fund of more than $100,000, which is increasing at a rapid rate. The association is responsible for the organization of the United States Bureau of Education, and for the expert study of several important educational problems.

This association, organized in Philadelphia in 1857, is to meet in Boston on July 6-10 with Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard as president, and all indications point to the largest and most eloquent, to the most useful and enjoyable session in the fortysix years. This prophecy rests upon

MECHANICS BUILDING, BOSTON, THE CONVENTION HALL

several distinct conditions. The association has met in New England but once, and that was in Boston thirtyone years ago. This is the second time in thirtyone years that it has met on the North Atlantic coast. There are more places of literary and historic interest of which teachers speak in their work here than in any other American city. President Eliot is the greatest personal official attraction the association has enjoyed. The program is to have the greatest drawing power, and Boston is to do for the association more than has been done by any other city, and more than she has done for any other convention. Hence the prophecy that it will be the largest and best meeting of this association and the best convention of any kind yet held in the United States.

The general sessions will be held in Mechanics building, which is by universal consent the best largest auditorium outside of New York City. There will be five general sessions, and they will be in the evening, with Dr. Eliot presiding. There will be ten department meetings each forenoon in the various halls and churches near Copley Square. The afternoons will be free for concerts, banquets, receptions and excursions, which will practically be without limit. The concerts will be under the direction of B. J. Lang, who is the pride of Boston; the excursions will be under the direction of experts; the banquets and receptions will be given by various local organizations. The American Institute of Instruction, the oldest educational association in the world, will give a banquet to the officers of the National Educational Association, and of its eighteen departments and to the state directors. The newspaper men of Boston will give a banquet to the visiting editors. There is to be a convention club house in which the visitors will be welcome to the comforts and luxuries of a club home. Harvard university is to keep open house for the week, with



PIONEERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

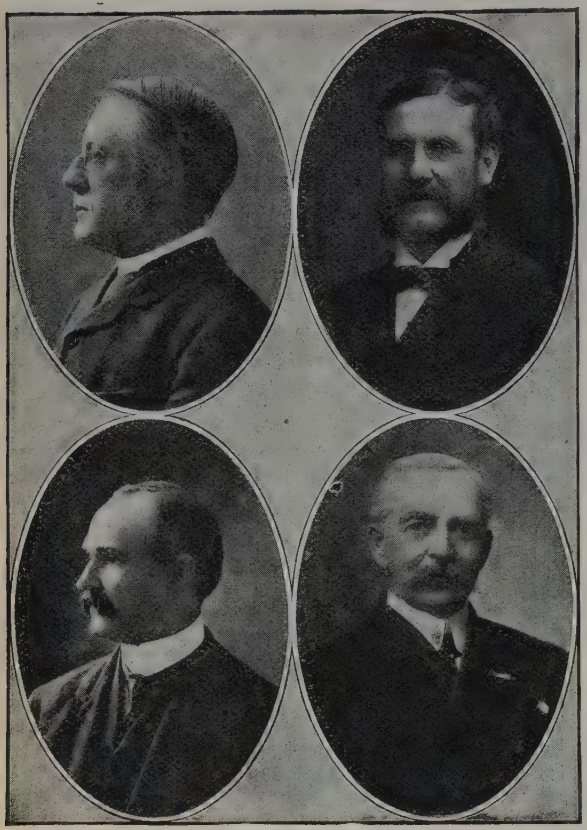
DAVID N. CAMP of Connecticut, oldest living official

EDWARD BROOKS of Philadelphia, the only living charter member

A. P. MARBLE of New York

WILLIAM T. HARRIS, U. S. Commissioner of Education

AARON GOVE of Denver



PRESENT OFFICERS

CHARLES W. ELIOT of Harvard, President — ALBERT G. LANE of Chicago, Vice President

W. M. DAVIDSON of Topeka, Kansas, Treasurer — IRWIN SHEPARD, of Winona, Minn., Secretary

guides free to all points of interest. Salem, Lexington, Concord and Plymouth, Tufts college and Wellesley, Boston college, Boston university, the Institute of Technology, the Twentieth Century and University clubs will also keep open house.

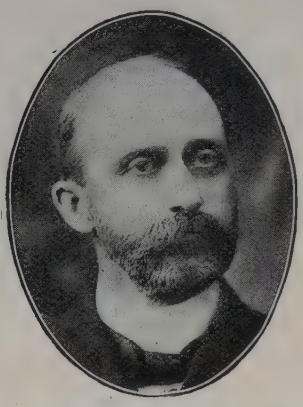
A new and beautiful map of Boston, with Copley Square as a center, has been prepared and will be furnished every attendant free; it will be sent in advance upon application. The official guide book and program will be by far the best ever made of Boston and vicinity. It will be written by Edwin M. Bacon, a guide book expert and historian of Boston, will be profusely illustrated, exempt from all advertising matter and admirably bound. This will be presented to every member of the association. There is also to be a beautiful special guide book to points of literary interest in Boston and vicinity, prepared by a man of distinguished literary ability. This will be beautifully illustrated and bound, free from all advertising matter, and will be presented also to every member of the association.

In providing for all this, President Eliot has been the inspiration. This is the first time in fortysix years that the president has resided at the place of meeting. His local representatives of the association are George H. Martin, state director, and A. E. Winship, state manager; his local executive committee, which really directs all the activities, consists of Edward R. Warren, chairman; Prescott F. Hall, G. Loring Briggs, George W. Coleman, Lincoln Owen, Edward A. Adler, and Charles Francis Adams, 2d, treasurer.

There is also a local advisory board appointed by President Eliot:

CHARLES W. ELIOT, Chairman, President Harvard University; EDWARD R. WARREN, Secretary; HON. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Massachusetts Historical Society; ALEXANDER AGASSIZ, American Academy of Arts and Sciences; GEORGE H. BARTON, Appalachian Mountain Club; HENRY W. CUNNINGHAM, N. E. Hist. Genealogical Society; W. B. DE LAS CASAS, Metropolitan Park Commission; ELMER H. CAPEN, Tufts College; GRAFTON D. CUSHING, Boston School Committee; OTTO FLEISCHNER, Massachusetts Library Club; CHARLES P. GARDNER, N. E. Conservatory of Music; O. B. HADWEN, Massachusetts Horticultural Society; MISS CAROLINE HAZARD, Wellesley College; PAUL H. HANUS, Massachusetts State Teachers Association; FRANK A. HILL, State

MRS. ELLA F. YOUNG of Chicago
Council Program



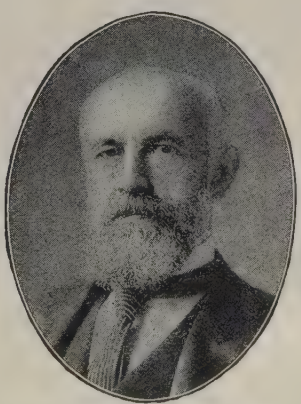
JAMES M. GREEN of Trenton, N.J.
Normal School Council

PRESIDENT TUCKER of Dartmouth
Higher Education

Board of Education; RAY GREENE HULING, N. E. Association of College and Preparatory Schools; MISS AGNES IRWIN, Radcliffe College; CHARLES H. KEYES, American Institute of Instruction; GEORGE L. KITTRIDGE, Colonial Society of Massachusetts; HENRY LEFAVOUR, Simmons College; A. LAWRENCE LOWELL, Lowell Institute; WARREN H. MANNING, American Park and Outdoor Art Association; DR. C. S. MINOT, Natural History Society; LOUIS P. NASH, State Teachers' Association; HENRY S. PRITCHETT, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; HON. ROBERT S. RANTOUL, Essex Institute; REV. W. G. READ-MULLAN, Boston College; HON. STEPHEN SALISBURY, Antiquarian Society; EDWIN D. SEAVER, Superintendent of Schools; CHARLES E. STRATTON, Board of Park Commissioners; JOHN TETLOW, Massachusetts Schoolmasters' Club; WILLIAM F. WARREN, Boston University; SAMUEL D. WARREN, Museum of Fine Arts; HORACE G. WADLIN, Boston Public Library; WM. N. YOUNG, Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics Association.

What of the association that justifies all this activity on the part of Boston? It was organized in Philadelphia in 1857. The first secretary was a Boston man, William E. Sheldon, who was one of the eminent leaders until his death in 1899. He was secretary in seven different years —the only man prior to the choice of the present permanent secretary, Irwin Shepard of Winona, Minnesota, to be repeatedly chosen secretary—and he was president of the first large meeting, which in 1887, in Chicago, had nearly 10,000 in attendance, three and one half times as many as had ever before been present.

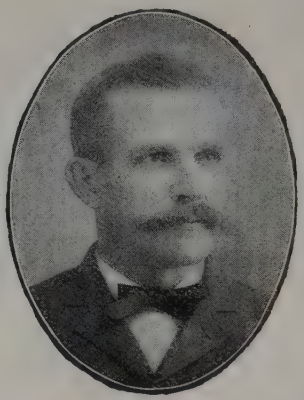
DR. W. DEWITT HYDE, Bowdoin College, Council Program



G. STANLEY HALL, Clark University, Secondary Education

W. R. HARPER, Chicago University
National Council

BARONESS ROSE POSSE, Boston
Physical Culture Council



EARL BARNES, Philadelphia
Child Study Council

PAUL H. HANUS
Kindergarten Department

The only man now living and active in educational work who was at that first meeting is Dr. Edward Brooks, now superintendent at Philadelphia; the earliest officer in the association who is living is David N. Camp of New Brittain, Connecticut, who identified himself with the National Educational Association at its fourth meeting in Buffalo, and was secretary at Ogdensburg, New York, in 1864; the earliest president living is Dr. J. L. Pickard, now residing in Portland, Maine, but who has been state superintendent of Wisconsin, city superintendent of Chicago, and president of the Iowa state university. Among the early attendants who have been prominent in its counsels are Albert G. Lane of Chicago, who first attended in 1863; Dr. William A. Mowry of Hyde Park, 1864; Dr. Henry Houck of Pennsylvania, in 1865; Dr. Albert P. Marble, of New York, in 1869; Dr. William T. Harris, United States commissioner of education, 1870; Aaron Gove of Denver, N. C. Dougherty of Peoria, Frank A. Fitzpatrick of Boston, and Henry Sabin of Iowa, all of whom were first present in 1871.

Among the men of large influence early in the association were: Zalmon Richards of Washington, the first president; Dr. Andrew J. Rickoff of Cleveland, the second president; J. W. Buckley of Brooklyn, the third, and Dr. John D. Philbrick of Boston, fourth president; Dr. Daniel B. Hagar of Salem, who was chosen president at Trenton in 1869, which was my first meeting. Dr. Albert P. Marble, now of New York, was elected secretary at that, his first, meeting; he has twice been secretary and twice treasurer, and was president of the Nashville meeting in 1889. Dr. E. E. White of Ohio was president of the Boston meeting in 1872, and John Hancock of Ohio was president of the second Philadelphia meeting in 1879. These have been men of commanding influence in the association.

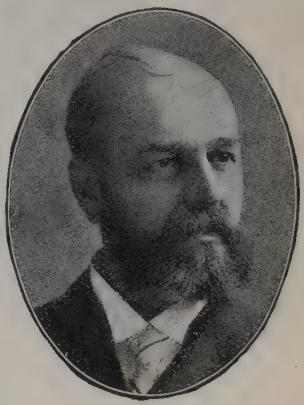
There are seven men, living, who have largely guided the affairs of the National Educational Association in recent years, prior to the choice of Dr. Charles W. Eliot as president, but in him the association has a man who, while he advises widely, does his own thinking and arrives at his own conclusions. These men are:

DR. WILLIAM T. HARRIS, United States Commissioner of Education, who is, all in all, the greatest leader in thought, debate and in counsel the association has ever had.

ALBERT G. LANE, assistant superintendent at Chicago, long time chairman of the trustees of the Permanent Fund of more than $100,000, and president

MISS SARAH L. ARNOLD of Boston.
Kindergarten Council

CHAS. R. SKINNER, State Supt. N.Y.
General Program



S. W. COLE, Brookline, Mass.
Music Council

in 1893-4, the only man to hold the position two years.

F. LOUIS SOLDON, superintendent at St. Louis, also one of the four elected members of the trustees of the Fund and president in 1885.

AARON GOVE of Denver, president in 1888.

FRANK A. FITZPATRICK of Boston, who missed being president by retiring from the superintendency in Omaha in 1890.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER of Columbia College, one of the trustees and president in 1895.

N. C. DOUGHERTY of Peoria, Illinois, president in 1897 and one of the trustees of the Fund.

J. M. GREENWOOD of Kansas City, president in 1898.

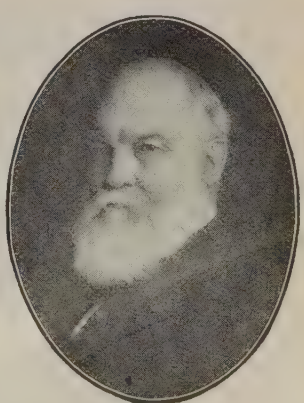
IRWIN SHEPARD, who has been secretary for ten years and has virtually a life tenure.

There have been four years in the fortysix in which there was no meeting. Of the fortytwo sessions, nine have been held in New York state; three in Pennsylvania and Minnesota; two each in New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, California and Tennessee and in the city of Washington; one each in New England, Maryland, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Georgia, Kentucky, South Carolina and Canada.

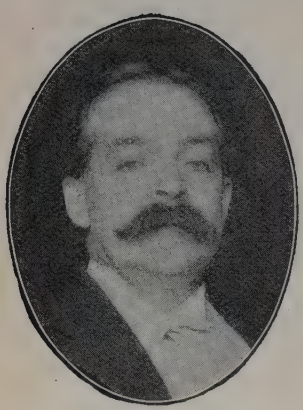
One president, Albert G. Lane of Chicago, has served two years. Of the fortyone presidents, New England has furnished nine; New York, Illinois and Ohio five each; the South, Pennsylvania and Missouri, three each; the city of

ADELAIDE HOLTON of Minneapolis
Elementary Department

EDWARD R. WARREN, Chairman
Local Executive Committee



MAJ. A. J. CHENEY of Milwaukee
A Book Supply Veteran



DENMAN W. ROSS of Harvard
Art Council

N. C. DOUGHERTY of Peoria, Ill.
One of the Pioneers

JAMES H. CANFIELD of Columbia
Library Committee

Washington and New Jersey two each; Maryland, Michigan, Indiana, Kansas, Colorado, Iowa and Minnesota, one each.

The large meetings began in Chicago in 1887 with 9,115 in attendance. The largest meeting was at Los Angeles in '99, with 13,656. The other large meetings have been in Denver in '95, with 11,297; Washington, '98, 10,533; Minneapolis, 1902, 10,350; Detroit, 1901, 10,182; Buffalo, '96, 9,072, and Milwaukee, '97, 7,111. New England, that has had nine presidents and has entertained the association but once, owes the teachers and other educators of the country a debt which she proposes to pay with large interest.

Never in the history of this or of any other land has education had such distinguished opportunities and honors as will be accorded by Boston, in which free public education was born, christened and cradled, and never has this city done more for education in all the country than it will do on July 6-10, when she will entertain 25,000 teachers.

FROM "THE SONG OF MYSELF"

I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul,
The pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of hell are with me,
The first I graft and increase upon myself, the latter I translate into a new tongue.

I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.

I chant the chant of dilation or pride,
We have had ducking and deprecation about enough.

Have you outstript the rest? are you the President?
It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there every one, and still pass on.

WALT WHITMAN

The Bird O' Paradise

By GRACE MAC GOWAN COOKE

MACE TALLENT turned his head painfully and looked through the one small window. He had been most unkindly placed, so that the effort to do this made his bonds cut into the flesh; but when your mortal foe has bound you hand and foot and left you in a blocaded still, of a Fourth of July morning, while he goes down to "the settlemint" to show himself, so that when he later murders you, with all sorts of recondite tortures, there may be an alibi ready prepared: when all this is the case, the difficulty you may have in looking through a two-by-three-foot window, and even the galling of bonds which threaten to break through the skin, are mere details in your menu of suffering.

It was intolerably hot in the little shack, even up there among the balsams, in the deep glen which held the illicit still, for before Fain Bushares left he had fastened the window down tight. Mace thought of Hester Bushares, Fain's sister, whom he had expected to marry this month. The cabin was done, the preacher bespoke, and they were to have wed, as the mountain phrase goes, at the next quarterly, now near at hand. He believed in his soul that this was the cause of Fain's rancor against him. The reason given by his tormentor when he made those bonds secure was that he, Mace, was a spy and informer, planning to lead the revenuers to Sutton's still, in which he now lay bound, awaiting his death. He had been brought to the place by a message purporting to come from Hester—suddenly he wondered if Hester was in the plot. He had thought he heard her voice as he neared the shack that morning—or had she perhaps been decoyed there in the same manner by a false message from himself? (They often met in this way, since the Bushares were opposed to the marriage).

Fain had said when he told Mace what fate awaited him, that he would have Hester there to see her sweetheart killed — he had made no statement as to whether or no she would come willingly to the spectacle.

Mace imagined that he could hear in the solemn silence the noise of the crowd far below him at the settlement, where the noisy Fourth of July celebration was going on. All at once he became aware that what he had taken for this sound was a swooping, scraping noise on the roof of the shack; and as he painfully strained his gaze toward the window a man's head appeared there, an arm reached down from above, fingers tapped upon the panes, and somebody called cheerfully, "Hullo! Air ye all dead in there?"

Mace smiled grimly to think how near this was the truth. Fain had not thought worth while to gag him, since, in that lonely place, and upon a Fourth of July, he might have yelled himself hoarse and none been the wiser. "Naw," he called, "not adzactly dead — jest snoozin'. Come in, stranger — how'd ye get on the roof?"

The new-comer finally made entrance through the window, by prying it open with his clasp knife and dropping in from the eaves. He was a lean, dapper fellow, with a shrewd, kindly face. He looked Mace over curiously. "Usually sleep that way?" he queried finally.

"Not gin'rally," Mace answered him, "hit's a new plan I ben tryin' lately—and I don't like it. Ease me up a leetle, will ye, and we'll talk it over." He was still associating this man with Fain Bushares, still full of suspicion that this

was a trick of Fain's to prolong his torture.

The new-comer skillfully unraveled the knots at Mace's wrists, and Mace, sitting up, had leisure to observe how strangely his visitor was dressed. His hair was of a smooth drab, plastered down in a scallop upon his forehead like that of the typical country beau; its sleek oiliness had in a measure resisted even the disarranging effect of his hanging head downward and scrambling through the window. His collar, high, smooth and very white, suggested a strip of celluloid (probably it was of that variety); his tie was flamboyant; his black coat, somewhat worn and frayed, was a Prince Albert, and he wore it with a buff Marseilles vest. The seemliness of this attire terminated abruptly in what Mace at first took to be a pair of long, slim, bare legs, and what he now saw to be somewhat soiled fleshings.

The two men stared at each other; the peril of Tallent's position well nigh faded from his mind in the wonder of this apparition. "Wall, I'll be jiggered!" he ejaculated finally. "Is that the way you usually dress for company?"

The raking, swooping sound now once more attacked the roof. "My name's Hubbard," the visitor replied rather at random. "That's the Bird o' Paradise you hear on the roof. Got a good, sharp ax handy? I want to straighten out her riggin'."

Mace gaped upon him with fallen jaw. A man who wore stockings as long as that, and had tied a bird of paradise to the roof, was so crazy a happening that Tallent began to believe his wits were going, and that he had invented the whole matter.

Suddenly the window darkened, and a big, creamy curtain seemed to descend outside of it. "Lord a mighty! Is the skies a-fallin'?" Mace roared.

Then, upon their ears burst most unmelodious howls, coming apparently from the roof above.

"Ez that your bird—a—your bird o' paradise?" Mace inquired.

Hubbard arose with great alacrity. "It's the preacher I brought with me. I forgot him. He's hitched in the ropes, and when the balloon careens it's likely to rake him over the shingles some. Get me that hatchet, will you? And would you please come and help me get him loose?" It was plain that whatever the oddity of Mace's predicament, it could extort but wavering attention from one whose own affairs were in such pressing disorder. A balloon. The matter began to unravel itself before Mace. To this mountain man there was nothing strange in having a prospective brother-in-law suddenly turn assassin; but the manner of this which began to present itself as deliverance, was indeed wildly absurd.

"Name's Hubbard, as I told you. Was making an ascent down there at Garyville. Balloon got away with me before I was ready—me and the preacher. We was to have brought up a couple with us and married 'em 'one thousand feet in air.'" He jerked out the sentences as the two men climbed to the roof.

The preacher, who was of the mountain variety, was not resigning himself to death without effort. He had his pocket knife out and was hacking valiantly at the ropes, whenever he could reach one. Hubbard sprang upon him almost savagely. "Hold on there, my dear sir," he remonstrated. "I'll cut the right ones."

"Any rope that's holdin' me is the right one to cut," the Reverend Zeb Pusey asserted with emphasis.

"Do you know Fain Bushares?" Mace inquired abruptly, as the two men worked at the ropes.

"Haven't the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance—but should be glad of the opportunity, if he's a friend o' yourn," returned the aeronaut blandly, as he struggled with the big, bulging captive and its netting of ropes.

"Say, look here, is this thing a-goin' to rise up when we git her cut a-loose?" Mace inquired.

"Why, I think it will—I hope it will. My notion is to make the ascension from here, if the gear can be disentangled, and drop down in or near Garyville. That will satisfy the crowd, I hope, even if we haven't a couple to marry!"

A couple to marry! Ideas were coming fast to Mace; a plan so brilliant that it seeemed too good to be true was instantly born in his brain.

"They's a couple here in this here shanty," he suggested, "that's mighty wishful to be wed, and likewise mighty wishful o' gettin' out o' these diggin's. Fain Bushares, the gent you said you hadn't met, is after the man, with a gun —the gal's Fain's sister. Fain, he's down to Garyville now. Ef so be you can take me and my gal down there—an' keep out o' rifle range—we'd be mighty proud to go."

Four people, and the balloon somewhat damaged. Hubbard looked doubtful.

"If I could get some smoke—or hot air—say, fifteen minutes filling up would make her sail like a bird."

"What's the matter with this?" Mace inquired, pointing to the great chimney of the still. I can make you a fire o' balsam chips in that there furnace downstairs, that'll send out all the smoke you'll want."

The Reverend Zeb was on his feet now. "I don't go up in no more balloons this Fourth o' July," he remarked, as he slid over the roof's edge. But his assertion proved to be an error. He was in a minority. Mace desired to be married; Hubbard was determined to give the crowd below at the settlement the spectacle for which their money had been paid; and he was out voted, out faced, over persuaded — fairly hustled into more adventure.

After Hester Bushares had been found, fastened in a lower room of the still-house, the Bird of Paradise fed full of balsam smoke, the gear and rigging righted, four people settled themselves in the car, and the great, egg shaped, yellow monster, true to the bidding of her strangely attired master, rose majestically from the mountain top.

There was a light westerly breeze. Garyville nestles just to the east of Big Turkey Track mountain. Its tiny houses, like toy boxes; its race course, like a lamp mat, became visible almost immediately. There were moments of intense anxiety, when it seemed impossible that they should go near enough to be more than seen.

"Lord a' mighty!" groaned Mace in an agony of impatience. "Looks like this is the biggest fool contraption ever made by man. Ef a feller had a bit in its mouth, or a paddle to steer with, even —but to set up here, an' let the wind blow ye—"

"Easy, my friend," counselled Hubbard. 'Speak well o' the bridge that carries you safe over.' The Bird o' Paradise, she's a-goin' like a dove to the ark. I believe you'd ruther be here than back in your recent quarters?"

Mace looked in Hester's eyes and agreed that he was an ungrateful dog.

Hubbard laid aside coat, vest, tie, and what proved to be a false shirt front, commonly called a dickey, and appeared glorious in tarnished spangles about neck and breast.

Hester gazed upon him with wide, awe filled eyes. It was the experience of a lifetime, something to tell to her children and grandchildren, to be so near a "showman." And the presence of Mace robbed it of all impropriety—that ever present bugbear of rustic femininity.

Mace had a happy inspiration. "Say, look hyer, let Mr. Pusey marry us right now—we hain't goin' to git to Garyville in this thing," he pleaded.

"Yes we are," Hubbard returned, staring intently down, his hand on the

valve rope. "By George! I wouldn't have believed it! We've struck a current that's going to carry us right smack over the fair-grounds."

It was true; the race track, crowd, booths and stalls, were almost directly below them, and lay in their line of advance. Hubbard began to descend.

The shouting of the crowd could now be heard, the crowd itself was visible, and disentangled itself into individuals, like ants running about an ant heap.

Hester clung in silence to her lover's arm. She was dressed in all the finery a mountain belle could command, for she had expected to go to the Fourth of July celebration at Garyville — indeed, she was going to it now, and to her own wedding as well. "You reckon Fain's down there?" she inquired finally, looking at the ant hill and the ants. It was very difficult to be afraid of a brother at such long range, and when your uninterrupted view was permitted to reduce him to such contemptible dimensions.

The balloon, however, was now so much lower that people began to look like people, though strangely foreshortened and distorted. Hester, Mace and Brother Pusey gazed fascinated, and no wonder; for, from this height, a man directly below presented himself as a hat moving along upon the ground, from which were thrust a pair of feet, and beside which two short arms waggled.

Hubbard undid a package of hand bills, and all four joined in throwing them out. The aeronaut, knowing nothing of mountain people and mountain ways, failed to appreciate the danger in which not only his passengers but his beloved balloon might be from Bushares' rifle. The Reverend Zeb, however, touched his sleeve, cautioning, "Better not git down too close. Fain Bushares is a good shot; but the way this here thing wobbles, he's mighty apt to miss Mace an' hit you or me."

"How far will a rifle ball carry?" Hubbard inquired in some alarm.

"I sh'd think he mought hit a man at six or eight hundred yards; but this old balloon is a fa'r mark—looks like he mought hit *it* 's far's he c'd see it. That ol' Winchester o' his'n 'll kerry a plumb mile."

"I don't want the Bird o' Paradise shot into, of course," Hubbard said, "but a rifle ball wouldn't make hole enough to do us much damage. I'll keep three or four hundred feet above the crowd; but I ort to get where I can holler to 'em, and tell 'em that the marryin' is goin' on. I'll go down close first — won't do any harm till the man recognizes you folks—maybe he ain't there anyhow."

They could hear the popping of firecrackers now, the band playing away for dear life, and the hoarse, delighted shouts of the people below them. As the last handbill went over the edge of the car, Hubbard took out the big tin horn of the spieler.

"The wedding is now taking place," he roared, "one thousand feet in a-a-air!" This latter was simply a rhetorical flourish, but it pleased the crowd, which roared again.

"Join your right hands," Hubbard prompted irritably, turning from his horn. "Stand up before the preacher, and join your right hands."

Nothing loath, the young people did so. During the arrangement of the wedding scene, the balloon had descended perilously close to the settlement. Suddenly the bride—it is always the woman who has her wits about her at such times —saw a man run a little away from those about him, pick up a rifle and bring it to his shoulder. "It's Fain," she cried. "He's saw us and knows us. Oh, please, Mr. Balloon man, make it go up quick."

The frightened Hubbard heaved overboard most of his sand; and so close was he above the heads of the gaping crowd that the sand descended upon them in

a cloud. The balloon shot upward, leaving a choking, sputtering group below —and it was nearly 'a thousand feet in air' that Mace Tallent and Hester Bushares were married.

They could see other atomies run to Fain and disarm him; before they got too far away, they could even hear the laughter with which this unexpected turn was received.

Hubbard radiated satisfaction. "I'll bet that's the most successful ascent I ever made," he remarked. "I never seen a crowd so tickled."

"You could drap us wherever you choose now," the happy bridegroom suggested. "The boys has got a-hold of Fain, an' we're all right."

"I reckon," mused the Reverend Pusey, whose good humor was quite restored, "that these young friends o' yourn will be wantin' you to change the name o' your balloon from the Bird o' Paradise to the Gyardeen Angel."

And four people, 'one thousand feet in air,' laughed together as they settled gracefully toward Polk's Station, and the railway which was to carry Mace and Hester Tallent to safety, and indirectly to the little waiting cabin on the mountain-side.

"Honey," whispered Mace, as he surreptitiously possessed himself of Hester's hand, "we had the biggest crowd to our weddin' ever saw at ary weddin' in all the Little Turkey Track neighborhood."

Hester smiled, and seeing preacher and aeronaut absorbed in some matter they were discussing, shyly nestled her cheek against her husband's arm. The contrast between the state of things at this moment and that prevailing at ten o'clock that morning was a pleasing one.

"And when chariots descend out o' heaven — bringin' preacher and all—to tote us up to be wed in the middle o' the sky," concluded Mace, "looks like we must be purty consid'able somepin o' folks."

AN IDLE MAID

They say I am an idle lass,
They frown upon me as they pass;
My gown becomes me and 'tis new,—
The butterflies are idle too!
The world has need of butterflies
Else why flit they in sparkling guise?
They bask in sunshine by the hour,
And I rock in my lilac bower.
With work and study far away,
What care I for the words they say!
I will not teach, I will not sew,
Or tend the lettuce down the row.
But dance, and sing and pretty be,
And wait the Prince that comes for me.
Some day I'll hear the Prince's tread,
He'll stop beside my sweet rose bed,
He'll praise my cheeks, and praise my hair,
And tell to me that I am fair.
And then in state with him I'll go
To where the crystal fountains flow,
I'll dress in silks and linens fine,
With maids to bring for us the wine.
But be he poor, with love for me
That shining in his eyes I see,
Then will I keep his cottage trim,
And sew the seams, and bake for him.

CORA A. MATSON-DOLSON

The American Invasion of Canada

A Great and Natural Movement of Population that is Prac-

"GRANT, O Lord," prayed a western minister recently, "that Canada may come of her own accord into the great sisterhood of states; that no harsh measures be needed in working out the destiny of this republic." In this man's mind his prayer was also a prophecy. His was the pulpit version of a theme of politics that is looming big and grave beyond the Mississippi.

"Yankee thought, Yankee spirit, Yankee ways will one day dominate the great country across our border on the north. The time is not far away, and when it comes, the American republic will reach from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic regions."

This is what thinking men of the West are saying. The logic of current events leads strongly to that conclusion. Pioneer experience, human nature, national necessity, the physical characteristics of the continent—all these may be invoked as arguments. If it be a dream, its realization is in process this very day.

American farmers are migrating by tens of thousands across the border into Canada. The average citizen of this nation has not come to understand the magnitude or meaning of this movement of population. From the states 40,000 farmers flocked to northwest Canada in 1902. Judging from this season's rush, there is reason to believe 100,000 will go in 1903. Iowa alone sent 15,000 last year. The border states contributed liberally. Thirty-five per cent of all the immigrants into Canada were from this country. During the year ending June 30, 1902, Americans homesteaded 825,000 acres of agricultural lands in "the granary of the British Empire." Congressman Walter I. Smith of Council Bluffs, Iowa, is one of the men who has read the larger meaning into this Canadian influx. He writes:

"I am of the opinion that the annexation of Canada is of vital importance, not only to the prosperity but to the safety of this country. For more than a generation and ever since the birth of our present complicated problems arising out of the very great concentration of wealth, the poor have at least been accorded the privilege of going to the frontier and there establishing homes for themselves substantially without expense. In my judgment this opportunity has been the greatest of all used for the suppression of social discontent. Had the millions who have in the past generation built homes in the prairie states been obliged to remain upon the high-priced and poor lands of the East, or compelled to crowd into the great cities, the struggle of life for the poor would long ere this have become so hard and bitter that it would have threatened social disorder.

"Unfortunately the public lands are now substantially exhausted and this outlet no longer exists. It was with this thought in mind that I personally supported the irrigation bill at the last session of congress; but that can only delay the evil for a comparatively short time, because the quantity of land that can be irrigated is such that the measure could not reach the demand. On the other hand, British America is substantially unsettled, having about the same area as the United States and only about one-twelfth the population. The annexation of Canada would mean safety for us and untold prosperity and development for it. I feel that no opportunity should be overlooked for the annexation of that region; and when I say Canada, I mean all British America."

It was the Canadian Government itself that gave the first and greatest impetus to the American invasion. It devised and put into operation the most daring and extensive system of advertising for settlers ever undertaken by any government. It is using seven thousand American publications today to proclaim to the world the material wealth and resources of Northwest Canada. In many of the large cities of the Western states it has established and still maintains immigration agencies in charge of men who know how to paint in radiant colors the advantages offered by its limitless prairies. In its propaganda "the granary of the world" was the happy phrase that acted like magic on the wheat raisers of the states, luring them from their own to a foreign country.

The government of Canada is today frightened by its own success at colonization. It is not trying to turn back the American tide, but it is making superhuman efforts to outnumber Yankee immigrants with those whose fealty is to the British flag. Its lack of success in this is quite as perplexing as its over-success in the other. Expert emissaries are preaching the wonders of Canada in England, Ireland, Scotland and other British possessions, and yet in 1902 only twenty-five percent of the immigrants were subjects of King Edward. The census of 1901, too, tells a startling tale. It showed that there were 85,000 fewer British-born persons in Canada than there were ten years before.

Men who survey this border-crossing movement in its larger aspects believe it has an impetus that never will be checked. As suggested by Congressman Smith, the westward tide in America has struck the wall of necessity and has been deflected to the north. Herein lies the national motive for the invasion of Canada; but there is an individual motive which promises to send two Yankees to one from all other countries.

Americans above all others have the restless, roving spirit that impels them to leave the old and seek the new home. Along with this spirit they take the genius of adaptability to new environment. But the American is more than migratory. He seeks out the place where a living will come to him with the least resistance. That is the great reason why he is attracted to Canada just now. Farmers of Montana, the Dakotas and other Western states are selling their farms at a good premium over the purchase price (or homesteading outlay) and are buying or patenting the cheaper but not less productive lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Assiniboia.

tically Certain to Result in the Annexation of the Dominion

For these farmers the change is not a radical one. The climate, the soil, the farming methods are much the same. The husbandman of the states becomes the husbandman of the provinces with no more trouble than it takes to move his base of operations. There is a twinge of sentiment because he goes to an alien flag, but if he buys his land he need not forswear allegiance to Uncle Sam or pledge his loyalty to Britain's crown. Indeed a goodly number (more than the Dominion government is willing to admit) retain their American fealty. The number of these is likely to be largely increased as family ties draw thousands of other Yankees to the new homes of the relatives who have crossed the border before. A writer of British sympathies sounded this warning to his country in a recent number of the Fortnightly Review:

"From a purely economic point of view the American settler is the more desirable, but British people cannot fail to ask what influence this influx of foreigners will have on the future relations of Canada toward the mother country. The new-comers from America and Europe may make good enough Canadians, but will they become loyal subjects of the British Empire? The two terms are not synonymous."

This writer, too, has read the signs of the times; but did he grasp their full meaning? Looking through British glasses he saw the possibility of the separatist movement ultimately divorcing Canada from the Empire, but did he apprehend the silent but mighty influences that tend to run the lines of sentiment north and south instead of east and west? Did he see the leaven of fate at work in the western provinces—in that great grain and grazing country where 260,000,000 acres of agricultural lands promise to be largely in control of Yankee farmers?

In the years to come, when the productiveness of American soil has decreased and the population has increased proportionately, the United States will be the best market for Canadian grain. Despite the Herculean efforts of the Dominion government to build up a great system of trans-continental railroads, the American trunk lines seem destined to be the natural spout for the outlet of Canada's cereal wealth in the future as they are today.

Here, then, is the business tie that will unite Canuck and Yankee in indissoluble bonds—a tie that will first express itself in mutually favorable trade laws. Already there is a strong sentiment on both sides of the line in favor of resuming the reciprocal relations which were terminated by this government years ago. Commercially, Canada always has felt the need of American friendship. Today the United States is beginning to feel the need of Canadian friendship. The national hands are making ready to clasp across the border, and why not to plight the troth of the "Lady of the Snows" to Uncle Sam?

But there are other than business reasons why western Canada may find her eyes turning wistfully south instead of east, why she should find more congenial company in the states than in the Eastern provinces of the Dominion. Between this far-off wheat and cattle country and the provinces of Quebec and Ontario there is a wide stretch of practically unhabited country. If there be a design in Nature she has given us something to think about in this hiatus of barrenness dividing east and west, as well as in her running of the western rivers north and south and extending the fertile American prairies far up over the border.

Indeed, there is more than Nature to estrange the peoples on either side of this desolate region north of Lake Superior. The people to the west are largely Protestant and English-speaking; those in Quebec and a large portion of Ontario are Roman Catholic and speak only French. Their children are reared without a knowledge of the English language. In the former province such concession is made by the government to the dominant religious sentiment that laws and customs peculiar to it obtain. French is the official tongue. Priestly authority is almost paramount. Protestantism is not in favor. Modes of life are much as they were a hundred years ago. Quebec and the progressive West have little in common. Manitoba and the adjoining provinces must look to the States for congenial neighbors.

Granting that the press and literature of a country do much to mould its thoughts and cultivate its sentiments, we find still another potent element in the alchemy that is welding western Canada to the United States. The influential newspapers of Winnepeg and other cities get their news of the world through American news agencies. Western Canada must take this news or none. It is in Yankee literature that Canadians find their diversion. "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH" and other American novels of the day, historical and otherwise, furnish the bulk of reading in the Dominion. "We must even depend upon American humorists for our jokes," complains one Canadian writer.

Peace-loving men banish the suggestion of force in thinking of this great problem, partly because the idea is repugnant to them, but more because they believe gentler influences than the arbitrament of the sword will bring Canada into the American Union when the time is ripe. The colony as a whole is not over-fond of the mother country. That accounts for the existing separatist movement. Three thousand miles of sea divide the two. Canada is the one British colony that declined to contribute to the upbuilding of the British navy. The laws of trade which Great Britain imposes on the colony are not calculated to win or retain the love of Canadian subjects of the crown. Catholic-French Quebec with her million and a half of souls is not lying awake nights thinking how she may serve the king loyally. The leaven of western Canada seems to have yielding material to work upon in the provinces to the east.

The population of the whole Dominion is less than two persons to the square mile. It is estimated that this western country alone will sustain twenty million persons in comfort.

Raccoon Creek

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

OVER the creek, and clearing it by a little, hung a snow white, stirless mist, its under surface even and parallel with the face of the water, its upper surface peaked and billowed half way to the tops of the shore skirting trees. As I dipped along, my head was enveloped in the cloud; but bending over the skiff I could see far up the stream between a mist ceiling and a water floor, as through a long, low room. How deep and dark seemed the water! And the trees how remote, aerial and floating! as if growing in the skies with no roots fast hold of the earth. Filling the valley, conforming to every bend and stretch of the creek, lay the breath of the water, motionless and sheeted, a spirit stream, hovering over the sluggish current a moment, before it should float upward and melt away. It was cold, too, as a wraith might be, colder than the water, for the June sun had not yet risen over the swamp.

At the bridge where the road crossed was a dam which backed the creek out into an acre or more of pond. Not a particle of mud discolored the water; but it was dark, and as it came tumbling, foaming over the moss edged gates it lighted up a rich amber color, the color of strong tea. In the half chill of the dawn the old bridge lay veiled in smoking spray, in a thin, rising vapor of spicy odors, clean, medicinal odors, as of the brewing of many roots, the fragrance of shores of sedges, ferns and aromatic herbs steeped in the slow, soft tide. And faint across the creek, the road and the fields, lay the pondy smell of spatter docks.

I pushed out from the sandy cove and lay with a reach of the lusty docks between me and either shore. It was early morning. The yellow, dew laid road down which I came still slumbered undisturbed; the village cows had not been milked, and the pasture slope, rounding with a feminine grace of curve and form, lay asleep with its sedgy fingers trailing in the water; even the locomotive in the little terminal round house over the hill was not awake and wheezing. But the creek people were stirring—except the frogs. They were growing sleepy. The long June night they had improved, soberly, philosophically; and now, seeing nothing worth while in the dawn of this wonder day, they had begun to doze. But the birds were alive, full of the crisp, June morning, of its overflow of gladness, and were telling their joy in chorus up and down both banks of the creek.

"Harkneth thise blisful birddes how they singe."

Do you mean out in Finsbury Moor, Father Chaucer? They were sweet along the banks of the Walbrook, I know, for among them "maken melodye" were the skylark, ethereal minstrel! and the nightingale. But, Father Chaucer, you should have heard the wood thrushes, the orchard orioles—this whole morning chorus singing along the Creek! No one may know how blissful, how wild, how thrilling the singing of birds can be unless he has listened when the summer mists are rising over Raccoon Creek.

There is no song hour after sunrise to compare with this for spirit and volume of sound. The difference between the singing in the dusk and the dawn is the difference between the slow, sweet melody of a dirge and the triumphant, full voiced peal of a wedding march. Even one who has always lived in the

country can scarcely believe his ears the first time he is a-field in June at the birds' awaking hour. Robins led the singing along the creek. They always do. In New Jersey, Massachusetts, Michigan—everywhere it is the same—they outnumber all rivals three to one. It is necessary to listen closely in order to distinguish the other voices. This particular morning, however, the wood thrushes were all arranged up the copsy hillside at my back, and so reenforced each other that their part was not overborne by robin song. One of the thrushes was perched upon a willow stub along the edge of the water, so near that I could see every flirt of his wings, could almost count the big spots in his sides. Softly, calmly, with the purest joy he sang, pausing at the end of every few bars to preen and call. His song was the soul of serenity, of all that is spiritual. Accompanied by the lower, more continuous notes from among the trees, it rose, a clear, pure, wonderful soprano, lifting the whole wide chorus nearer heaven. Further along the creek, on the border of the swamp, the red shouldered blackbirds were massed; chiming in everywhere sang the catbirds, white eyed vireos, yellow warblers, orchard orioles and Maryland yellow-throats; and at short intervals, soaring for a moment high over the other voices, sounded the thrilling, throbbing notes of the cardinal, broken suddenly and drowned by the roll of the flicker, the wild, wierd cry of the great crested fly catcher, or the rapid, hayrake rattle of the belted kingfisher.

All at once a narrow breeze cut a swath through the mist just across my bows, turned, spread, caught the severed cloud in which I was drifting, and whirled it up and away. The head of the pond and the upper creek were still shrouded; while around me, only breaths of the white flecked the water and the docks. The breeze had not stirred a ripple; the current here in the broad of the pond was imperceptible, and I lay becalmed on the edge of the open channel, among the rank leaves and golden nobs of the docks.

A crowd of chimney swallows gathered over the pond for a morning bath. Half a hundred of them were wheeling, looping and cutting about me in a perfect maze of orbits, as if so many little black shuttles had borrowed wings and gone crazy with freedom. They had come to wash—a very proper thing to do, for there are few birds or beasts that need it more. It was highly fitting for Kingsley's sooty little Tom, seeing he had to turn into something, to become a Water Baby. And if those smaller, winged sweeps of our American chimneys are contemplating a metamorphosis, it ought to be toward a similar life of soaking.

They must have been particularly sooty this morning. One plunge apiece, so far from sufficing, seemed hardly a beginning. They kept diving in over and over, continuing so long that finally I grew curious to know how many dips they were taking, and so, in order to count his dives, I singled one out, after most of the flock had done and gone off to the hawk. How many he had taken before I marked him, and how many more he took after I lost him among the other birds, I cannot say; but, standing up in the skiff, I followed him around and around until he made his nineteenth splash—in less than half as many minutes—when I got so groggy that his twentieth splash I came near taking with him.

The pond narrows toward the head, and just before it becomes a creek again, the channel turns abruptly through the docks in against the right shore, where the current curls and dimples darkly under the drooping branches of great red maple, then horseshoes into the middle, coming down through small bush islands and tangled brush which deepen into an extensive swamp.

June seemed a little tardy here, but the elder, rose, and the panicled cornel were almost ready, the buttonbushes were showing ivory, while the arrow-wood, fully open, was glistening snowily everywhere, its tiny flower crowns falling and floating in patches down stream, its over sweet breath hanging heavy in the morning mist. My nose was in the air all the way for magnolias and water lilies, yet never a whiff from either shore, so particular, so unaccountably notional are some of the high caste flowers with regard to their homes.

The skiff edged slowly past the first of the islands, a mere hummock about a yard square, and was turning a sharp bend farther up, when I thought I had a glimpse of yellowish wings, a guess of a bird shadow, dropping among the dense maple saplings and elder of the islet.

Had I seen or simply imagined something? If I had seen wings, then they were not those of the thrasher—the first bird that came to mind—for they slipped, sank, dropped through the bushes, with just a hint of dodging in their movement, and not exactly as a thrasher would have moved.

Drifting noiselessly back, I searched the tangle and must have been looking directly at the bird several seconds before cutting it out from the stalks and branches. It was a least bittern, a female. She was clinging to a perpendicular stem of elder, hand over hand, wren fashion, her long neck thrust straight into the air, absolutely stiff and statuesque.

We were less than a skiff's length apart, each trying to out pose and out stare the other. I won. My eyes are none the strongest, neither is my patience, yet I have rarely seen a creature that could out wait me. The only steady, straightforward eye in the Jungle was Mowglie's—because it was the only one with a steady mind behind it. As soon as the bird let herself look me squarely in the eye, she knew she was discovered, that her little trick of turning into a stub was seen through; and immediately, ruffling her feathers, she lowered her head, poked out her neck at me, and swaying from side to side like a caged bear, tried to scare me, glaring and softly growling.

Off she flopped as I landed. The nest might be upon the ground or lodged among the bushes; but the only ground space large enough was covered layer over layer with pearly clam shells, the kitchen midden of some muskrat; and the bushes were empty. I went to the other islets, searched bog and tangle, and finally pulled away disappointed, giving the least bittern credit for considerable mother wit and woodcraft. How little wit she really had appeared on my return down creek that afternoon.

I had now entered the high, overhanging swamp, where the shaggy trees, the looping vines and rank, pulpous undergrowth grew thick on both sides, reaching far back; a wet, heavy wilderness without a path, except for the silent feet of the mink and the otter, and the more silent feet of the creek, a narrow stream winding darkly down through the shadows. I was heading up stream toward a deep, sandy sided pool, that was bottomed, or rather unbottomed, by the shadows of overhanging beeches. The pool was alive with raccoon perch, and was regularly fished in the early June mornings by a mink. I hoped he would come for perch this morning.

Floating around a bend, I pulled in among the shore bushes by a bit of grapevine and sitting down upon it made my boat fast. An hour passed, then another and another, but no mink came; but a big blue heron came and fished. I had waited years to see him. I caught no glimpse of the mink, but the morning

was far from wasted.

The creek was roped off by the sagging fox grapevines, and barred, from this point on, by the alders, so that I gave up all farther ascent. I had already given up the mink; yet I waited under the beeches.

It was blazing overhead, growing hotter and closer all the time, with hardly breeze enough to disturb the sleep of the leaf shadows on the sleepy stream. A rusty, red bellied water snake in a mat of briers near by, relaxed and straightened slowly out, and softly, that I might not be attracted, stretching himself to the warmth. I could have broken his back with my paddle, and perhaps, by so doing, saved the nestlings of a pair of Maryland yellowthroats fidgeting about near him. He had eaten many a young bird of these bushes, I was sure—yet only circumstantially sure. Catching him in the act of robbing a nest would have been different; I should have felt justified then in dispatching him. But to strike him asleep in the sun simply because he was a snake, would have robbed the spot of part of its life and spirit and robbed me of serenity for the rest of the day. I should not have been able to enjoy the quiet again until I had said my prayers and slept.

And as between the hawks and other wild birds, we need not interfere. While the water snake was spreading himself, a small hawk, a sharp shinned, I think, came beating over the meadow and was met by a vigilance committee of red shouldered blackbirds. He did not stop to eat any of them, but darted up and they after him. On up he went, 'round and 'round in a rapid, mounting spiral, till only one of the daring redwings followed. I watched. Up they went, higher than I had ever seen a blackbird venture before. And against such unequal odds! But the hawk was scared and had not stopped to look back. He circled; the blackbird cut across inside and caught him on almost every round. And still higher in pure bravado the redwing forced him. I began to tremble for the plucky bird when I saw him turn, half fold his shining wings and shoot straight down—a meteor of jet with fire flying from its opposite sides—down, down, while I held my breath. Suddenly the wings flashed—and he was scaling a steep incline; another flash, a turn—and he was upon a lower plain—had thrown himself against the air and settled upon the swaying top of a brown cattail.

A quiet had been creeping over the swamp and meadow. The dry rasp of a dragon fly's wings was loud in the grass. The stream beneath the beeches darkened and grew moody as the light neared its noon intensity; the beech leaves hung limp and silent; a catbird settled near me with dropped tail and head drawn in between her shoulders, as mute as the leaves; the Maryland yellowthroat broke into a short gallop of song at intervals—he would have to clatter a little on Doomsday, if that day fell in June—but the intervals were far apart. The meadow shimmered. No part of the horizon was in sight—only the sky overhanging the little open of grass, and this was cloudless, though far from blue.

Perhaps there was not a real sign of uneasiness anywhere except in my boat; yet I felt something ominous in this silent, stifled noon. After all, I ought to have scotched the rusty, red bellied water snake leering at me now. The croak of the great blue heron sounded again; then far away, mysterious and spirit-like, floated a soft *qua, qua, qua*—the cry of the least bittern—out of the heart of the swamp.

I loosed the grapevine, put in my paddle and turned down stream, with an urgent desire to get out of the swamp, out where I could see about me. I made no haste, lest the stream, the swamp, the something that made me uneasy, should know. Not that I am superstitious, though I should have been had I lived when the land was all swamp and wood and prairie; and I should be now were I a sailor. My boat slipped swiftly along under the thick-shadowing trees, and rounding a sharp bend brought me the open pond, to the sky and to a sight that explained my disquietude. The west, half way to the zenith, was green—the black and blue green of bruised flesh. Out of it shot a fork of lightning and behind it rumbled muffled thunder.

There was no time to descend the pond. I could already hear the wind across the silence and suspense. It was one of the supreme moments of the summer. The very trees seemed breathless and awestruck. Pushing quickly to the wooded shore, I drew out the boat, turned it over and crawled under it just as the leaves stirred with the first cool, wet breath.

There was an instant's lull, a tremor through the ground: then the rending and crunching of the wind monster in the oaks, the shriek of the forest victim—and the wind was gone. The rain followed with fearful violence, the lightning sizzled and cracked among the trees, and the thunder burst just above the boat—all holding on to finish the wind's work.

It was soon over. The leaves were dripping when I crept out of my shell; the afternoon sun was blinking through a million gleaming tears, and the storm was rumbling far away, behind the swamp. A robin lighted upon a branch over me and set off its load of drops, which rattled down on my boat's bottom like a charge of shot. I glided into the stream. Down the pond where I had seen the sullen clouds was now an indescribable freshness and glory of shining hills and shining sky. The air had been washed and was still hanging across the heavens undried. The maple leaves showed silver; the flock of chimney swifts had returned, and among them, twinkling white and blue and brown, were tree swallows and barn swallows squeaking like new harness; a pair of nighthawks played back and forth across the water, too, awakened, probably, by the thunder, or else mistaken in the green darkness of the storm, thinking it the twilight; and the creek up and down as far as I could hear was ringing with bird calls.

There had been a perceptible rise and quickening of the current. It was slightly roiled and carried a floatage of broken twigs, torn leaves and here and there a golden green tulip petal, like the broken wings of butterflies.

I was in no hurry now and in no fear. The swamp and the storm were at my back. Before me lay the pond, the pastures and the roofs of a human village—all bathed in the splendor of the year's divinest hour. It had not been a perfect day, but these closing hours were perfect, so perfect that they redeemed the whole, and not that day only: they were perfect enough to have redeemed the whole of creation travailing till then in pain.

Because I turned from all this sunset glory to find out what little bird was making the very big fuss near by, and because, parting the foliage of an arrow-wood bush, I looked with exquisite pleasure into the nest of a white eyed vireo, does it mean that I am still unborn as to soul? For some reason it was a relief to look away from that West of vast and burning color to the delicately dotted eggs in the tiny cradle—the same relief felt in descending from a mountain top to the valleys; in turning from the sweep of the sea to watch beach fleas hopping

over the sand, in giving over the wisdom of men for the gabble of my little boys.

How the vireo scolded! and her mate! He half sang his threat and defiance. "Come, get out of this! Come; do you hear?" he cried over and over, as I peeked into the nest. It was a thick walled, exquisite bit of a basket, rimmed 'round with green, growing moss, worked over with shredded bark and fragments of yellowwood from a punky stump across the stream, and suspended by spider webs upon two parallel twigs about three feet above the water. It was not consciously worked out by the birds, of course, but the patch of yellowwood fragments on the side of the nest exactly matched the size and color of the fading cymes of arrowwood blossoms all over the bush, so that I mistook the little domicle utterly on first parting the leaves. A crow or a snake would never have discovered it from that side.

Paddling down, I was soon out of earshot of the scolding vireos, but the little cock's vigorous, ringing song followed me to the head of the pond. Flying heavily over from the meadows with folded neck and dangling legs came a little green heron—the "poke." I spun 'round behind a big clump of elder to watch him; but he saw me, veered, gulped aloud and pulled off with a rapid stroke up the creek.

As I turned, my eye fell upon a soft, yellowish something in the rose bushes across the docks. I was slow to believe. It was too good to be credited all at once. Within three paddle lengths of my boat, in a patch of dark that must be a nest, stood my least bittern.

I sat still for several second tasting the joy of my discovery and anticipating the look into the nest. Then, upon my knees in the bow of the skiff, I pulled up by means of the stout dock leaves until almost able to touch the bird, when she walked off down a dead stalk to the ground, clucking and growling at me.

It wasn't a nest to boast of; but she might boast of her eggs, for there was more eggs than nest—a great deal more. A few sticks had been laid upon the ends of the bending rose bushes, and this flimsy, inadequate platform was literally covered by the five dirty white eggs. The hen had to stand on the bushes straddling the nest in order to brood. How she ever got as close to the nest as that without spilling its contents was hard to see; for I took an egg out and had the greatest difficulty in putting it back, so little room was there, so near to nothing for it to rest upon.

Working back into the channel, I gave the skiff to the easy current and drew slowly along toward the foot of the pond.

The sun had gone down behind the hill; the flame had faded from the sky, and over the rim of the circling slopes poured the soft, cool twilight, with a breeze as soft and cool, and a spirit that was prayer. Drifting across the pond as gently as the gray half light fell a shower of down from the willow catkins. The swallows had left; but from the leafy darkness of the copse in front of me, piercing the dreamy, foamy roar of the distant dam, came the notes of a wood thrush, pure, sweet and peaceful, speaking the soul of the quiet time. My boat grated softly on the sandy bottom of the cove and swung in. Out from the deep shadow of the wooded shore, out over the pond, a thin, white veil was creeping—the mist, the breath of the sleeping water, the spirit of the stream. And away up the creek a distorted, inarticulate sound—the hoarse, guttural croak of the great blue heron, the wierd, uncanny cry of the night, the mock, the menace of the tangled, untamed swamp!

A Lucky Opal.

By JAMES BALL NAYLOR

THE wind shrieked hysterically as it sped across the thoroughfare and down a side street. Then it grew angry and inquisitive—shaking doors and windows, thrusting its wet and icy fingers into crevices, and peeping down chimneys. Dr. Fred Dunbar heard its banshee voice and, stretching his shapely legs to the fire, shivered involuntarily.

It was a black and stormy December night. The raindrops froze as they fell; and a chill dampness penetrated entrances and halls.

Dr. Dunbar lighted a cigar and, leaning back in his comfortable office chair, began the perusal of a late journal. He was a man of thirtytwo, tall, erect and handsome. As he sat there, absentmindedly twirling his brown mustache around an index finger, a self satisfied smile crept over his face, lighting up his frank blue eyes. Knocking the ashes from his cigar, he yawned sleepily:

"Well, I'm a lucky dog, *this* night. Whew! hear that wind. Wouldn't I hate to face it! It's a wonder I *don't* have to go out tonight; I've been doing a deal of night work recently. Let's see. I've been here six months only; and already my income's becoming burdensome—almost pays my laundry bill. By jacks! it's a good thing for the young man in love with his profession to have something to fall back upon. Otherwise, through lack of proper nourishment, he might become his own skeleton, and—"

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling!"

It was the telephone bell. The sound abruptly roused the doctor from his reverie. Springing to his feet, he crossed the room and took down the receiver.

"Hello!" he called.

"Hello! Is this Dr. Dunbar?"

"Yes."

"Doctor, please come to the corner of King street and Hickory avenue, immediately."

"Who is it?"

No answer.

"Hello! Hello—I say!"

Still no answer.

"Hello! Who is it wants Dr. Dunbar?"

"King street and Hickory avenue," came faintly to the doctor's ear.

"Yes, I understand. But who is it?"

"It's all right. Will you come?"

"Yes; but—"

At that moment the other party rang off.

Dr. Dunbar hung up his receiver, muttering angrily:

"Well, don't that beat the devil! Whoever that was doesn't make a practice of calling a physician — or there's something shady about the affair."

A scowl rested upon his handsome face; and he strode up and down the room, in perplexity.

"Corner of King street and Hickory avenue," he continued musingly; "that's away in the East End. And, if my memory serves me right, a half dozen squares beyond the brickyards. There isn't a residence near there — ah!" — and he stopped and caught his breath sharply— "That's where the old icebarn stands. I understand everything now. I've heard it rumored that the sporting fraternity is in the habit of pulling off cock fights in that unused building. Some sport has got a knife thrust or a bit of cold lead. The affair *is* shady — they don't want the police to swoop down upon them. Well, here's for the sake of suffering humanity!"

He ordered his horse and hastily prepared for the disagreeable trip, all the while communing with himself.

"Thought I was to have a quiet evening with my books and magazines. Bah! This is a part of the penalty a man pays for being a philanthropic fool and studying medicine. Let's see—I think I've got everything I need. Well, here goes."

The night was intensely black, the wind blew a stiff gale, and the rain fell in sheets. At a fair speed he drove along the lighted streets. He left the street car tracks and electric lights behind and emerged into the sparsely settled suburbs. Then came the brick yards and the laborers' hovels surrounding them. The last light disappeared—he could hardly see to drive.

Of a sudden he pulled up and, peering intently into the blackness ahead of him, growled shiveringly:

"I must be near the place. Yes; there it is—right under my nose."

He shook the lines, and again moved forward. A muffled figure emerged from the shadow of the building he was nearing and called softly:

"Hello! Is that Dr. Dunbar?"

"Yes."

The man advanced and seizing the bridle said quietly but firmly:

"I'll lead your horse into the barn; it's quite dark."

"Somebody hurt?" inquired the physician, as the phaeton rolled and lurched along the stone approach leading to the interior of the building.

The man made no reply; and a suspicion flashed upon Dunbar's mind that all was not right. However, he quieted himself with the thought that, owing to the rattle of the vehicle, his companion had not heard him. He wondered, though, that no light showed within the barn; and regretted that he had not brought his revolver.

The horse's hoofs thundered upon the plank floor, and the phaeton came to a stop. Dr. Dunbar caught the sound of shuffling footsteps and quick breathing, but could see nothing. Alarm seized him; and he was about to leap to the floor, when a hand was laid upon his arm and a voice whispered in his ear:

"Don't be alarmed, doctor; no harm is intended. A patient needs your services—a patient whom you musn't know. It's a matter of life and death, and haste is necessary. Therefore you must consent to do my bidding; there's no time to get another physician."

Somewhat reassured and emboldened by the speaker's tone and words, Dr. Dunbar replied:

"I can't understand you nor your method of procuring medical aid. However, as your language indicates you're a gentleman and not a footpad, I'm ready to listen to you. What do you desire?"

"That you be blindfolded before you're conducted to the presence of the patient."

"Blindfolded?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll be—what if I refuse?"

"Don't speak so loud," cautioned the man. "If you refuse, I'll force you to do as I wish. I've help at hand."

"Huh! What if I should raise an outcry?"

"Listen!" the voice said menacingly. "This is a lonely place—no one could hear you. Do my bidding, and you shall return to your office amply rewarded for your services; refuse, and—"

"And what?" Dunbar asked calmly. He had regained control of himself; and all his fears had vanished.

"And you die!" whispered the man, shoving the cold muzzle of a revolver against the doctor's temple.

Fred Dunbar's voice did not quaver though he involuntarily drew away from the cold weapon pressing his forehead. He said stoutly:

"The devil! I don't believe you'd *dare* to shoot me; so don't flatter yourself you're frightening me into acceding to your demands. And let up on your

heroics. I'll see this thing through — I consent to be blindfolded. But I can't understand how I'm to administer to a patient with my eyes bandaged."

"Never mind that for the present," replied the mysterious personage. "Step out upon the floor."

The doctor obeyed; and immediately a muslin bag was dropped over his head and a silken scarf was wound around it a number of turns.

"It appears you don't wish me to see or hear either," he remarked chuckling, the humor of the affair appealing to him.

"True," was the terse answer. "Here is your satchel. Come on."

The physician felt himself led across the barn floor. A side door opened, and the air blew upon him.

"Is the patient near at hand, he inquired, some concern in his tone.

"No," was the curt rejoinder that came as a muffled whisper to his bandaged ears.

"Well, what's to become of my horse in my absence?"

"Have no fear; it's secure."

At that moment Dunbar thought he heard someone within the barn speaking to the restive animal in a low, guarded tone of voice. He—the doctor—was not at all alarmed over his safety now; in fact, he was rather enjoying the novelty of the experience.

"What a bugaboo tale I'll have to tell the fellows at the club," was the thought uppermost in his mind.

The man led him over the uneven ground for a few yards. Then they came to a sudden halt, and, by the sense of touch, the professional man became aware that they stood at the side of a closed cab.

"Climb in," commanded his conductor.

The doctor obeyed; and his companion followed him. The door was closed softly, and Dunbar felt rather than heard the driver scramble to his seat.

Away they rolled. The earth was soft, and the impact of the horses' feet upon it gave forth but little sound. The cab swayed and lurched fearfully; they were moving rapidly over the rough roads. Then, after some minutes, the doctor's bandaged ears caught faintly the sound of iron shoes upon paved streets.

"We're returning toward the heart of the city," was his mental comment. "What's to be the outcome of this adventure?"

Again they were upon the soft earth of the suburbs. After what seemed an age to Dunbar's overwrought imagination, the vehicle came to a stop. The two men alighted, and the conductor led the physician up the front steps of a building. Dunbar counted them as he ascended — one, two, three, four. Then the door opened and closed; and they were standing in a spacious hallway—so the doctor judged from the warm air and the hollow sound of the closing door.

A voice that was not the voice of his conductor came to his muffled ears, saying:

"Thank God! You're here at last. I thought you'd never come. There's not a moment to waste—take him to her at once."

"A lady patient," murmured the doctor, beneath his mask; and his heart throbbed with expectancy.

Once more his conductor's hand was laid upon his shoulder; and these words were breathed into his ear:

"I've brought you here to see a lady who has accidentally poisoned herself. For the sake of the family we don't want it noised abroad—people are prone to put a wrong construction upon such accidents. I'll conduct you to her apartment at once. There you may remove the scarf from your head; you'll be able to see and hear through your mask. A servant is in attendance, who will procure you anything you need. Do for the patient everything that lies in your

power; you shall be well paid. But you mustn't reveal your face nor your name to her; nor must you make an effort to discover who she is. Do you understand?"

Dr. Dunbar nodded.

"Very well. Remember the servant will report any treachery. If you attempt to deceive me, in the minutest particular, you'll never leave this house alive. No one but myself and trusted assistants know you're here."

"It may become necessary for me to see her face—the doctor began.

"Under *no circumstances* are you to see her face," was the stern interruption.

"Then I may not be able to save her life—"

"You *must!* You'll save her life or *forfeit your own!*"

Dr. Fred Dunbar started, muttering under his breath:

"I'm beginning to believe this desperate scoundrel means what he says."

But aloud he said:

"Bah! Ring down the curtain on the melodrama. What poison has she taken?"

"The attendant will answer your questions. Come on."

The physician was conducted up a broad stairway and pushed into a room. Then the door was closed and locked behind him. He placed his satchel upon the floor and removed the scarf that encircled his head. Then he became aware that there were holes in the muslin mask through which he could see clearly. He was in a large chamber richly furnished. Before him stood an aged and repulsive looking negress black as night. Upon a luxurious bed in one corner lay the patient.

A light covering hid her form, and one white hand rested upon it. The loose sleeve of her gown had slipped up, and the arm thus revealed was plump and shapely. Her face and neck were enveloped in the folds of a white scarf or mantilla; lips and teeth only were visible. The doctor noted that the latter were white and even and of nature's handiwork. All this his trained eye took in at a glance.

"Young and beautiful," was his mental ejaculation.

He advanced to the bedside and took the patient's hand, the negress watching him narrowly. He found the pulse slow and weak, and noted that the nails were blue, and the hand and arm cold. The full lips were cyanotic and the respiration was slow and labored.

"Weak circulation—heart depressant," was his quick diagnosis.

Then, bending over the prostrate form, he cried sharply:

"Are you awake? Can you hear me?" The still form did not stir.

Turning to the negress, the doctor asked:

"How long has your mistress lain so?"

"Fo' mo'n two hours."

"Too late for an emetic," he muttered in an undertone. Then aloud:

"Do you know what she took?"

The negress silently handed him a folded paper containing a few grains of a white, crystalline powder. Dunbar gingerly tasted it, and, making a wry face, muttered half audibly:

"Acetanalid—I thought so. That calls for prompt action."

Then to the negress:

"Get me some warm water, and a spoon and a glass—and be quick about it. I want warm flannel, hot water bottles, and brandy, too. Hurry!"

Someone was restlessly pacing up and down the hall outside. The negress tapped upon the door and it was opened slightly. Soon the doctor had the desired articles; and again the door was closed and locked.

He went to work with a will. He directed the negress to place the hot water bottles in the bed, and to wrap the cold form in warm flannels. In the

meantime, he had loaded his hypodermic syringe with a powerful heart stimulant. Stepping to the bedside, he prepared to inject the medicine into his veiled patient's arm. He caught the glitter of a costly ring upon her finger, and paused momentarily to examine it. It was a neat band of gold set with a large Hungarian opal in which a heart of fire was blazing.

"I *believe* I'd know that ring again," he whispered as he slipped the loose sleeve still higher and remorselessly thrust the keen needle into the white skin.

For several minutes he sat upon the side of the bed, holding a finger over the minute puncture he had made and silently watching for the effects of the medicine. The negress scrutinized his every movement. He saw a small, shining white mark upon the patient's arm, and examined it closely. It was a vaccination scar almost effaced by time; and just above it were three small brown moles in a cluster.

"I *know* I'd recognize that arm — should I ever chance to see it again," he mused.

Again he felt the pulse. It was stronger, more rapid. The cyanotic hue was forsaking the lips. The medicine was having the desired effect. The patient stirred uneasily.

"Hand me that glass of brandy and water," the doctor said to the negress.

Slowly and skillfully he poured a small quantity of the mixture between his patient's parted lips. Mechanically she swallowed. He repeated the dose; and she strangled and coughed. Then her hands and limbs began to recover their warmth; and she heaved a deep respiration.

"Are you feeling better?" he asked in a loud tone.

"Yes," was the reply, as faint as the whisper of a summer breeze.

He gave her a dose of brandy and digitalis, and leaving the bedside walked up and down the room for several minutes. Again he examined the pulse, and found it steadier and stronger.

"You're much better," he suggested.

"Yes," was the answer.

Her voice was weak, but as clear and sweet as the ripple of crystal water.

"I'm the doctor," he said.

"I can't see you," she began.

"That's all right—your eyes are bandaged," he interrupted hastily. "Lie still."

"Oh, why didn't you let me die!—" and she sighed deeply, despairingly.

"I'd know that voice again, too," he thought; but aloud he said to the negress:

"Your mistress is out of danger; I'm going. Give her a dose of this medicine in half an hour."

As he shook hands with his mysterious patient in parting, both of hers sought his in warm pressure, and the whispered words "Help me!" greeted his ears.

Then he felt a crumpled bit of paper thrust into his palm, and he adroitly transferred it to his pocket, without attracting the attention of the watchful black attendant.

"Here—arrange this scarf for me," he muttered brusquely, to divert her attention.

Then he groped his way to the door, his heart thumping in wild and exultant tumult.

Just outside, his conductor gripped his arm and inquired anxiously:

"What's her condition?"

"She's out of danger."

"You're not deceiving me?'

"No."

"Here's your reward, then." And a roll of bank bills was thrust into the doctor's hand.

Again the two were in the cab. Neither spoke during the return journey to the old ice barn.

An hour later Dunbar was sitting by

his office fire, with nothing but a roll of bank bills to prove he had not dreamed it all. Yes, he had one other proof—the crumpled bit of paper; and now he spread it upon his knee and carefully examined it. It was a scrawling note, written in soft pencil upon fuzzy book-paper. Evidently it had been prepared hurriedly, to escape the prying eyes of others than the writer. Many of the words were illegible, but this is what Dr. Dunbar deciphered:

"Doctor—whoever . . . . . be:
taken poison . . . not so much my intention to commit suicide . . . to bring someone . . . rescue. . . virtually a prisoner . . . hands . . relatives . . . . . pity . . find me alive . . not matter . . . die . . . so miserably unhappy. Elo . . . Le . . . ier."

"Whew!" whistled the doctor, as he folded the strange missive and placed it in his pocketbook. "I glean from these broken sentences that my veiled lady didn't mean to commit suicide, but took that rather heroic method of summoning aid. However, she thought it mattered little if she *did* die—she's so miserably unhappy. A prisoner in the hands of her relatives, eh? What the mischief can it all mean? She thought to bring a physician and give him this note; then she expected him to take steps to deliver her from the clutches of her relatives. But they trumped her trick neatly! I don't know her face, nor where she lives; I can't make out her name, even—Eloise something, of course. French, maybe—pshaw!"

He sat and thought until the fire went out and the room grew cold. Then he retired; but he could not sleep. The tinkle of that silvery voice was in his ears; the fiery heart of the Hungarian opal flashed before his closed eyes.

"Stuff!" he muttered at last, in deep disgust. "Why should *I* lose sleep over the matter? Doubtless she's some romantic and lovelorn maiden subject to attacks of hysteria."

But he could not believe his own peevish statement, and it was almost daylight ere he finally fell asleep.

After he had made his morning visits, he called upon his friend, the corner druggist. To the man of the mortar and pestle he related his adventure of the previous night in detail, producing the roll of bank bills and crumpled note in evidence. When he had finished he detected an incredulous smile upon his friend's face.

"Don't you believe what I've told you, Mr. Lucas?" he demanded irritably.

"Of course," laughed Mr. Lucus. "Why don't you write it out and sell it to a newspaper syndicate."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Write out your dream in full—"

"Dream!" Dr. Dunbar broke in hotly. "It's an actual occurrence. I swear—"

"Swear not!"— And the druggist grinned inanely. — "I'm one of the most credulous mortals, Dunbar, but I can't swallow that yarn. Let's have no more of it. How's Mr. Marsden this morning?"

In a tiff the doctor left the drug store, without replying to his friend's solicitious inquiry. Then and there he resolved not to mention the matter to another human being. If Mr. Lucus—his most intimate associate—would not give credence to his tale, who would?

The days and weeks slipped by. Dr. Dunbar kept his resolve—kept his own counsel. Much connected with his nocturnal adventure grew hazy and indistinct; but a few things kept a fixed place in his memory. The soft, clear, well-moulded tones of his mysterious patient's voice became more and more insistent. He heard her words—"Help me!" on the crowded thoroughfare and in the privacy of his own rooms. At last he knew what it meant; he was in

love—in love with a voice.

Six months passed. One balmy June morning he was called to the North Side. His horse was lame, and he took an electric car. At the viaduct a gentleman and lady came aboard and took seats opposite. The man was swarthy, of middle age and foreign and sinister aspect. The woman was tall and willowy, but so closely veiled Dunbar could not get a glimpse of her face. Her escort stared hard at the physician from time to time, and appeared ill at ease.

When the conductor came to collect their fares, the foreign looking gentleman could not produce the requisite change and he appealed to his companion.

"Have you any small coins," he asked.

Dunbar pricked up his ears; the man's voice sounded strangely familiar.

"I think so — yes," was the young woman's reply.

Dunbar started visibly. It was the voice he loved—the voice of his waking dreams, but stronger and fuller than he had ever heard it. On the instant the cool and reasoning physician vanished, and the hot and impulsive lover was there in his stead. He quivered with excitement. He saw the black eyes of the foreigner fixed full upon him, but he could not control his agitation. The young woman quietly removed her glove to procure the necessary change from her purse; and Fred Dunbar almost sprang to his feet. Upon her finger was the opal ring that had haunted his sight for months!

It was *she!* With an effort he regained control of himself, and looked away from her. The car reached the suburbs and came to a stop, and the couple alighted. The physician forgot all about his professional visit and, leaping to the ground, followed them at a distance — without pausing to question his motive or action. They proceeded along a shady street, for three or four squares, and entered a big brick house. Dr. Dunbar counted the steps leading up to the front door. There were four of them.

For the next few days, he was in a fever of unrest and uncertainty. By inquiries, he learned that the family consisted of an old man, Henri De Voire, his son, Jean, and a young relative, Eloise Le Villier. They had occupied the house about a year and no one knew whence they came. They were exclusive, entertaining no company and making few acquaintances. Miss Le Villier never went out unaccompanied by one of her male relatives, and few people had seen her unveiled.

Dunbar at last resolved that he must know the true status of affairs in that household. Should he write Miss Le Villier? No; if she were under the malign control and espionage of her relatives, they would intercept any written communication. In a fit of desperation he resolved to call at the house, and impetuously he carried out his resolution. As he drove up to the somber-looking residence, he cursed himself for a lovesick idiot—but did not hold back.

An old man was spraying the front lawn. Of him the doctor inquired:

"Is Mr. De Voire at home?"

"The De Voires don't live here now," was the unexpected and disconcerting reply.

"Don't live here?" the doctor exclaimed incredulously.

"No sir; they left day before yesterday."

"The young lady—Miss Le Villier, too?"

"Of course. They went to the lakes for her health."

"Is she ill?"

"No; just a little off in her mind, you know. They never 'lowed her out of their sight. She's been better of late; but they took a sudden notion to go—and they went.

Dr. Dunbar returned to his office, in

a perplexed and depressed state of mind. So this was the end of his love dream. He had been in love with the voice of a half demented nonentity! He tried to despise himself, but could not. He vowed that he would root the whole affair from his mind—and deliberately sat down to think it over. In the end he came back to his original conviction —that Eloise Le Villier was a wronged and suffering young woman. And her voice continued to haunt him.

Summer sped and winter came. Again Dr. Dunbar sat alone in his office, after a day of hard work, and again the telepone bell broke in upon his reverie. It was a call from the Hostlerie, an aristocratic boarding house on Vaughan street.

The landlady met him in the parlor, and said:

"Miss Lindsay in number eight was taken with a severe chill and pain in her chest, about noon, and now she's feverish and delirious. Sarah, show Dr. Dunbar up to number eight."

Number eight was a suite of three rooms. A beautiful young woman, her face flushed with fever and framed in a tumbled mass of raven hair, turned toward the door, as the doctor entered, and two black eyes stared wildly at him. He advanced to the bed and spoke soothingly to the delirious sufferer. Her lips moved tremulously, but no sound came forth, and she kept her gaze fixed upon his face. His strong, warm fingers sought her wrist, as he stood studying her countenance. His touch appeared to soothe and reassure her, and she wearily dropped her jetty lashes.

The respiration was hurried and jerky, the pulse was rapid and bounding.

"Pnuemonia," was his decision when he had finished his examination.

Just as he turned to give a command to the attendant, the patient's other hand fluttered restlessly from beneath the coverlet. Again the fateful opal revealed itself to Dr. Dunbar's startled gaze! He sprang to the bedside--unheeding the presence of the astounded servant—and, pushing up the flowing sleeve, examined the white and shapely arm. The marks were before him—"Miss Lindsey" was Eloise Le Villier!

Blessing the fates that had at last thrown them together, Dr. Dunbar set to work to save the life that was oscillating in the balance. He installed a trained nurse and made frequent visits. In two weeks his patient was convalescent, and a few days after, when he entered her apartments one morning, he found her smiling at him from the cushioned depths of an armchair. She was thin and pale—but very beautiful, he thought.

"Good morning, Doctor," was her pleasant greeting. "I feel so much better this morning, that I must perform a duty I've neglected. I desire to thank you for your skillful and unremitting care."

She paused for breath—her bosom rising and falling. Seating himself at her side, he replied hurriedly:

"Don't thank me. I'm rewarded to find you so much improved."

"You've been very kind to me—a total stranger," she went on slowly; "and very successful in your treatment. I can't realize how you understood me—my case, so well; you never treated me before—"

He resolved upon a bold stroke, and interrupted with:

"But I *have* treated you before, Miss--"

He hesitated—paused, in embarrassment. All through her illness he had called her "Miss Lindsey." What should he call her now? She turned her black eyes full upon him, in silent inquiry. He was considering whether it would be well to let her know all—whether the suprise would be too much for her weakened nerves.

"You say you've treated me before, doctor?"

He had gone too far; his retreat was barred.

"Yes," he answered quietly, "I've treated you *once* before, Miss Le Villier."

He expected her to be startled — alarmed; to faint or have a nervous attack. But she did nothing of the kind. Instead, she coolly leaned back in her chair, half closing her eyes, and returned smilingly:

"So you know me, Dr. Dunbar?"

"I do."

"Then you must be the physician who attended me when I—I took acetanalid; for this is the second time in my life that I've been under a doctor's care."

He nodded gravely.

"That explains, then," she murmured musingly. "Many times during my present illness, I've striven to recall where I had heard your voice. Your face did not appear familiar, but your voice seemed like that of an old friend—that is—"

She broke off abruptly, her breast heaving, her cheeks flushed. Noticing her agitation, the doctor remarked:

"You're exciting yourself; you'll be worse. You must talk no more at present."

"I'm stronger than you think, doctor; and I'm not tiring myself," she answered pleadingly. "How did you discover my identity? You didn't see my face the night you—you saved my life."

And again the pink flush suffused her cheeks. Dr. Dunbar was eyeing her keenly, and attributed her agitation to embarrassment and nervous excitement. Now he said positively:

"We'll drop the subject for the time. I'm not going to allow you to work injury to yourself."

"No—no!" she pleaded prettily, laying her hand upon his sleeve. "Tell me how you knew me."

With her slender white fingers caressing his arm and her soulful black eyes turned beseechingly to his, he could not refuse her request—especially as he *desired* to do just what she requested, so he told her of the opal ring and the marks upon her arm.

"How interesting — how romantic!" she cried in genuine delight, laughing merrily.

Then, with instant gravity:

"But you haven't informed me how you learned my name. Surely Jean didn't tell you—after all the pains he took to conceal my identity? You see he tauntingly told me all — after I recovered—how he had brought you to the house and kept you in ignorance of who we were."

Dr. Dunbar made her acquainted with the street car episode and his subsequent inquiries. She clapped her hands in mercurial ecstacy, crying:

"You should be a detective, doctor."

Again looking pensively grave, she continued:

"But you *were* the knight errant I thought you; you *did* try to come to my rescue."

"Did you think me a knight errant?" And he laughed uneasily—"How could you? You didn't know me—you hadn't seen me."

"I know," she replied with a bewitching show of embarrassment, "but I'd heard your voice, and—and I remembered it. And a number of days ago the suspicion flashed upon me that you were the physician who attended me in my previous illness."

"And you *were* in need of help?"

She drew herself up stiffly as she replied:

"Certainly! Did you doubt it?"

"I—I didn't know what to think," he stammered confusedly. "I couldn't decipher all of your note, you know; and—"

"*I* know what you thought," she broke in indignantly; "you thought me a hysterical young miss crossed in love. Oh, I know you cold and heartless professional men!"

He laughed heartily at her keen intuition; and she joined him.

"I *did* try to make myself believe something of the kind," he confessed, "but could not. Can you forgive me?"

"Readily." And once more the hot blood rushed to her face.

"Tell me of yourself," he said suddenly.

"What do you want to know?"

"Everything."

"Which is very little. I'm French. My parents died when I was quite young; and I was left to the care of my father's cousin, Henri De Voire. He brought me and Jean to America, and we lived in one city after another. Jean's mother died before we left France. Two years ago he professed to love me and asked me to marry him. I refused. His father joined him in his pleading; they wished to gain full control of my fortune. Still I refused; and at last they made a prisoner of me — would let me see no one unless they were present. They gave out that I was demented and tried to force me to accede to their demands, but I was firm—obstinate, if you please. I didn't love Jean, and I couldn't marry him. A little over a year ago we came to this city. I was growing desperate; and, in casting about for an avenue of escape from their persecutions, I hit upon the plan—romantic and silly, perhaps—of which you know. After that, they ceased to torment me, in a measure, with their importunities; but last summer, of a sudden, they took me to Canada. I know now that they left here to escape your interference in my behalf. By mere chance I eluded their vigilance and—selling my mother's jewels to obtain money—returned to this city. Here I've lived under an assumed name, teaching music to eke out an existence. You know the rest. I haven't tried to obtain possession of my fortune, for fear of them. The bare thought of Jean and his horrible temper terrorizes me. Many times he threatened to place me in a private madhouse, and at times I feared he would soon have just reason for so doing. You've been very kind to me, Dr. Dunbar; I feel grateful—I trust you. Oh, won't you protect and aid me?"

Tears were in her eyes. He took the slim, white hand, that rested so confidingly upon his arm, and, looking intently at the opal's heart of fire, made answer:

"If you'll give me the right, Eloise — yes."

AT LAST

By R. H. Stoddard
(Born July 2, 1825: died May 12, 1903.)

When first the bride and bridegroom wed,
They love their single selves the best;
A sword is in the marriage bed,
Their separate slumbers are not rest.
They quarrel, and make up again,
They give and suffer worlds of pain.
Both right and wrong,
They struggle long,
Till some good day, when they are old,
Some dark day, when the bells are tolled,
Death having taken their best of life,
They lose themselves and find each other;
They know that they are husband, wife,
For, weeping, they are Father, Mother!

Side-Lights on Lincoln

THE summer rain, making the graves bright and green, has fallen on the tomb of the many-sided martyr of Springfield for more than one generation. Abraham Lincoln was a statesman who stood between a nation and perdition!

I was a member of the state senate for three years, and president of that body for one year, during the war, in one of the middle states, and saw much of Mr. Lincoln from 1861 to 1865. He was usually found in the East Room of the White House, overlooking the Potomac.

One Sunday, after the surrender of Vicksburg, the president said, speaking of General Grant:

"I fully appreciated the real strength of Grant's character, when he spent a whole day with me in Washington, and asked that eight major generals and thirteen brigadier generals should be retired, solely to make room for the soldiers who had won and worn their wounds and honors a' front. In vain," continued Lincoln, "I told General Grant that many of these officers were my personal friends, but he insisted. At last I yielded, and by doing so greatly strengthened the army."

On the same occasion Mr. Lincoln said:

"I did not at first understand Grant's plan of campaign at Vicksburg; but when I saw him run the batteries with his transports, ferry his army across the Mississippi at Bruinsburg, cut loose from his line of communication, swing out into the Confederacy, beat and disperse the army confronting him, break up the railroads, and sit down, calmly, behind the Vicksburg fortifications, I knew the rebel stronghold would fall by assault or by starvation.

"I had one scare," said Lincoln, kicking the blazing hickory logs in the open grate in front of him, "and I had only one, as to Grant's power of endurance, and that was on the second day's fighting in the Wilderness. General Jim Wilson, a great soldier in the cavalry army of the service, always said that Grant was not a great tactician. He won his spurs by hard-hitting and his staying qualities as a fighter. The only *riposte* Lee ever made against Grant was late in the afternoon on the second day's fighting in the Wilderness, when the rebels, by a happy stroke, turned the Sixth Corps' right flank. Grant's nerve was severely shaken by this, his first reverse at the hands of Lee. General Rawlins, his chief of staff, Jim Wilson and Phil Sheridan, in all that host, were the only soldiers of rank who served with Grant in the West. Meade had his headquarters near by, and the general trusted much to him.

"The rule in Meade's army, under like circumstances," said the president, "would seem to require it to retire, and I feared that on the next day our army would be on the way to the north side of the Rappahannock, instead of the road to Richmond; Sheridan had the same fear. Though the Army of the Potomac had not been beaten, I feared that the division commanders, comparatively unknown to Grant, might bring a pressure on him to go backward, to which he might yield. General Jim Wilson rode rapidly to General Grant's headquarters on a knoll, covered with scrub-pine, and he was just ready to move and march on.

"General Grant saw the look of anxious inquiry on General Jim Wilson's face, and, without changing a muscle of his impassive countenance he called out in assuring tones: 'It is all right, Wilson. The army is already on the move for Richmond. It is not going back, but forward till we beat Lee or he beats us.' "When I heard that," said Lincoln, "I never doubted the certainty of Grant's hewing his blind pathway across the Wilderness and into Richmond."

Abraham Lincoln, after the battle of Gettysburg, saw both Henry Winter Davis and General George Meade come into the White House on one of the regular reception afternoons. I stood near Lincoln, and he leaned over, in his effusive, warm-hearted manner, towards me, grasped me by the hand and said, looking toward Davis: "This looks well for us. Henry Winter Davis has not called at the White House till now, during the three years past."

What the President meant was that Davis must see that Lincoln's chances for renomination were rapidly improving, for the Wade-Davis manifesto against Lincoln's renomination had just died a natural death.

On the afternoon of the reception already mentioned, while I stood near Abraham Lincoln, General Meade came in and was rapidly advancing toward the president. Lincoln's eyes flashed. Turning toward me, his head thrown back, he said: "There! General Meade has just come in." With a tinge of bitterness in his voice, he continued: "And that is the great general, who ought to have cut the rebel army to pieces at Falling Waters; and he didn't do it!" More than once afterwards Mr. Lincoln recalled to me that conversation. He never changed his opinion on great national questions or about any great general in my hearing, and I recall his criticism, a memorable and historical one, on General Fitz-John Porter:

"Fitz-John Porter is a traitor,—that question does not admit of argument."

And in criticizing General Meade, he, the sweet-souled martyr of Springfield, never failed to do justice to the achievements of the hero of Gettysburg. It was of that battle I have heard Lincoln speak these words:

"Of the two great efforts to enslave the human race in body and in mind, the first met its grave 200 years ago under Cromwell, at Marston Moor; and the second met its doom under General Meade, at Gettysburg."

Mr. Lincoln was seriously and earnestly concerned about his renomination. Montgomery Blair's "time had come," because he, Blair, sought the nomination in 1864 at Baltimore, against his chief. Chase had to leave the cabinet for the same reason. Simon Cameron had just caused the legislature of Pennsylvania to sign a memorial recommending Mr. Lincoln's renomination for President; and my mission to the White House reception (the day I met General Meade and Henry Winter Davis of Maryland there), was to convey the not unwelcome intelligence to the sweet-spirited Lincoln that the legislature of New Jersey had signed a round robin, following Pennsylvania, in favor of Lincoln's renomination. The next day I appeared at the East room of the White House by invitation. Upon comparing notes Mr. Lincoln, who was a master-mind in politics, took a card from his vest pocket and explained to me with the accuracy of an exact science that

he was only thirty-one votes short of renomination in the approaching Baltimore convention. By the way, Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge of Kentucky, a patriot, faithful among the faithless, was the temporary president of that great convention, and he was received with tumultuous acclaim when he delivered his stirring and ringing address on opening that vast congregation of patriotic men.

There was one thing that caused Mr. Lincoln no little uneasiness; and in his frankness, which was an integral part of his nature, he did not tend to conceal the fact that he feared his enemies would make Grant a candidate for the presidency at Baltimore. In fact, Missouri did cast one full ballot for Grant, but hastened to make Lincoln's nomination unanimous. In his anxiety on this subject the president, just before the convention, requested me to see General William Hillyer and talk with him of Grant's views on the presidency. General Hillyer was a fellow-student at school with me at New Albany, Indiana, and was a member of General Grant's staff. Hillyer was at Willard's Hotel, Washington.

There I went and made my errand known to him. After a generous western welcome, and after I stated my case, he broke out in a ringing laugh as he said:

"Colonel, you can go and tell the president that there is no power on this earth that could drag Ulysses S. Grant's name into this presidential canvass. McClellan's career was a lesson to him. The latter tried to capture Richmond with Washington as his base. Grant is as wise as he is loyal to Lincoln. Talking of this very subject, anent the expected action of his Missouri friends in the coming convention, General Grant said: 'I could not entertain for an instant any competition with our great and good president for the succession. I owe him too much, and it's not my time. I regard Abraham Lincoln as one of the world's greatest men. He is unquestionably the biggest man I ever met. I admire his courage, as I respect his patience and his firmness. His gentleness of character does not conflict with that noble courage with which he changes his convictions when he is convinced that he is wrong. While stating a complicated case to him his grasp of the main question is wonderfully strong, and he at once comprehends the whole subject better than the person who states it.'"

This was the last interview I ever had with General Hillyer, who was a bluff, straightforward, typical western soldier. He died soon after, in St. Louis, I think. Hillyer told me I had *carte-blanche* from Grant to say that under no possible circumstances could he be coaxed or driven into the presidential race of 1864.

It was with a light heart I found my way back to the East Room, where I had the good fortune to find the president entirely alone. He rose to his feet, grasped both of my hands in his own, a habit he had when pleased, pushed a chair over toward the one from which he has risen, and said, in a tone of voice no man can reproduce:

"Now tell us all you know."

I said:

"Mr. Lincoln, what Hillyer says, Grant thinks. And he said that Grant is of the opinion that you are the one man to finish the big job you undertook nearly four years ago. He will help you conquer the Rebellion without conditions, and he will aid you in restoring and rebuilding the country and making the Union perpetual. He even recalled Cavour's letter to Seward, in which the Italian statesman said: 'You will not only make America what she was, but now, the admiration of man and the wonder of the world.'"

I related the story with a little less rhetoric and more emphasis than my memory reproduces it here. Lincoln rose to his feet and with more fire and *elan* than I ever before witnessed in him, paced up and down the room, pausing to look out on the placid Potomac. He talked briefly and in earnest. He said (and it seems to me only yesterday he said it):

"Ah, Colonel, you have lifted a heavy load from my shoulders. I was a little afraid of Grant, because I know the men who want to get behind the great name—we are all human; I would rather be beaten by him than by any living man; and when the presidential grub gets inside a man it hides well. That 'basilisk' sometimes kills."

Mr. Lincoln, still pacing the room, told how General McClernand of Illinois tried to leap into Grant's place before Vicksburg, when he laid his presidential veto on the intriguants and strengthened Grant's hands till Vicksburg was captured. Lincoln said:

"I met Grant March 9, 1864, and as I handed him his commission I said: 'As the country herein trusts you, so under God it will sustain you.'"

That was a red-letter day in my memory of Lincoln. A nature tinged and saddened by his early and romantic passion for Ann Rutledge, who died years before his marriage, must always remain an enigma to a careless world, which did not understand how, to an intense nature like Lincoln's, such a passion for a tenderly gracious and gifted woman was as divine as duty and stronger than death. Added to the strong, masterful, practical side of his nature, he was of "imagination all compact."

"Made sad and sure,
By many sorrows and one love"

He felt keenly and often so expressed himself, the great loneliness of power, and he grappled with hooks of steel those who loved him, not for the largeness of office, but who clung to him because they saw and loved in him the deep, underlying, pathetic self-abnegation of a pure, unselfish and lofty soul; and he had the rare power of knowing the true friend from the sycophant.

And the history of this sad, glad, wise, quaint and lovable man from out of the West, great as he was pure, will live forever His name will grow into the granite base on which shall be built in the coming on of time the statue of an ideal statesman in a republic of honest men, where pure law shall be measured only by perfect freedom.

Cupid at Camp Meeting

By MINNIE REID FRENCH

ONE day near the close of August, our young friend John, the store clerk, was to be seen, mounted upon his employer's horse, cantering along the road which led to the "camp ground."

It was regular camp meeting weather, dusty and dry, but with great clouds gathering about the tops of the mountains, making ready for their annual downpour upon the heads of the faithful who journeyed toward their Mecca riding horseback and occupying vehicles representing the various modes of conveyance of nearly every period of American history. Here and there, a smart buggy dashed through the crowd, and every now and then the ranks were broken by a hack load of laughing, chattering young people, who were evidently looking forward to a week of fun. In sharp contrast to these appeared the ancient "jersey," driven by the long haired, long faced father of the house, with a meek looking wife beside him, and behind him an interesting family of varying ages, occupying the stiff-back dining room chairs which had done duty for a quarter of a century. Occasionally, one would see a good brother and sister traveling horseback, she with a bundle in her arms containing the latest addition to their household, and he with the last year's baby in his lap and two or three youngsters riding behind. Wagons loaded with household goods, cooking utensils, and all kinds of eatables toiled through the dust; while the good wives of the neighborhood in faded yellow riding skirts and poke bonnets, jogged along, dangling from either side of their saddles a brace of fat, astonished fowls, whose protesting squawks gladdened the hearts of the solemn conclave of ministers who brought up the rear.

John loitered behind until even the somber backs of the preachers disappeared from his sight. For the first time in his life, he looked about with a critical eye, and seemed to discern new beauties in the familiar scenery. Were those mist wreathed mountains the same under whose shadow he was born? Was that New River, beside which the nineteen years of his life had been spent? Was this the same old earth, the same sky overhead? Gazing ardently upward, our young friend thought how well "blue" rhymed with "true," "eyes" with "skies," and in the innocence of his heart coupled "green" with "dream" and "river" with "lover."

From the foregoing it is evident, even to the most unobservant, that John was in love.

Only a few weeks before, a divinity in the person of one Miss Amizetta Atkins crossed his path, since which time John had been acting as if he were mildly insane. Customers at the store often found it necessary to waken him from a blissful reverie when they wished to be waited upon, at which he would jump and blush, and in a confused manner ask if he could show them anything. Many times, in his embarrassment, he had mistaken salt for sugar, and once even weighed a large potato when the customer called for a pound of butter. His employer, who had long regarded John's propensity for yellowback literature with suspicion, began to keep a sharp eye on the cash drawer, expecting to waken some morning to find that his erstwhile clerk had turned bandit, when all at once the detective stories were abandoned, and John borrowed a volume of poems, over which he pored by the hour, leaving his employer com-

pletely mystified. Feeling that he had done his clerk an injustice, he offered him a week off, also a horse to ride to camp meeting if he wished to go; so John, knowing that his fair one would be there, gratefully accepted, and set out for the camp ground with a heart full of joyous anticipation.

As he had allowed the procession to pass him in order that he might think of his divinity undisturbed, it was with a sense of disquietude that he saw a cloud of dust moving in the distance, and was able to discern the figure of a horseman whose outlines seemed familiar; then as they came nearer, the feeling was intensified, for he recognized the traveler as Mr. Underwood, whose dramatic escape from a designing widow he himself had planned and executed some months before. His clothes were looking a little worse for wear, and the crepe band around his hat was growing rusty; but he was the same loquacious widower whose chief topics of conversation, mentioned in order of importance, had been matrimony, good eating, and religion. Recognizing John, he called out to him to stop, and waved his arm with a free, commanding gesture, urging his steed to greater effort, and pounding with both knees on the barrel-like ribs. John drew rein, and waited until his friend caught up with him.

"Why, howdo, Mr. Underwood," said he, extending his hand. "Where did you come from, and how is your health?"

"I'm purty well, consider'n ever'thing, John," returned the widower, warmly shaking the proffered hand. "I'm feelin' consid'ably better than when we last parted, although I hain't attended a protracted meetin' sence."

"Well, well! That's strange. I thought you said you followed them up to kill time and forget your troubles."

"I did, John; that is, I used to; but that 'ere meetin' over at yore place nearly done me up. Hit turned out so dreadful the way them old maids and that widder fit an' clawed over me, an' they actually had me shet up in bondage, havin' the rheumatiz an' not able to he'p myse'f. You know ef it hadn't be'n fer you lettin' on like I was crazy an' gittin' me away, the Lord only knows what 'u'd a b'en the end. I hain't never fergot ye, John, an' ef ye ever stand in need of a friend, I'm the one. Well, how's ever'body over there? I guess the meetin' ain't goin' on yit?"

"No, it closed a few days after you left. Mrs. Mays and the Miss Allens were so mad at each other about you that they wouldn't do a thing; and as they were the chief workers, the preacher had to give it up."

"I declare the way them wimmen tried to marry me was a plum show. I thort I wanted to git married, myself, but they made me almost hate the idee. Ain't none of 'em hopped the broomstick yit, I reckon?"

"No, and not anyways near it," was the reply.

"An' that outdoin' little vilyun, Johnnie Mays, is he alive yit?"

"Oh, yes; you couldn't kill that young one."

John was beginning to tire of the conversation, answering briefly and feeling cross because he could not think of Miss Amizetta with that incessant drawl in his ear; but Mr. Underwood continued:

"Well, I declare I never had sech murderous feelin's tow'ds anybody as I had tow'ds that little limb of Satan," said he. "You don't know, John, what a life he led me when I was bed rid at his ma's house with the rheumatiz. Recollect I told you 'bout Miss Allen sendin' me over a waiter full of things to eat an' Mis Mays flingin' it out the winder? Well, that young 'un went out in the yard an' rescued a piece of cherry pie an' come up stairs with it in his hand an' peeped through the door at me a-grinnin'. He knowed I hadn't et

nothin' fer three days, because the messes his ma cooked up fer me would 'a' turned the stummick of a alligator, an' he jest done it to tantalize me. He'll never know how near he driv me to pickin' up somethin' an' smashin' all the wind out'n his body."

"Oh, he's a case, Johnnie is. I don't think his mother'll ever get married as long as he's in the way."

"Did anybody ast you any questions 'bout me after you got me away that night, John?"

"Heaps of 'em. There was a big excitement in the place, and everybody was asking how I managed to get you to the depot by myself."

"John, that was a great scheme of yourn, pretendin' like I was crazy, an' scarin' them wimmen ha'f to death. You said you got the idee out'n them detective books of yourn. I've tried to read some of 'em sence then, thinkin' I mought have occasion to use 'em, an' you know we're commanded by the Scriptur's to be ye also ready; but they was so full of cuttin' an' shootin' an' blood lettin' ginerally, that they made my hair raise, almost. An' more'n that, I had sech awful dreams that sometimes I'd land right out in the middle of the floor at all hours of the night. Do you still read 'em as much as you did?"

"Well, er—no, I don't believe I do, was the reply of the blushing John. "I haven't read much of anything lately. Er, ever been to camp meeting before, Mr. Underwood?" "Many a time, but I hain't be'n there fer a good while. I allus go when I'm a widder; but I never went when Sallie or Mariar was livin'. You see a feller 'at ain't got no wife feels pow'ful lonesome, an' it cheers him up to git out 'mongst good wimmen, an' fill up with the sperrit, to say nothin' of earthly vittles."

"How about the lady you were telling me about that night at the depot? Recollect somebody told you her husband had fallen off the barn and broken his neck?"

"John," began Mr. Underwood, holding out a limp forefinger in an effort to be impressive, "I never come so nigh makin' a reg'lar fool of myse'f in all my days as I done right there. You see I went home, an' without stoppin' to see any of my folks or nothin', I thort hit was my Christian juty to go on up an' comfert the widder in her afflictions; fer ef the Bible p'ints out anythin' plainer'n that, I hain't found it. An' Mis' Barnett was a good womern, an' one of the best cooks, John, I ever et after, havin' a big farm an' plenty around her. Well, I found her workin' 'round the kitchen lookin' right cheerful, I thort; an' she was pow'ful kind, pressin' me to set down an' have a bite to eat, fer it was jest after dinner an' the table was still standin'. I sot there an' et fer an hour, I reckon, fer you know what a state my stummick was in, havin' enduored starvation fer a week at the hands of that womern who was determined I shouldn't eat nobody's cookin' but her own; so, as I was tellin' John, I et fer a good long while; then after we'd talked about one thing an' another, says I, 'Well, Mis' Barnett, death come to you-all pow'ful sudden. That was an awful axident.' 'That's so,' says she. 'I was awful upsot fer awhile.' 'Well,' says I, 'Heaven is richer fer his bein' there, an' it's comfertin' to know they's others in this world jest as good.' 'Yes,' says she, 'but it will be a long time before he's found.' 'It may sound kind er sudden,' says I; 'but I could fill his place ef you'd let me.' 'W'y, Mr. Underwood,' says she, 'you ain't got the stren'th to do the work on the place. We've got fifteen cows to milk an' feed twice a day, an' seven horses, an' all the farmin' to be done.' I was sorter s'prised, but says I, 'I mought hire a man to he'p me, ye know.' 'Laws,' says she, 'we couldn't afford to keep two

men. Pore Jonas allus done it all hisse'f with Mr. Barnett's he'p. We'll never git another Jonas, I'm afeered.' 'Jonas!' says I. 'Yore hired man?' 'Yes,' says she, didn't you know it was Jonas 'at fell off'n the barn an' broke his neck? Who'd you think it was?"

Mr. Underwood paused, took a chew of tobacco in a deliberate, meditative manner, and seemed to have dropped the subject, when John inquired:

"And what did you tell her?"

"Well, jest between you and me, John," was the widower's reply, "I ain't never ans'ered her yit."

It was not long until they came in sight of the camp ground—a pleasant green valley through which rippled a rocky little creek. The rows of cabins, unoccupied for a year, were being rapidly filled with household goods; the sisters were setting things to rights and unpacking eatables, making ready to entertain the vast crowd, while the brethren gathered about in little groups, discussing crops and commenting upon the possibility of rain. Buggies and wagons were sheltered beneath the trees, and in the fence corners of the long meadow were tied horses of every description, many of which, since this was the busy season of the horse trader, had already changed owners. The man with watermelons for sale was already there, and the peanut and candy venders were doing a thriving business. A tintype artist had pitched his tent, and the bashful maidens, persuaded by their beaux, were having their pictures taken amid much giggling and confusion. The "shed," as was called the big structure wherein services were held, was being swept, and the pulpit and seats were being repaired, while the preachers visited about from house to house, greeting old acquaintances, and receiving numerous cordial invitations.

John and Mr. Underwood rode up, dismounted and tied their horses, then sauntered toward a group of men near the tintype "gallery." John, in a state of feverish excitement, looked about him, hoping to catch a glimpse of the charming Amizetta, while Mr. Underwood, noticing his nervousness and the ferocious manner with which he bit his finger nails, attributed it to some physical disorder. Finally, seeing his companion turn deathly pale and stare fixedly ahead of him, he grabbed his arm and exclaimed:

"What's the matter, John? You look like you've be'n took with cramps. Let me ast some of these here wimmen for some camphire. They allus carry it to meetin'. Say, miss—"

"Don't say another word," muttered John, hoarsely, as the widower was about to accost a smartly dressed young lady, who, accompanied by a long haired, hypocritical looking young man, was just coming out of the picture "gallery." Then John slapped his hand over the spot where he supposed his heart was located, and further increased Mr. Underwood's concern.

"John," said he in a carefully modulated whisper, "ef it's yore stummick, you'd better let me git ye somethin' fer it. First thing you know you'll be drawed double, with ha'f these wimmen rubbin' an' dosin' ye."

Looking anxiously into his friend's countenance, he saw a sickly smile flit across it, and the next moment John was holding out his hand, and saying with exaggerated cordiality:

"Howdy, Mr. Upson! Glad to see you! Howdo, Miss Amizetta! Been having your pictures taken?"

"Yes, we've just been having them made together," replied the hypocritical looking young man with a smirk. And holding out a tintype encased in a flashy paper cover, he added: "Purty good, don't you think?"

"Fine," replied John with assumed carelessness; then, as they started off, he

finished with an attempt at jocularity. "I reckon two's company, three's a crowd."

"Oh, indeed," exclaimed Miss Amizetta with a coquettish uplift of the chin; "I don't see why you should say that."

"I was about to forget to introduce my friend," said John, turning around; but to his surprise, he found Mr. Underwood missing.

He walked on a little way, praying devoutly for something to happen to his fair one's escort, and much to his surprise, found his prayer answered by one of the preachers who wished to speak a word in private with Brother Upson.

As soon as John found an opportunity, he asked if he might accompany Miss Amizetta to church that night, only to be informed that she regretted she was already engaged. Could he go with her to prayer meeting next morning? Er, she had another engagement with Mr. Upson. In the afternon? Well, she would declare, Mr. Upson had already asked her for her company. She blushed, looked confused, and if John had not been so angry and hurt, he would have noticed the tears that trembled on her downcast lashes. But without stopping to ask any further questions, and not even caring what people might think, he pulled his hat over his eyes, turned on his heel abruptly, and walked away. He did not stop until he reached the fence corner where he had tied and fed his horse, and heaving a deep sigh, he was preparing to unfasten the bridle, when he beheld Mr. Underwood also untying his horse, and apparently making ready for flight.

"What's the matter?" both asked simultaneously.

"I've got to git, John," said the widower, looking about him apprehensively. "While ago, I run right plum ag'in that ole maid, Miss Allen, that made out I ast her to marry me durin' that meetin' over at yore place, an' ef she hadn't be'n so took up with a preacher, kind er lookin' up in his face as ef she expected to see a golden crown sproutin' through his hair, w'y, she'd a knowed me, shore. An' that ain't all, John, ner the wust. I thort I'd sorter forage around an' git me somethin' to eat, when who should I see but that little imp of Beelzebub, Johnnie Mays, a-sellin' peanuts an' lemonade an' hollerin' an' goin' on under a tree over there. I'm shore his ma ain't far away, an' you see ef she finds out I ain't crazy, she'll make me marry her or die in the attemp'; whereas, ef she still thinks it's so, she'll tell it to ever'body on the grounds, an' my reputation'll be ruined. Same way with Miss Allen. You ricollect I told you they was both ready to swear I ast 'em to marry me, when, before my Maker, all I ever said to Mis' Mays was that Johnnie needed a pa to hold him in check, an' onct I told Miss Allen I wished I could eat her pies ever' day of my life. But what's the matter with you?"

Completely crestfallen, and with a heart nigh bursting, John confided his woes to the sympathetic ear of the widower, and when he had finished there was a deep silence between them for the space of a few minutes.

"I'm goin' to he'p ye out, John," said Mr. Underwood at length; "but I dunno jest exactly how. I ain't fergot how you drug me out'n that den of ole spit cats, an' I ain't goin' to turn my back on ye in your time of trouble. John, you jest kind er let me do some Ol' Slooth work myse'f this time, an' I bet I can find out what's at the bottom of this here affair. What's her pa's name — Atkins, Lem Atkins? Used to know him when I was a boy. Married a pow'ful good womern an' a No. 1 cook. I'll jest hunt 'em up an' stop with 'em fer awhile, an' I'll let ye know how I'm gittin' along. May not find out tonight, but I'll root to the bottom of it by tomorrer, shore."

And Mr. Underwood did. Next morning, while they fed their horses, he unbosomed himself of all that he had learned, and informed John that he had fathomed the mystery.

"I jest sorter hunted 'em up, John," said he, "an' they acted pow'ful kind an' up an' ast me to stop with 'em, which you can be shore I done. An' 't wan't long until I hearn the whole thing. The old folks air to blame fer it, an' it's all because you ain't a perfesser an' a church worker like this here feller Upson. He's dreadful religious, prays in public, an' says he has hearn the voice of the Lord callin' him to preach."

"Guess it was his old daddy out calling the hogs," muttered John, spitefully.

"I shouldn't be s'prised; but ye see he's be'n workin' with Miss Amizetta, tryin' to git her converted an' so on, an' the old folks think all creation of him. You're a stiddy sort of a feller, John, but you're not of the shoutin' kind, an' the old man is a pow'ful believer in that. It takes six men to hold him when he gits happy, an' the old lady is a big shouter herself. I've be'n thinkin' that maybe ef you was to shout a little, it wouldn't do no harm, an' mought work wonders."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed John bitterly. "What on earth have I got to shout about when she treats me this way?"

"Well, it ain't her fault, an' ef you could jest talk it over with her, you'd find it so; but, John, I hearn 'em talkin' last night, an' they ain't goin' to give you a chance to say nothin' to her. They say you'll keep her from gittin' religion. They ding dong at her all the time about it, an' I b'lieve they've got her in the notion of goin' to the mou'ner's bench tonight."

"They have?" said John, brightening as if suddenly inspired with a new idea. "Then I'll be jumped if I don't go too!"

Mr. Underwood looked at his young companion quite a while, being slow of comprehension, then, the situation dawning upon him, he said impressively:

"John, you've got a lawyer's head on you, an' no mistake."

So that night, when the meeting began to grow exceedingly warm, John watched his adored, and when he saw her being led by two good sisters to the mourner's bench, which was filled with weeping penitents, and while the delighted Mr. Upson now directed his attention elsewhere, he went forward hastily and voluntarily and plumped himself down beside her.

"Amizetta," whispered he, hurriedly, "for the sake of mercy, tell me if you love me!"

"Y—yes, John," she returned, faintly.

"Great kingdoms, Amizetta, will you have me?"

"Y—yes, I reckon so, John."

"Glory hallelujah!" shouted John, springing to his feet and upsetting the whole bench of mourners, all of whom jumped up and began shouting at once.

Then followed a scene of enthusiasm rarely equaled even at camp meeting. Amizetta's father, an old timer, tall, lank, with bushy hair and beard, got happy and fell back into the crowd in a heedless fashion, stamping wildly with his cowhide boots, and sweeping both arms around like windmills, for all the world resembling an amateur on his first pair of skates. There was a general hand shaking all over the house, and even old Uncle Hiram Jacobs, who had gone to the mourner's bench regularly for the past twenty years, was suddenly converted, and fetched a pentup shout that fairly shook the boards on the roof.

Next to the happiest man there was Mr. Underwood, who although keeping in the background as much as possible, could not resist a golden opportunity which presented itself. Passing by Amizetta's long faced suitor he exclaimed: "Oh, brother, ain't ye happy!" and slapped him on the back so hard that Mr. Upson fairly yelled.

Completely tired out, the widower sought his couch after an hour or so, and next morning when he awoke it was broad daylight. Hearing voices below him which sounded strangely familiar, he crept out to the edge of the loose planks which formed the rather insecure upstairs of the Atkins cabin, and peeped over. There, at the table with their hostess, sat Mrs. Mays, the designing widow, and the two Miss Allens, of all people on earth those he most dreaded to meet!

"You could have knocked me over with a feather when Mr. John came through last night," Mrs. Mays was saying as she passed her coffee cup back to be replenished. "Just half a cup, please; oh, that's too much! But I certainly was glad, for I've talked to him on the subject many a time. The dear young man, to think of all the trouble he saved me once."

"Me, too," sighed Miss Allen with fervent gratitude.

"Ma," said Johnnie Mays, choking down a tremendous mouthful in order to speak. "I saw that old crazy feller here last night—him er his ha'nt, one er t'other. Bet I did. Kin I have another flapjack?"

"Johnnie, I'm ashamed of you. You've had too many now. Where'd you see him? The idea! *I'd* like to see him! If I had him here, I'd—"

What she would have done she did not say, but next moment gave ample illustration; for the plank tilted, and Mr. Underwood, with a mighty yell, was flung precipitately down upon the breakfast table, breaking everything on it, and scattering dishes and eatables in every direction, while everybody fled shrieking except poor Johnnie, whose head caught the full effect of the falling plank, but who recovered sufficiently after a few moments to sieze and devour the rest of the pancakes. Mr. Underwood hastily mounted and left, but not before he and John had a heart to heart five minutes' conversation, during which John informed him that everything was "all right," and he must come to the wedding, which would be Christmas, if nothing happened.

"I'm shore the Lord'll fergive me fer my part in this, John," said the widower, shaking hands at parting; "fer marrying an' givin' in marriage is specially spoke of in the Scriptur's; an' havin' had two good wimmen myself an' hopin' fer a third, I felt it my juty to he'p you out the best I could. You know, John, from the way you've seen me work in meetin's, that I'm a devout believer, an' I hain't done nothin' 'at was unreligious in this matter, least ways I didn't mean to. Farewell, John. Tell 'em all goodby fer me up at the Atkinses. Tell 'em I was 'bliged to leave, an' say, John" he leaned over the saddle, "I declare, I dunno what you'll have to tell them wimmen this time, but I don't doubt you'll fix it all right. I almost wisht that plank had knocked 'em all flat, but I reckon sech feelin's is sinful. Well, I'm goin', but you can look out fer me at the weddin', fer I tell you yer ma-in-law's the best cook I nearly ever et after. Ef the old man was to ever break his neck in one of his shoutin' spells,—but, Lord, what am I thinkin' about? Goodby!"

And the widower cantered briskly away, disappearing in a cloud of dust.

"If we inquire what is the real motive for giving boys a classical education, we find it to be simply conformity to public opinion. Men dress their children's minds as they do their bodies, in the prevailing fashion. * * * A boy's drilling in Latin and Greek is insisted on, not because of their intrinsic value, but that he may not be disgraced by being found ignorant of them—that he may have the 'education of a gentleman'—the badge marking a certain social position, and bringing a consequent respect."—HERBERT SPENCER.

The Old Home Place

By WALTER BIDWELL

IT was in 1880. Lying west of the Mississippi was a vast agricultural region, treeless and desolate in places, but on the whole abounding in marvelous natural resources and of inconceivable fecundity. This country was being settled. And having been bombarded for several seasons with flaming reports of the easy manner in which wealth was acquired in this section, coming in the form of daintily prepared pamphlets, interspersed with colored plates, which set forth in brilliant language the superior advantages to be had there, Mr. Norton yielded to these influences and concluded to go West. He was not satisfied with the home place; that much was sure. Having inherited this property and lived upon it since boyhood, he had known thoroughly no other; therefore, if this place had advantages they were not commended to his appreciation by reason of experience with less favored tracts of land; moreover, the disadvantages, already noted, were naturally enlarged upon when compared with the highly colored reports from other sections of the country.

But Mr. Norton's desire to go West met with considerable opposition on the part of Stephen, the elder of his two boys. He pronounced his father's conclusion premature and ill advised. And as a further damper to his father's desires, he declared emphatically that he, for one, would not go.

However, Stephen was not in a position to judge impartially. About two miles down the country road, where a clump of trees shaded an emerald lawn, was a girl on whom he had set his affections. And this girl being a sort of lodestone to Stephen, it was not difficult for him to convince himself that it would be for his advantage to remain right where he was. The other two children, Beatrice, a girl in her teens, and Henry, a determined, virile young man, full of life and expectation, were more submissive. They did not object to their parents going West, and their ideas of personal advantage were heartily in accord with their father's. So, in time, the old home place was sold and the household goods were packed ready for departure. Stephen was to continue on the place as a laborer until the time that he and the girl of the emerald lawn should set up housekeeping together.

It was a fine Spring morning and the sun was beating down upon the Michigan hills, when Stephen drove his parents to the station. He felt that they were making a mistake and he did not hesitate to express himself accordingly. But Mr. Norton was determined; and, encouraged by the support of his two other children, he rode grandly away, defying nature, even Providence, to interpose any serious obstacle to his settlement in the West. Meantime Mrs. Norton, endowed with some kind of prophetic knowledge, looked askance at this new adventure. And as they turned the corner of the road which shut from view the old home place, she looked back with considerable melancholy, feeling that she was leaving a place where fate had dealt kindly with her and going to one where the vicissitudes of climate and the hardships of a new, unbroken country would work havoc upon her health if they did not, indeed, claim her life as one of their many victims.

The price of the old home place was exchanged for a piece of land in central Nebraska; and it was a large piece, too, for Mr. Norton had read how successful

farming in the west was done on an extensive scale, and he reasoned that the more land he secured the sooner would his hopes be realized, his acquisition of great riches become a fact. He and Henry set about to plant to corn all of the land which had been under cultivation the year before and to break other land that the total acreage might be as large as possible. And the prospects were bright enough in the early part of the season; the corn grew with marvelous luxuriance, spreading large green leaves out over the sandy soil and attaining great height. But just as the tassels were flung to the breeze and silk began to form on the ears the sky became brazen and out of the south came a hot wind, sweeping steadily over the land and scorching vegetation with the fiery intensity of a furnace. Everything indoors was overlaid with a coat of dust and the weary wayfarer came out of the wind, his face burning by reason of contact with the grains of sand which were constantly driving northward, cutting like bits of steel. The leaves of the corn curled and became perfectly white; when pressed between thumb and finger they fell apart like a bit of papyrus taken from the recesses of a pyramid, when first exposed to the air. The kernels lost their milk and adhered so closely to the cobs that when Mr. Norton pulled back the dry husks they presented an ironical appearance, reminding him of the full ears of corn in Michigan—laughing sarcastically at his failure. Then suddenly out of the West came a fire, roaring and crackling, darting this way and that, lapping up what little substance the hot winds had left. The wheat stubble was consumed, the fields of corn were completely devastated and the prairies were left perfectly black, save here and there where smouldered a bit of foreign substance—monuments to the rapacious, all devouring flames. And when autumn came there was not enough rough feed in the country to last the stock till Christmas!

But Mr. Norton was determined; he had not come out here to be driven back by one season's failure; he felt, like Napoleon, that "defeat" was a word found only in the lexicons of knaves and fools. So when Spring came he mortgaged the farm to meet incidental expenses and to buy enough seed wheat to sow the whole place. He was going to reverse the situation; for he had noticed the year before that those who had sown largely to wheat had been quite successful. And, as before, the early part of the season gave promise of an abundant harvest: fair weather clouds floated tranquilly through the sky and the streams ran full to overflowing with water. Everything grew rapidly, magnificently. But just when the wheat began to head and the corn was still young and juicy a rumor as of a plague or a sudden call to arms began to agitate the country. "Chinch bugs were appearing!" ran the report. This did not signify much to those who were new in the land, but to old timers it portended bare fields and empty granaries; an autumn of inconceivable hopelessness; a winter lean and black, of biting, despairing poverty.

One morning when Mr. Norton went out to examine his wheat he found one side of the field literally covered with a squirming, crawling mass. And notwithstanding every expedient had been exhausted by others he began to blow up portions of the field, to throw lime, ashes and vitriol water on other portions; and he even went to the extremity of sending to a much-advertised agricultural college for diseased bugs with which to infect the pest; but all to no avail. The black mass moved on over the field, slowly, inexorably, covering the plowed ground with no apparent inconvenience; a thing that was always eating yet never satisfied, a monstrosity with an absolutely insatiable appetite.

And in several days the field was bare and the Nortons, like many others, were destitute.

Nevertheless, Mr. Norton remained on the farm, sustained by unwavering faith in the soil, which produced so abundantly, even though the enemies to the harvest were great.

He managed in some way to support his family, and when winter came, with a little assistance from without and by the judicious use of twisted hay, corn and sunflower stalks for fuel, he protected his family against the cold winds which sweep so pitilessly over the barren steppes of Nebraska, forcing the mercury down into the bulb and freezing stock in their tracks. In the early Spring another loan was secured and the place was planted to wheat and corn. Mr. Norton and Henry worked earnestly, courageously, desperately. Everything possible was done this time to insure a crop; for it was known that another failure would be irreparable, carrying with it the final loss of the place. But in the very midst of the season's work, when the crops were in the greatest need of care and when help, by reason of its scarcity, was the most valuable, Henry took sick. For several weeks there was no apparent change in his condition; then the fever became more pronounced, his tongue grew black and began to swell and early one morning, as father and mother and only sister were gathered about the bed for the last farewell they suddenly discovered that his pulse was gone—the spark of life had fled.

Mr. Norton's courage fell. His only substantial hope in life, embodied in his son, had been wrested from him. He was like an old man tottering slowly down the incline of life who is suddenly deprived of his staff; and he fell to the earth like a crushed reed.

"Mary," he said, as he talked matters over with his wife on the veranda one evening, "I'm discouraged. I feel that everything's goin' to th' dogs. I didn't, I really didn't know that I was depend-in' so much on Henry."

"Poor Henry!" his wife said consolingly.

"It was so hard to get along then, an' now that he's gone—well, there are so many expenses to meet."

"An' them air big debts, too," she said, thinking of the mortgages.

"Yes, two of them." Mr. Norton always made this plain—there were two of them.

"Well, what are we goin' to do, William?"

"I don't know."

Mrs. Norton studied. Finally she said: "I do. I know what we'll have to do."

Her husband raised his eyes inquiringly.

"Go to Kansas with th' rest o' th' failures."

Early in autumn, Nebraska began to lose her citizens. A great and unprecedented exodus had set in, and with few exceptions, the emigrants all moved southward. Kansas served as a sort of an asylum for these; in cases, however, only temporarily, for there was considerable talk of the opening of a part of Oklahoma—a rumor which proved in time to be well grounded. Mr. Norton had a public sale during which he disposed of his farm implements, most of his stock and part of his household effects. Bundling what he had left into a wagon, he stretched a bit of canvas over the top and drove southward. The prairie schooner moved slowly, painfully, over barren hills, by long dusty roads, threading at times the dry, wooded course of a stream, ever moving southward until in a sheltered valley, about ten miles north of Wichita, where natural advantages guaranteed at least a measure of prosperity, it stopped and the occupants, alighting, commenced to look

about for a favorable location. With the net proceeds from the sale Mr. Norton bought a house and thirty acres of land adjoining a small town, paying about one-third in cash and giving a mortgage for the balance due.

This was in 1887. Times were good. Money was thrown freely about upon the streets; drinking and gambling were universal. It was more difficult to lend then than to borrow, for the simple reason that credit, being unlimited, no one wanted any more money than was actually demanded by the necessities of the day. The country was just entering upon that period of inflation which, for absolute recklessness and utter disregard of the day of payment, has had no parallel in the history of civilized nations. Mr. Norton found it an easy matter, by devoting himself somewhat to gardening, to subsist comfortably on the bit of land he had bought. He began again to assume the airs of a prosperous farmer. He gave liberally to church and public enterprises, signing notes whenever he could not pay in cash; and he became, in time, an immensely popular man. He was almost universally referred to with respect and consideration. Meantime no interest was paid on the mortgage, and save for the intervention of the holder thereof, the Norton place would have been transferred to the delinquent tax list. The fences fell down, the outbuildings dropped slowly, inexorably away and the house, lacking repairs, began to leak. It was bruited about that Mr. Norton was not meeting his obligations. Suddenly there was a change. Norton stock fell flat. It was kicked about upon the streets, worthless. He became, in time, known as "the old man." But the mortgagee, being a lenient man and having confidence in the prosperity of the country, did not foreclose.

The West was just now entering upon the great "boom" of 1890. The price of property rose with marvelous rapidity, until it had in some towns reached a value, fictitious and temporary, of course, which equalled that of land within the immediate vicinity of New York City. The open country around every village in the West was plotted; corn fields for miles from town were laid cut in city lots. Capital flowed in from the East. Large, well fed men with silk hats and broadcloth suits rode about over the country, buying property and in turn surveying their investments. Wichita was the pivotal point of excitement, the hub of the wheel, the center of the maelstrom. Universities, plow works and watch factories were constructed and the actual prosecution of stupendous enterprises within the city limits was of a nature sufficiently great to have done credit to an Old World metropolis of two thousand years standing. A motor line was constructed between Wichita and the small town to the north where the Nortons lived. Cars ran each way every half hour. Farms all along the line were cut up and sold in lots. It required four figures before the decimal to write the value of a single acre of land five miles out from Wichita. There are still living in Sedgwick county hundreds of men who actually expected to see this town attain to a population of one million people long before the close of the century. Mr. Norton was tendered a thousand dollars an acre for his farm; but he, too, having caught the fever, declined the offer with thanks. His credit had again become good, he was again known as a man of honor, esteemed and respected by his fellow townsmen.

At this juncture Norton received five thousand dollars from some source in the East, presumably from the estate of a deceased relative; but he was too deeply engrossed in the absorbing topic of Wichita's immediate future to inquire from whence this increment had come, even to give thanks to his benefactor, if

such a thing could have been done. With the five thousand dollars he obtained control, by making partial payment, of a choice piece of land consisting of about forty acres on University Hill, some distance out from Wichita. Property was still advancing. Six months later he was offered thirtyfive thousand for his equity in the place; but he was holding for fifty. This, with the profit on his garden spot, would, he reasoned, place him in very comfortable circumstances.

Suddenly, however, the bubble burst. The value of property dropped flat. Every one wanted to sell. Men of customary serenity ran wildly about upon the streets, their faces hard and set. They had seen the fortunes of a lifetime suddenly swept away. And when morning came some who, twentyfour hours before, could have drawn their checks for a hundred thousand dollars, were found hanging to the rafters of their barns—dead. Mr. Norton made a frantic effort to dispose of his city property. At first asking a moderate premium, he presently reduced the price until, of the five thousand dollars he had invested, there was scarcely enough left to buy a single meal of victuals. And even at that price he searched in vain for a purchaser. Returning to his home he made an effort to dispose of his garden spot, but prices there had also fallen and he was again a poor man. Moreover, immediately following this period he lost his daughter Beatrice. She had fallen a victim to the malaria of this new country and suddenly, quite unexpectedly, died. He laid her away on a country hillside where the bare prairie, treeless and of indescribable loneliness, sent a chill of terror through his heart.

Returning home, he sat down in the shadow of his woe, completely crushed. His last hope in life had fled. It was not enough that every vestige of property should be wrested from him; a malicious fate was following him closely, taking from him his children, dogging him to his grave. And he was no longer a young man; his strength and vigor had sensibly abated; he had passed the meridian of life; he was growing old. Unmistakable signs of senility were beginning to manifest themselves — the dry skin of his face; a broken voice; a carriage that was slow and labored; uncertain, trembling fingers. And then he thought of his wife. She too was growing old. The hair about her temples was thin and gray. She had, no doubt, had hopes and aspirations; but with blasting unanimity they too had come to naught. Yet she had been so patient, so forgiving, so long-suffering. And suddenly it occurred to him that having taken her away from the only place that she could call home, from where she had been reared and where, quite likely, the associations of childhood had impressed her memory with tender recollections, it was a duty, nay! a positive obligation, to return her thither. But the obstacles—the means of transportation, the breaking of an old man's will, the biting, insufferably bitter admission of final defeat—these things were hard. Nevertheless in this extremity, goaded by a continued, unbroken line of failures, satirically regarded by men less favored in life, who had outstripped him in the race for honor and riches, he turned instinctively to his only child, to Stephen who had advised against his coming West, but who had, notwithstanding, always shown himself kind and considerate toward his father. With trembling fingers he indited a few lines to his son, and without the knowledge of his wife whose protest he feared, mailed the letter. He had not openly asked for assistance nor expressed a desire to return, but under the circumstances it was, he reasoned, impossible for him not to have referred in a covert way to their hardships, to the sleuthlike

manner in which misfortune had dogged their footsteps.

Presently the assistance came from Stephen, and with it an invitation for his parents to return and spend the remainder of their days with him.

"What did you write him?" said Mrs. Norton reprovingly.

"Oh, I told him that you'd got tired of this country and wanted to go back to see one of your old fellows—Hi—Hi Larkin; was that his name?"

"Why, William, I have a mind to thresh you."

"Well, you remember th' road leadin' from th' mill pond along up th' hill to th' old home place?—there are some willows there an' they make rattlin' good whips."

And forthwith Mr. and Mrs. Norton prepared to leave the West.

When they arrived in Michigan and alighted at the home station their son met them at the depot and drove them into the country. As they passed along the old highway, still heavy with yellow clay and lined on either side with a dilapidated rail fence, interspersed with hazelnut and overgrown with blackberry and raspberry bushes, Mrs. Norton remarked:

"Well, I declare, the same old fence!"

"That's so," said Stephen. "Oh, well, this country don't change much—old, settled." And with this he dismissed the whole matter from his mind.

Mrs. Norton was thinking about the time she had traversed this road when a girl, picking berries from the selfsame bushes, this selfsame mud adhering to her feet; and a great wave of feeling, surging up out of the past, swept suddenly over her mind. Later her thoughts ran along down the years to the old home place.

"I wonder how it looks—now," she said, half to herself; then turning to her son, "Say, Stephen, can you take us by th' old place?"

"Th' old place! Oh! Yes, yes, I'll take you that way." He smiled broadly and blandly; then, fearing observation, he turned to the horses and jerked the lines fiercely. "Get up there! Bill—Peter."

Finally Mrs. Norton said, still plunged in grief, "Oh, I've wanted to see the old home place so long. William, why didn't we come back before?"

"W'y, I've looked for you every year lately," interposed Stephen, to the profound relief of his father. "An' when you got that five thousand—honest, dad, what did you do with that money?"

"Oh, I invested that in Kansas wind," he said gaily; and Stephen, grasping the humor of the situation, laughed heartily.

They ascended a hill, coming in view presently of a yard full of pines and evergreens profoundly beautiful in the somber shade of their branches. The old house still stood, somewhat mellowed by time, the rock ribbed sides slightly covered with a growth of ivy—massive, immovable in its position at the head of the farm, as impregnable as a fortress. Back of the house was the barn, large and red, the embodiment of much space and comfort, in places sadly weather beaten 'tis true, but on the whole unchanged through all the years gone by. And stretching out to the right and left was the orchard, the trees grown high and majestic, bountifully laden with fruit.

"Oh, you don't need to stop now," said Mrs. Norton, as the horses of their own will turned in at the gate. "I just wanted to see if it had changed much."

"Well, we'll get supper here anyway," said Stephen, alighting and helping his parents out.

Two boys rushed out of the house, laughing and shouting; but suddenly silenced by the appearance of the strangers, they approached the buggy slowly, hesitatingly, their tongues in their cheeks.

"Here, Joe — Philip!" said Stephen,

"this is gran'pa an' gran'ma. Now don't be backward."

Mr. and Mrs. Norton, still slightly mystified, greeted the children warmly.

"Now boys, buckle to here; unhitch while I take th' folks into th' house."

A girl of twelve stood in the doorway.

"This is Holly—Hollyhock, we call 'er, an' in there's Ann;" then, entering the house, "An' this is what we call home!"

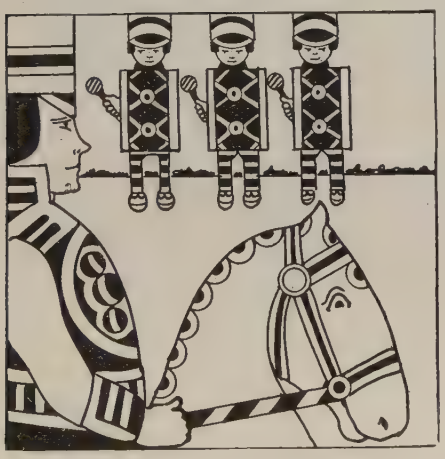
Mrs. Norton, with tears streaming down her haggard, careworn face, kissed the girl and then her mother. "Oh I'm so glad!" was all she could say.

"Now mother, take off your duds. An' dad—Oh, yes, I didn't tell you that I bought back th' ol' home place awhile ago. An' you can still boss, if you want to; th' kids an' I'll russle about an' work for you. But you'll have to keep a good hickory hangin' about som'ers, fer we don't al'ays mind first rate."

But Mr. Norton, overcome by the profound pathos of things, slipped out of the house, went to the barn and passed silently by the boys who were stabling the horses, and beyond the row of grain bins, beyond the spacious center, where he had often wielded the flail, beyond the driveway which extended entirely through the barn. He entered the cow stable where he had formerly sat on a winter morning, milking the cows, and kneeling down before the manger, one hand on the old feed box, he lifted his heart to God and silently, reverentially, thanked a beneficent Providence for having at last returned him to the home of his boyhood.

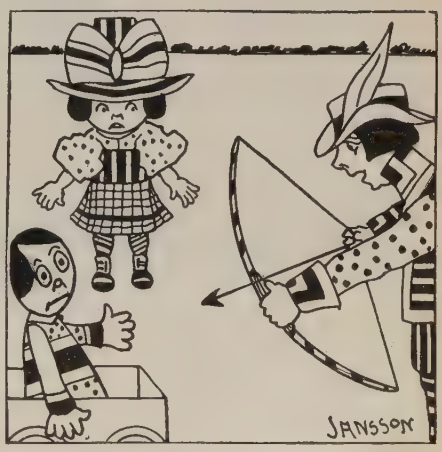
THE ZIGZAG MOTHER GOOSE

PICTURES AND VERSES BY A. L. JANSSON



YOUNG KING COLE

Young King Cole had a warlike soul
So he called for his drummers three;
He called for his sword and he called for his casque,
And away to the wars rode he.



ROBIN HOOD

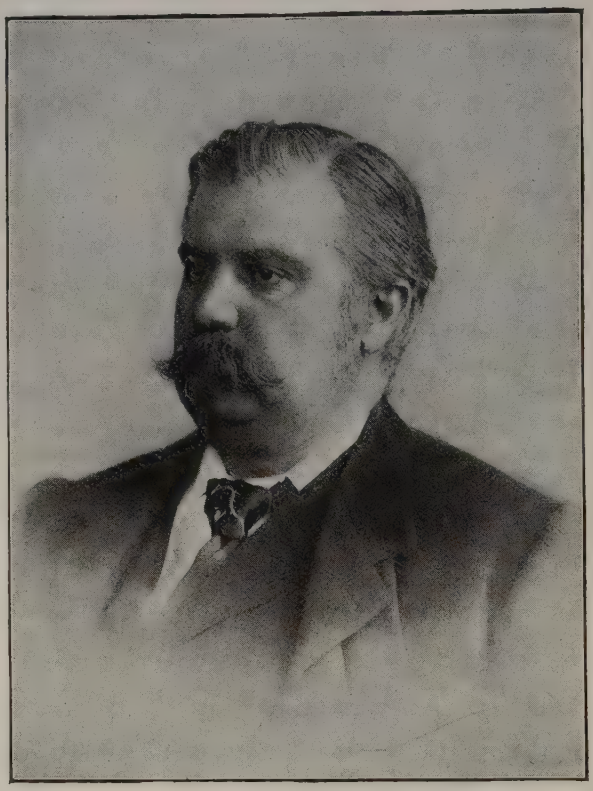
A very bad boy was Robin Hood;
He did today what no boy should:
He jumped right over the garden wall
And shot an arrow at my best doll.

Cabin Boy to Millionaire

Sir Alfred Lewis Jones, a Self-made Nobleman, and the Part He Takes

WHEN the Prince of Wales, who was then the Duke of York, returned from his tour of the world about a year ago, he made a speech in the Guildhall that contained one notable or at least quotable sentence. It was, "Wake up England!" It was not a particularly original remark. The newspapers of all shades of opinion had been raising the same cry for months, lamenting the success of the socalled "American invasion" and calling on the English business men and manufacturers to arouse themselves and grapple with the situation. But the words coming from the heir to the throne were a very different matter. Royalty is the real thing in this tight little isle and the whisper of royalty will be heard and heeded when mere common sense might shout itself hoarse without a single auditor. Perhaps all the credit should not be given to the Prince of Wales, though his words were echoed and reechoed by the press and from every other quarter. But the fact remains that England is waking up.

She is a pretty sound sleeper at that, is Britannia, and no one on our side of the water need look for an immediate miracle of activity. But it is just as well to have an eye on what your opponent is doing in any game, and England is, after all, our great commercial opponent, with Germany only second in spite of her recent enormous advance.



SIR ALFRED LEWIS JONES, A MILLIONAIRE SHIP OWNER WHO BEGAN AS A CABIN BOY.

The National has touched on a very live issue in urging an extension and improvement of our governmental system of commercial intelligence. Such improvement is going to prove more and more imperative each year as the commercial war of the world grows fiercer. It is therefore interesting to note some things which are being accomplished over here in the line of commercial regeneration that are certain sooner or later vitally to affect the United States. To do this it will hardly be necessary to chronicle the recent work of more than one man to show that the awakening is genuine and apt to be widespread.

That man is Sir Alfred Lewis Jones. Probably few readers of the National have ever heard of him. Yet Sir Alfred is one of the strong men of Great Britain, one of the at present small group with whom we will have to reckon in the war of trade. About forty years ago he was a cabin boy on one of the Elder-Dempster liners. Now, when not far on the shady side of fifty, he is the senior partner of the Elder-Dempster firm, president of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, president of the Liverpool Ship Owners' Association, consul for the Congo Free State in Liverpool and the live force in a number of other commercial enterprises that need not appear in this record. He is a confidant of Chamberlain. I want to write more at length of Chamberlain some other time, but he is another of the men over here who will bear watching by the business world. There has been a good deal of fun poked at Chamberlain by the newspapers: but for all that he is the only business man in the present cabinet, and he has ideas, which is not a common complaint among the chiefs of the party in power.

One of the colonial secretary's ideas is the development of what Andrew Lang has so aptly termed Greater Britain. It is the Imperial Idea on a business basis. It is the idea which Cecil Rhodes lived — and died. It is the idea which dominates the very best of Kipling's poetry. And it seems one of the very hardest ideas to drive into the mind of the average Englishman. There is a very good weekly paper over here that religiously heads its editorial column, "*What do they know of England who only England know?*" Truly, very little. And yet there are immense possibilities in the Empire, as distinguished from the United Kingdom.

in Developing British Resources Against American Competition

Chamberlain wants to develop those possibilities, and Jones is one of the men he is using and who is glad to be used. Now here is a little of what they have recently done.

The idea of the progressive commercial party—which has not yet reached the point of being spelled from the upper case—is to make the Empire self supporting. For an empire with colonies under every parallel of latitude this does not seem to be a very startling proposal. But to the British insular mind it seems at present "impracticable." That word covers a multitude of questions that vex one's mind over here. It is the answer to every proposal for reform, from the abolition of tips to the remodeling of the customs. Free trade is a fetish which Chamberlain wanted to smash at the colonial conference held at coronation time. His idea and that of a good many other live Englishmen was that a customs tariff union between the colonies and the mother countries would foster imperial trade and manufactures and would force the empire to provide its own raw material in one corner or another of its vast possessions.

That appeared simple enough; and to an outsider it seems a funny idea of free trade which is cherished over here, an arrangement that lets anything but tobacco and spirits into the United Kingdom free and yet brings England nothing in exchange because of the tariff walls around our own and many other countries. However, the Imperial Tariff Union idea was debated at some length in the secret meetings of the colonial conference and was dismissed as "impracticable."

Failing this method of forcing development, the Chamberlain party, as it may be called, though it really has no official name nor existence, has fallen back on the idea of simply doing things to show that they can be done. And Jones is giving the street bred Englishman some healthy lessons in the self supporting theory of empire. He has aroused the north-of-England cotton manufacturers to the point of trying to free themselves from dependence on the American cotton crop. He has sent out hundreds of tons of American and Egyptian cotton seed and had it planted in all the West African colonies. He has even hired American experts to go there and teach the natives cotton growing. The results of the experimental plantings have been excellent. The climate is suitable, labor cheap if the blacks can be induced to work at all, and the area open to cultivation is limitless. The government has arranged for the free transport of all the cotton thus grown to the doors of the English mills. The first shipment of this new cotton reached Manchester early this year and sold above the price of "American middling." The supply will be insignificant for some time to come; but the British Cotton Growers' Association has expressed its belief that the West Coast will in the future wipe out the American export trade in raw cotton. What Jones is doing for the West Coast in the cotton line another of the strong men of the Empire, Lord Cromer, is doing in Egypt, where the natives already are among the best producers of cotton in the world, and where the great Nile dam, now just opened, is going to add millions of acres to the arable land available.

Dropping cotton for the moment, we can take tobacco, for which an immense field has been opened by the South African war. The same process of development is being carried on there that has already proved successful with cotton on the West Coast. "Boer tobacco" is already on the London market, principally as a curiosity so far. But experiments are being carried on with the American varieties and South Africa promises in the not very distant future to become an important source of supply for the raw leaf that is now so largely drawn from the tobacco belt of the United States.

Some of the highest grade iron ore has just been discovered in Rhodesia, where the fields exist in apparently unlimited quantities, and coal has been discovered and is being exploited within commercial distance of these fields and of the Transvaal gold mines along the upper waters of the Zambesie.

Wheat is just now one of the live topics in the English commercial world. The mother country is just beginning to realize the possibilities of the great Canadian northwest as a wheat raising country. The Canadian Office has just established a separate department of immigration in London and is straining every nerve to attract the best class of settlers to the new wheat belt. It is the dream of the new progressives to transform this great new country into the granary of the Empire.

Sir Alfred Jones, through his steamship lines, is actively helping this Canadian development. The Elder-Dempster line recently sent out a single vessel with 3,000 settlers for the Canadian wheat belt and another boat with a similar or larger colony aboard will sail in the course of a few months. The Canadian railway lines and the British Canadian steamship companies are cooperating to export emigrants and import grain at the cheapest possible rates. The men who are interested in this movement are also largely identified with making the great Nova Scotia iron and steel works successful in supplying the deficiency now occurring through the rapidly diminishing iron mines of the United Kingdom.

Jamaica is another of the scenes of Sir Alfred's activity just now. The island has suffered for years from the most acute commercial depression and the Colonial Office has engaged Jones as a sort of commercial physician to do things to it. The Elder-Dempster line has within the past two years established a direct line of fruit steamers which land the tropical products of the island direct on the London market. Now Jones is preparing to make the Americans help him in the revival of Jamaican prosperity by turning the island, which is really one of the most beautiful and delightful places in the world, into a great American winter resort. You will doubtless hear more of this very soon, for Sir Alfred is spending thousands of pounds in refitting the biggest three hotels in the island and has started a campaign that will at least make Jamaica better known in the States, whether it reaps the expected harvest from American tourists or not.

The foregoing instances serve to indicate how England is beginning to "wake up."

An Adirondack Pilgrimage

By MAY ELLIS NICHOLS

JOHN BROWN.

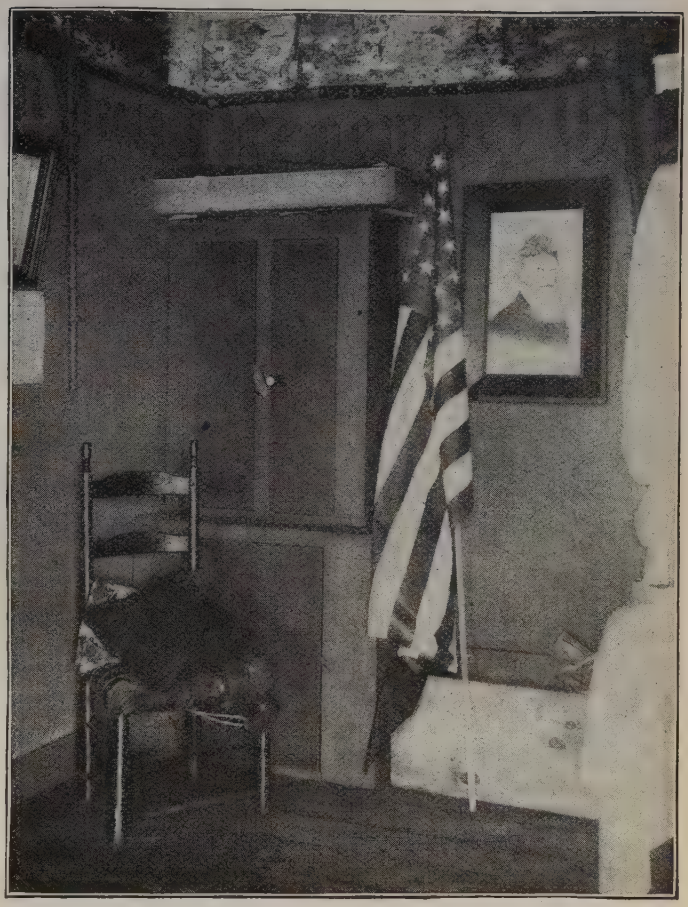
THE recent proposition to give the John Brown farm to some reliable person who will care for it properly, recalls vividly to my mind our first visit to that spot. We had never been in the North Woods before and were not a little surprised to find anything of historic interest here. In this we were not alone, for many who know all the details of that mad exploit at Harper's Ferry have never heard that John Brown's home and last resting place are at North Elbe, New York, only three miles from the popular summering place, Lake Placid.

It was a beautiful mountain day when, like Bunyan's Christian, we decided to "go on pilgrimage." There had been a rain the night before and great masses of cumulus clouds were piled bank upon bank, now throwing a gauzy pennant across White Face's rugged summit, now chasing their shadows over the lower peaks that stood out sharp and blue against the sky. August in the mountains is not the languid, drowsy month of the lowland. The air tingles like an electric current and charges one with energy and enthusiasm. We scorned a carriage and set out on the three-mile walk, like true pilgrims with only our staves.

We followed the road up hill and down, passing the hotels with their scarlet dotted golf links; dreamy Mirror Lake, true to its name reflecting mountains, trees and sky; the prosaic little village of Newman, looking even more work-a-day in contrast with its gay neighbor of the hill, and at last reached the open country. From here our way lay along a quiet country road. From the fields came the tinkle of a cowbell and the grasshoppers rose before us in merry swarms. Just over the fence was a blueberry pasture, the hardy little bushes hanging full of ripe berries, while among them gleamed a wonderful variety of fungus growths, those uncanny blossoms of the autumn woods whose gorgeous scarlets and

"A SIMPLE SLAB."

yellows rival the goldenrod itself. At length we came to a brown mountain brook and stopped to drink and rest. It was so clear that the stones in its bed looked as if set in amber, and violets grew thick on its bank. "Just picture it in Spring!" I exclaimed. "Yes, think of the trout fishing!" said my fellow traveler. Reluctantly we took up our staves and resumed our journey, but we had nearly reached the end. Five minutes more of brisk walking along a typical mountain road and we were at the summit of the hill and found ourselves, at last, overlooking the John Brown farm.



"A Little Room Just as Its Owner Saw It for the Last Time"

It was a wonderful view that was thus suddenly disclosed. Before us for miles lay the Au Sable valley, with the river weaving in and out like a silver ribbon; beyond, range upon range of mountains in ever widening circles of amethyst, topaz and sapphire; while at our feet, set like a ground bird's nest in the midst of green pastures, stood the little wood-colored house just as its owner left it fortyfour years ago.

Here John Brown came in 1845 to establish a colony of negroes, or, some say, a last station for his underground railway. Here he lived a simple, industrious life with his children about him, until in 1854 he followed four sons to Kansas to take part in the border warfare that was the forerunner of the "irrepressible conflict." Here he returned in 1858, but left two sons behind. The covenant had been sealed with blood and henceforth he lived with one purpose, to liberate the slave. Here through the long winter of 1858 he read his Bible and brooded and planned. Here he heard, or believed he heard, the message that came to the prophet of old: "I will send thee that thou mayest bring forth my people;" and from here he went forth, like Moses, to lead a captive people to a promised land that he himself was never to see.

Everything is kept as nearly as possible as he left it. Some years ago, that big-

hearted woman, Kate Field, while visiting this locality, discovered the neglected condition of house and grave and determined to buy the whole farm, so that it is due to her that it has been preserved at all. She interested others in the project, and the property was purchased by what was known as the Kate Field Association. In time it seemed best to make it a public trust, and accordingly the association deeded it to New York state, making it a part of the Adirondack reserve. This experiment has not proved a complete success on account of the difficulty of finding a suitable caretaker. Vandals have clipped the stones and uprooted the flowers, until the association feels that some change of management is necessary if the place is to be preserved.

At the time of our visit, the caretaker was an old man whose resemblance to John Brown was often noted. He showed us John Brown's study, a little room, ten by ten, carefully preserved just as its owner saw it for the last time. His table, his desk and his chair are in their accustomed places, and in the frame of the mirror that was wont to reflect his rugged, kindly face, a photograph taken just before starting on that fatal journey looks down on the crowd of jostling, chattering pleasure seekers. The day we were there, there were perhaps a dozen other visitors. As they strayed in and out, the caretaker repeated in a monotonous singsong:

"So he left here in July, 1859, with three of his sons and went down to Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, and rented a farm there. The night of the sixteenth of October they seized the arsenal—"

"Just five of them?" interrupted a listener.

"Oh no! there were twentytwo there, sixteen white men and six negroes," explained the old man, and then, dropping his voice to the old cadence, "and they cut the telegraph wires and stopped the trains. Then the governor ordered out troops and they took them all prisoners, 'cept those they killed. Three sons and two sons-in-law were killed there, or murdered so they died. They took John Brown to Charlestown, Virginia, to try him and he was convicted and hanged December 2. His body was brought back here and buried, at his own request, with his feet toward the 'J. B.' he himself cut in the big boulder out in the yard."

It was a meager outline, told without a thought of rhetorical effect, but it took hold on my imagination. The homely

"The Little Wood-Colored House"

THE ENCLOSURE AT THE EAST OF THE HOUSE

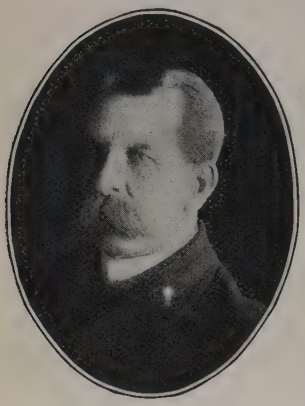
little room with its bare furnishings suddenly became close and I hurried to the door. The visitors were already turning to the enclosure at the east of the house, where a white picket fence encloses a gigantic granite boulder and three mounds of earth. Two are comparatively recent, the third grassgrown. The gate was unlocked; we passed in and stood by the grassy mound. At last we had found what we sought. Here, under the cinnamon roses, sentinelled by Whiteface on the north, McIntyre, Cobden and Marcy on the south, with a simple slab at his head and a fragment of the eternal hills at his feet, "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, while his soul goes marching on."

It was an experience never to be forgotten. The fragrance of the old fashioned flowers,—poppies, phlox and bluebells, rose like incense to that flag that "waves o'er the land of the free." Instinctively the chatter and laughter ceased and every head was bowed. Long we stood in perfect silence, letting the spell of the place sink deep into our hearts. We were no longer idlers, tourists, pleasure seekers. We were citizens of the United States, patriots, yes, if you will, devotees, for this is indeed a shrine and we—pilgrims to a martyr's tomb.

SHUT NOT YOUR DOORS

Shut not your doors to me proud libraries,
For that which was most lacking on your well-filled shelves, yet needed most, I bring,
Forth from the war emerging, a book I have made,
The words of my book nothing, the drift of it everything,
A book separate, not linked with the rest nor felt by the intellect,
But you ye untold latencies will thrill to every page.

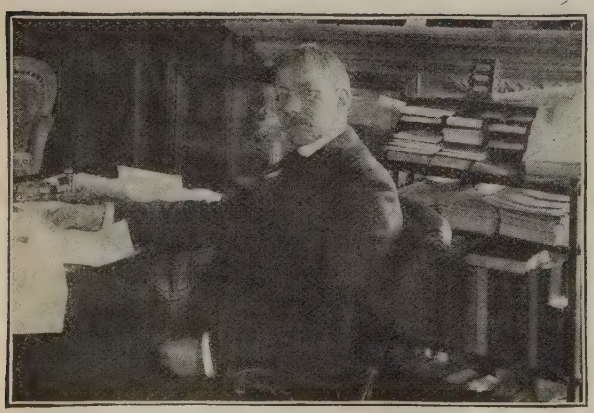
WALT WHITMAN



REAR ADMIRAL RIXEY

THIS is preeminently the age of progress in the American military and naval world and there have come crowding upon one another of late many events which indicate in one way or another an unusual development of Uncle Sam's fighting forces on land and sea. Probably the most interesting of these new factors contributory to general efficiency is found in the reorganization of the United States Army on a European basis. For all that the subject has been so much discussed of late in the newspaper press, there is evidence that the public at large has a very indefinite idea of the duties and powers of the general staff — the new organization that will begin its existence next August upon the retirement of General Miles as commander. The newly appointed general staff may perhaps be designated as a sort of board of directors of the war department, having control over all its affairs and subject only to the authority of the president and the secretary of war. It will relieve the civilian head of the nation's military establishment of many details of management, the administration of which necessitates a deeper study of military affairs than could be vouchsafed in some instances by a man suddenly lifted from another walk of life; and, finally, the general staff will discharge the important but heretofore somewhat neglected duty of laying out in times of peace detailed and comprehensive plans for use in the always possible event of war. The new body consists of one chief of staff and two general officers, "all to be detailed by the president from officers of the army at large not below the grade of brigadier general," and a number of other officers of subordinate rank. The selection of the principal officers of the general staff is made by the president, with the single exception of Gen. W. F. Randolph, chief of artillery, who is a member ex-officio. The first chief of staff will be Major General S. B. M. Young, who is to succeed General Miles as lieutenant general. The other two general officers will be Major General H. C. Corbin, adjutant general of the army, and Brigadier General Tasker H. Bliss of the war college. Associated with them are four colonels, six lieutenant colonels, twelve majors and twenty captains. As indicative of the trend of policy in the United States army it may be noted that every one of the officers selected for this important new duty is a graduate of West Point, and every corps and department of the service is represented in the personnel, except, of course, the pay and medical departments. It will be appreciated that the occupant of the newly created position at the head of this all-powerful new organization will be a man of immense influence in our governmental affairs. He will act as adviser to the president and to the secretary of war, as well as to the chiefs of the various bureaus in the war department. The consummation of the general staff plan constitutes a tribute to the earnestness, determination and perseverance of Secretary of War Root. He worked untiringly for the success of his pet project, overcoming by sheer force of his own will the opposition of members of congress who claimed that the project was an attempt to Germanize our army. There is reason to believe that Secretary Root would long ago have resigned his place in the cabinet and returned to the legal practice which so urgently demands his personal attention were it not for his great ambition to complete the labor of love found in placing the American army upon a thoroughly modern basis.

A NUMBER of important changes have recently occurred in the United States army. Major General Robert P. Hughes, having reached the age of sixtyfour, which marks the limit of service on the active list, was retired and the vacancy in the grade of major general filled by the promotion of Brigadier General Joseph G. Breckenridge, inspector general of the army. That officer was in turn immediately retired and so likewise was Brigadier General Marshall I. Ludington, quartermaster general of the army, who had by the same shifting of positions reached the rank of major general. Brigadier General James F. Wade, who finally succeeded to the grade of major general, will hold the position until his retirement in 1907. On the retirement of General Breckenridge, Colonel Peter D. Vroom of the inspector general's department was appointed inspector general with the rank of brigadier general, but he immediately went into retirement, giving the position to Colonel George H. Burton. The retirement of General Ludington enabled



A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF SECRETARY ROOT

Colonel Charles F. Humphrey to succeed to the position of quartermaster general of the army. The promotion of General Wade resulted in the successive promotions of Colonels S. W. Groesbeck, Jared A. Smith, Albert E. Woodson, L. H. Rucker, Theodore A. Baldwin, J. B. Rawles, John R. Myrick and W. P. Rogers; but these officers being slated for retirement, the permanent appointment goes to General Peter C. Hains, corps of engineers.

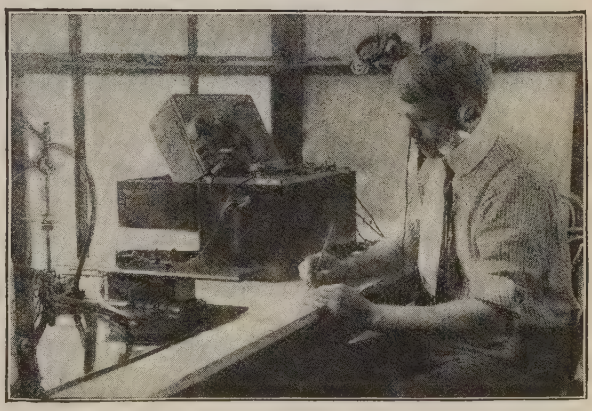
Making Clothing for the United States Army

THE office of the quartermaster general is now actively engaged in the herculean task of reclothing the American army, and this work has assumed vastly greater proportions than is ordinarily the case, owing to the fact that with the present issuance of clothing to Uncle Sam's fighting men the new uniform is adopted and the old pattern uniform discarded. The issues of the new uniform commence with the organizations returning from the Philippines and the first regiment to be fully equipped with the new articles of clothing will be the Fifth Infantry, which is expected to arrive in New York in August.

REAR ADMIRAL P. M. RIXEY, Surgeon General of the United States Navy, and who, by the way, has recently been appointed physician to the president, is urging that the present project to make the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis one of the finest and best equipped institutions of the kind in the world shall embrace plans for the provision of a hospital which will be in keeping with the other improvements. To that end Rear Admiral Rixey will urge an increase of fully $50,000 in the appropriation for the erection of an ideal naval hospital, equipped with all the latest modern appliances. The improvements at Annapolis will include the expenditure of fully $10,000,000 in the erection of new buildings. Of this sum nearly $3,000,000 will be expended upon quarters for the students,—formerly designated as cadets but now classed as midshipmen,— while upward of a million will be devoted to a boat house and armory and a quarter of a million to a gymnasium.

THE United States navy department has, by the acquisition of a site at Guantanamo, Cuba, just added the nineteenth link to a chain of American naval stations that extends around the globe, and similarly, by the selection of Bahia Honda, also in the new island republic, gains its sixteenth coaling depot. With Uncle Sam holding possessions in all parts of the world and with a rapidly increasing navy, the importance of an adequate complement of naval coaling stations is a matter of vastly greater importance than most persons might imagine. At some of our naval coaling stations there are provided facilities for the storage of as much as 12,000 tons of fuel; and best of all, these stations are equipped with new and up-to-date machinery of American manufacture which enables the placing of coal aboard vessels much more rapidly than it can be done at depots of other nations.

THE United States navy department is testing five distinct systems of wireless telegraphy and conducting a thorough trial of a new type of submarine torpedo boat, the Protector, which is different from the Holland type of craft in many respects. At several of our military posts the United States signal corps is seeking to determine the usefulness in warfare of automobiles and captive balloons and the government has only recently decided after a very thorough practical investigation to dispense with the carrier pigeon service, and accordingly the cotes at the various navy yards will be abolished and attention centered on wireless telegraphy and other methods of communication.



Taking a Message by Wireless Telegraphy

Their Second Courtship

By JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY

WELL, Dearborn was back again! There was no doubt about it, even if the dusty streets of the dusty town were not proof of it. He had gone away for a good time and for the express purpose of forgetting things. The good time had been his undeniably, in a way; but there are things which will not admit of speedy disposal within the confines of forgetfulness, as he had learned to his wonderment. And it was the strange insistence of things he had thought quite dead that had brought him back before he had thought to come. It was nearly two years since Dearborn and his wife had drifted apart, after a brief married experience of a year. To him it had always seemed a matter of incompatibility; as he expressed it, "we looked for and expected too much altogether, and failed accordingly." He thought himself very just in being willing to admit, now, that the major portion of fault had been with him, without reflecting that this frank admission at the opportune time might have spared them both some heartache. But apparently there was no regret on the part of either anent the course events had taken. If there was, the world saw nothing of it; but then the world is readily deceived into believing some things and perhaps it really believed that he and she cared nothing. It had chagrined the man not a little to find his wife after their separation seeming quite contented and cheerful; quite forgetting that his own outward self bore no sign of mental stress. After a week or two of floundering he "had found himself," as he expressed it. That is to say, he had gotten back to his prematrimonial rut, with its doubtful allurements and comradeship, and very soon after he had packed up and gone away; meeting new faces and doing reckless things in quite a feverish fashion under the conviction that he was enjoying himself hugely. And now that he was come back, his heart was telling him that he had been doing nothing of the kind. So that when he was once again within his own home and had been kissed and welcomed by his sisters as though he were the prodigal son come to life, he felt the extent of his delusion as he never had before.

The things he had meant to relate to the family as most exhilarating experiences of his trip fell hopelessly flat. He felt one or two might better have been dispensed with altogether, so different did they seem now; and he was glad indeed when they fell to telling him of local happenings which had transpired in his absence. After a time he ventured (in a most roundabout way as he thought) to ask if they ever saw his wife. Yes, they had encountered her at some public event of the year where she seemed very well, chatted pleasantly and—"Did she mention me?" he asked abruptly, quite unaware of the new note of pain in his voice.

"No!" said his sisters together, with most discouraging unanimity. Its chilling decisiveness quite numbed him. That night he tossed about in restless wakefulness, his mind alive to a hundred impressions blended with unworded regrets. Once he dozed, to awake with a sudden start, for he fancied his wife had called him. It took him some minutes to gather his strayed wits together and remember things were not as they might have been. Even dropping back into his work next day, with its accumulations of a year, failed to blot out the ever recurring insistency of

things. That night he went out and wandered about the town like a lost soul. His accustomed haunts, the club and the crowd jarred him horribly. He felt strangely out of touch with them all, and almost vowed never to go near them again. The mood that was upon him was utterly inexplicable. Nor did he try to explain it. He only knew that a wild craving was rising unbidden to the boundaries of his soul; a craving all the more masterful for its brief repression. For now he knew the memory of his wife had always been with him, though he had so often tried to think it was not.

Aimlessly, and yet instinctively, he found himself wandering out to where she dwelt with her people. How well he knew the little house. A warm, inviting light streamed from the bowed windows. A woman's figure passed in silhouette on the shade and his heart gave a great bound. His soul spoke to him of the many delicious moments he had passed in that very room which seemed barred to him now, like heaven to the damned. There was the vine covered piazza with its dried leaves rustling in the soft October breeze. Once all these things had been as his own. He could walk up there and be greeted warmly by every inmate of the little house. Why did he ever barter the precious privilege? he asked himself hopelessly. Why? For a bit of worthless human pride that stood for nothing but pain! If he were to go to that door now and pull the bell, he felt he could rightly surmise the result. Cold disdain, repulse, perhaps even contempt! For her people no doubt abhorred him. A woman's folks always did. It was quite to be expected they would, he assured himself. He sank his hands deep into his pockets and drew back into the shadows of a nearby porch. It was in the suburban district of the town, with few people to notice the silent man who stared with his soul in his eyes at the house across the way. Again the silhouetted figure passed on the shade. A moment later the musical notes of a piano fell upon his ear. He knew the touch or thought he did. It was Ruth! A window must have been open, for after a few preliminary chords he heard a sweet, bell-like voice uplifted in plaintive melody:

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary, my rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end,
And there a cross is hung!"

The soft, pleading words of the beautiful ballad fell in trembling cadence upon his ear. It seemed like a prayer in song, and he was in the mood for prayer. Its exquisite beauty stirred him as had nothing for a long time. Was she thinking of him? Was she speaking out her soul's regrets to the brooding night, stripped of all pride and pretence of forgetfulness, or did the words mean nothing to her? After all, she was his wife, and he, her husband. He knew now that he loved her, that he must have her as his own again or go mad. Then the words died away, the lights went out and speedily the house grew as silent as the tomb. But the man kept staring at it for a long time as though the light of his soul had gone out with it. And it was with an effort that he pulled himself together at last and went home.

Next morning if the family noted his haggard face and tired eyes, they wisely made no comment. He was late and missed his usual car. Boarding the next, he hurried in and found a seat, oblivious of possible acquaintances, after the manner of hurried people the world over; it was only when he settled himself in his seat that he discovered his

wife sitting directly opposite. His face paled, then flushed with sudden pleasure as he lifted his hat. But her gaze was so cold that it sent the blood back to his heart with a rush; the next moment she turned and resumed a conversation with a tall, good looking man who sat beside her. Dearborn forgot that a woman is a woman, that she can mask her heart's agony under a cold and even exterior as no other created thing can. He only knew that his heart filled with rage and pain. He could have torn the man limb from limb. The fact that Ruth looked better perhaps than he had ever observed before did not tend to soothe his temper. Her presence there could only mean that she was back at her old profession of teaching. The implied independence of himself as though he had really passed out of her life for good renewed his pain. The look in her eyes almost belied the words of the song of the night before. Could it be she had no heart? The query filled him with disquietude for the rest of the day.

That night he stole out again to the quiet little house in the suburbs and kept lonely vigil in the shadows of the other side of the street. His half formed hope that he might encounter Ruth proved quite vain, however. No light appeared in the front rooms, and at length he went home wearied and sad at heart, to sit in gloomy thought until the night had nearly given birth to day. His hollow eyes and taciturn ways were the subject of family council after his departure that morning. And every cause but the right one was touched upon.

As for him, he saw no more of Ruth for several days, though he tried the different cars. It filled him with the conviction that she sought to avoid him, which made him very miserable. But at the end of the week he did encounter her. That is, he dropped down beside her, quite unaware of the fact for a moment, after his usual fashion. She was with a group of girl friends, all laughing and chatting gaily. With his arrival, a dread silence fell upon the group, while he, who had been praying for just this fortuitous circumstance, found his tongue suddenly weighted with inanities. He never burned to say more, but it seemed as if coherent speech were denied him. Ruth accepted his commonplace inquiries with no outward show of emotion, but she did not repel him. He hugged the thought to his soul for what comfort there was in it and felt his courage renewed. He determined to make it plain to Ruth how thoroughly resolved he was to waive aside all pride. But his roseate prospects were somewhat dashed next morning when on boarding the car he discovered the other man beside her. A spasm of jealous pain wrenched his heart and fought with an unspoken fear that perhaps he had lost her forever.

The insistence of his heart would not be stilled by any chilling circumstance, however. That night he went out again to the little house. This time the rooms were all alight and two girl friends came to the door and rang the bell. He saw Ruth standing with the light of the hall defining her graceful figure; he even caught her words of welcome as the three stood laughing gaily. There was no sorrowing note in her voice, no memory of him. The door closed, and Dearborn felt like a strayed soul returned to its former abode, only to find itself forgotten and unloved. He closed his lips tightly and clenched his hands, then walked and walked, out of the town into the night, where the trees and the fields seemed to hold whispered converse with things unseen; where swirling drifts of dried leaves came fluttering down upon him; where strange shapes of night darted across his path.

"She doesn't care!" he kept saying hopelessly. "She does not care! She prefers to be as she is! And I love her more, more, than I ever did before!"

Then a frenzy came upon him, and he raved at her heartlessness, her ready forgetfulness, until at last he came to his senses, in a measure, and retraced his steps toward the town. As he passed the house, all was dark and silent, which emphasized anew his banishment.

The days that followed were days of varying misery for Dearborn. Sometimes Ruth's eyes seemed to relent, to wistfully speak things he had almost despaired of attaining. But her outward manner was always cold and self contained. Besides which an insurmountable barrier of constraint seemed to fall upon them both and tie their tongues, whenever they chanced to meet; so that he would utter cold formalities while a flood of hot, impassioned protest surged within him.

The weeks had brought November with its denuded trees and barren landscapes. Dearborn had become a solemn, silent man; a puzzle to his friends, who no longer seemed in touch with him. Looking at the calendar one day brought home the fact that the morrow was Ruth's birthday. That night he brought home a bunch of beautiful red roses, whose glowing beauty provoked comment in the household; but he was enigmatical and would not tell his sisters what he meant to do with them. In truth his purpose had been to send them to his wife, hoping their silent plea for reunion might be more potent than mere words from him. But now he wavered and hesitated, as he had done so often before. Never in his life had he been so timorous of approaching anyone. His pride, though he cursed it inwardly, was still a thing to be reckoned with. When he thought of Ruth's coldness he was ready to fling the roses out of the window; but when he thought of her as she could be, his pride went down before the hunger that was in his heart. Something pleaded for her.

"She is good and true," he mused — "it is but her outward self that shows cold and unfeeling! Ah, if I could but read her heart! Perhaps, perhaps, it would all be different!" And he fell to wishing that all hearts might be read more easily.

"I, too, have been outwardly cold," he thought with sudden clarity of vision —"if I could only touch her hand, look into her eyes, when none other were by, all this misunderstanding would melt." A sudden determination came to him and he resolved to go to her then; he put on his hat and coat, but turned back to sit down and scrawl a brief note which he tucked away among the roses.

"I stood outside your window one night and heard you sing. I too can say, 'the hours I spent with thee, dear heart, are as a string of pearls to me.' Will you forgive and forget and not spoil both our lives? At eight tomorrow night I will be waiting where the road goes to the river to find if you care. PAUL."

In a brief time he was near the house, where he halted a moment in indecision until he observed that one of the windows facing the street was open. The balmy night explained the circumstance and gave him as well a sudden inspiration. Going up to the window, which was on a level with his head, he thrust the roses through the open space and heard them fall to the floor. Then he hastily withdrew, convinced that no one had seen him.

Next day he looked vainly for Ruth in the car and when evening came hurried to the appointed tryst. Never had his heart beat more anxiously than when he trod the old familiar road. He felt choked and stifled and was conscious of real relief, much as he desired to see her, to find her nowhere in the vicinity. With a strange tumult in his heart he walked on. The road to the river led through a bit of woodland before it

kissed the water's edge. It was a soft, beautiful night. The ghost of the dead summer seemed to have come back to brood in the shivering trees, which, almost bare, save where bunches of yellow leaves, now turned silver, clung about their nakedness, rose straight and spectral like prison bars before the rising moon. The distant river lay coldly still and beautiful as though frozen into a lasting immobility. Strange scents and sounds came to him, born of the night. But the cry of birds, the song of insects, the passing breeze against his cheek, all things that made harmony of the night, passed him unheeded by. For there was only one thought echoing through his brain. She had not come! And never in all his life had the man suffered such keen, heartrending pain. He thought of his life as it might have been but for a little pride. And as it would be hereafter, cold and desolate! All things seemed slipping from him.

"It will damn me," he thought grimly, remembering the things in every man's life that sometimes, by the mere shifting of a straw, swing him into line with the lost. He reached the river, and for a moment felt it tempting him to drift with its tide to lasting oblivion and peace. Then quickly turning about he stumbled blindly toward home, so deep in his own gloomy thoughts that he failed to perceive a figure before him until he was almost upon it. It was a woman, and she was walking from him. The next moment his heart almost stood still, for he saw it was Ruth!

What followed thereafter he could scarcely tell, but of a sudden he was looking down into her eyes, with his arms about her, holding her close, while words poured in a torrent from his lips as the prison doors of his emotions were loosed.

"Ruth, dear heart! you will never know how I've prayed for this. Tell me you forgive, tell me, tell me you love me. Ah, if you knew of my despair and the horror of it, you would not turn from me." But she struggled and sought to free herself and when he would have pressed his face to hers she turned her own away. Her heart was a battle-ground of warring emotions, and her pride died hard; but it did die, and with a sudden cry of "Paul! Paul!" she buried her face upon his shoulder in a burst of sobs. And knowing that the good within her had triumphed for all time, he spoke no word but only drew her to himself and kissed her closed eyes and the clustering brown curls about her forehead.

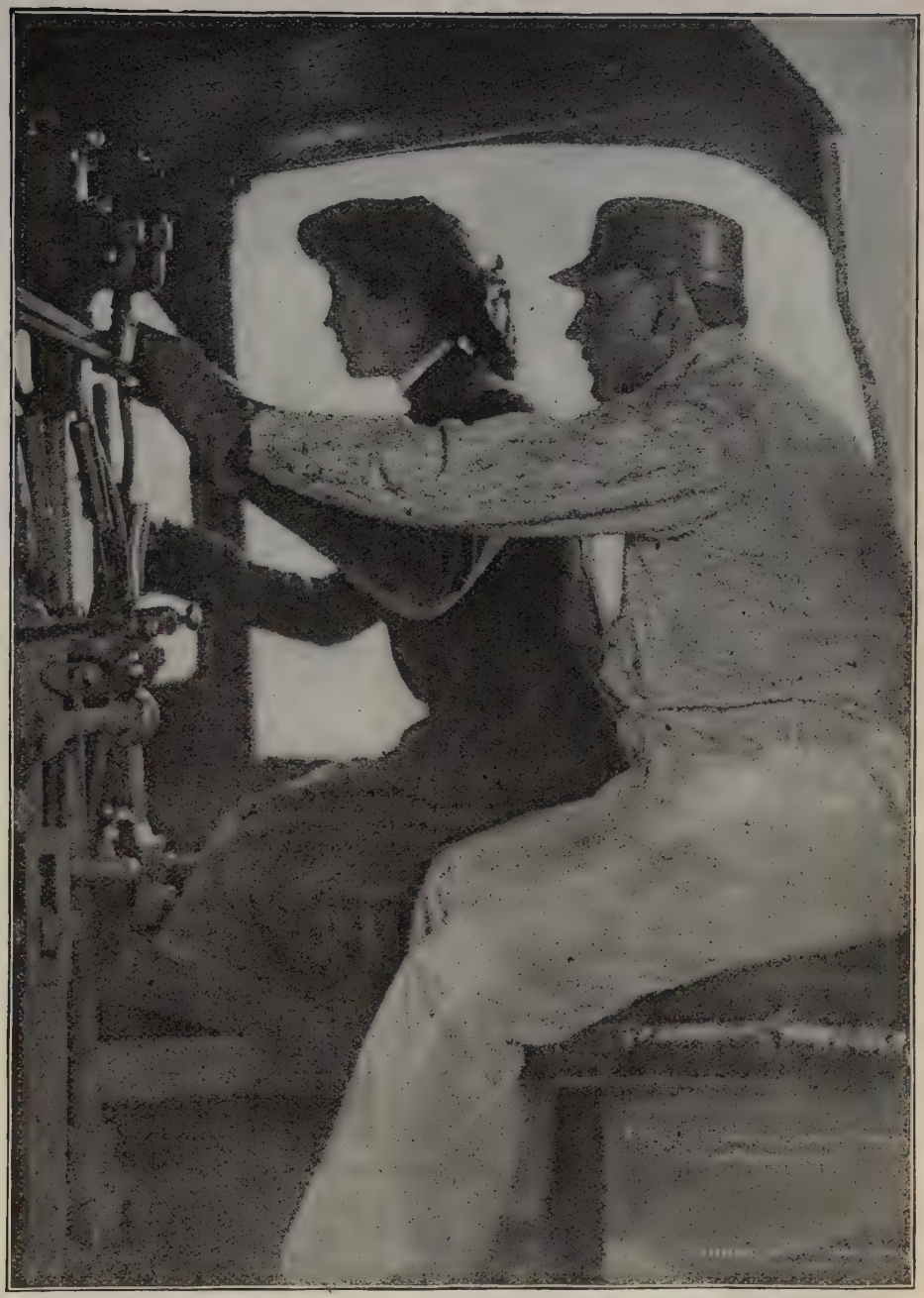
"They said such things about you," she said at length, looking up at him through a mist of tears, "that I grew to believe you did not care. And I was only a woman with nothing but my pride. It was only when you went away that I began to know how I loved you, and then I suffered so, though no one ever dreamed of it. But it is all gone, the pride and the doubt. It died when I found your message last night."

The man looked down upon her. His eyes were shining with the joy that was in his heart. Never in all his life had his soul vibrated to sweeter harmony. He placed her arms about his neck, then pressed upon her lips one long, fervent kiss.

"We will never drift apart again, sweet!" he said softly.

"Nevermore," she whispered. Then they turned, and arm in arm passed down the road together.

"Until the mass of the people know the right, and desire to do it, neither public ownership, nor any other system, will rid a city of corruption."—*George L. Bolen.*



THE OLD DAYS AND THE NEW

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" AND WAYS ARE OUT OF DATE,—
WHEN WOMAN WAS CONTENT TO KNIT AND WAIT:
SHE FARES BESIDE HER MAN IN EVERY ZONE,
HER HANDS UPON THE LEVERS WITH HIS OWN.

"THE BOY WITH THE ARROW"

This picture, by Douglas Volk, whose work has been referred to frequently in this series of articles, was awarded the Carnegie fund prize for the most meritorious figure painting at the annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists in April, 1903. Copyright by Douglas Volk.

"SEEMINGLY a dark outlook for art in this country," said Mr. Abbott H. Thayer; "but I believe the light we all are seeking is about to break."

And quite possibly Mr. Thayer is right. Admitting that present social conditions, as seen by an artist, are ranker than at any previous era in the history of the world, we still are confronted with the plausible theory that whatever any very considerable body of people want, that they generally get. Certain it is that American democracy is acquiring some little liking for the lovely things of life and equally certain that, in spite of numerous disillusionments going along, it will not forever be disappointed.

Go to one of our great museums on a Sunday afternoon—perhaps to the Art Institute in Chicago, the Museum of the Fine Arts in Boston, or the New York Metropolitan museum—and study the crowd. You will unquestionably find there confirmation of your belief not only in democracy, but in the democracy of art. Unpropitious as the stage settings appear to be in these big show places—unlovely structures stuffed with objects never designed to be displayed thus—our workaday humanity repairs to them on its Sabbath holiday almost as eagerly as to a play or a ball game. Long before the noon opening of the Metropolitan you will note little groups of Jewish men and women huddled about the neighboring pathways in Central Park, eagerly awaiting the opening of the doors. All Sunday afternoon through the treasure laden galleries of the Boston Museum the Italian laborers of the North End throng with astonishing frequency, admiring, enjoying. These are the peoples that will be found in our room when our race has completed its suicide; and these will restore the glories of art.

Or again, visit with me a schoolroom in Menominee or Macon. On the walls several masterpieces silently and at her desk a trained teacher with the authority of the living word are imparting to the fresh, retentive minds of children an appreciation, more or less definite, of the value of our art heritage; and, further, we shall witness a lesson in practical application on paper or in clay of childish ideas of form or color. And do not think of this public school art work as something futile and purposeless; a wasting of public money on an educational frill. Let me tell you, as a personal impression, that the work I have seen in the public schools of Pittsburg, Minneapolis, Detroit, Columbus, and other American cities far surpasses in sincerity, and therefore in the most important item of artistic merit, the average of the performances on view in the big exhibitions of the professional artists.

To these educational influences that are creating a widespread love of art add the hundreds of thousands of reproductions of masterpieces, good, bad and indifferent, cheap and expensive, that are finding their way into the homes of all sorts of people; the free lecture systems that have been inaugurated in New York and other cities; the movements for civic betterment and neighborhood beautification—of the sort that has perhaps been most prominently featured at Dayton, Ohio, under the auspices of the big cash register makers of that town—the introduction of art into the churches of almost every denomination:—in view of these and many more manifestations of popular desire for a brighter, merrier America, is it strange that many far-seeing people are looking forward eagerly to an artistic awakening—one like the great Italian Renaissance?

"But the machinery, the sky scrapers, the trolley cars, in the midst of which beauty looks out of place—loses all her freshness and sparkle?"

That is true, too. But as an offset let us take up—though very inadequately—an idea, which we might almost call an art movement since it seems already to be comprehended in its entirety by a few of the clearest thinkers among professional artists and to be big with consequences if once it becomes widely accepted as a vital principle of art and life. There is nothing in the world, you know, greater than ideas, and this is one that is growing. I refer to the proposition of voluntary acceptance of limitations.

Now quite likely this is, as you will say, a new one on you; so that I ought to try to explain it, for I believe it is a principle which if pushed to its logical conclusion, will inevitably create conditions in which great art is possible. Not that the principle itself is anything new or original; it is older than art itself. To establish it, however, as the basis of work in the various arts; to make it apply universally to all art and all life—that surely is something new, and, if it ever becomes popularly realized, startling. At any rate it promises, unless many signs fail, to give the starting point of the next great movement in art. The artists who, as I showed in my first paper, are now furiously busy with all sorts of commissions, rushing off work with the feverish haste that characterizes wooden factory methods, are—the more thoughtful of them—already looking askance at the results of their own strenuous and intelligent efforts. Something is wrong; what is it?

Why, plainly, this: that the artistic profession has got to discover and formulate its own limitations, the conditions under which its practicing members may expect to work profitably and those under which they cannot. The physician could not do his professional duty in a community where no public attempt was made to observe the laws of sanitation and hygiene. The average minister would not be able to preach his most convincing sermon as one of the performers in a vaudeville continuous. Similarly the artist is discovering how useless it is to do his best work for people who will exhibit it amidst surroundings in which its finest qualities will disappear. To execute noble art designed for a definite place you have to presuppose that the place is noble.

Actuated by this feeling, I suppose, a great many prominent painters and sculptors have interested themselves in the municipal art societies that have been growing up in various cities. It has already been seen that from the artistic point of view such a regulation as the one in Boston limiting the height of buildings to 110 feet is one of considerable advantage; and it may be predicted that as time goes on both artist and art lover will become aware, as a few already are aware, that a whole series of limitations have got to be accepted before great or even good art can become as general as it was in the days of Pericles or of the Renaissance. The sky scraper may stay and the trolley car continue to zip along country roads, but for the reception of great pictures and sculpture, there will need to be—and there will be, if the popular demand is strong enough—places, whether the homes of individuals or public edifices, where artistic completeness prevails: where things lovingly wrought will not rub elbows with the inartistic products of modern machinery. There is no reason, to take a specific case, why a considerable portion of our population should not live simply, honorably, in houses built in the right way and furnished with belongings that are good and interesting. To paint pictures, to model statuary for the inmates of such houses—supposing that their lives agree with the nobility of their surroundings—is to work under an inspiration, with an enthusiasm that is lacking in the ordinary art practice of today; and the general effect of the environment gives a means of testing the special result.

Will any large number of people be willing to take up the idea of the honest house and to move out of the much begabled lies they now exist in? Why not? To an extent they already are doing it. Certainly all the old houses in New England that can in any way be made habitable are being snapped up for all-year or summer occupation; the next move will be one for building of new houses without reference to modern facilities for the production of monotonous ugliness.

There is fortunately no law to prevent oak beams from being hand hewn and fortunately the number of people who can afford to have them grows from year to year with the production of wealth in this country.

"MADONNA," BY ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD

One of the most attractive pictures shown at Gill's annual exhibition in Springfield, Massachusetts, in February, 1903. Copyright by Woodbury E. Hunt, Fine Art Publisher, Concord, New Hampshire.

The Genius of Business

FOR THE UNIVERSITY, THE FREE CITY, AND THE PAN-AMERICAN REPUBLIC

III.—The Rise of a Real University Out of the Little Red School House

By CHARLES FERGUSON

WHEN the Master of History sends into the world a great idea, He doesn't work it out in a day. He takes time. He has to take time. Nobody ever understood a great idea until after it had been knocked around the world for a thousand years or so. When the idea first makes its appearance it is scarcely an idea at all; it is a passion. Nobody has it—it has somebody by the vitals. It masters him, as Heine says, and forces him into the arena where, like a gladiator, he is compelled, whether he will or no, to fight for it.

Next, the idea gets itself uttered in the form of an institution—an institution all poetry and pure flame—totally misunderstood and unintelligible, until it has burned itself up and passed out of existence, covering the whole earth with good wood-ashes. Then, a few careless ages slip away and behold! the white ashes are wheat. Your big idea is ready for business.

It is after this fashion that the world is dealing with the university-idea. We have not yet seen a University, the real thing—sap-full and substantial. We have had only the fine ardor of Abelard and his contemporaries—and the fructifying ashes. We have had the prophetic type and the ages of expectation; it is full time for the anti-type, the actual event—full time for the veritable thing itself to happen.

Now the University, in its original and essential character, has some sort of a distant relationship to the institutions that have lately been going by that name, but the family likeness is not emphatic. Harvard College and the socalled University of California, for example, bear about the same relation to the essential university-idea that Mrs. Eddy's church or the excellent Society of Universalists bears to the world-historic church-idea. The university-idea has hard work to find itself in any sort of superior academy or finishing school for young ladies and gentlemen.

The University is a social and political conception—the modern and democratic mode of social organization. It is social organization for the promotion of the humanities.

The humanities mean, as I understand it, the happiness of everybody, what the fathers called the general welfare. And that is a very different thing from the thing that the undemocratic governments of the old world have aimed at. Aristocratic governments are not concerned about the happiness of everybody. They exist to promote the happiness of those that they adjudge to be worthy of happiness, and to make sure of the unhappiness of such as are accounted worthy of being miserable. Government, according to the old way of thinking, is a superhuman thing. It doesn't feel as live men feel or see as they see. Its characteristic symbol is a fair woman without a heart, iron scales in her hand and scales upon her eyes—or blinded with a bandage.

Aristocratic government is the sworn enemy of the humanities and of the

free, uncalculating fine arts. It is conscientiously opposed to all that sort of thing—opposed at any rate to giving any real and practical significance to that sort of thing. It follows as a matter of course that the University, under the aristocratic regime, must be a pale, etiolated affair, with the blood dried out, a kind of gibbering ghost of a university, full of reminiscence and prophecy but having nothing to say in the present tense. Its humanities must, before all things, be polite and cautious. They must not on any account affront the studied inhumanities of the blind goddess of justice. And as for the fine arts, it behooves them to be so very fine that only the refined can view them with the natural eye.

Now the significant fact, surprising as it may seem, is that our *soi-disant* universitites in America are in their theory and ground-plan wholly and simply aristocratic. They have grown comparatively cheap and accessible to be sure, but that doesn't change their nature. A thing is not democratic because it is cheap. The American colleges have grown up under the shadow of the ancient thrones and they haven't had much sun and wind in their cloisters up to the present time. It took eight years for the American Revolution, and then a full century and a quarter more to finish it up and bury the dead. We are just beginning to get clear of the coasts of Europe. And the college authorities are likely to be the last of the passengers to sight Fire Island and Sandy Hook.

The whole scheme of our American colleges has been adjusted to the aristocratic theory that the public is at best a docile fool and that only the certificated schoolmaster is wise. The professors have stood in a purely pedagogic attitude toward the people. This being understood, it is to be set down to the credit of our democracy, as a mitigating circumstance, that only helpless boys and girls have submitted to go to college. In the middle ages men and women went. But then the case was altogether different. In that rosy dawn of the university-idea the University was democratic. In the twelfth century the University was, as I have already pointed out, a self-governing commonwealth. The students had the suffrage and managed the corporation; the professors did not speak *de haut en bas* like princes and bishops.

A University, properly speaking, exists to get at the truth—the truth of human nature and of the nature of things. And when it begins by despising the unsophisticated human instincts and the common experience of men at work in the real world, it begins by blowing its brains out. A University governed not by the living and learning people but by officers of state or by administrators of estates is no University at all. In some cases it is nothing worth mentioning; but if it is anything it is an academy, a college or a technical school. The university-idea is not in it—unless as a protesting spirit, a Nemesis of outraged art and science. For the fact is that officers of state and the administrators of estates are *ipso facto* the devoted protagonists of the existing conventionalties in politics, in religion, in science, in art, in everything. And, as officers and administrators, the business of getting at the truth is simply not in their line. They may indeed have another character as well—human interests apart from their official duty. But so far as they are "true to their trust" they are bound to see that society shall not get any nearer the truth than it is,—that the existing conventional substitutes shall be made to serve their time. The business of getting at the truth always flies in the face of the-things-agreed-upon. The-things-agreed-upon are the only real obstacles to artistic and scientific progress. The sciences and the arts have advanced with such incredible slowness through the

ages not because of any natural difficulty—there was no lack of natural faculty and no lack of plastic materials—the advance has been so slow wholly because of the conventional and artificial difficulties. The advance of the arts and sciences has always and inevitably tended to the unsettling, the mobilizing of existing social arrangements; and these same worthy officers of state and administrators of estates have always stood in the front of the battle, with set teeth, to defend the *status quo*. It is no shame to them. They did of old the best they knew, and doubtless are still doing it. But they don't understand the meaning of the University, and can't learn from any of their professors.

The University does not indeed set itself in stubborn opposition to any of the existing arrangements of law or custom. It simply regards them as it regards any other phenomena within the field of science—as things to be questioned and looked into; to be looked through, if possible, for the discovery of something beyond them more real and respectable than they are. And that is a temper of mind which in the nature of the case can never be other than antipathetic to people that draw salaries through the faithful defence of old statutes and dead men's estates.

We hear a great deal of talk in these days about academic freedom; impatient reformers say hard and inconsiderate words about the boards of trustees and boards of regents that refuse to college professors the supposed inalienable right of saying anything they please. The hard words are inconsiderate because they come nowhere near the root of the matter. The fault is not in the governing board of the colleges in any special sense; it is in the whole frame and structure of the institutions from top to bottom. The deposed president of the college called Brown at Providence, Rhode Island, and the indignant brood of teachers who more recently were driven forth with much noise of fluttering wings and ruffled plumage from the pleasant estate of Mrs. Leland Stanford, had really no equitable cause of action against their hierarchical superiors and headmasters. So long as the things called universities are what they are—aristocratic institutions—they must be governed, if governed at all, on aristocratic principles. When the real and democratic University arises, it will doubtless be governed on democratic principles—the teachers will keep their places as long as the plain people can believe in them. Meanwhile the good men of the gown who claim the right to say in their class-rooms whatever they may happen to think, or even what the mass of the people who don't go to college happen to think, will without doubt continue to find themselves out of court. The fond ideal of intellectual liberty in a well endowed moral vacuum never has been realized upon the earth; and, for the sake of intellectual and moral virility, it is to be hoped that it never will be. I suppose that even the cherubim and seraphim have their responsibilities and are obliged to keep on good terms with somebody in order to hold their places in the orchestra of heaven.

The rise of the industrial order is bound up with the renaissance of the university-idea. The organization of industry on a grand scale requires the organization of the people in the spirit of the arts and sciences. In the absence of such an organization of the people, the people are bound to be slaves of the machine; there is no help for it either under the existing plutocratic regime or under that promised order of politico-economic centralization which is now dangling its Dead Sea apples before our eyes under the name of state-socialism.

I mean by the spirit of the arts and sciences the quintessential religion of

modern times, the religion of democracy—that living, working faith in the moral soundness of human nature and the nature of things, which is finding in the constitution of the universe the sufficient statutes of social order and putting all extrinsic authorities out of business. Without this faith and the organization of society on the basis of this faith, I say that the people would inevitably be crushed by the machinery of modern civilization. But the people will not be crushed. Not in America, at least. For in America the University of the People is a fact practically assured by the whole course of our history. It is a matter of no little significance, as bearing on this point, that the frontier of American civilization in its sweep across the continent has always been marked and spaced by an unbroken sentry line of school houses. The farther you go west the more school houses there are in proportion to the census of souls. The longer the haul and the steeper the grade as you go up the slope of the Great Divide, the more recklessly do the people pay the freight—for schools. Wherever the prairie schooner stopped it anchored to a school house, and the Genius of these States its throned on the Sierras in Arizona, quaffing a cup of knowledge that is paid for by the highest school tax rate in the whole world.

Those who would argue from this state of affairs that the moving man in the new world is specially great for book learning, are superficial or misinformed. The American people have never had a great respect for schoolmasters, and never will have. The history of our public school system shows that Americans generally have not cared much either for the quality or the quantity of their schoolmastering—have regarded the scholastic processes as a kind of pious ritual to be got through with in a penitential spirit—with generous congratulations and cheers for the superior sort of men, the Washingtons and Lincolns, who have been counted worthy to escape the punishment of a scholastic education.

The American people have a spiritual passion as strong as their mastery of materials, and the "little red school house" has stood in our imagination not so much a thing of utilitarian value, as a thing of spiritual significance—a homely, thrilling symbol of the conquest of matter by mind, the victorious march of the creative spirit of man across the deserts and wildernesses of the world. The school house has served as the church of the religion of democracy, the shrine of our secret but sincere devotion, and that not because of but in spite of its heritage of pedantry and prose.

The revolution now in progress in what is called the science and art of pedagogics amounts to nothing less than the complete overthrow of the schoolmaster, the abolishment of the reign of the pedagogue.

And this overthrow of the schoolmaster is the final step in the evolution of democratic society. For the strength of all economic and political monoply has lain in the thraldom of the intellect to the formularies of the past. Up to this time the dead hand of the old order of the world has held fast its mortgage upon the future through its clutch upon the minds of the children. But that clutch is loosening now; even the children at length are to go free. And the defeat of the schoolmaster carries with it the defeat of the masters of the sword and of the purse. With the pedagogue cast out, grown men can without shame go to school. Every man becomes a teacher—and a learner. And so with every child. And there is not a school house of the republic but is destined to become a university of the people, a nerve-center of the new social organization in the spirit of the arts and sciences.

NOTE AND COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

DEWEY VICTORY MONUMENT IN UNION SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO

WHEN, on April 29, 1903, William Randolph Hearst's New York Evening Journal reported his marriage to Miss Millicent Willson, the age of the bride was given, but not that of the groom. *Who's Who in America* preserves a like silence as to the year of Mr. Hearst's birth. It is possible that this youngest of the presidential candidates is trying to suppress his age, not as women are supposed to do, but because he might be thought too young for the office he aspires to. Call him thirtyfive. That is a very satisfactory age. At any rate he is old enough to be the most conspicuous and possibly the most powerful individual factor in American journalism during the five years last past; and he is old enough to occupy the seat in congress to which he was elected last autumn by the nearly unanimous vote of his district in New York City. Mr. Hearst's father was a United States senator from California, and a mining multimillionaire. The son bids fair to surpass the father, both in business and politics. Certain mossy politicians of both parties affect to sneer at this young fellow and his ambitions, but if I can read the signs right, they are going to learn to rate him a great deal higher than they now do. Among the many men suggested for the democratic nomination in 1904—Cleveland, Gorman, Hill, Parker, Bryan, Harrison of Chicago, Tom Johnson and Fitzhugh Lee, Mr. Hearst seems to me to be the strongest leader his party could choose. He is as strenuous as Roosevelt, and like Roosevelt he has a definite program for *doing things*. Like Roosevelt, he takes the people into his confidence—tells them frankly what he wants to do, and is always doing something. His journals often offend the taste of the polite minority—but presidents are not elected by polite minorities. Cleveland couldn't be elected constable outside of Wall Street. Bryan lifted national politics into the realm of ideality for four years, and for that we owe him more than we are likely to pay; but he chose to crawl into the grave when free silver was buried. Gorman and Hill are just plain party hacks and has-beens. Parker lacks prestige, a platform and money. Harrison and Johnson are strong at home, but very uncertain quantities in the national field. Neither, probably, could carry his own state. A campaign with Hearst running against Roosevelt would be a corker. And, in my judgment, Hearst is the only man in his party who could run fast enough to make Roosevelt sweat.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST AND HIS BRIDE

Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. Hearst's secretary, writes that the photograph from which this engraving was made was taken by Falk on the wedding day, April 28. Next day the Hearsts sailed for Europe. Mr. Hearst owns six profitable and powerful daily papers in New York, Chicago and San Francisco. He is president of the National Association of Democratic clubs and a congressman-elect. He is a candidate for the presidency of the United States. His father was a senator from California and he is a native of that state.

IT is said that Chief Justice Fuller wishes to retire from office, but retains his place in the hope that the democrats may elect a president in 1904, in which event his successor would be a member of his own party. I beg to suggest, in view of the strong probability that President Roosevelt will succeed himself in the White House in 1905, that he could put the chief justice at ease, prove his own desire to preserve the nonpartisan character of the supreme court, and pay a fitting compliment to his only living predecessor by inviting Grover Cleveland to accept the office of chief justice—assuming that Mr. Fuller is really eager to retire. There is some talk of Mr. Cleveland obtaining a fourth nomination in the democratic national convention; but it would be the height of cruelty on the part of his friends to cause his nomination, granting that they could do it, since he could not possibly be elected. But, as a lawyer and an ex-president, he has an uncommonly useful equipment for the chief justiceship.

THE work of state development has reached an advanced stage in California, where the leading commercial bodies, boards of trade and chambers of commerce have formed themselves into a central organization known as the California Promotion Committee. The Promotion Committee is devoted exclusively to promoting the settlement and development of the state at large. Its purposes are wholly public and its members are representatives of the local organizations. The success of the committee has been remarkable. During the past year—it was organized just one year ago—it has brought 20,000 families to the state and located them through the farming and fruit raising districts. The Committee has been instrumental in bringing a great amount of capital and inducing industrial establishments to locate in California. Considering that it is the only organization of its kind in the world, and that it has no ulterior purpose to serve, the innovation has been worthy of its support. Rufus P. Jennings, an influential San Franciscan, is executive officer of the Committee, and was a prime mover in its organization. If the commercial bodies of other states can combine with like success they will do well to follow California's example.

SAN FRANCISCO leads the country in erecting the first permanent memorial to the American victory in Manila Bay. President Roosevelt presided, on May 14, at the dedication of the Dewey victory monument in Union Square, the

JAMES D. PHELAN,
Ex-Mayor of San Francisco

ANDREA SBARBORO,
Nestor of California's Wine Industry

RUFUS P. JENNINGS,
Head of Calif. Promotion Society

CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER AND HIS GRANDCHILD

heart of the Pacific coast metropolis. The ground for the monument was broken by President McKinley, in May, 1901. It was fitting that San Francisco should have precedence in this particular. Not only is her harbor the rendezvous of the Pacific fleet, but since Admiral Dewey unlocked the gateway to Asia the maritime commerce of San Francisco has increased at the rate of twentyfive per cent each year, the annual imports and exports from China alone amounting to more than $50,000,000 each. San Francisco has therefore commercial as well as sentimental reasons for her tribute to Dewey. The monument itself is an appropriate

SUBMARINE TORPEDO BOAT "PIKE" ON HER TRIAL TRIP

emblem of its purpose. A huge granite shaft eightythree feet in height is surmounted by a colossal female figure in bronze of *Victory Upon the Seas.* The figure bears in one hand a wreath to crown the American navy, and in the other a trident. The cost of the monument was $50,000, raised by subscription. The sculptor was Robert I. Aitken, a young man of great talent, and the architect Newton J. Tharp; both are San Franciscans. Credit for the building of the monument is largely due to James D. Phelan, ex-mayor of San Francisco.

THE Union Ironworks of San Francisco, builders of the Oregon and the Olympia, have scored again with submarine torpedo boats that equal the best vessels of his type ever constructed anywhere. Two of these vessels—the Pike and the Grampus—cigar shaped steel craft shorter than the width of an ordinary street and not so high as the average ceiling, were launched in January this year and given their trial tests in April. Not only did they exceed the government's requirements, but they attained a speed of seven knots under water. These destroyers get power from a gasoline engine when running on the surface; but when submerged, with every vent closed water and air tight, the engines are run by an electric motor. They can descend to a depth of 100 feet—far below the influence of storms that ruffle the surface—and run there on an even keel for hours at a stretch, hidden from every eye,—the deadliest conceivable enemy to a hostile fleet. The Pike carried a crew of twelve on her trial trip. Dewey ran past fixed mines, and Schley at Santiago was menaced by the swift destroyers of the Spanish squadron, whose speed nominally was so much beyond that of the big cruisers that they were expected to strike and get away unhurt — or at any rate to get close enough to strike with fatal effect, even if they did not get away; but these were not in it with this terror that, guided by human intelligence, can creep along beneath the waves and strike without exposing itself to a return fire. The profession of war becomes constantly less inviting to persons of sedentary habits.

INTERIOR OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST WINE CISTERN

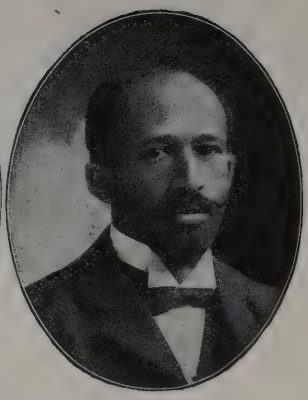
This 500,000-gallon cistern, the property of Andrea Sbarboro, at Asti, California, was lighted by electricity and when it was completed a hundred persons danced in it to the music of a military band.

EDITH OGDEN HARRISON, wife of Chicago's mayor, and whose second book of fairy tales will be brought out this Autumn

HITHERTO the almost invariable rule of the book publishers was to bring out all their new works late in the year. They seemed to regard Summer as a barren season. Latterly many of them have abandoned this view, in part, and are offering some of their most enticing numbers in late Spring and early Summer. We no longer do all our reading at the Winter fireside. We want books for all the seasons of the year—out-of-door books for the Spring, when the pulse beats higher in anticipation of the rebirth of the flowers; wise and witty fiction to enliven the sultry days of mid-year. The pioneers in the new publishing season are shrewdly offering their best wares, and this is especially true of the fiction that has come to the reviewing desk during the month last past. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. send out an exceptionally strong group of new novels. Leading the list is Arthur Sherburne Hardy's *His Daughter First*—a swift and eager story of a girl who claimed her own and got it against difficulties. Andy Adams' *The Log of a Cowboy* tells vividly and with much good humor the story of how an outfit of cowmen drove 3,000 beef cattle up from the Rio Grande to the Yellowstone region in the days of the Great Western Trail. From Small, Maynard & Co. we have I. K. Friedman's *The Autobiography of a Beggar*, in which this rising Chicago novelist presents with admirable literary art the comedy of beggary in the great city which is his home. William E. Curtis writes, in the terse journalese which has made him the most famous of living American newspaper correspondents, of *The Turk and His Lost Provinces*, creating a reference book of real value concerning one of the great racial problems of modern Europe. John McCutcheon of the Chicago Record-Herald has assembled a number of his best cartoons—and there are none more popular—in a handsome volume published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Joe Leveque of New Orleans sends out in pamphlet form the text of his new comic opera, *King Capital*, a racy satire on certain phases of our national life in the present time. This opera, by the way, had its first stage presentation in the Crescent City late in May. I have not learned how it succeeded with its audience, but it deserves well upon its literary merits. Frances Charles, the young woman whose *The Country God Forgot* was one of the features of the Little-Brown list last year, gives us another vivid and virile novel, *The Siege of Youth*, issued from the same house. Robert Nielson Stephens' newest work, *The Mystery of Murray Davenport*, will sustain and enhance the reputation won by his earlier romantic novels. Harold McGrath, beloved of thousands for his tales of love and fighting, bids again for public favor with *The Grey Cloak*. The Smart Set Company of New York enters the field of book publishing with novels—*The Vulgarians*, by Edgar Fawcett, and *The Fighting Chance*, by Gertrude Lynch. R. T. Crane, a Chicago manufacturer of elevators, takes a whirl at the colleges with a little booklet in which he undertakes to prove that a university education of the purely academic type is a bad investment for a young man who has to earn his own living and who expects to pursue a commercial life. Mr. Crane scores some minor points, but misses the main one

ELLIOTT FLOWER,
Author of "The Spoilsmen"

JOHN D. BARRY,
Author of "A Daughter of Thespis"



PROF. W. E. B. DUBOIS,
Author of "Souls of Black Folk"

—which is that the best men of every age see something more in education than that which fits them to earn fortunes. Poultney Bigelow writes that Harper & Brothers have accepted the third volume of his *History of the German Struggle for Liberty*, and that the fourth volume will deal with the Revolution of 1848. Mr. Bigelow sailed the other day for Munich. Before going, he wrote for the August National a striking article on *The Modern Muses of Illinois*, in which he contrasts the conservatism of the eastern universities with the intense practicality of those in the prairi states—to the advantage of the latter.

I have no quarrel with what pessimists term the flood of new books. We cannot have too many. The crudest book strengthens its writer, and may have some useful message for a few readers at least. The thing to consider mainly is that native American books continually climb to higher levels of excellence.

MARRED IN THE MAKING, a story in pamphlet, by Lydia Kingsmill Commander: Peter Eckler, New York.

THE DERBY ANNIVERSARY CALENDAR, a record of 6,000 noteworthy events, anniversaries, birthdays, etc., in American history: J. T. White & Co., New York City.

HOMOPHONIC CONVERSATIONS, a natural aid in learning English, German, French and Italian; by C. B. and C. V. Waite: C. V. Waite & Co., Chicago.

TRENT'S TRUST AND OTHER STORIES, by Bret Harte: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THE SAMARITANS, a novel by J. A. Steuart: Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

THE DOMINANT STRAIN, a novel by Anna Chapin Ray: Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

THE SPOILS OF EMPIRE, a novel by Francis Newton Thorpe: Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

TEXAS, a historical study by George P. Garrison: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

A SPECTER OF POWER, a novel by Charles Egbert Craddock: Houghton-Mifflin.

EVENINGS IN LITTLE RUSSIA, translated from the writings of Gogol by Edna W. Underwood and William Hamilton Cline: W. S. Lord, Evanston, Ill.

GORDON KEITH, a novel by Thomas Nelson Page: Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF MAX MULLER: Longmans, Green & Co., New York City.

HAROLD MCGRATH,
Author of "The Grey Cloak"

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To be established in every city, town and village in the United States.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The National Magazine has perfected plans for the establishment of 25,000 Circulating Libraries throughout the United States. These libraries will be composed of the latest and most popular books, such as "Lady Rose's Daughter," "The Grey Cloak," Mrs. Wiggs," etc., and will be established in every city, town and village in the country. Our object is to disseminate good literature, and to secure a million subscribers to the National Magazine.

A project of this kind, involving as it does the distribution of more than one million books, is of the first importance to every person interested in good literature.

Incidentally it promises to be the most gigantic and successful subscription campaign in American magazine history. The plan on which these libraries will be established is so simple and unique, that we believe it is possible to establish this large number of libraries before the first of January, 1904.

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Our plan is to organize clubs of from ten to 200 subscribers, each club having a library of its own.

There will be as many books in the library as there are subscribers in the club. If there are twentyfive subscribers, the library will consist of the first twentyfive books shown on the list given on another page. If there are 200 subscribers, there will be 200 books. Any number of clubs can be formed in the same town or locality.

The library will be open to all members of the club for one year. At the end of that time, the books will be divided equally among the subscribers, each receiving one book free of charge, and the library will end.

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vide printed catalogues, library cards and all necessary paraphernalia, so there will be no additional expense, in the way of dues or fees, for maintenance.

A library of this kind has everything in its favor. The books are the very latest and newest titles; the expense of organizing and maintaining the library is reduced to the minimum; the time is limited to one year; no more than 200 subscribers are admitted to one club, *and, finally, when the library ends, the books go into the homes and are owned by the individual subscribers.*

We print below a list of the books which will comprise the library. These books are all cloth bound, and are the same identical books for which you would pay $1.50 in any book store. They are the best new fiction, the list being compiled by a committee of expert librarians. Every book is guaranteed to be suitable for general circulation; they bear no numbers, labels or price marks; when a library is supplied every book is fresh and clean, direct from the publishers.

1 "Lady Rose's Daughter," Mrs. Humphrey Ward
2 "The Pit," Frank Norris
3 "Darrell of the Blessed Isle," Irving Bacheller
4 "Under the Rose," F. S. Isham
5 "Marjorie," Justin McCarthy
6 "The Grey Cloak," Harold McGrath
7 "The Under Dog," F. Hopkinson Smith
8 "Master of Warlock," George Cary Eggleston
9 "Filigree Ball," Anna Katherine Green
10 "Gordon Keith," Thomas Nelson Page
11 "Lovey Mary," Alice Hegan Rice
12 "People You Know," George Ade
13 "Napoleon Jackson," Ruth McEnery Stuart
14 "The Eternal City," Hall Caine
15 "Blennerhassett," C. F. Pidgin
16 "Truth Dexter," Sidney McCall
17 "Children of Destiny," Mollie Elliot Seawell
18 "Making of a Marchioness," F. H. Burnett
19 "Tristram of Blent," Anthony Hope
20 "The Fighting Bishop," H. M. Hopkins
21 "The Thirteenth District," Brand Whitlock
22 "Long Straight Road," George Horton
23 "The Impudent Comedian," F. Frankfort Moore
24 "Miss Petticoats," Dwight Tilton
25 "Redemption of David Corson," Chas. F. Goss.
26 "The Virginian," Owen Wister
27 "Daughter of the Sioux," Gen. Chas. King.
28 "At the Time Appointed," A. Maynard Barbour
29 "The Captain," F. C. Williams
30 "Conjuror's House," Stewart Edward White
31 "Janice Meredith," Paul L. Ford
32 "Girl of the Half-Way House," Emerson Hough
33 "Quincy Adams Sawyer," C. F. Pidgin
34 "Continental Dragoon," R. N Stephens
35 "With Hoops of Steel." Florence Kelly
36 "Hearts Courageous," Hallie Erminie Rives
37 "Leopard's Spots," Thos. Dixon
38 "Mystery of Murray Davenport," R. N. Stephens.
39 "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," Alice Hegan Rice
40 "Forty Modern Fables," George Ade
41 "Life on the Mississippi," Mark Twain
42 "Maid of Maiden Lane," Amelia E. Barr
43 "In the Fog," Richard Harding Davis
44 "Via Crucis," Marion Crawford
45 "Wolfville Days," A. H. Lewis
46 "The Southerners," Cyrus T. Brady

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48 "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," George H. Lorimer
49 "Circuit Rider," Edward Eggleston
50 "Nerve of Foley," F. H. Spearman
51 "Mississippi Bubble," Emerson Hough
52 "Glengarry School Days," Ralph Connor
53 "The Circle," Katherine Thurston
54 "The Great K. & A. Train Robbery," Paul L. Ford
55 "Houseboat on the Styx," John Kendrick Bangs
56 "Two Vanrevels," Booth Tarkington
57 "Speckled Bird," Augusta J. Evans
58 "The Spenders," Harry Leon Wilson
69 "Fortunes of Oliver Horn," F. Hopkinson Smith
60 "Comedy of Conscience," S. Weir Mitchell
61 "In the Palace of the King," F. Marion Crawford
62 "Pursuit of the Houseboat," John Kendrick Bangs
63 "Lady or the Tiger?" Frank R. Stockton
64 "Like Another Helen," George Horton
65 "Jessamy Bride," F. Frankfort Moore
66 "Double Barreled Detective Story," Mark Twain
67 "Little White Bird," J. M. Barrie
68 "Pines of Lory," J. A. Mitchell
69 "Intrusions of Peggy," Anthony Hope
70 "Sky Pilot of the Foothills," Ralph Connor
71 "Light of Scarthey," Egerton Castle
72 "Princess Aline," Richard Harding Davis
73 "Graustark," George Barr McCutcheon
74 "John March, Southerner," George W. Cable
75 "Man's Woman," Frank Norris
76 "Right Princess," Clara Louise Burnham
77 "Blazed Trail," Stuart Edward White
78 "Cecilia," F. Marion Crawford
79 "Dorothy South," George Cary Eggleston
80 "Aunt Abby's Neighbors," Annie Trumbull Slosson
81 "The Manxman," Hall Caine
82 "The Seekers," Stanley Waterloo
83 "Lorraine," R. W. Chambers
84 "Rudder Grange," Frank R. Stockton
85 "Mr. Dooley's Philosophy," F. P. Dunne
86 "Conqueror," Gertrude Atherton
87 "D'ri and I," Irving Bacheller
88 "Man from Glengarry," Ralph Connor
89 "McTeague," Frank Norris
90 "Temporal Power," Marie Corelli
91 "Bob, Son of Battle," Alfred Oliphant
92 "Crisis," Winston Churchill
93 "Resurrection," Leo Tolstoi
94 "Was It Right to Forgive?" Amelia E. Barr
95 "Free Joe," Joel Chandler Harris
96 "Great Stone of Sardis," Frank R. Stockton
97 "Bath Comedy," Egerton Castle
98 "Rosalynde's Lover," Maurice Thompson
99 "McTeague," Frank Norris
100 "Red Axe," S. R. Crockett
101 "Valley of Decision," Edith Wharton
102 "Heart's Highway," Mary E. Wilkins
103 "Dorothy Vernon," Charles Major
104 "Rudder Grangers Abroad," Frank R. Stockton
105 "Coast of Bohemia," William Dean Howells
106 "The Wolf's Long Howl," Stanley Waterloo
107 "Choir Invisible," James Lane Allen
108 "Warrior Gap," Gen. Chas. King
109 "Arms and the Woman," Harold McGrath
110 "The Gentleman from Indiana," Booth Tarkington
111 "Castle Craneycrow," George Barr McCutcheon
112 "Audrey," Mary Johnston
113 "Sevenoaks," J. G. Holland
114 "Little Journey in the World," C. D. Warner
115 "A Widower and Some Spinsters," Maria Louise Poole
116 "In the Midst of Alarms," Robert Barr
117 "A Kentucky Colonel," Opie Read
118 "Gallant Fight," Marion Harland
119 "The Fickle Wheel," H. T. Stephenson
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A Year at Oread Institute

By MARION C. HALLETT

CHEMISTRY CLASS—PREPARATION OF NITROGEN

IMAGINE my feelings one bright day last August when I was informed that I had been chosen to receive the National Magazine scholarship for Oread Institute of Worcester, Massachusetts. It came to me through the National Magazine, and I need not say how much happiness it brought into my family, thinking how the the dearest and best mother in the world had brought all this good fortune to me by insisting upon subscribing for the National. The article on Oread in this periodical was studied until the picture of the "castle" on the hill was fixed on my mind as associated with the pleasantest anticipations of a lifetime.

Now, having completed the year's course, I thought it might interest the readers of the National to know how far the realization has surpassed the anticipation. I will not say that there was not a twinge of homesickness in the thought of leaving home; but when I arrived and was settled at Oread I found I was not as homesick as I had anticipated.

I was greatly impressed by the beauty of the place and the atmosphere in general, the cordiality of the girls and the delightful home life.

"Domestic Science" it was from the start to the commencement. Under the direction of the well beloved principal, Mrs. Harriet Higbee, and the corps of instructors, I found that of all that was offered in the curriculum of my school and college work, the course in domestic science was the cap-sheaf and comprehended a post graduate course of vital consequence to any girl, no matter what career she might take up in later life. It has proven the fundamental and practical basis of right living.

I can scarcely go farther without mentioning the inspiration of the lectures of the president and founder of the Institute, Mr. Henry D. Perky, whose clear thought, enthusiasm, generosity and

energy have made this institution one of the best of its kind in the world. In fact, his life has been dedicated to the work, and the five classes that have been graduated have gone forth fully fitted for the serious busjness of making the very most and best of life.

Yes, there have been happy days these months past, despite the absorbing attention required by the course. We were taught not only how to have all branches of housework done, but how to do them ourselves. And some have insisted that the servant girl question would not be so serious if there were more real housekeepers directing the work of servants. These simple, homely duties which so many of our dear, fond mothers are apt to do, and keep on doing, as a matter of course, while the daughter practices on the piano or does fancy work, are after all essential.

But you who are interested at all will wish me to be more specific—to tell you with more detail just what we were taught at this model school. For entrance to the Institute it is necessary to have good health, since this is essential to good work. The health of the majority seems to improve during the year at Oread—due undoubtedly to proper food and the environment in general. With a uniform of lavender and white, a white apron and lace cap, the costume for the day was complete. But the girls all dressed for dinner.

Our class was divided into two divisions and I belonged to the A's. Our first duties were in house work. The stairs—considered the most undesirable task of all—fell to my lot. However, it was a consolation to know that it was one of those pleasures in life that come to us but once. At any rate, the young lady who cared for the stairs had a chance to show her sweet disposition—with people continually passing up and down. In due order the care of the entire house was taught, from cellar to garret. Each girl had charge of the class for two days. She gave a lecture one day and made out the menus for the next—meals as attractive as possible and within a certain cost. In connection with this she did the marketing and oversaw all the work in the kitchen. The latter part of the year meals were served in family style and each girl presided at the table for a week, and did the serving. Needless to say, there was an increased action of the heart when a huge turkey, goose or chicken appeared, ready for the fray. But practice makes perfect, and now we are undaunted at the thought of carving these creatures.

In cookery, each student was provided with a two-burner gas stove, drawer and cupboard with equipment. We worked individually and in groups. As the work advanced from the simple to the difficult, our interest increased. I might mention a couple of bright questions asked in this class. One girl wanted to know if shortening was baking powder, and another astounded the teacher with, "How many eggs does it take for an apple pie?" In the spring the girls began to give demonstrations which were most helpful to us. Formal meals were also prepared and served by the class to a number of guests.

The work in sewing began with lectures on textiles. Many models were made, which required much care and time. If these models were not sufficiently accurate, "I think you had better try that again," came from our instructor, and before many weeks this was a familiar remark. Outside of class work, each one was required to make an exhibition piece by hand. We took up some basket weaving, and one little incident in connection with this I shall never forget. The reeds had to be soaked in water, and as a certain girl worked she proceeded to sit on the table. At once girl, table and pan of water met on the floor and were one. The rest speaks for itself.

Household economics include sanitation, laundry and marketing. Our first wash in the laundry was two plain handkerchiefs and a pillow case; the last, silks, laces and embroideries. The idea taught was to do the work in the best and easiest way. The hours spent over tubs and ironing boards, although full of trials, were happy ones. Under sanitation, we considered selection of home sites, architecture, plumbing, ventilation, furnishings, etc. For field work we visited many factories and buildings of interest.

It was a familiar sight to the market men to see a group of Oread girls enter the market eager to learn all possible about food—as fish, meats, vegetables and fruits. The chemistry of foods was one of our most helpful studies. Foods were analyzed and discussed and lectures given by both teacher and pupils. Information was gained in looking up data as well as self control in speaking in public.

After dinner speeches, although of great importance in our study of elocution, were a sore trial to us at the start. My first speech almost gave me palpitation of the heart. It was more pleasant to look back upon than to anticipate. During the year, each pupil gave four introductions and four speeches, the last speech showing a marked improvement upon the first.

The aim of physiology, as taught us in the Institute, was to give a general knowledge of the human body, which should lead to an intelligent understanding of the great importance of right living. Physical training was not neglected. During the winter we had indoor gymnastics, in fall and spring outdoor sports, as basket ball, tennis and rowing on Lake Quinsigamond.

It is well to know what to do in case of an emergency. We obtained practical knowledge in the treatment of scalds, bruises, fainting, bandages, poisons, broken bones, etc. For fear that the girls might not have sufficient opportunity to apply their knowledge, I fell down stairs one day and fainted. I was taken in charge, and the experiments were most amusing.

"Food for infants, children and invalids" covered the preparation of foods, invalid dietaries, proper nourishment, etc. Trays for invalids were prepared and made as attractive as possible.

The study of bacteriology took up bacteria in earth, air and water, causes of disease, effects on food and health, etc. We became better acquainted with these little pests than ever before.

The study of psychology and pedagogy proved most beneficial. Reports on reading were required and papers as to original observations were written by the students and were highly entertaining. The life and writings of great educators were studied and their principles discussed and applied to the present time.

A few events on the social side of the school life may be of interest. One of the first was an outing given by President Perky and Mrs. Higbee. The class was taken up the lake and a most enjoyable clam bake given at Hotel Edgemere. Mr. Perky is a firm believer in outdoor exercise, and in May a riding track and bridle path was started behind the Oread. Horses were furnished by Mr. Perky and we received the benefit of this track for a brief time. We almost envy the girls of next year. Along the track we one day planted flowers in a space allotted to each state. May the coming class enjoy these little tokens.

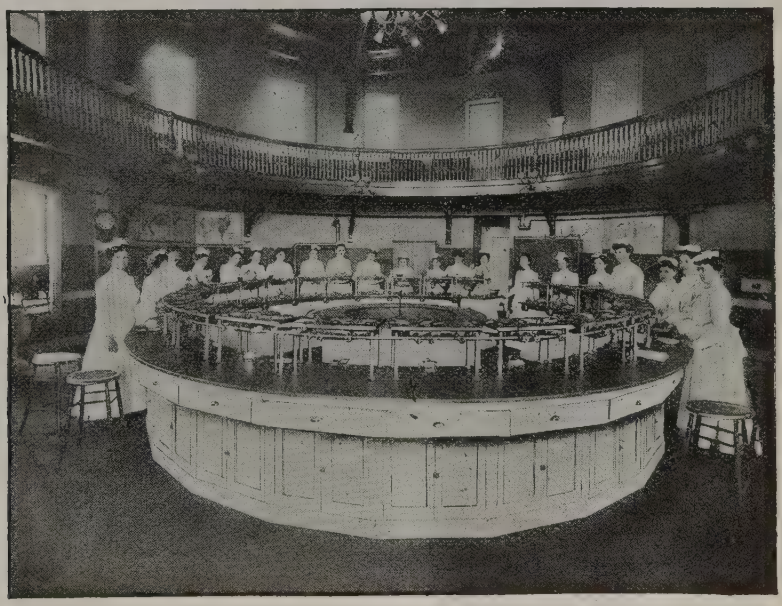
Holidays — as Christmas, Thanksgiving, Hallowe'en, Easter and birthdays— were celebrated with festivities, and made most happy occasions. At one time there was some friendly rivalry between the two divisions. The A's being the first to master the art of laundering men's shirts, donned these articles and gave a promenade. Later the B's did

likewise and gave a party to the A's. We voted our gentlemen friends most royal entertainers and returned the compliment with a spirited faculty meeting.

To those wishing to take a trip to Boston a week was given in April. Four days were spent in this city. The party was chaperoned by two teachers, who took us to visit the Boston Cooking School, the Institute of Technology, Harvard and the high schools. We visited also many historical points of interest and large factories where foods and household furnishings were made. Evidently forty girls do not appear in Boston every day, judging from some remarks overheard, as, "What has struck Boston?" "Something has broken loose;" "Must be chorus girls;" "Teachers' Institute;" "Woman's Relief Corps," etc. But such remarks only added spice to our trip, which was most enjoyable.

Commencement week was full of preparation and life, but the closing of the year was filled with the greatest regret. Many have expressed the desire that the course at Oread were at least two years.

Summing it all up, I feel that I have to thank the National Magazine and Oread Institute for one of the happiest and most profitable years of my life—a year whose lessons will prove constantly of service in all the years that may come to me. I am very glad to learn that the National is to have another Oread scholarship for this year, and I congratulate the lucky girl—not yet chosen, I believe—who will receive it.



KITCHEN LABORATORY—COOKING CLASS AT WORK.

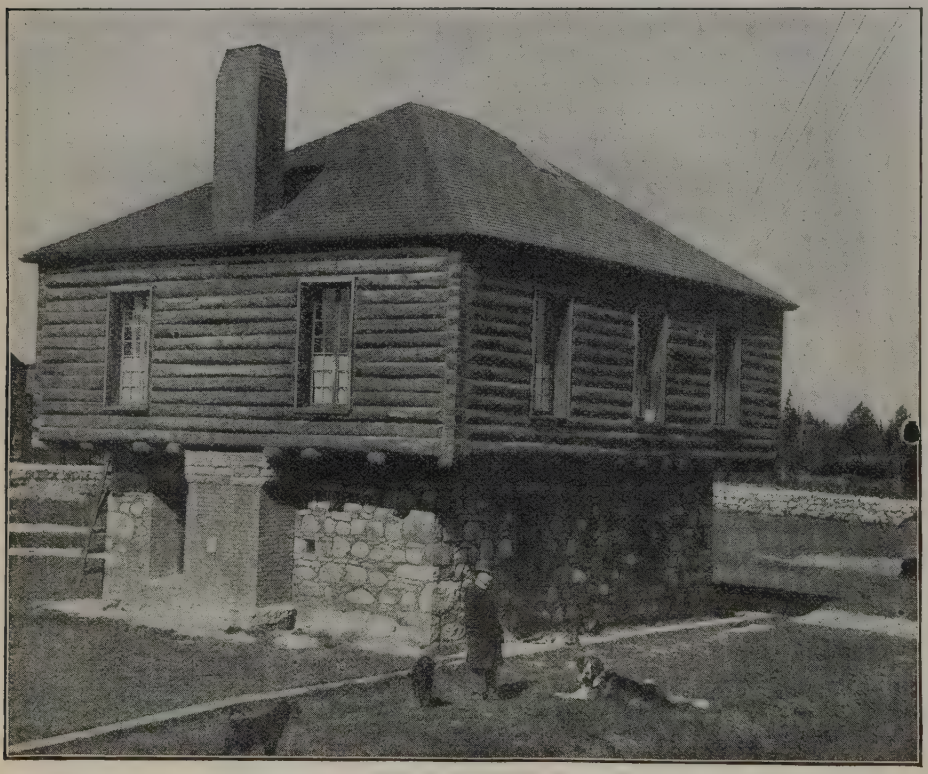
Now it is the constant duty of parents first, and later of parents and teachers, to see that the child does not infringe upon the rights of others. As has already been said, the whole object of education is to train the human being so that he will be governed by his reason.—From "A Broader Elementary Education," by J. P. Gordy, Ph. D. (Hinds & Noble, New York.)

Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan and Ontario

By FRANK M. SPARKS

OUT from the mists of legend and romance there have arisen on the banks of St. Mary's river within the past two decades, and more especially within the last ten years, two cities, one in Michigan and one in Ontario, toward which the eyes of the commercial and industrial world are turned with ever increasing wonderment.

These cities, hallowed by the memory of Father Marquette and his associates, bear the same name, taking it from the falls in St. Mary's river at this point. The French called the falls Le Sault de Sainte Marie, meaning the fall or leap of the St. Mary's, but in common parlance and for sake of brevity, these cities have come to be known the world over



FRANCIS H. CLERGUE, THE WIZARD OF THE SOO

The above picture is the only one ever published of the man who is responsible for the present importance of the two Soos. It represents Mr. Clergue standing in front of the famous old blockhouse erected early in the eighteenth century by the Hudson Bay Fur Company. Mr. Clergue upon arriving in the Soo had the old blockhouse restored and has lived in it himself ever since. He has now in process of construction a magnificent residence; but the old blockhouse will never be destroyed. Mr. Clergue's love for animals may be seen by the dogs with which he is surrounded and the bear in the background. Mr. Clergue has never sat for a picture and has successfully dodged the snapshotters who have tried for years to catch him. None ever succeeded until the gentleman who took this picture caught him unawares while he was playing with his dogs.

simply as the "Soos."

According to the state census of 1884, Sault St. Marie, Michigan, was a village of 2,638 inhabitants. The United States census of 1890 gave it a population of 5,760, while five years later it had grown to 10,538, and today its population is estimated at about 15,000. Predictions for the future of the city, based upon the wonderful advantages of the place, set the population at the end of five years at between 50,000 and 100,000. These figures may be taken as those of the Canadian Soo as well, since the cities have grown up side by side and with equal rapidity.

Three factors have contributed to this phenomenal growth and to its importance to the commercial and industrial world.

First of all, nature placed at this point an obstruction to one of the greatest waterways in the world, and in this very obstruction placed a water power hardly excelled by any to be found on this continent except Niagara; second, man's ingenuity overcame this obstruction to the waterway by building around it the greatest ship canal in the world; third, man's ingenuity harnessed the great water power and made possible the use of nearly 60.000 horse power for industrial purposes, at the same time accomplishing one of the greatest feats of engineering the world has ever seen.

All about the shores of Lake Superior nature placed one of the richest ore regions on the globe. On every side are deposits of those ores most in demand in the industries of the nations. Some have already been developed and many are still awaiting the pick of the miner. The only obstruction to prevent carrying these ores to the markets of the East by water was that placed at the narrow entrance of St. Mary's river where its bed drops suddenly twenty feet from the level of Lake Superior to that of Lake Huron.

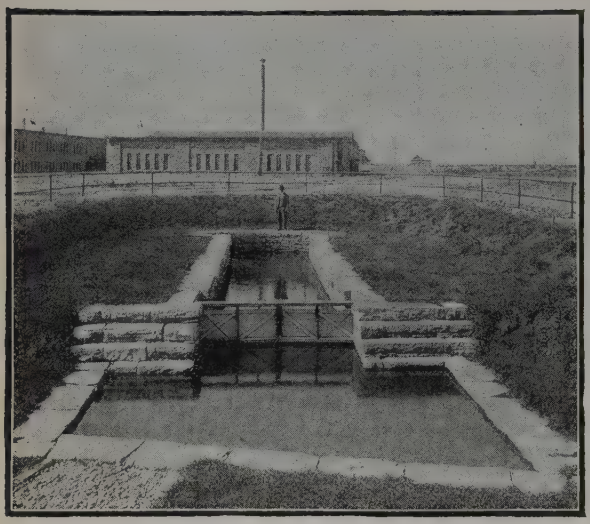
The Ship Canals

In the desire to assist their commerce, the governments of the United States and Canada constructed around this sudden drop ship canals on their respective sides of the river, the traffic through which will probably never be surpassed, unless by the Panama canal.

Where seventyfive years ago naught but the canoe of the indian or the batteau of the trapper of the Hudson Bay Fur Company ruffled the waters of the river and where fifty years ago small sailing vessels bore their insignificant cargoes as far as the rapids, there to be transferred to other vessels waiting on the other side of the portage, today vessels bearing more than 8,000 tons of the most valuable ores or merchandise are taken around the rapids in the short space of twelve minutes, through the greatest locks in the world.

Although the season of navigation at this point is less than nine months per year, more freight and a greater number of vessels passes through these canals than through any similar waterway in the world operating the full twelve months in the year. Suez canal, connecting two oceans and open to the trade of all nations for twelve full months; the great canal between Liverpool and Manchester, England, and the Kaiser Wilhelm canal, have long since been left far in the rear in the amount of tonnage passed. Suez canal, in the year 1902, passed 17,827,189 net tons of freight in 3,708 vessels representing almost every nation on the globe. In eight months and twenty days of the same year the canals at the Soo passed 35,961,146 net tons in 22,659 vessels of the United States and Canada. For the full twelve months of the same year the port of Liverpool could boast but 3,360,000 net tons.

Of this great traffic at the Soo the American canal alone passed 31,232,795 net tons of freight besides 6,500 cords of pulp-wood and 5,000,000 feet of pine logs



First Lock Around the Falls of St. Mary's River—Built by the Hudson Bay Fur Company in 1798, and Destroyed by U. S. Troops in 1814

which passed over the rapids, bound for lower lake ports. Thus it will be seen that the Canadian canal, which passed but thirteen per cent. of the freight, passed much more than did the port of Liverpool, while the traffic of the American canal was twice that of the Suez, less about one half that of Liverpool. The increase in the traffic through the Soo canals for the year 1902 over 1901 was 7,558,081 net tons, or nearly one half the total traffic of the Suez canal for the year.

Development of the Canals

The history of the development of these canals is interesting. The first one was constructed on the Canadian side of the river in 1798, by the Hudson Bay Fur Company. The lock was thirty-eight feet long, nine feet eight inches wide, and had a lift of nine feet. The batteaux of the trappers were dragged through it by means of an ox team walking along a towpath. This lock was destroyed by United States troops in 1814. The floor timbers and sills remained and the lock was restored some years ago and forms one of the attractions of the Canadian Soo.

The next locks were constructed on the American side of the river in 1853 to 1855 by the state of Michigan. There were two tandem locks, each 350 feet long by seventy feet wide. Up to 1851 traffic around the rapids was estimated at 12,600 net tons, but in 1861 it had increased to 88,000 net tons. Weitzel lock was built by the United States government in 1870 to 1881, at a cost of $1,000,000. The lock is 515 feet long by eighty feet wide, and in the year of its completion the traffic was 1,567,741 net tons. The state locks were destroyed in 1887, to make room for the Poe lock, 800 feet long by 100 wide. It was completed in 1896 at a cost of $3,000,000; traffic through it and the Wietzel has increased to the present enormous size. The Canadian lock is 900 feet long by sixty feet wide and was completed in 1895 at a cost, with approaches, of $4,000,000.

But these locks are proving inadequate, and the United States government is now considering the construction of a third lock, to be 1,300 feet long and of sufficient depth to pass any vessel afloat. The ship canals are perhaps the objects of principal interest to the thousands of tourists who throng the government park each summer, watching the great ships as they are raised or lowered from the level of one lake to that of another.

What Made the Cities

The third factor, and the one which more than all others is responsible for the rapid growth of the two cities, the factor which makes the Soos of importance in the industrial world and which

holds out a future of the greatest possibilities, is due to the magic touch of Francis H. Clergue, who by his genius and energy succeeded where many others had failed, and who brought the Soos from the position, of two little villages tucked away in an out of the way corner, to the cities they are today.

The Michigan Soo canal, which was completed last October, was no new project when Francis H. Clergue began work on it in 1893. The earliest pioneers in the Soo appreciated the value of the falls as a source of power. But it remained for a regiment of the regular army, early in the last century, to make the first use of this power. The members of this regiment stationed in the Soo dug a little ditch from the head of the rapids to a point near where now stands the Park Hotel. At that point was located a sawmill, the product of which was used by the troops in the construction of their huts for winter. By means of this ditch enough power was harnessed to operate the mill until about 1852, when it was destroyed and the ditch filled up. At about this time a man named Samuel Whitney of New York visited the Soo, and, being impressed with the advantages of the power here, organized a syndicate of New York capitalists to develop it. They bought an immense tract of land, but before any excavation was begun the syndicate passed out of existence.

MICHIGAN LAKE SUPERIOR POWER COMPANY'S CANAL JUST BEFORE IT CURVES INTO THE FOREBAY—POWER HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND

Failures Multiplied

From this time until 1881 the water power proposition lay dormant, but in that year a company composed of George S. Frost and Charles W. Noble of Detroit and Charles B. Colton and Lester A. Roberts of New York took it up. They secured the passage of an enabling act and bought a lot of land, which resulted in litigation, and the whole scheme was again exploded.

In 1885 the town itself thought by bonding to the amount of $40,000 to develop the water power; after many intrigues in the council it handed the scheme over to a company of local financiers, who had organized a company capitalized at $100,000. The members of the company were George W. Brown, Louis P. Trempe, William Chandler, Frank Perry, George Kemp, Joshua Green and Otto Fowle. After an expenditure of $18,000 of their money in preliminaries, they saw that their capital would be but a drop in the bucket and went in search of men and money to assist them.

About this time, John G. Stradley happened along with a surveying party and became interested in the water power project. He proposed a company with $1,000,000 capital. His offer was accepted and he succeeded in raising sufficient subscriptions for stock to warrant the beginning of work. Some excavation was done, but it was discovered that the million dollars would not finish the job, and the outside capitalists decided to give it up. This was a sad blow to the people of the Soo, who offered to subscribe $100,000 more to the stock if the outsiders would do likewise. They agreed, and $41,000 worth of short term bonds were issued to complete the purchase of the right of way.

About this time there came to the Soo one John Alexander Hamilton Gunn, claiming to be the representative of a big English syndicate. He made many delightful promises, turned all that had been accomplished into blue sky, swindled the stockholders out of what they had and departed, having dealt a death blow to the then pending water power project and some industries which had been organized in connection with it. The mortgages on the property were foreclosed and again this ditch, which had been the burying ground of many hopes and fortunes, became nothing more than a ditch.

The Arrival of Clergue

Things were in such condition when Francis H. Clergue arrived in the Soo in 1893 and became interested. He talked little and did much, and soon organized a syndicate with unlimited capital which purchased the power canal project for $68,000. Work was at once begun in developing it. There were at that time, and unfortunately they are not all dead yet, those who were sceptical over the matter and expected to see Mr. Clergue lay his money and hopes alongside those of his predecessors. But money kept coming whenever it was needed. Work was begun and pushed unceasingly from that time until, on October 25, 1902, the people saw Miss Helen Clergue turn the golden switch which caused a dozen lights to glow about her, announcing that the great power canal was at last performing its functions.

Construction of the Power Canal

After Mr. Clergue arrived in the Soo and decided to undertake the water power development, a vast amount of work was necessarily done before actual digging could be begun. It was not until October, 1898, that the contracts were awarded, but excavation was started immediately afterward. Just south of the western entrance to the ship canal is the intake of the power canal, 900 feet wide and narrowing to 250 feet 1,000 feet from where the water of Lake Superior enters. It continues at this width to the head gates at the westerly entrance of the canal proper. From the head gates to the power house is a distance of 13,000 feet or nearly two and one half miles. The canal is 200 feet wide and the water will flow at the uniform depth of twenty-three feet. The canal cuts the city in two, making an island of the business section. Six iron bridges span the waterway and the two sides of the city thus connected are called "the Island" and the "South Side."

In the construction of the canal, a variety of material was taken out. The first 1,500 feet passes through Lake Superior sand, boulders, and gravel, while the next 4,000 feet are of solid rock. The following 8,000 feet is of the same drift as that at the intake, but near the power house changes to a silicous clay. Through the intake the canal walls are retained by timber cribs topped off from just below the surface of the water with masonry. Through the rock cut the walls are vertical, while through the sand and gravel the canal is formed by timber and is trapezoidal in shape. The current thus running at the rate of one and one half miles an hour, when the entire plant is in operation, will deliver approximately 30,000 cubic feet of water every second, and will render available, making all deductions for losses, about 60,000 horse power.

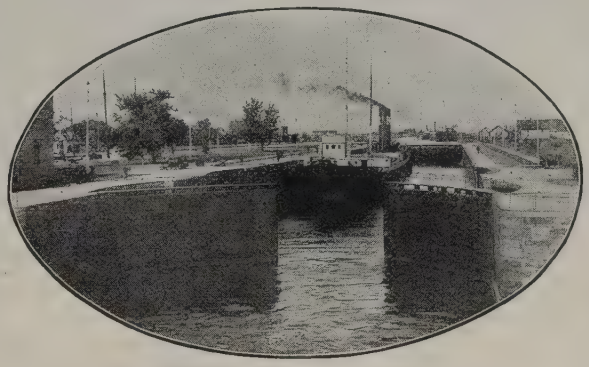
The Great Power House

Forming a dam at the eastern end of the canal, through which the water of Lake Superior has thus been decoyed from its natural channel, is situated the great power house 1,368 feet in length. To gain the river once more the water must pass over thirtyfive-inch turbines

arranged in pairs in eightyone chambers beneath the structure. Above these pits are two floors, upon which are installed the dynamos connecting with the turbines by a shaft. The dynamos were installed by the Stanley Electric Manufacturing Company. Over 300 acres of land were reclaimed during construction; 3,500 feet of navigation docks were built; thirtythree miles of rails were laid and operated. The approximated cost of the whole great undertaking was between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000.

Other Water Power

But it must not be presumed that all the water power development of the Soo lies in the great canal of the Michigan Lake Superior Power Company. Down on the very banks of the rapids, and just outside the locks, is located the narrow strip of land owned by the Chandler-Dunbar Company. Here, with a trifling expense, as compared with what it cost to build the Clergue canal, there has been developed a water power of 10,000 horse power, and on this site there will be in process of construction within a few months another big industry for the Soo.



MODERN 500-FOOT ORE CARRIER ABOUT TO LEAVE POE LOCK, PASSING DOWN THE AMERICAN CANAL

The American Sault Pulp and Paper Company, organized with a capital of $4,000,000, will erect a power house somewhat after the same plan as that of the Michigan Lake Superior Power Company, and will take from it the power to operate a ground wood pulp mill, a sulphite pulp mill, and a paper mill, the latter having a capacity of from 125 to 150 tons per day. It is further proposed to build a box mill, as soon as the rest of the undertaking is working properly, and the whole plant may at any time be enlarged with little or no difficulty because of the general plan upon which it is to be constructed. The cost of transportation of the product of this plant will be placed at a minimum, because of the deep water docking facilities on the property and the convenience of switching to the three trunk lines which pass through the Soo.

Other Industries

The Union Carbide Company will have the largest plant of its kind in the world ready for operation as soon as the Michigan Lake Superior Power Company is ready to furnish the 20,000 horse power which it has purchased. The buildings of the Carbide company are connected by a steel bridge with the great power house itself, so that the two buildings, from the water front, look like one, more than a half mile in length.

The Craig White Metal Company will begin construction this year, having purchased power from the Clergue company. The plant will be a large one, employing probably 500 men at the start. Other smaller companies which have already spoken for power are the Superior Food Company, Ltd., the Petosky Rug Company, the Caskey Furniture Company, the Chippewa Boat Works and the Consolidated Lake Superior Company, which has planned an immense paper mill to utilize the product of its pulp mills.

In the Canadian Soo

The industries of the Canadian Soo are more fully developed than those of the American side of the river and are practically all owned and operated by the subsidary companies of the Consolidated. The companies now in operation there are the Algoma Central and Hudson Bay Railway Company, which extends 190 miles into the rich mineral regions of the Michipicoten and operates a fleet of steamers on the lakes. The Lake Superior Power Company has in operation a canal delivering 20,000 horse power. The Algoma Steel Company owns and operates the Bessemer Steel Works, blooming mill and rail mill. The capacity of these plants is 600 tons of Bessemer steel ingots daily and they will furnish from 1,000 to 1,200 tons of rails per day. The Sault Ste. Marie Pulp and Paper Company has a ground wood mill with a daily capacity of 100 tons, and a sulphite mill with a daily capacity of sixty tons. The Algoma Commercial Company, Ltd., has extensive lumbering operations throughout the district and operates numerous sawmills and shingle mills. The Tagona Water and Light Company supplies these necessities for the entire Canadian Soo.

All these industries are owned and operated as subsidiary companies of the great Clergue syndicate; but aside from these the company owns numerous iron, gold, copper, nickle and silver mines in Ontario and street railways in both the American and Canadian Soos. In addition, there are now nearly ready for operation four blast furnaces which will make it possible for the Consolidated Lake Superior Company to take ore from its own mines, transport it to the Canadian Soo over its own railroad, run it into pigs in its own blast furnaces, manufacture it into steel rails in its own mill and transport the finished product to the markets in its own boats.

Not all Smoke and Din

But it must not be presumed that the two Soos are all smoke and din of industry, for there is no more beautiful spot on the globe than at this point on the St. Mary's. Up on the hill in the American Soo is Fort Brady, in which is always stationed a battalion of Uncle Sam's regulars. Just at present, four companies of the famous "Fighting First" infantry, fresh from four years service in various climes, may be seen drilling in their khaki uniforms which they wore while in the Philippines.

About thirty miles down the river is Desbarats, a most beautiful spot, where there is presented each day in summer the Ojibway indian production of Longfellow's beautiful poem, *Hiawatha*. No tourist ever leaves the Soo without having seen this drama.

In the two Soos one may find almost anything he desires. Great feats of engineering, the bustle of vast industries, or the quiet and beauty of the wilderness either as nature made it or as it has been beautified by the hand of man.

General View of the Clergue Works in the Canadian Soo

WHERE READY-TO-EAT FOOD IS PREPARED

By MITCHELL MANNERING

TRIMMING TONGUES

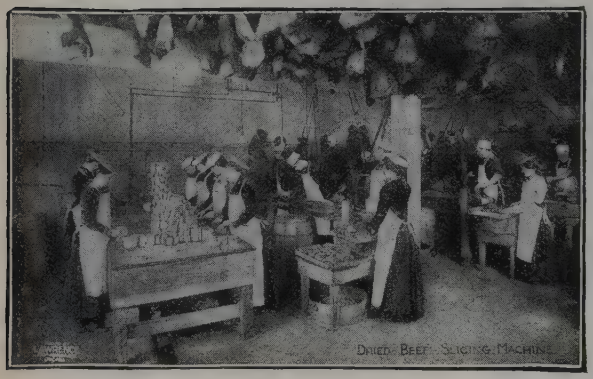
IT was the noon hour, a most appropriate and appetizing time, that I took up another chapter of American life for study at close visual range. We are all creatures of sentiment, more or less, and when I glanced over the stupendous figures of the production of ready-to-eat food in the United States, I chose Libby, McNeil & Libby's plant in Chicago; first, because it is the largest of the kind in the world, but essentially because when I recalled my salad "batching" days in a Dakota claim shack, years ago, I remembered a good-sized monument of tin cans near the shack, each having the label of Libby, McNeil & Libby. These solitary repasts, prepared after a day's work with an appetite stimulated by Dakota zephyrs, are a cherished memory of the past. And I had actually opened so many of the Libby, McNeil & Libby cans that I began to feel a sort of ownership in the product. Scattered in the wake of American pioneer life, you will find the tin cans. They bring the luxuries of all climes and all seasons into even the remotest regions.

So, with the memory of these tin cans, at high noon I entered the plant which was to me a more interesting study of American life of today than any text book could furnish. Here was apparent at a glance an interesting phase of the great evolution of American life which has permeated the very spirit of the world. The dreams of cooperative kitchens of yesterday were here presented as facts of today. The catering of the world confined to a small plot of ground, and in this plant representing about six acres of ground and fifty acres of floor space. Over ten million cans represent the product every thirty days, and every month sixty thousand cattle are slaughtered for this particular purpose. These figures are simply stupendous. What a barbecue it all represents! What a picture the multitudes fed by this one plant would represent, if gathered together from all parts of the earth at one time!

In the cooling room were an array of choice beeves which are utilized altogether for the one specific purpose of prepared meats. It is not refuse, as many have thought, but the freshest and best beef, that gives the high grade, natural flavor that has won for these products the highest awards wherever exhibited for purity and excellence.

At almost any time of the day there is a group of visitors looking over the plant, which is certainly one of the sights of the city. On the writing table in the writ-

FILLING SIX-POUND CANS



DRIED-BEEF SLICING MACHINE

ing room, is an array of handsome literature and a valuable library of recipe books which at once interest the thrifty housewife. The European tourist at once notes an old favorite in the shape of an illustrated post card giving a picture of the plant, and this he mails home. The personnel of the visitors, coming from all parts of the country and all countries of the world, indicates that the same keen interest is maintained in good things to eat, as in the novels of Dickens and Sir Walter Scott. The critical gaze of the New England housewife is punctuated with words of approval, as she passes along the visitors' gallery and sees the scrupulous neatness of every nook and corner.

In the first large room the men are at work preparing the carcasses for various departments—a sort of a postal delivery service. Everywhere are chefs in neat white caps and jacket, and girls in cap and apron who give the scene a peculiarly picturesque and homelike aspect. The cooking and preparation of the 150 varieties prepared in this plant is given the same painstaking care as in the most orderly home kitchen. The cooked beef is put into cans with a machine, and the air extracted by a vacuum machine which reserves all the natural flavor. In the great soup kitchen there was an appetite created at once, that brought back visions of those blissful moments of youthful anticipation that came just before the Thanksgiving dinner. The newest product prepared is called "Melroe Pate," a combination of game, ham and tongue which is proving very popular. A taste of this at once brought visions of tempting picnic repasts on the banks of some sylvan stream, and the laughter and merriment of a day in the woods. The ham loaf, veal loaf, in fact every kind of a combination known to tempt the palate were here arranged in neatly labeled cans ready to be shipped to all parts of the world. Here were cans bearing the United States government stamp, ready for shipment to the Philippines, side by side with consignments labeled for all the continents of the globe.

What impressed me most was the "rest room" where the girls gathered for the noon hour. The bright, happy and pretty faces, the merry peals of laughter over lunch, the whole scene, pictured the preeminence of the American idea. Over 3,000 people in this plant alone, and no sunny housekeeper, singing at her task, was ever a more perfect picture of content. The very subtle spirit of the household is implanted in the production of American canned goods.

PACKING BEEF EXTRACT

CUT-OVER TIMBER LANDS FARMING DISTRICTS TODAY

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WHILE the subject of expansion is uppermost in the American mind, the question of internal development is not overlooked. One of the most interesting phases of internal development has been the settlement of cut-off timber lands, upon which splendid farms are being developed, from land costing $10 to $12 per acre, into equal value of production to those valued at $100 to $120 an acre. And these $12 lands are located within a radius of 300 miles of the large central markets of the middle west.

On May 30 an excursion train, containing a party of prominent railroad officials, bankers and manufacturers, made a tour of some of the counties in northern Wisconsin to see what had actually been accomplished within the past five years and the visual evidence produced was astonishing. It shows that in seeking paying investment in farming lands far off in unexplored sections of the British northwest,—the great opportunities right at hand are overlooked.

The genius that pioneered and persistently led this movement, despite the sneers of wiseacres, is James L. Gates of Milwaukee, who bought millions of acres of these lands, when people thought he was foolish, while he stoutly maintained that time would vindicate his conviction. Lands purchased ten years ago at fifty cents to $1 per acre are now selling at $10 and $12, and producing results which indicate that the advances in value to date are only a beginning of the appreciation of prices that is to follow.

* * *

Born in Essex county, New York, among the Adirondacks, James L. Gates was brought west with his parents when four years old to the then wilderness of Clark county, Wisconsin; Essex county was the place where the late Senator Philetus Sawyer came from, and led the van of pine land patriarchs in the new fields. They came prepared for the pioneer work. The logging camps of Maine and the Adirondacks were the training schools for many of the successful lumbermen of the lake states.

Remember that in 1856 there was not a piece of railroad iron west of the Mississippi river. The twelve families in Clark county then have increased to 35,000, and the school houses have increased from nine to 252, every one of which this pioneer boy, who had no school advantages, has helped to build. Young Gates spent most of his early years working in the woods; and as he studied the cut-over lands, after the tall timber had been removed, he began to picture in his mind their future which has been so abundantly realized.

* * *

An old, well worn, black-covered location plat book is in Mr. Gates' possession, giving sectional maps. A red ink block marked in the book has now faded to dull pink. It reads NE quarter SW section 22 T 25 R 3 west, located on Wedge's creek, named after Major Wedge, an early settler of Clark county. Tall, strong and vigorous, this young man of twentyone walked fifty miles to Eau Claire and borrowed the money, $50 ($1.25 per acre), to enter the first forty acres he had ever owned, and which later years has run into millions of acres. The old plat book was carried for many years after, until filled with red marks indicating his ownership, and four others followed in succession. He as-

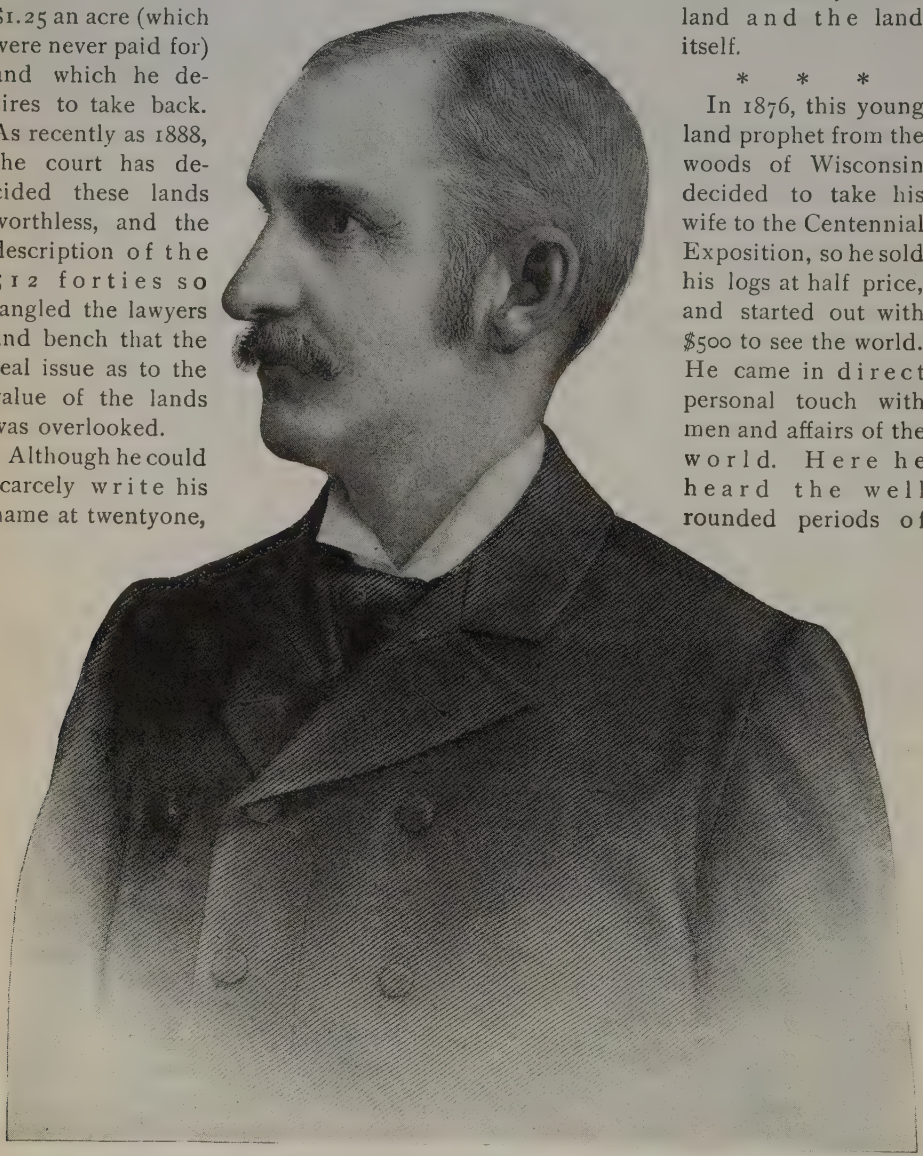
sisted Putnam in locating the famous Cornell university tract, and kept in close touch with the lumbering interests.

To show how his faith has triumphed, a case in the United States Supreme Court is pending, upon which he prepared the brief, which involves the point as to whether he swindled the parties in selling lands at $1.25 an acre (which were never paid for) and which he desires to take back. As recently as 1888, the court has decided these lands worthless, and the description of the 512 forties so tangled the lawyers and bench that the real issue as to the value of the lands was overlooked.

Although he could scarcely write his name at twentyone, Mr. Gates, through the help of his wife at the beginning, has become one of the best posted men on land laws in the country. He has learned it by the hard knocks incident to legal knots to be solved, and his marvelous retention of descriptions of lands has baffled lawyers. He not only knows the figures but the history of the land and the land itself.

* * *

In 1876, this young land prophet from the woods of Wisconsin decided to take his wife to the Centennial Exposition, so he sold his logs at half price, and started out with $500 to see the world. He came in direct personal touch with men and affairs of the world. Here he heard the well rounded periods of



JAMES L. GATES, PIONEER AND LEADER IN DEVELOPING WISCONSIN'S CUT-OVER LANDS

William M. Evarts and the roar of Centennial fireworks. It fired his ambition, as it did that of others. He got others interested in his land idea, and has paid over a million and a half dollars in taxes; and in all of the thousands of acres sold to new settlers during twentyfive years, he never foreclosed a mortgage. This is certainly a remarkable record, considering that the volume of business has run over $25,000,000.

Now the J. L. Gates Land Company has over three hundred agents in all parts of the country bringing in new settlers to this overlooked tract between Chicago, Duluth and St. Paul — the world's greatest market for agricultural products. The personnel of the party on this remarkable excursion shows the class of men he has interested. The railroad men are eager to build new feeders to the trunk lines; the lumbermen no longer sneer, but enlist and cooperate in the work that saves them millions; the bankers can loan money to actual settlers on $6 per acre land with better security than mortgages on $60 land farther south, for the productive qualities of the land are equal.

It was my good fortune to join the party which was made up at Madison, the capital city of Wisconsin, at Chippewa Falls on the morning of May 30. The special train of seven Pullmans came rushing in on time after a stop at the thriving city of Eau Claire, Wisconsin. The train made an inspiring sight, bannered with the word "Gates," which stands for leadership in large operations on "cut-over" lands. Breakfast at the Stanley house with Thad Pound's farfamed Chippewa spring water was enjoyed, after a ride on the fine Inter-Urban railway, driven by the power of the falls. The noise of the rushing waters of the falls give life to the beautiful picture of the city and largest sawmill in the world, which was closed down for Memorial day. Here the party were met by distinguished citizens of Chippewa, and promptly, according to Northwestern methods, the train pulled out on time.

At Cartwright the party of three hundred were taken in carriages nine miles to Long Lake. It was upon this drive that the guests came upon the border of the Gates domain of nearly a million acres of cut-over lands. On every hand were the homes of farmers equipped with rural free delivery mail boxes. We passed two school houses, and on one monster log was a family of ten children to bid defiance to race suicide. The strong growth of clover in the wild clearings was a positive index. There was land with productive qualities equal to any—virgin soil—that lies within the undiscovered state—the "New Wisconsin." The lumbermen had reaped their harvest of pine, but in the scores of splendid farm houses we saw was the permanent worth of the country. The stumps are taken out by pullers, by dynamite, and in one instance an improvised funnel or chimney was so arranged that Mr. Stump burned himself into a charred mass, very considerately. The caravan of sixty teams made quite a sight and General Passenger Agent C. A. Cairns of the Chicago & Northwestern road, who was with the party, grew eloquent in calling attention to the herds of kine browsing in the slashings on as rich feed as could be found anywhere. The little homes had an air of thrift, prosperity and permanence. The logs picked up on the land gave a snug nest egg. Mr. Barnes, a representative of The Live Stock Journal, was very enthusiastic over the daisy carpeted fields dotted with livestock.

At Sherwood Cottage, in the very depths of Sherwood forest, the party was entertained by Mr. Robert L. Gates, son of J. L. Gates, and one of the very active and energetic managers of the company. The cottage affords a splendid view of the lake, fringed by heavy timber and heavy grasses. In the woods near by was

the real old fashioned "down-in-Maine" bean hole, from which a banquet was served while the embers still smouldered. It seemed to me that I never enjoyed food more; and the deep woods, in which the fallen leaves and logs of centuries had accumulated, rang with the cheers in response to a toast for James L. Gates, the man who had pictured this future. From a mound of earth Mr. Gates responded, and the initial spread under the trees was voted an auspicious opening for the two-days campaign. The party was intensely interested in the revelations of the land. They found everything growing in the wild state, from ginseng to smartweed, giving some evidence of the earlier civilization of the logging camp. On the lake, six miles long, were steam launches and little steamers, and such fishing—well, that is too long a story. But here we were at the very threshold of the rich lands of Gates county, the county created two years ago by act of the legislature, and named for Mr. Gates.

Everywhere, on this 30th. of May, the stars and stripes were flying. At Cameron Junction the train was taken over the St. Paul & Sault Ste Marie railroad —known as the "Soo" line, and after an interesting ride, revealing more and more the possibilities of these lands at Weyerhauser, Bruce and other thriving towns along the line, Ladysmith, the new county seat of Gates county, was reached about six o'clock. The first thing that impressed me was a handsome, large school house over which the nation's flag was floating. Then there were the stars and stripes on the town flag pole. A city of two thousand, practically built up within two years; fine homes, banks, newspapers, paper mills, woodenware factories, and room for many more to take advantage of the falls of the Flambeaux river, which makes a graceful curve at the city's limits. There was an air of bustle and spirit. A brass band burst forth with greeting. The town was all out to greet us, and it was indeed a hearty welcome. The new hotel was only partially completed—but that did not interfere with the enthusiastic spirit of Ladysmith. The ladies of the town had joined together and helped to give a spread for the Business Men's Association of Ladysmith. There were covers for nearly four hundred. On the wall in evergreen was a "Welcome to Ladysmith." The affair had the touch of the hearthstone about it. Speeches were made and handsome souvenirs, giving views of the city, furnished by Mr. Soule, were presented. Mr. Gates was presented with the keys of the city. Ex-Governor George W. Peck was among the prominent guests and speakers. It was indeed a happy occasion; and the facts produced as to what the farmers of Gates county were doing was truly astounding. There was a hearty spirit of modern pioneering, which revealed the wonderful progress made in a half century in that particular. When the train pulled out the following morning, there was a cheery goodbye from all the people assembled at the station, which revealed a phase of the real strength of the republic. Here was pure, shoulder-to-shoulder democracy.

* * *

The ride along the "Soo" road that day, touching the heart of Gates county, brought forth further revelations of the opportunities here offered the sturdy and determined young man who wants to make himself a good home, where industry will furnish any young farmer a good working capital to start with. Stops at Prentice, Medford and the towns on the Wisconsin Central indicated what tremendous strides had been made in the last decade in opening farms. At the prosperous little city of Marshfield, the party was again met by a brass band and by ex-Governor W. H. Upham. The splendid stock farms in this locality are a sure index of the future

of the adjoining counties to the north.

The great climax of the trip was at Neilsville, Wisconsin, the old home of Mr. Gates, and where he had lived for over fifty years, from the earliest pioneer days. In this country are over two thousand farmers to whom Mr. Gates has sold land, on which they have all realized handsome profits, and they were ready with tributes to the man who had explored and developed the agricultural possibilities of the region. From the seven hills of this beautiful city we could view a landscape of farm houses that could be seen as far as the eye could reach, which would do credit to the far-famed valleys of New York and other eastern states. Land that now sells for $100 an acre could be bought a few years ago at $10 and even less. It spread before one the wide-sweeping probabilities of American development in sections heretofore overlooked in the rush to the prairies of the farther West. Here the timber — wood and bark — furnished a capital to start with that eliminated the terrors of the mortgage.

* * *

The spread was given the guests in the armory, and such salads! such cream! a repast that will long live in the memory of all. There were speeches concerning the future of their own homeland. It was a beautiful outburst of local patriotism. At the guest table, in fact, the only lady seated at the table (for the others were all looking after the wants of the guests) was the venerable mother of James L. Gates. It was a beautiful tribute paid to one who had braved the perils and dangers of early pioneer days and inspired a son who has carried out to a successful issue the plans dreamed of in childhood. It was a proud moment for mother and son. And such stories as they told of the genius and capacity for doing things that Mr. Gates possesses! It was indeed an occasion of a "prophet with honor in his own country" and was the conclusive evidence that the lands of the "New North" have proven equal to his expectations in every particular.

I wish it were possible to give a complete list of the three hundred gentlemen who dwelt together for three days in Pullman cars. There were statesmen, ex-governors, doctors, lawyers, bankers, farmers, merchants, workingmen, mechanics, editors,—in fact, every phase of American life was represented; and the hearty feeling of the resolutions and the remembrances but feebly expressed the appreciation of James L. Gates and his sons Robert and Harry for the pleasure and information of the tour; and the hospitalities of the various towns, — all will recall it with pleasure and associate it with a knowledge of the "New North," which can never be adequately realized without seeing it. This belt of land will support millions and make Wisconsin the empire state of the West. The tide has only just begun. The Gates Land Company is doing a work far beyond that of a mere commercial transaction. It is putting a farm home within the reach of every man of industry and determination. There is a great moral as well as economic force involved in giving the steady young farmers who are renters a chance to become owners,—a movement which also brings many from the congested cities into the roomy and healthy country. Who will venture to forecast the picture of twenty years hence on the great, rich, cut-over timber lands of the "New North?"

* * *

It all seems like a dream, that so much can be accomplished through the boundless energy and genius of one man. Mr. Gates has built a life monument which time will enrich and beautify. The thousands of new farm houses opened up in this district during three years are a matter of national interest—a phase of American life that reveals the real internal expansive strength of the nation.

WHEN President Roosevelt alighted from the train at Washington on June 5, at the conclusion of his memorable tour of 1903, he had the cheery air of one home from a rejuvenating recreation. The brown tan of the trip in the Rockies remained, and there was a vigor in his every action which indicated that the reservoir of vitality was well filled. His easy, off-hand greetings had the touch of western heartiness. This tour was more than a recreation trip; it was more than a political maneuver: it was an awakening of the cohesive forces of national life. The welcomes, the speeches, the incidents of this 14,000 miles of travel will fill some breezy and interesting pages in our national history.

As the president greeted me with a wave of his hand, I felt it not as a personal compliment, but an expression of cordial good will toward the National's readers. The same wave of greeting has been bestowed upon all the people at all times with a heartiness that will live in the memory of the multitudes he met face to face on this memorable swing from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

The president on this tour has come very close to the people. The days at the great Yellowstone national park; the dedication of the buildings at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition; the mingling with cowboys, and the free, open life of the prairies, the personal view of situations in non-irrigated deserts and beautiful villages; the mines, forests, prairie cities and towns, all came within the scope of personal vision of the chief executive. The school life, the church life and the home life of the people of the Pacific

MRS. JOSEPH MEDILL MCCORMICK,
Daughter of Senator and Mrs. M. A. Hanna

GLENMERE, SENATOR HANNA'S CLEVELAND HOME

West and middle West were to him an open book on this trip. From roofs, telegraph poles and fences the future citizens saw their hero as well as the badged officials in the reviewing stands and the surging, massive crowds. The air was everywhere resonant with a presidential welcome—democratic, simple, affectionate and sincere.

The vigor, honesty and pluck of Theodore Roosevelt have won the affection of the American people and compelled the admiration of the world.

After the homecoming greetings, the president was soon immersed in the accumulated business in his desk and getting at the bottom of matters personally which could not be communicated by letter or wire. His keen blue eyes, focused behind his glasses, see far into things. He seems at this time to have created a precedent in American history. No other vice president, succeeding to the presidency, through the death of the president, has ever won an election to that office. Mr. Roosevelt now seems certain to be the unanimous choice of his party in 1904. He has frankly avowed his desire and submitted his work to the people on its merits alone. And now he is going to have a rest from his recreation—and prepare for the great issues which the next congress must meet and settle.

THERE are few men of larger and broader national interest than Senator M. A. Hanna of Ohio. The attendance of President Roosevelt at the wedding of Miss Ruth Hanna at Cleveland has set at rest the political gossip for the moment, as to any misunderstanding or feeling between these two great men of

Draga

By FRANK PUTNAM

DRAGA dwelt with Alexander, king;
Fair she was, and he was young and ardent.
Love hath ever laid its best foundations,
Bird-like, in secluded, quiet places;
Thrones, exposed to all the winds of fortune,
Grant it but a brief and perilous lodging.
Yet with honied words and silent pressure,
Hand in hand, and all the pretty follies
Lovers play at, they were wondrous busy;
Eyes had he for none but his enchantress.
Other beauties vied for royal favor,—
Failure fanned resentment into fury.
Hatred hissed before them like a serpent;
Scandal spun its dusky web around them.
They were happy and the Gods immortal
Envied them and slew them as they slumbered.
Life they lost—vain, fleeting; and, unwitting,
Won instead a crown of fame eternal.
See, upon the shore of Love's Elysium,
Antony and Cleopatra greet them!
Toil and loss and at the end oblivion,—
These are yours and mine, the common portion;
Only those escape who, greatly daring,
Hazard all for love and, losing, win.
Let the pure condemn them; let the faultless
Hurl their puny pebbles; I, a sinner,
Lay a flower upon the tomb of Draga,
She who dwelt with Alexander, king.

the party. To see Senator Hanna at his best is to see him at home. He is an ideal type of broad-brained, active and positive American business man, and if Business is the Genius of the Age, he certainly is a type of the times. His office in the Perry-Payne building in Cleveland is a busy hive from the time he arrives, bright and early with a brisk and cheery greeting, until he leaves. The offices of M. A. Hanna & Co. occupy a solid floor and parts of others,

and the business of itself reveals the fundamental genius of the man who has become known as the greatest president-maker in the history of the country. The visitors stream in through the labyrinth of offices until they reach Secretary Dover's office. On the wall are the diplomas showing the membership of Marcus Alonzo Hanna in all manner of organizations, from a red-coat-adorned certificate from a volunteer fire company to a Latin-inscribed degree of Doctor of Laws.

In the next room, overlooking the busy activities of the great city he has helped to build, the senator goes right at his business in the most direct way. A few minutes talk straightens out kink after kink — business and political, as presented. Calm and judicial and just in every act as if on the supreme bench, he goes right to the heart of things.

A score — perhaps several scores—of companies and corporations claim him as president, director and guiding genius. The directors' meetings are held here. The chairs cluster about him—no time for lunch — Secretary Dover holds the watch. Telegrams come in like yellow snowflakes—but not an excited moment. He deals out decisions with the certainty of one who knows. The mail piles high —all sorts of letters from all parts of the world; but nothing phases his imperturbable and seemingly ironclad constitution. Kindly to all callers, he is in touch and sympathy with all kinds of pressing public and economic questions from the practical business side. The work which always brings a sparkle into his kind brown eyes is the Salvation Army and Civic Federation work. No man is more devoted to the task of bringing about just conclusions in vexatious labor disturbances.

In the afternoon it may be appointments at the club or a quick trip away on the train. He is always on the go—ready like a soldier at a moment's call. The beautiful home at Lake View, bordering the shores of Lake Erie, is his retreat. The towering trees, the murmur of the waves, the flowers, the drives —these are the things he loves. Here is where that historic friendship with William McKinley was cemented for life. The great, spacious hall, with its reminders of the activities of a typical American life; the library with its rugged and picturesque bricabrac; the broad, sweeping verandas overlooking the lake,—all reflect the solid, genuine wholesomeness of the man. I confess an affectionate admiration for Senator Hanna, and the more I know of him the more it deepens. His speeches are classic in their simplicity and comprehensiveness and heartsomeness. He has a wide-visioned view of affairs. In his home—with his family—he is at his best. He believes in the home as the bulwark of strength; his whole life of business and political policy begins and ends in measures to make better homes—hence better citizens. The flag at Senator Hanna's home speaks the sentiments which his life work has exemplified.

ONE of the most important announcements I have ever made in these pages is the following, which I want each one of you to read and think over carefully:

The National Magazine will establish libraries of the best new fiction in every city, town and village in the United States.

While I visited Chicago a short time ago, one of the most interesting things I noted was the extraordinary development of that class of commercial business known as the "Mail Order Trade." It was while visiting the offices of the Sims, Wilson & Sims Co., which is probably the largest mail order book concern in the world, that the plan was suggested which we will put into operation.

While sitting in the office chatting

with Mr. George R. Sims, the president of the company, he told me how he had watched the development of the circulating library both in this country and in Great Britain, for a number of years. He said he did not believe that the cooperative system problem had been logically solved nor would it be as long as those who were cooperators or subscribers were obliged to pay for the maintenance of an expensive and extensive system of transacting business and did not share equally in all the benefits to be derived from such a community of interest.

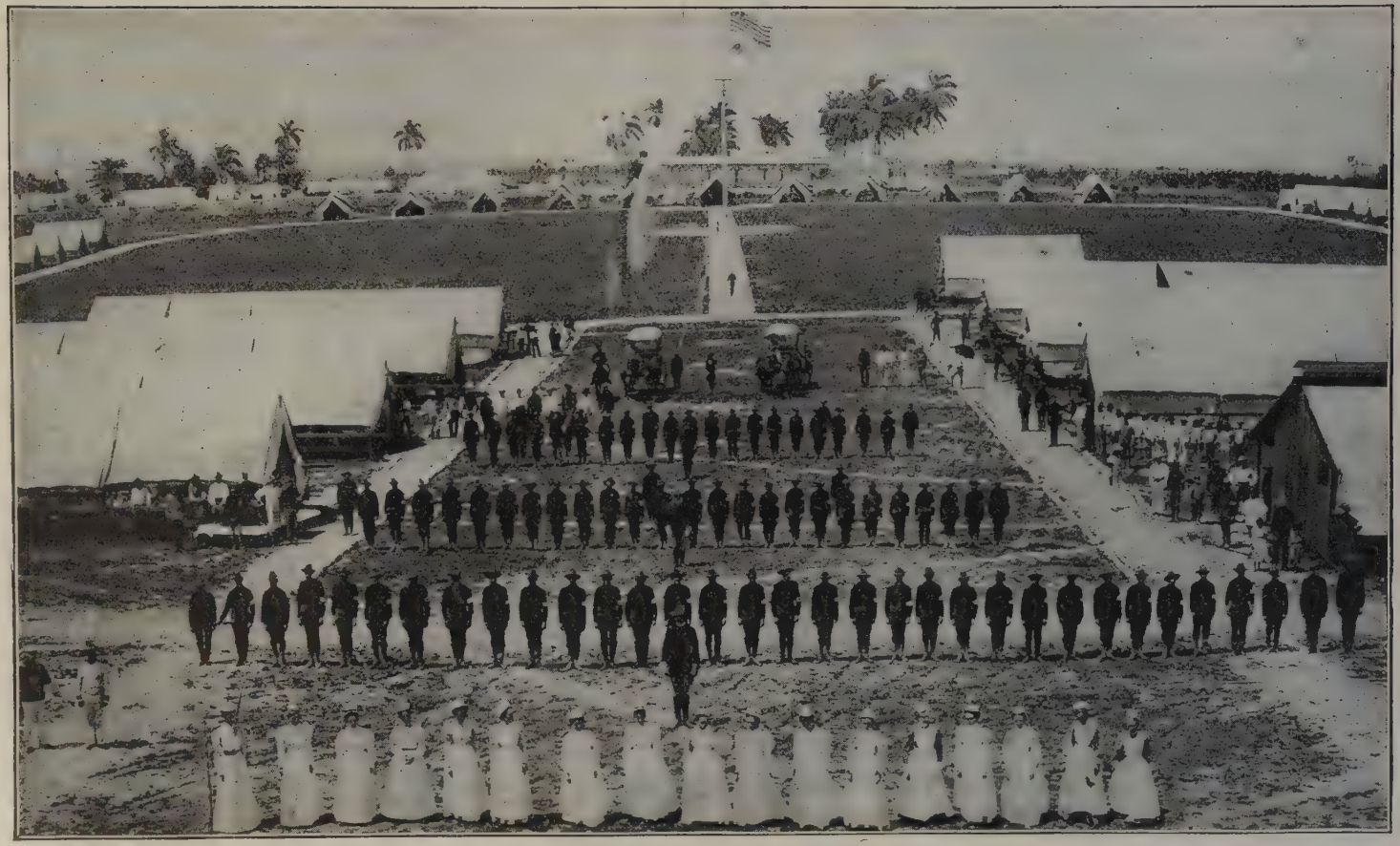
Drawing my chair closer, I casually asked Mr. Sims if he could think of any solution of this most important problem. His answer came sharp and decisive. "Yes, and it is so simple and practicable that we are already arranging to supply 10,000 libraries during this year."

As he explained the details of the plan my interest became enthusiasm, and as he concluded I knew that the National Magazine was just the medium to furnish libraries for the people.

When I left his office, "The National Magazine Libraries" were an assured fact, and you will find the details of this simple yet highly practicable plan in our display advertisements in this issue. I believe it will interest you. Read it and write me what you think about it.

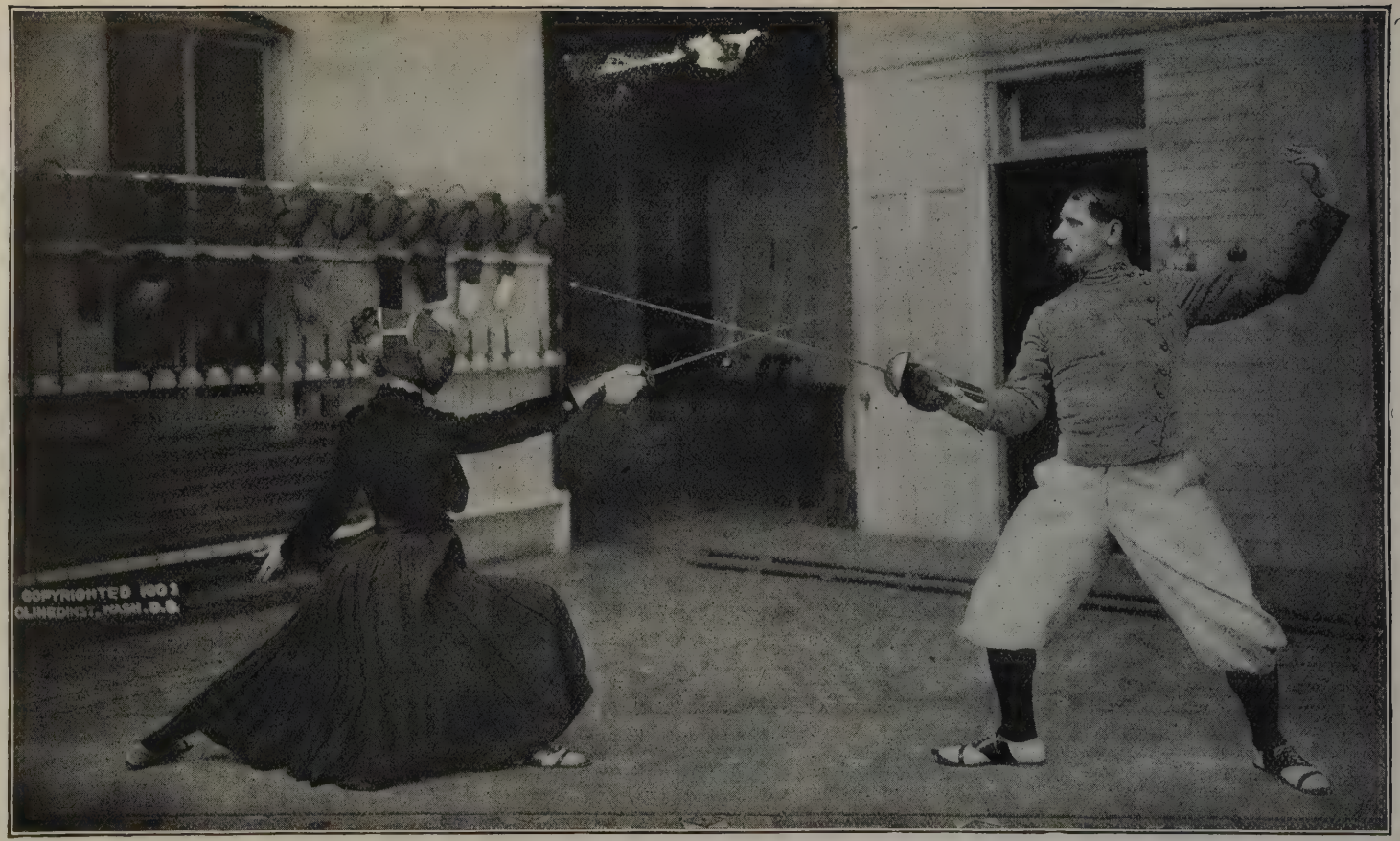
FEW industries have features of more picturesque interest than the preparation of "Deviled Crabs" at the factory of McMenamin & Company, Hampton, Virginia. The white meat of the fresh crab deliciously seasoned is packed in one-pound and two-pound cans. The natural shells of the crab accompany each can — polished to an ivory whiteness. This delicate sea food served in the way of deviled crab, crab salad, crabs escalloped or crab fritters, makes delicious dainties within the reach of those living thousands of miles from the seashore. They are prepared and ready for any luncheon emergency, and have been tested in every climate on the globe from the equator to the arctics, where they were taken by the explorer, Colonel A. W. Greely of the United States Naval Corps. There is a suggestion of a quaint Flemish painting in a view of the factory which has for so many years furnished this delicacy to the world. The fleet of red boats coming up the river at high tide, laden with the day's catch of crabs, makes a scene that would adorn a canvas. The hundreds of neat and deft-fingered maidens who prepare the crabs for the tables of the world present a picture of singular charm. The McMenamins were the pioneers in introducing this delicacy to the world and stand preeminent in the marketing of "Deviled Crabs."

TRULY this world is conquered by the American tourist. Several young ladies have just returned from a trip around the world with a Raymond & Whitcomb party. Leaving home unaccompanied by friends or chaperone, they joined the party and truly "saw the world." This firm is the pioneer of American tourist companies, and understands to perfection the needs and requirements of Americans. Raymond & Whitcomb have made a great success of their "Around the World" parties, which leave early in September. The trip includes nearly everything "seeable," and is adjusted to American ways of seeing things. It occupies almost eight months and costs $2,350, all expenses paid—which are hardly any, if at all, more expensive than remaining at home. The first party for 1903 is already filled, and a second is being arranged. If you are interested, it would be well to write at once to Raymond & Whitcomb, Boston, and mention the National. They will give you complete details for the asking.



UNITED STATES ARMY HOSPITAL CORPS—A GROUP OF ARMY NURSES IN THE FOREGROUND

(See "Our Army and Navy"—Page 610)



MISS BERRY, THE FINEST SWORDSWOMAN IN WASHINGTON SOCIETY, AND HER INSTRUCTOR

(See Affairs at Washington)

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

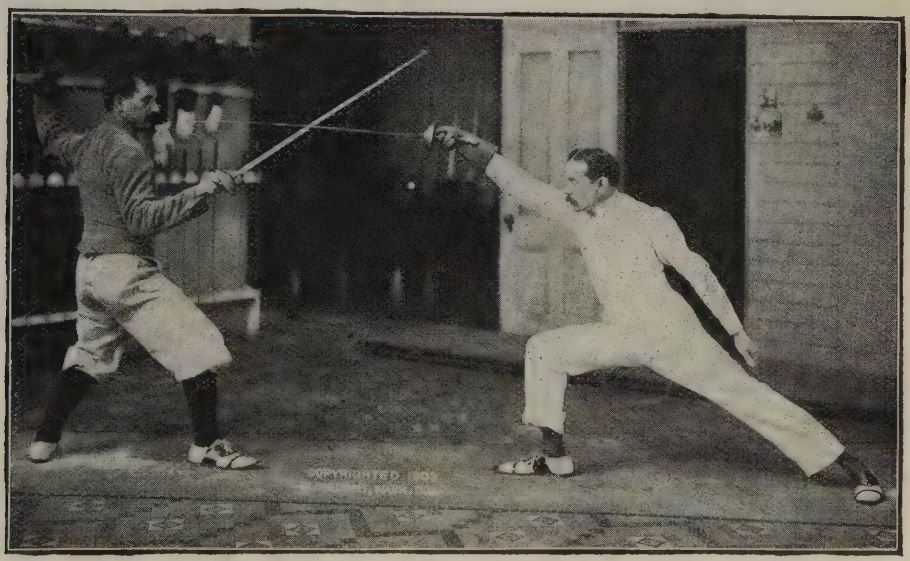
VOL. XVIII. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1903 No. 5

Affairs at Washington

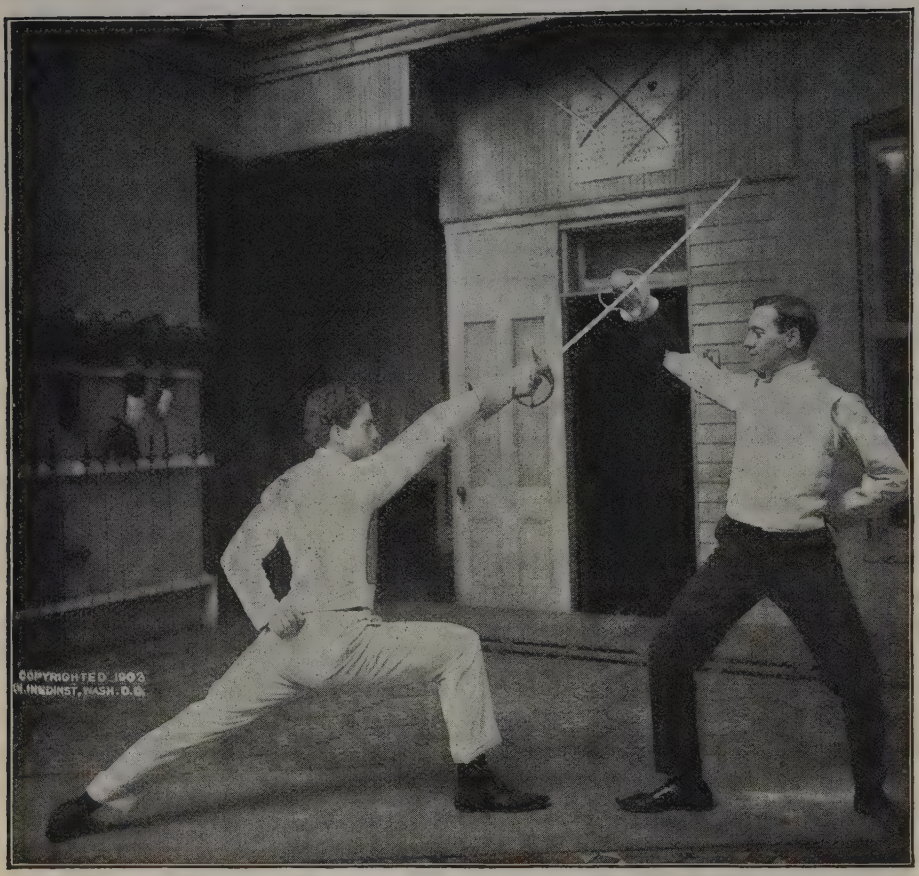
By Joe Mitchell Chapple

SOCIAL and official Washington did not wait upon President Roosevelt's present enthusiasm for fencing to become intensely interested in sword play as an exercise and diversion. For more than a year past many prominent officials and society women, and the diplomats in particular, have devoted much time to fencing, and there are several European masters at arms in Washington who have within a comparatively brief space formed very large classes.

The center of the activities with foil and sabre in Washington is found in the Fencers' Club, which has a handsome home on Nineteenth street and of which Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, is president. President Roosevelt has frequently been a guest of the club, and it was here that he first gained his relish for the sport of parry and spar with the steel blades. Count Della Gherardesca,



LIEUTENANT COMMANDER FARAMOND DE LAFAJOLE (IN WHITE), NAVAL ATTACHE, OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY, AND ONE OF WASHINGTON'S BEST FENCERS



COUNT GUISEPPE DELLA GHERARDESCA OF THE ITALIAN EMBASSY AND D. MENCHASA OF THE PERUVIAN MISSION, THE LATTER IN WHITE, CROSSING SABRES IN A FRIENDLY BOUT

the attache of the Italian embassy, whose recent marriage to an American girl attracted much attention, is a member of the club and a clever fencer. So also is Baron Moncheur, the Belgian minister. At many of the tournaments held at the club Lieutenant Commander de Faramond de Lafajole, the naval attache of the French embassy, acts as *ma.tre de combat.* He is an excellent swordsman and takes at all times a keen and active interest in the sport. Other very active members of the club include Visconde de Alte, the Portuguese minister; Mr. Constantin Brun, the Danish minister; Baron Gevers, minister from the Netherlands, and D. Menchasa of the Peruvian legation.

The most recent fencing tournament was made a social event of distinct importance and followed a dinner at the Italian embassy, to which all the participants were bidden. The great feature of this tournament was a match between Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, and General Leonard Wood, the chum of President Roosevelt. These two men are among the most expert fencers in the country. Sir Michael Herbert, the British ambassador, has lost some of his old time skill with the foils, but his two sons Sidney and

Michael, aged twelve and fourteen respectively, are among the pupils at the Washington studio of Signor Pietro Lanzilli, a captain in the Italian army. Countess Cassini, Miss Berry and other Washington society women have also taken up the exercise with enthusiasm.

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THE American capital is noted as a city of novelties, and it is not too much to say that it is quite as unique in summer as in winter—but in a different way. As a penalty for its location inland in a southern clime, and its enjoyment of miles of broad streets paved with asphalt, it is subjected to a summer heat more excessive than prevails in any other part of the country. However, the people who remain at the seat of government throughout the heated term,—and they are increasing in number every year,—resort to such measures as are nowhere else employed to baffle Old Sol. In April or early in May, when Washington steps from Winter directly into Summer without so much as loitering momentarily in the lap of Spring, the residences undergo a transformation. Carpets come up and curtains and draperies come down, while upholstered furniture gives place to rattan. Later these extreme measures extend to the attire of dwellers at the capital, and by midsummer there may be seen on any street in Washington almost as many men attired from head to foot in white duck as one could find upon a United States warship.

With its unique attributes in other respects, it is perhaps only natural that Washington should have a summer social season of distinctive originality. Since Uncle Sam has expanded into a world power, there are more participants in this summer social activity than formerly, when the city on the Potomac was a "Winter capital." Many diplomats are now loath to go (or perhaps it is that their governments are loath to have them go) far from Washington; so they join Admiral and Mrs. Dewey and the other notables among the suburban dwellers. Likewise, it is now not unusual to find at least two or three members of the cabinet in town at any time during the summer, and a considerable contingent of the high officers of the

THE NEW EAST TERRACE OF THE WHITE HOUSE, SCENE OF MRS. ROOSEVELT'S OPEN AIR FETES
Photograph by Waldon Fawcett

MISS KATHERINE VAUGHN WHITE,
the daughter of Governor White and sponsor on the occasion of the launching of the armored cruiser West Virginia at Newport News, April 18, 1903

army and navy are always on duty. For these prominent folk of the diplomatic and official contingent the chief summer pleasures are found at the many beautiful country seats which extend like a cordon of pleasure outposts around the capital, and at the Chevy Chase and Country clubs, both of which are within driving and automobiling distance of the city, and ever prove a mecca for enthusiasts on the subject of golf or tennis.

The first lady of the land has this year done much to foster an unusual summer gaiety in Washington. The completion of the White House terraces—the broad esplanades flanked with bay trees, extending 165 feet on either side of the White House proper—has provided an admirable theater for open air hospitalities of one kind or another; and of these opportunities Mrs. Roosevelt has taken full advantage. A contributory factor to the opportunities for enjoyment open to Washingtonians in the summer is found in the promenade concerts which are given on the capitol and White House grounds several times weekly by the famous Marine Band. Finally, there is the Potomac with its constant invitation to yachting parties. A palatially appointed vessel—the Dolphin or the Mayflower,—is kept at the Washington navy yard almost constantly during the summer months in order to provide a pleasure craft for the use of the president, the secretary of the navy or other high official who may wish to take a party of friends for a short sail down the picturesque waterway, and frequent indeed is the use made of "Uncle Sam's private yacht."

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OF all the features of the management of Uncle Sam's affairs at Washington it is doubtful if any is more interest-

MISS ASHTON WILSON,
one of the beautiful daughters of Charleston, West Virginia, who assisted Miss White at the launching of the armored cruiser West Virginia

ing, or withal more of a mystery to the general public, than the manner in which the business of the nation is carried on during the summer months, when the heads are scattered to the four quarters of the globe. That the machinery at the capital of the greatest republic moves along with smoothness and regularity, despite the absence of a majority of the An effort is now made so to arrange matters that at least one or two members of the president's cabinet will be at Washington throughout the summer to act in case of an emergency, and several others hold themselves in readiness to hurry to the city on the Potomac should anything unexpectedly threaten to disturb the peace of the nation or the world.

A. W. MACHEN,

superintendent of the free delivery division of the postoffice department, and who is now defending himself against serious charges of misconduct in office.

J. L. BRISTOW,

fourth assistant postmaster general, conducting the inquiry into alleged postal frauds. Mr. Bristow is a Kansan, and may be his state's choice for vice president.

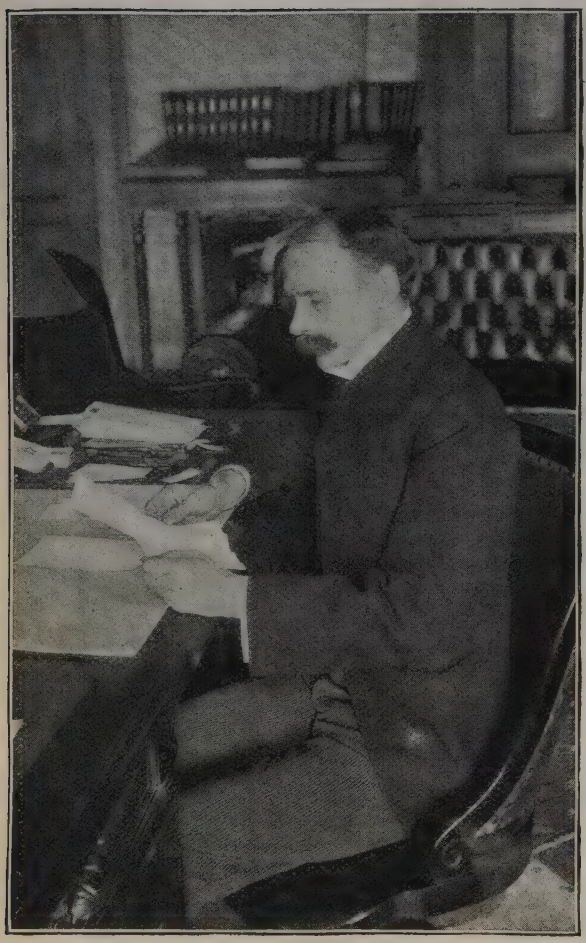
CHARLES H. ROBB,

who succeeded James R. Tyner as assistant attorney general for the postoffice department. He is assisting in the prosecution of his predecessor and others.

men who are ordinarily at the helms in the various departments, is assuredly a tribute to the perfection of system and organization which has been effected; and in scarcely a less degree it constitutes a tribute to the facilities for communication which are available at the dawn of the twentieth century.

Time was, not so very many years ago, when Washington was very literally a "Winter capital." At the first suggestion of warm weather,—and Washington, be it known, is in summer the hottest city in the United States—government officials departed almost without exception. Since the land of the stars and stripes has become a world power this wholesale exodus has been impossible.

With this relay system of sentry duty on the part of the president's advisors it is possible for each cabinet official to secure a vacation of one or two months; and in some cases, for instance that of Secretary of State Hay, the vacation extends throughout practically the entire summer. During the absence of a cabinet officer the assistant secretary of the department is the "acting secretary" and many have been the instances in which these men have made notable records. As a rule, the subordinate serving temporarily as the head of the government must rely almost solely upon his own judgment. Mr. Forster, assistant secretary to the President, and in charge of affairs at the White House, may at any



FRANCIS B. LOOMIS, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE, IN CHARGE DURING THE ABSENCE OF SECRETARY HAY
Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

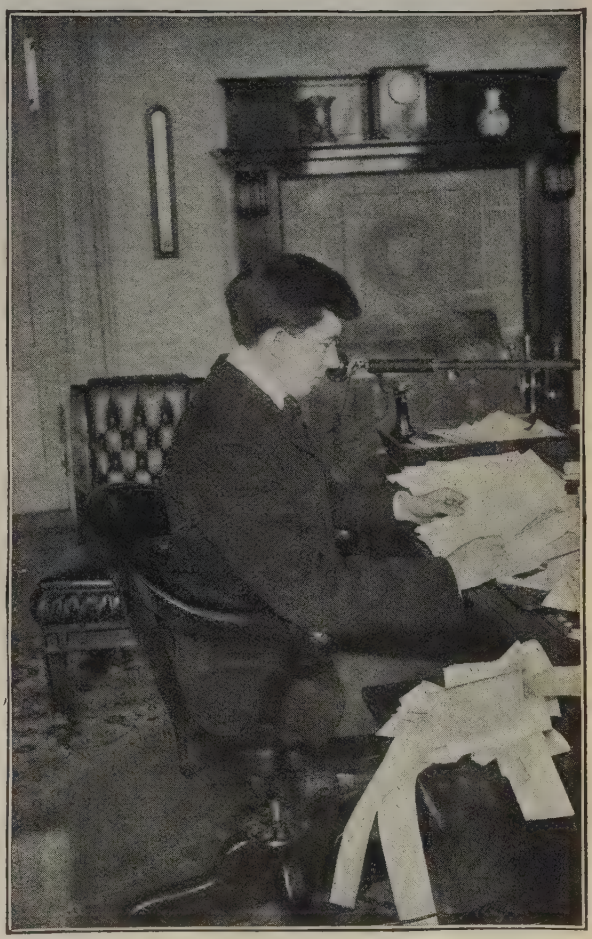
time confer directly with the president, for direct telephone and telegraph wires connect the presidential mansion with the Roosevelt home at Oyster Bay; but when, as during the European tour of Secretary Shaw this summer, a cabinet officer is well nigh inaccessible, his substitute is called upon many times a day to use his own discretion.

Of the subordinates who assume the roles of cabinet officials during the vacation season, probably the greatest responsibility falls upon the shoulders of Francis B. Loomis, assistant secretary of state. Not only does Secretary Hay retire to his summer home, the Fells, on Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, for a very protracted period, but it is in the state department that serious and perplexing problems appear most unexpectedly. With Uncle Sam's present widespread interest, every war or rumor of war is sure to affect this nation's interests more or less directly, and very frequently action must be taken promptly and conferences held with diplomats at Washington without even delaying to communicate with Secretary Hay.

The subordinate acting as a cabinet officer for the first time, is likely to be treated to a surprise that comes as a rude shock. The law stipulates that a cabinet member may not use a rubber stamp but must write his name when affixing his autograph to official correspondence and documents; and when a substitute in such a position sets out to sign letters at the rate of a thousand an hour he is quickly disillusioned as to the joys of his position. An anecdote is told of the experiences of Assistant Secretary Armstrong when he first essayed to personate Secretary Shaw in his official capacity. When Mr. Armstrong started in to sign the daily correspondence he gaily wrote his name "Robert B. Armstrong," with a few supplementary flourishes, just as evidence of good faith; but when, with the perspiration streaming down his face, he finally finished the stack, it was noted that his signature was simply "R. B. Armstrong," with no cross on the "t".

IT is doubtful if there is in the United States a family that manages to have a better time than the Roosevelts and particularly is this the case during the summer months. The president encourages all the members of his family to emulate his example and play hard as well as work hard; consequently it is a truly ideal vacation life which the first household of America enjoys each year at their estate known as Sagamore Hill, near the village of Oyster Bay, on the north shore of Long Island. In this immediate vicinity the president's own boyhood was spent, for he has inherited from his father the belief that children thrive best in the country, and it was in pursuance of this idea that the elder Roosevelt erected amid the hills which border the Sound and the Bay the country house named "Tranquility," which constituted the youthful home of the then weak and delicate Theodore and his brothers and sisters.

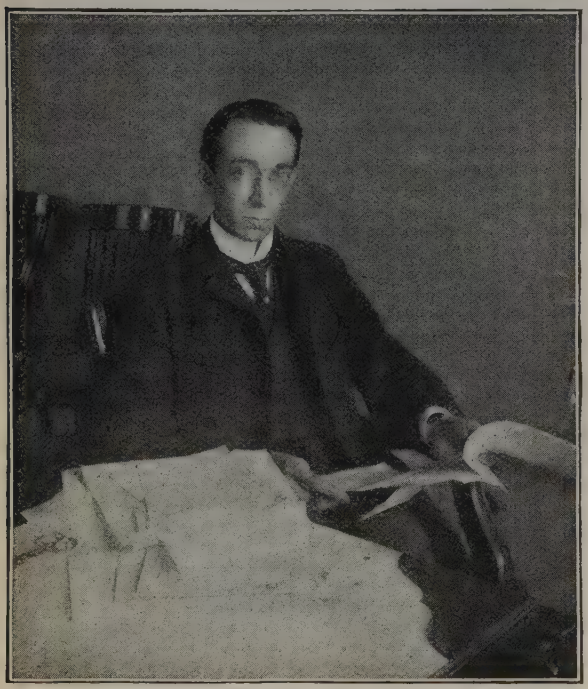
The president, remembering doubtless the delights of his own boyhood, when wholesome, open air life transformed him from a sickly lad to a healthy one, has avowedly sought to make the house at Sagamore Hill, which he has occupied off and on for nearly twenty years, the one spot which shall always remain in the memories of his children quite different from every other place on earth. The president is enthusiastic over the site of his vacation abode, because there is not another house in sight. It is not necessary, as he expresses it, "to live in a neighbor's pocket." The estate comprises ninety-seven acres, of which perhaps forty acres are wooded. There is a garden fully two acres in extent and fifteen acres is laid out in lawn. The house is a large, rambling frame structure with immense porticos and, as a glance at a picture of it will show, was designed for comfort rather than architectural novelty. Its interior, — although forsooth the Roosevelts spend little time indoors,—is marvelously attractive, being made up of immense rooms with books everywhere and chairs that appear to guarantee ease



ROBERT B. ARMSTRONG, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, IN CHARGE DURING THE ABSENCE OF SECRETARY SHAW
Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

and repose. Among the apartments in the house is a "gun room" that is the especial pride of the president and his sons, and an office or workroom which is fully equipped with all the modern adjuncts for the speedy transaction of business.

Few indeed are the sports and pastimes which are not indulged in by the Roosevelts during their long summer outing. Horseback riding has, of course, first place, and all the saddle horses, from the president's hunters to Archie's pony Algonquin, are brought from the White House stables to Sagamore Hill. Long distance walks, target practice, fishing, rowing and swimming also come in for more or less attention from every member of the family, and there is scarcely a day when he is on vacation bent that the president does not go off into the woods and regale himself for a time with wood chopping. So great is his devotion to the exercise of swinging an ax that he usually chops most of the winter's supply of wood at Oyster Bay.



RUDOLPH FORSTER, ASSISTANT SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT, IN CHARGE AT THE WHITE HOUSE DURING THE SUMMER
Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

The president is assuredly among old friends when he is at Oyster Bay. Every one of the older residents of the village has known him since childhood and invariably they address him affectionately as "Teddy" whenever he passes through the "main street" on his way to or from a horseback ride, or mayhap drives down from Sagamore Hill in the unpretentious surrey which in summer displaces all the equipages of state which are in use at the White House in winter. The president and the members of his family have genuine regard for many of the men who have been working on his estate for many years. Notably is this true in the case of Davis, the old colored gardener, who has been in the service of the Roosevelts practically all his life, and of Mr. Seaman, who has acted as superintendent of the Roosevelt estate during the seventeen years last past.

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THE contract recently awarded by the secretary of war for the making of improvements and changes at the West Point military station calls for an expenditure of $5,500,000, and means, practically, a rebuilding of the entire reservation. This is one of the largest outside contracts ever awarded by the government. It provides for the erection of twentyone new buildings, a new architectural layout for the reservation and an elaborate landscape setting, and selects tentative sites for the erection of buildings which may be erected in the future.

The year 1902 marked the centenary of the founding of West Point academy; it also saw the passage of an act of congress providing for the erection at West Point of buildings which should be more in keeping with its dignity as the training school of Uncle Sam's army officers and with its prestige as one of the finest military schools in the world. Every West Pointer, graduate and undergraduate, appreciated the timeliness of the appropriation, and felt a thrill of conscious satisfaction that Annapolis, with her splendid improvements, could no longer claim to outshine the stronghold on the Hudson.

THE ROAD LEADING TO THE ROOSEVELT RESIDENCE AT OYSTER BAY

Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

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ALL the new buildings will be in the Gothic style of architecture. They will be so constructed, in some cases, as to appear to form almost a part of the cliff upon which they are built. The largest structure in the new group will be the riding hall. This will have a clear space inside 600 by 120 feet in dimensions, and will be one of the finest structures of its kind in the world. The imposing new building for post headquarters will be built around an inner court 120 feet square. It will be three stories high, and its tower, fifty by fifty feet, will stretch upward to a height of 150 feet. The new chapel, a stately edifice, will be the most monumental building in the group. It will be placed on the rise of the hill, so that its tower may be seen from both the south and north river approaches. It is proposed that this shall become the burial place of distinguished army officers. The new academic building, which will stand directly opposite the old one, will be connected with it by a monumental arch and bridge. It will double the present facilities for academic work.

Amidst the new buildings, the new

THE COMFORTABLE AND UNPRETENTIOUS RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT OYSTER BAY.

Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FAVORITE LOUNGING PLACE, THE PORTICO OF HIS HOME AT OYSTER BAY
Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

streets and monuments and gateways, enough of the old West Point will remain to permit its alumni to feel at home there when occasion brings them back for a visit. The old cadet barracks, in which West Point men grew from fledgling members of the "awkward squad" to dignified young lieutenants, are to be left standing; so is the building where they went for mess with keen appetite; so, also, are the hospital, the gymnasium, the library and memorial hall. These will form familiar landmarks to the men who cherish the picture of the West Point of today as being one of the fairest under the sun.

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IT is almost forgotten that the Continental Congress, in 1776, recommended the establishment of a military academy and that in 1793 and again in 1796 Washington urged upon congress the establishment of such an institution. The action of congress was not, however, assured until March 16, 1802. This act constituted the corps of engineers of the army a military academy with fifty cadets, who were to receive instruction under the senior engineer officer as superintendent. Subsequent acts established professorships of mathematics, engineering, philosophy, etc., and made the academy a military body subject to the rules and articles of war.

In 1815, a permanent superintendent was appointed, and a year later an annual board of visitors was provided for, to be named by the president, the speaker of the house and the president of the senate. In 1843 the present system of the appointment of cadets was instituted, which assigns one cadet to each congressional district and territory in the Union, and the appointments at large, specially conferred by the president. The number of presidential appointments has since been increased to thirty. In 1901 three extra cadets were permitted, by authorization of congress, to enter at their

REAR OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S RESIDENCE AT OYSTER BAY
Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

own expense. These were from Venezuela, Costa Rica and Ecuador. The pay of a West Point cadet is $540 a year. He is allowed but one leave of absence during his four years at the academy; this is at the close of the second year.

West Point sets the pace for military instruction in about sixty public and chartered military schools in the United States, and more than a hundred private institutions. When it is stated that from ten to fifteen thousand young American are graduated at these preparatory schools each year to enter business and the professions, it will be seen how far reaching is the influence of West Point rules and West Point traditions, even outside the department of governmental service for which it was principally established. In its own peculiar field, West Point stands without a rival, for its history is the history of all the great victories won by American arms since the War of the Revolution. Nearly all the famous American generals since that time have been sons of West Point — Logan and Miles are famous exceptions who rose from the ranks — and nearly every commissioned officer of high rank in the army today received his first commission on the day when he was graduated at West Point.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S STABLE AT OYSTER BAY
Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

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MUCH interest attaches to the earlier history of West Point. A fortress was erected there during the War of Independence and a chain was stretched across the Hudson at that point to keep the British from descending on New York, fiftytwo miles down the river. The fortress was captured, however, and the chain broken by the British in 1777. After Burgoyne's surrender, West Point again fell into the hands of the Americans, who then built stronger fortifications. It was an effort to betray these into the hands of the British that made Benedict Arnold the greatest traitor of the Revolution and caused

SUPERINTENDENT SEAMAN, WHO HAS HAD CHARGE OF THE ROOSEVELT ESTATE SEVENTEEN YEARS, AND HIS STAFF
Photograph Copyright, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

the unfortunate death of Major André.

The academy buildings occupy a plain 160 to 180 feet above the beautiful Hudson. They crown a point which juts out into the river above one of the finest water passes in the world. The scenery is bold and beautiful. Many of the new buildings are to be of rough cut stone, and, when completed with their Gothic spires, they will form one of the most stately groups of buildings in the New World.

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IT would have gratified the Colonial dames, who brought us the glory of New England cookery and home making, to witness the commencement exercises at Oread Institute. It was all so different from the usual June commencements as to be worthy of especial comment. This institution, so well described by Miss Marion Hallett in the July National,—is almost the only one of its particular kind in the world—because it is the idea of a particular man. When Mr. H. D. Perky purchased the "old castle" on a hill in the very heart of Worcester, Massachusetts, he secured one of the first institutions erected for the higher education of women — established far back in the fifties. And yet, with its quaint traditions, the "old castle" has become one of the eminent domestic science universities of modern times. Mr. Perky founded and has supported the present school, which has done so much in this branch of real educational work. The alumni include young ladies from every state and territory, and the amount of practical work accomplished in one school year seems scarcely credible; but the success of the graduates tells its own story.

Forty young ladies, representing nearly as many states and territories and attired in neat caps and gowns, received their diplomas from the president. The exercises for the most part included practical demonstrations in housekeeping and the whole range of domestic science. The "oration" on practical housekeeping was as interesting as a play. The table was set in the daintiest way possible, and while it was being done, a thesis was delivered. When luncheon was served there were four graduates as guests, and the "oration" begun by one was developed into a discussion by another. As "luncheon was served" the discussion developed into a dialogue, impromptu and otherwise, touching upon the important and amusing events of the year. The light repartee revealed a course at dinners sometimes overlooked—not always by the ladies, but sometimes neglected — and that is bright and sparkling table talk, which often has quite as much to do with good digestion as the food itself. The other demonstrations were equally interesting—a sort of illustrated commencement oration, and a summing up of the splendid work

DAVIS, THE VETERAN GARDENER WHO HAS BEEN IN THE EMPLOY OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS FATHER ALL HIS LIFE
Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

President Perky and the Graduating Class at Oread Institute

Ground Plan of the New West Point

The New West Point As It Will Be Seen From the Hudson River

done during the year. The addresses by Mrs. Norton of the University of Chicago and Miss Van Rensellaer of Cornell university were splendid tributes to domestic science as the very height of woman's achievement even in these days of higher education. The class song was spirited and given with an affectionate tribute to Oread. After marching out, the young ladies gave a very spirited Oread salute to "H. D. — H. D.— Perky!"

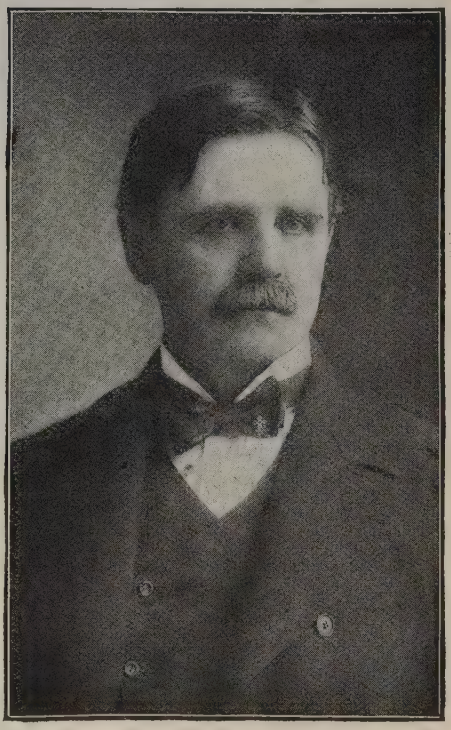
In the Oread grounds a fine riding park has been arranged, and the afternoon exercises included an exhibition of equestrianship by the young ladies. The course is very picturesque, enclosing the rugged ledge that caps the hill, and the young ladies showed that they were skilled in horsemanship as well as housekeeping. This is another evidence of the keen watchfulness of the founder—always to add something to the institution each year—something that will bring out the best there is in the development of health in mind and body. On his prancing steed Dandy, Mr. Perky makes a striking figure — practices what he advocates in the way of getting the things "worth while" out of life. The evening reception was the fourth act and change of costume of commencement day. First, the lavender cap and gown of domestic Oread; second, the pure white of graduation day; third, the riding habit; fourth, the evening dress for the reception to the faculty — all phases of life for the American girl. At 10 p. m., under the witching glow of the electric tower in the center of the riding park, despite the threatening showers, the young equestriennes enjoyed their farewell ride—sharply contrasting to the social gayeties within. The alumni banquet was held on the following day—a happy reunion, but a sad parting for those who were to leave each other after a year's close comradeship in the work. The halls were filled with trunks; little

J. H. EDWARDS,
newly appointed private secretary to the secretary of the treasury

tokens were exchanged and—well—there were tears, as the Oread class of 1903 separated for their homes in various states, carrying with them the sweet memories of happy, busy days, and trained and equipped for womanly responsibility in every walk of life.

MR. JOHN HINKSON EDWARDS, whom Secretary Shaw has chosen as his private secretary to succeed Mr. Robert B. Armstrong, recently promoted to the post of assistant secretary, was born in Ohio twentyeight years ago. Mr. Edwards comes to his new office equipped with a wide knowledge of public affairs and official methods of business. Upon graduation from the high school of his native town, South Charleston, Ohio, he was appointed to a position in the census bureau at Washington, where he remained from 1892 to 1894. Returning to his home, he went to work in the Bank of South Charleston, and for three years continued in that institution, becoming identified with the Ohio Bankers' Association. When, in 1896, Walter L. Weaver was elected to the fiftyfifth congress from the seventh Ohio district, he chose Mr. Edwards as his private secretary. At the end of Congressman Weaver's term, Mr. Edwards was appointed confidential secretary of J. T. Metcalf, then superintendent of the postal money order department. In that office Mr. Edwards served for over a year, when he was chosen as assistant secretary to Postmaster General Payne.

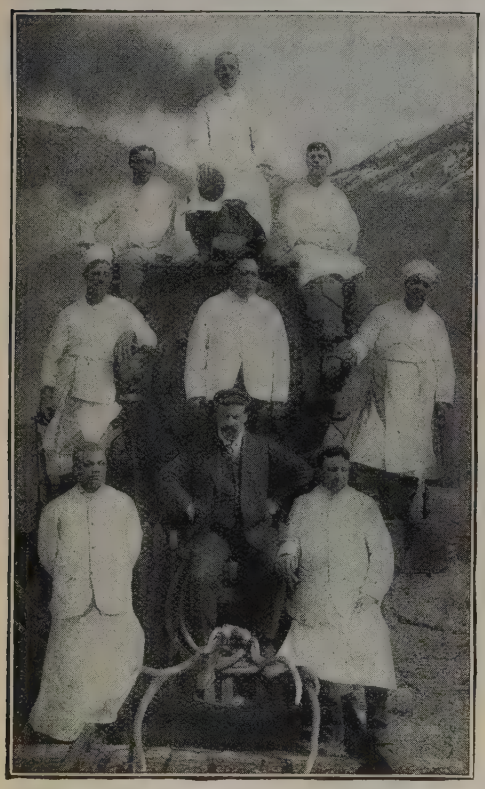
When it was known that Secretary Shaw needed a private secretary, there



CONGRESSMAN ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK

Mr. Brick was born in South Bend, Indiana, in 1860, and got his education, after a common school course, in Yale, Cornell and Michigan universities, finally taking his law course at Michigan. The South Bend (Thirteenth district) sent him to congress in 1898, and has twice reelected him.

was no lack of eligible men for the position, for it is regarded as an important one, and has been the stepping stone, in a number of instances, to still higher preferment. First Assistant Postmaster General Wynne; Frank A. Vanderlip, vice president of the National City Bank of New York; Milton E. Ailes, vice president of the Riggs National Bank of Washington; and Robert B. Armstrong, assistant secretary of the treasury, were among those who had served as private secretary to the secretary of the treasury. Before becoming bankers, both Mr. Vanderlip and Mr. Ailes were graduated from private secretary to assistant secretary. Mr. Shaw's selection of Mr. Edwards as private secretary was, therefore, a matter of more than ordinary interest in official circles. In his new position Mr. Edwards has opportunity to display administrative ability, for the office has grown to be not unlike that of an assistant secretaryship, the position taking on new functions from year to year under the direction of the men of striking ability who have filled it. At all times the office of the secretary of the treasury is one of the busiest in the government, and the private secretary must be able to relieve his chief of much of the work.



MR. MARTIN,
the king of dining car conductors, and his faithful staff in charge of the dining car on the presidential train.
Photograph by Robert Lee Dunn

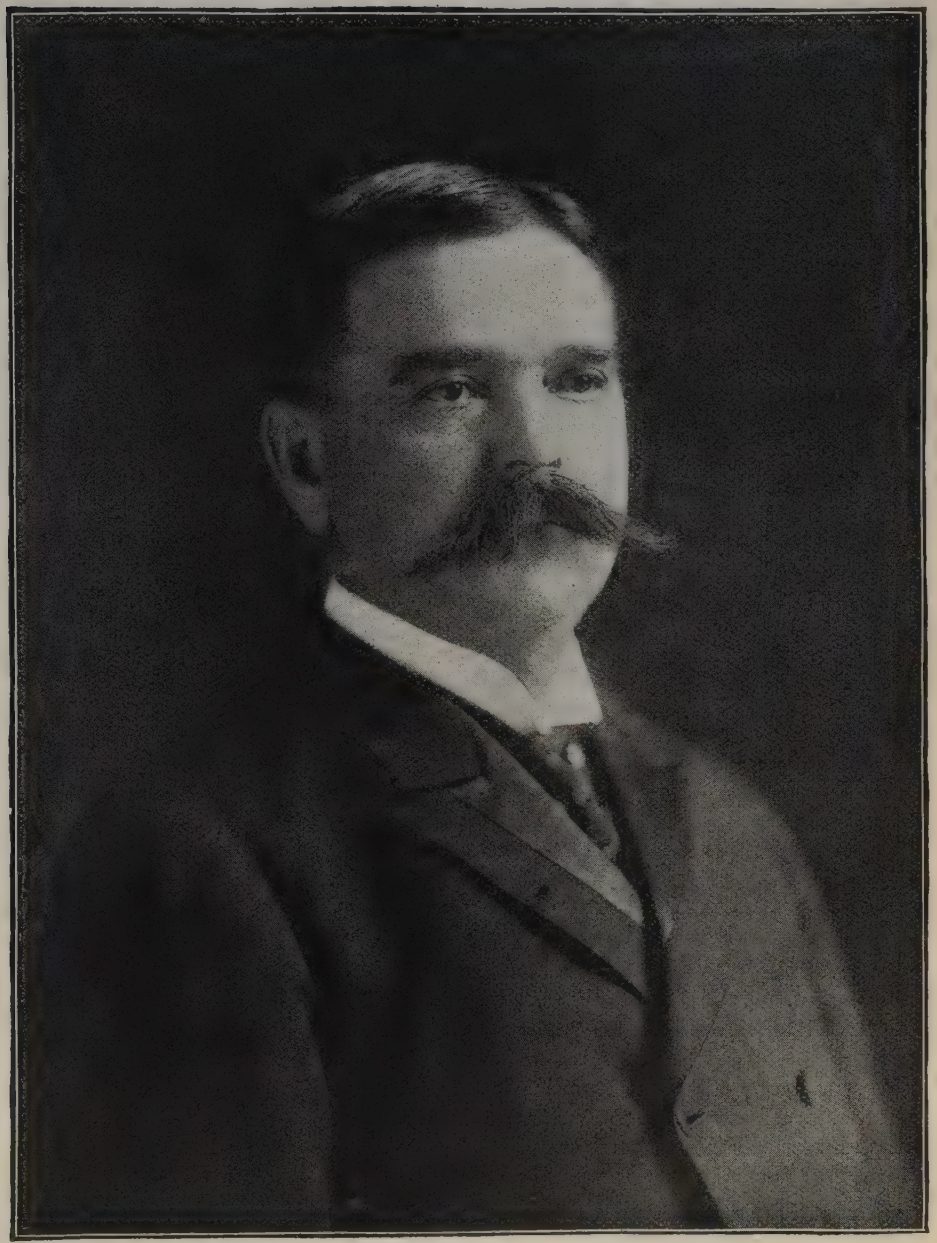
To maintain the fine record of this private secretaryship and to be of signal assistance to Secretary Shaw, Mr. Edwards comes peculiarly well fitted. To get through the great volume of daily transactions in the office, the private secretary must possess a talent for quick and accurate judgment. Countless problems are presented which he must rule on himself. The office of the secretary of the treasury has vital relationship with every phase of commercial activity, and his private secretary must be broad gauged and well informed. Mr. Edward's endowments along these lines are marked. He has the rare talent of being able to get through a great mass of work without apparent effort.

—

ON the sweeping home stretch of the presidential special, after his notable journey of over 14,000 miles, it seems to me I saw President Roosevelt at his best. He returned to his duties at Washington on a perfect ground swell of popular favor, still modest, clear headed and rugged as always.

It was at Indianapolis that I joined the train. It was my privilege to march with the Marion club (one of the strongest political clubs in America) between the distinguished secretaries of the sena-

tors from Indiana. With Jerry Matthews representing Senator Fairbanks on my right, and Mr. Shipp representing Senator Beveridge on my left, I felt right



UNITED STATES SENATOR JAMES P. TALIAFERRO OF FLORIDA

Senator Taliaferro is just now engaged in a warm contest for reelection. He is a Virginian born, and served in the Confederate army as a private soldier. After the war he went to Florida, engaged in logging and sawmill enterprises, and is now vice president of a large wholesale grocery and president of the First National Bank of Tampa. His home is in Jacksonville.

at home in the great inland metropolis. In spite of the rain, the streets were thronged, and the great Soldiers and Sailors monument sparkled with electric lights illuminating the huge fountains. Somehow Indianapolis already has a Parisian aspect. It resembles Washington somewhat in the general plan of its streets; and the real Hooiser spirit of hospitality always prevails. The band was lustily playing all the popular airs — ragtime and Wagnerian — but when *The Banks of the Wabash* struck up, a thrill of state pride seemed to pass along the lines. In the sound of this greeting my friend Booth Tarkington was lying, recovering from a severe illness — to say nothing of his term in the legislature.

The Marion club has a fine house opposite the new public building now in process of construction. The club's recruits come from the high schools, and when they are old enough to vote they have been pretty well grounded in political affairs. Near the monument is the Columbia club, famous in political history. President Harrison and Walter Q. Gresham were members of this club, and in their day, when Indiana was a pivotal state, the club played an important part in president making. It was my good fortune to meet here that veteran of war, statecraft, diplomacy and letters — General Lew Wallace. The author of *Ben Hur* wears his years lightly, and he launched a playful shaft at Boston as I munched a Columbia club sandwich.

Truly Indiana is a wonderful state, and Indianapolis may well be termed the Athens of the West. I had a most delightful meeting with James Whitcomb Riley, America's most popular poet. Gentle and winsome as his writings, his blue eyes sparkled a cordial greeting. He lives very quietly, and loves his home and his people as they love him. He is a poet with honor in his own country, and as he gave me a hearty hand-grasp, the lines of *An Old Sweetheart of Mine* would ring through my brain. He stopped at his publishers, Messrs. Bowen & Merrill, to warm his hands before the smouldering fire in the grate, and carried off a bundle of magazines (of course the National was one) to his home retreat. With a kind word for the National and a warning not to try again to reproduce his pencilled handwriting in facsimile, I parted from the laureate of the American fireside — the one whose lines nestle close to the hearts of the people.

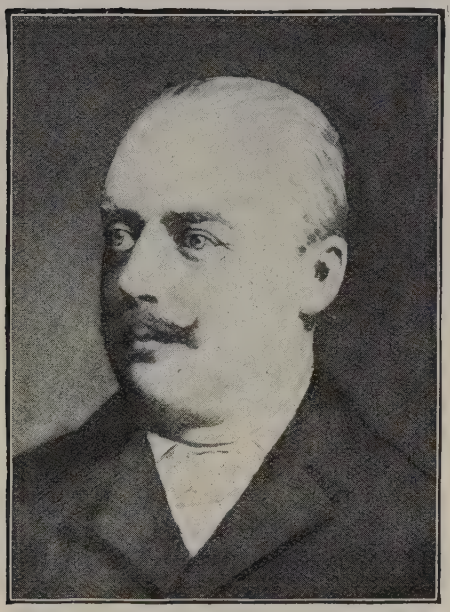
Here I am trying to crush subject matter for an article into a paragraph — and I had almost forgotten that when I "left the track" I was in a parade. The illuminated street car and anchored balloon were evidences of the gala occasion. At the monument were Governor Durbin, Mayor Bookwalter, Congressman Overstreet and other officials to give a right loyal welcome to the president during the ten-minute stop. The presidential party were hustled into the station and the president gave the gathering one of the characteristic 303 speeches which made the trip memorable. As I got aboard the train, there was a hearty greeting from the president, looking fresh and vigorous. Secretary Loeb, with his ever watchful eyes, was on the home stretch and kept everything moving with the precision of clockwork. Secretary Wilson and Senators Fairbanks and Beveredge accompanied the party.

The president's car, Elysian — his home, practically, for sixtysix days—was as complete as Pullman service and equipment could make it. In the observation room, sleeping room and dining room were flowers and books. Every moment of relaxation on the tour the president dipped into books or magazines. (Here I go mentioning magazines again—of course that means the National.) The president reads as intensely as he talks — and when he reads he knows what he is reading.

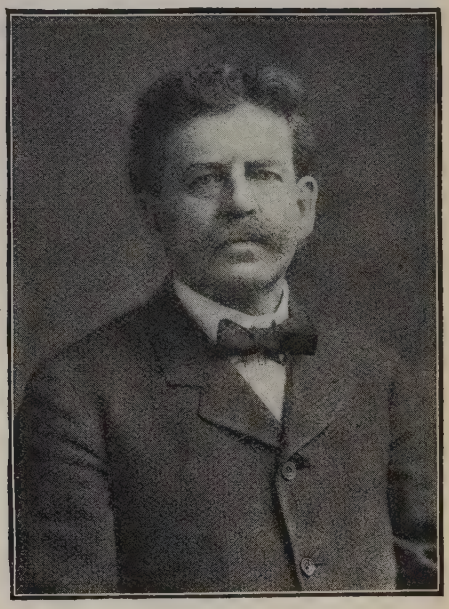
New England's Great Rival

HOW THE SOUTH IS TAKING THE LEAD IN THE MANUFACTURE OF COTTON STUFFS OF THE COARSER GRADES TO AN EXTENT THAT THREATENS TO REVOLUTIONIZE THE BUSINESS IN NEW ENGLAND —THE LOWELL STRIKE AND THE COTTON "CORNER" AS INCIDENTAL FEATURES OF A SIGNIFICANT TRANSFORMATION IN ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST INDUSTRIES—SOUTHERN MILL PROBLEMS.

By LEWIS E. MACBRAYNE



HERBERT E. WALMSLEY OF NEW BEDFORD,
President of the New England Manufacturers Association



C. J. WOODBURY OF BOSTON,
Secretary-Treasurer of the New England Manufacturers Association

CERTAIN recent occurrences in the textile world, notably the "corner" in raw cotton, and the strike of many thousand cotton mill operatives in the North, have called attention anew to a great industry that now represents a total investment of nearly $500,000,000 in the United States; employing approximately 325,000 people and producing, annually, goods to within $110,000,000 of the total capital stock.

Obviously one might draw the conclusion from the prohibitory price of the standard staple that cotton is still king—though, for that matter, the scepter was tyrannically wielded by the cotton speculator—but the deduction drawn from the unsuccessful attempt of the operatives to secure an advance in their wages opens a more lasting, and therefore a more vital issue; the increasing competition of the modern cotton mill with the

old, and especially of the cotton manufacturing states of the South with those of the North.

At best the "corner" in cotton is the work of a season, and often brings its own reaction in a larger crop and a lower market for the succeeding year; but the competition of the great cotton belt of the South with the North in manufacturing has long since passed the stage of speculation. It is, with the northern mills of old time structure, the great problem of the hour.

The strike at Lowell, Massachusetts, which was thoroughly sifted by the state board of arbitration, carried with it, in effect, a demand for an increase in wages in several other New England mill cities. And in refusing the request, on the ground that Lowell and other mill cities similarly equipped could not afford the ten per cent. increase and still pay even moderate dividends, the Lowell Manufacturers' Association, through its secretary, made the following significant reference to southern competition:

"We didn't believe, any more than some of you people believe today, that the South was going to develop in any such marvelous way as it has during the past thirteen years."

And because the mill workers themselves are reluctant to believe that the supremacy of New England in cotton manufacturing is at all threatened, it follows that there must be many facts concerning which the public at large knows little, if anything at all. It is not necessary to recall that the first cotton factory in the United States was established in New England more than 110 years ago. It was not until the first quarter of the last century that the industry received its great impetus, however, and entered upon a virtual monoply of the country that gave it supremacy at home, and attracted attention abroad. Under this stimulus native genius rivaled English invention in mill machinery, factories were run on twelve hour schedules, and the operatives, fresh from the farms, gave willing service; the demand for cotton goods increased in the United States, and markets were created abroad. From every point of view, it was a season of marked prosperity for the North.

Then came the Civil war, which left the southern fields waste, and the foreign trade of the North all but wiped out. In the years of "reconstruction" that followed, the South asked only to be allowed to plant and harvest its cotton as of yore; and the North again hummed with industry, and feared not the morn of an awakened South.

But that day came; and it is well to consider the situation in the northern cotton mills at that time. Their matchless product, fostered by favorable legislation, was being shipped to almost every quarter of the globe: to the ancient people about the Red Sea; to the countless hosts of China; to the half clad tribes of Africa; to the villages beyond the mountains of South America; to the English colonies in Australia; to a hundred ports opened to the American trade in cottons.

And, on the other hand, the hours of labor had been shortened, wages had gone up slowly but steadily, while the price of the finished product had worked down. Mill towns had grown into New England cities; the native "help" had been succeeded by English, Irish and Canadians; labor agitators were now legislators, and the mill manager was in politics at his peril, and very seldom took the risk.

With her advantages of established trade and credit, New England was still in a condition to wield the control of the country in manufacturing, even in the face of changing conditions, so long as competition came only from beyond the seas. But the war had now been over for twentyfive years, the dormant South was awakening, and the scenes of

industrial activity that had been enacted in the North half a century before were now to be repeated in a strip of the South producing its own cotton, and covering an area of country four times the size of England, the greatest manufacturing center of the world.

"In 1880 the greater part of the South was still as poor as at the close of the war," said a southern manufacturer to me recently. "Now I can go to the North and raise a million dollars for investment here. The combined capital of southern mills today is $111,917,527."

"An overwhelming proportion of the manufactured cotton consumed in this and other countries consists of plain cloths woven from coarse or medium yarns," said the last government census report.

It was to the manufacture of these goods, offering a ready market and an opportunity for the employment of "green" labor, that the South turned; and it is on such goods as these that many of the great factories in Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas have been running by night as well as by day, even in the face of raw cotton sold in New York at famine price. So successful has been their competition that Massachusetts has, by state legislation, established great textile schools, and the mills of New England have been changing over to a greater variety and a finer grade of goods, involving a two-thirds reorganization of the machinery in many of the factories.

There are many people in the North who cannot understand why this should be so. At best, they say, the competition will not be permanent, and conditions will adjust themselves when legislation in the South has shortened the hours of labor and restricted the employment of children, and when labor unions have raised the scale of wages.

In time all this will be true, for it is an evolution that follows in every newly established industry; but a recent study of the situation in the South leads me to these conclusions: The South is not dependent upon its long hours alone; it has a greater advantage in cheaper fuel and lower freight rates; child labor, so often discussed in the North, represents an insignificant item in the profits, and is encouraged by the parents, who themselves work in the mills; the labor union is not yet a factor in any mill town, and need not be so long as the mill managers continue to be the dominant factors in the villages, and the moulders of their public opinion.

In the matter of banking facilities and business credit the northern corporations enjoy resources that the South cannot hope to grasp, and there is a class of skilled labor in the North that will not go South; but against this you have coal mined and cotton picked within the very state where it is consumed; lower shipping rates across the country to reach the China trade; lower taxes — now an important item in the North—and legislation easily controlled, because of the extensive local investments in the industry.

One Massachusetts corporation operating mills in Georgia in order to save the trade once secure to its northern plant has found that the saving in fuel alone amounts to nearly two and one half per cent. on its capital stock annually, and that the saving in taxes is from one to one and one half per cent.; while added to these are the advantages of the freight rates, the longer hours and the lower wages.

But the peculiar advantages of these new southern mill towns, sprung up within the decade as though the seeds of old New England factory days had been blown to these fertile valleys, there to take root by less turbulent streams; populated almost entirely by upland whites who for a century had watched their cotton grow without a dream of

seeing it manufactured into cloth within the borders of their own counties; unhampered by local laws, because in many cases still unincorporated, and owing their sobriety to the one man power of the agent; vieing with one another in hospitality and friendly rivalry, such as marked the growing West a generation ago,—the peculiar advantages of these towns, I repeat, can be appreciated only at short range.

The great war left, beyond the circle of the old plantation owner and his former slave, a great class of upland whites; tillers of small farms and owners of unpainted "shacks;" Americans by blood and traditions, but poor in worldly goods; accustomed to long hours of toil, but gaining neither comforts for themselves nor education for their children from it. And thus did they remain, often mortgaged year after year to the country store from which they drew their supplies, until the cotton mill was built, with its new homes for the employes, and cash wages for those who were willing to learn its ways.

Is it surprising that families "hitched up" their mules and piled into their carts both the household goods and the children; or that they were willing to journey from twenty to sixty miles to reach such a town; or that this assorted load was driven directly to the mill gates, its occupants to offer their services *en masse?*

"All that we ask is to be let alone," a Georgia mill man, himself the descendant of a distinguished southern family, said to me. "We know our people, and we understand how to gain their friendship. Because we are operating at a third less expense than in the North, it does not mean that we are unfair to them, or that we are forcing their children into our mills. Do not study the mill town here by the mill city of the North, but rather by the conditions from which these people have come. Give us the credit for raising up the South, and giving the upland white a chance denied to him before."

"We-uns all worked together on the farm, an' I reckon we kin here," said a spinner, who sat with his wife and three children eating their dinner beneath a peach tree in a mill yard. The argument was a fair one to his mind. The children had worked with their parents early and late upon the farm, and the latter could not understand the ethics of a divided responsibility now. I might go further into this subject and tell of recent cases where the operatives have used their influence against the passage of child labor laws.

What took place in the model mill town in New England seventyfive years ago is being repeated in the South today. The mill managers are not only building tenements for their people, but schools and churches; are introducing lectures and libraries, electricity and ice plants, barbecues and athletic sports.

And a very significant fact is this, that as rapidly as possible the northern agents and superintendents are being replaced by men of southern birth, who understand the native "help," and know how to manage it. In the hands of these men are the laws of the mill towns. Younger in the majority of cases than the mill men of the North, reared in counties where the strong hand of the citizen often enforces the violated statute of the state, they do not hesitate to drive the vagrant from their settlements, break up the illicit still, curb the negro, administer personal punishment upon the insubordinate white, and keep a general eye upon the county elections. In return for this service they enjoy a popularity almost unknown in the mill city of the North today, and are able to serve, first hand, their corporations.

The personal side of all this is fascinating, but beyond the province of this article. It is the story of the aroused

individual, and that carries with it the story of the aroused South. No longer is the cotton all shipped far beyond the border of the states in which it has been grown. One third of all that is raised in the four great cotton mill states of the South is now spun and woven within its own mills, to the double enrichment of the people. Can the northern textile wage earner do otherwise than ponder these facts?

And what of the northern operative today? Here again the personal consideration of the question is filled with a human interest that lends a glamour to the story of toil. Long ago the New England farm ceased to send its sons and daughters to the cotton mill. Many years ago the Canadian had ceased to be classed as a foreigner. While the upland white has been migrating to the southern mill town, there have come to New England, even from as distant lands as the New England cloths have reached, a new stream of workers for the mills: the Greek from the towns beyond Athens; the Pole from Russian and German rule; the Armenian from the Turkish provinces; the Portuguese from the mist wreathed Azores; the Italian from the sunny bay of Naples; and beside these, Russians, Roumanians, Austrians, Scandinavians—men and women almost without number. I have even found in a Massachusetts cotton mill a Mohammedan from "Jerusalem the Golden," and another who, deserting a hand loom in a garden of Damascus, left the caravan trail that leads to Mecca and journeyed to America that he might work in one of the wonderful mills concerning which he had read, and for a wage beside which the pay of a weaver of rugs on a Syrian hand loom was as a discarded date stone to an orange.

So, as the keen brain of the northern manufacturer, alive to the competition of the eager South, plans finer textiles that shall keep his mills running at a profit, his eye does not fail to note this incoming tide of men, each anxious, like the upland southerner, to work diligently for a wage that is far above what he has ever received before.

There are those who see in this the passing of the old New England operative. Whether this be so or not, there is, to my mind, a most picturesque view in the thought that the whole earth is giving of its spinners and weavers to populate anew the cotton mills of historic New England.

[*Editor's Note—In the September National Mr. MacBrayne will write of "Some Types of the New South," presenting the hopeful aspects of the industrial situation in that section,—telling how the coming of the cotton mills is emancipating the "poor whites" of the upland farms from ignorance and sloth, so creating in the strongholds of black population a great middle class of prosperous white wage workers.*]

"THE WOODS THAT BRING THE SUNSET NEAR"

The wind from out the West is blowing,
The homeward-wandering cows are lowing,
Dark grow the pine woods, dark and drear,—
The woods that bring the sunset near.

When o'er wide seas the sun declines,
Far off its fading glory shines,
Far off, sublime, and full of fear,—
The pine woods bring the sunset near.

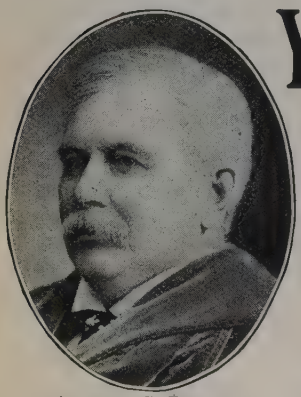
This house that looks to East, to West,
This, dear one, is our home, our rest;
Yonder the stormy sea, and here
The woods that bring the sunset near.

Richard Watson Gilder

The Modern Muses of Illinois

By POULTNEY BIGELOW, M. A., F. R. G. S.

Author of "White Man's Africa," "Children of the Nations," "History of the German Struggle for Liberty," etc.



ANDREW S. DRAPER,
President, University of Illinois.

YOU and I, dear friend, who were reared in the academic shade of the Atlantic seaboard, used to dwell complacently on the fresh, breezy, progressive spirit pervading the New England colleges,—we used to smile patronizingly at the venerable traditions of Oxford and Cambridge. But as for the educational institutions to the west of us —the new universities beyond the Alleghanies— they were mere mushroom affairs, at least to us. We used to think of their students occupied in milking cows or driving a steam plow: never for a moment did we dream that the time would come when the state universities of half a dozen prairie commonwealths would not only do what our universities regard as their peculiar specialty, but would do many things excellently which the older universities affect to ignore as lying outside the province of a dignified curriculum.

When the German emperor came to the throne, in 1888, the University of Illinois numbered 377 students all told. Today she has 3,250 on her rolls—the result of a steady, healthy increase from year to year. She grants the usual degrees for those who desire to become lawyers and doctors, although she has no school for clergymen; nor has she an art school. Those who wish a purely literary and philosophical course can be gratified, for the dead languages and the usual subjects inherited from our school men of the middle ages are taught. But such as seek these fine flowers of academic learning should, I venture to think, study rather at Harvard in the spirit of Emerson and Longfellow, Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The University of Illinois speaks more sympathetically to the man who is baring his arms for wrestling with the more material problems of the moment.

This is not by way of intimating that scholarship as understood by our fathers is not an excellent thing—indeed it is the most satisfactory topping to our civilization—a most essential qualification for those called upon to lead our minds from time to time up into the higher regions of spiritual peace. It would be a sad day for our race when scholarship ceased to be cultivated for its own sake; it would mean a degeneration of public sentiment, a lower standard of thinking in our public men, our editors, our clergymen, our men who interpret the law.

At Illinois University the first thing that struck me was the academic motto—not written in a dead tongue, but in letters that all could understand—our mother tongue. We who have been brought up at school to think that a saying can be wise only when it is obscure, must receive something of a shock at finding such a sentence as *Learning and Labor* carved over the entrance to a university, instead of a Latin aphorism. Even our illustrious Fathers of the Repub-

lic were so much under the dominion of the so called classics that they put a Latin text into the beak of the American eagle—as though there was no English equivalent for *E Pluribus Unum*.

Then, too, Illinois University has a crest corresponding to her needs—not a mediaeval armorial design—not even the head of Pallas Athene—no, her crest contains symbols of our progress today—the plow, the anvil, the labor saving machine. An open book is also amongst the emblems—fit witness to the broad fact that here the work of hand and brain go together.

The lad who comes to Urbana for his college education—Urbana being the little university town—must have passed his high school examinations; that is to say, he must show a fair proficiency in English language, literature, history, mathematics, modern languages and some Latin and Greek. There may be difference of opinion as to whether the requirements for entering at this and similar universities is as high as at Yale or Harvard, but in general it may be broadly stated that the students in each case are of about the same average ages, and that they are prepared to dedicate the subsequent four or five years to persistent and progressive study under competent professors, and ultimately to obtain academic degrees qualifying them to practice several different kinds of professions or callings with success.

The great charm of Illinois University to me is the honesty with which it announces exactly what it proposes. In our old universities we regard a science as valuable in proportion as it is useless. We lay great stress upon studying the topography and commercial relations of ancient Greece or Palestine, but should regard it as quite undignified if we made an equally exhaustive study of the Mississippi valley and its relations to the rest of the modern world. At college in my time we were taught to understand all about the battles of Romans and Carthaginians, Persians and Greeks; but as to the growth and problems of modern Europe we remained as densely ignorant as the red indians. In my time we were compelled to cram down an obsolete system of pseudo philosophy which has lain heavy on our spiritual digestion ever since. We were loaded down with abbreviations of text books covering the whole terminology of science: chemistry, physics, mineralogy, paleontology—heaven knows how many more ologies were lined up ahead of us on a sort of an intellectual "quick lunch" counter. We nibbled a bit of each—we remembered what each looked like—we wrote something about each in our examination papers—and we graduated with the magnificent conceit that we were "IT" and knew it all.

Those of us who retired to our native villages have lived in happy consciousness of having mastered all science and literature. The others who have had to go out into the rough world and measure ourselves with the real things of life very quickly waked up to the bitter truth that we had been mainly crammed with shams, and that before we could make any real progress we had to begin at the beginning and learn it all over again.

One of the most interesting of courses at Illinois is entitled *Training for Business*. Under this head are included a variety of correlated courses such as modern history, commercial geography, the development of banking, modern transportation and the study of the problems connected with strikes, trusts, etc. The young man whose father is mayhap the president of a railway, and who himself aspires to follow in his father's steps, may here not only receive a liberal education in the ordinary sense, but he may into the bargain follow courses directly

fitting him to deal with such questions as his father has been seeking to unravel. He will be allowed not only to learn how the Greeks, Romans, Phœnicians and Egyptians managed their intercourse, but he will study as well the development of railway intercourse in Europe and this country. He will be enlightened regarding the different systems in vogue; he will discuss the question of state ownership; he will have to pass examinations on the laws affecting railways,—not that he expects to turn lawyer, but that he may know how to employ lawyers wisely. He will have to go into the machine shops, in the garb of the mechanic, and there learn the secrets of the locomotive, from the art of shoveling coal to that of repairing a boiler. He will have to take machinery to pieces and then put it together again. He will have to learn all the intricacies of signaling—of switching—of engineering; in short, when he finishes his four years and secures his degree as bachelor of science he will not only have had an academic education fit to match that usually provided east of the Alleghanies—he will have learned many things of real value — things which he will not have to unlearn.

At Illinois I found a vast plant of machinery that reminded me of a World's Fair—for the machinery was up to date—just the kind of machinery that the students would be called upon to handle after graduation. This department of the university is of course exceedingly expensive—quite the most expensive, I should say. It speaks volumes for the excellence of the training here secured, that the money for this branch of work is never wanting, although state legislatures have not the reputation of being liberal givers.

Machines are not romantic things save to those who understand them. The machine has a language of its own; it has a life whose pulse can be felt by the man who will take pains to live sympathetically. Two machines of identical structure and force will do varying work, according to the man for whom that work is being turned out. I have a canoe with which I hold conversations—a little craft that speaks to me of what is coming—that warns me against rocks and shallows, that tells me what is happening at night. My canoe understands me perfectly, and yet when I try to explain this to a landsman I am put down as a crank. But no machinist will laugh at me for what I have said. I have seen men petting their machines—talking to them—telling them what they wished to accomplish—sharing with them their hopes. Believe me, the man who does not talk to his machine can get little out of it. You must talk to your horse if you want to get the best out of it—and a machine has lots of blood and life in it, albeit we can't see it.

In one of the Illinois University machine shops was a brass plate affixed to an automatic cutting machine which had been presented by the family of a student named Adams, who had recently gone to his long sleep. This brass plate was a commemorative tablet. It was the first I had ever seen affixed to a piece of modern machinery. It was to mark the fact that the man who was no more had loved the machine—had spoken its language—that his spirit would follow it through its life, as the spirit of a scholar haunts the book shelves in his study. Before that machine commemorating the name of young Adams I stood some time in wondering reverie. Am I not voicing the feeling of the reader, when I venture to assert that no more appropriate place could have been found for such a memorial?

I was latterly wandering through the famous Campo Santo of Genoa,

where many generations of the dead are called to mind by marble statues of mainly allegorical character. Of them all the one that arrested my attention most completely represented an old lady with a basket in one hand and a pretzel held out in the other. This lady had amassed a small fortune by the sale of bakery ware on the street corner, and was so little ashamed of the honest toil she had performed that she left a will to the effect that her monument should be a lesson to the passerby, teaching the dignity of honest labor.

This course in business training has a faculty of men well equipped for the work. It was my good fortune to meet several of them on the evening of my arrival. They were all men of travel as well as culture,—graduates of the old universities,—men who had complemented their American study by a course of special work with the most eminent authorities of Germany.

If we look closely at the methods here put into practice we shall see that there is nothing startlingly radical or even novel in what I am attempting to describe. This university simply seeks to do for American students what German universities do for theirs—that is, equip them for filling some honorable and lucrative position when they graduate. Germany demands a university degree for nearly all official advancement — the academic course leads directly to a salaried post and steady promotion. On the other hand the degree of most of our Eastern universities is but an empty title—it cannot be said to lead directly to any employment; on the contrary, there are many very shrewd employers who regard a college course as the spoiling of many a good man.

In Germany the bulk of educated men go into the government service, either directly or indirectly—even the medical and legal professions are very largely influenced by government. With us, however, the bulk of our young men leave college to go into some form of business for which college has helped them to a scarcely perceptible degree. In other words, while Germany has been adapting her scholarship to the requirements of those desiring to advance their worldly interests, our old colleges have stood still, have lost touch with the requirements of the country. Hence it is that the great colleges of the middle West have been drawing to themselves, more and more, the academic recruits who in a past generation would have been drawn to the elms of dear old Yale or the bucolic pasture of Princeton.

It is the glory of this prairie university that she has detected the romance of commerce, as she has woven sentiment about an automatic cutting machine. Her professor of commerce takes his students to the ends of the earth and initiates them into the mysteries of exchange in the markets of Calcutta and Singapore, Java and Cape Town. The students have to learn the history and institutions of strange races in order to understand the best means of satisfying their demands. For this course not only are there professors who are keenly alive to modern movements, but from time to time special lecturers are heard,—men at the head of great railways, great machine shops, great manufacturing concerns. Robert Louis Stevenson tells us how fervidly he scrutinized the goods hoisting out of a deep-sea craft—how the smell of tar quickened his senses; how his spirit flew under such influence to far away countries, strange regions, exciting adventures. He felt the romance of commerce, we have all felt it at times. Yet our school teachers have done their best to stifle this noble passion by seeking to resolve it into a column of statistics.

Books might be written about the separate departments of this interesting

seat of learning. For instance, what poems could I not indite to the classes in domestic economy—the ladies who are qualifying to make the home of the future not merely a thing of comfort and culinary delight, but a thing of beauty as well. The chemistry of foods is here taught practically—the future mother will have worked faithfully in a laboratory in order to know exactly what is and is not food. Then she will know perfectly how food should be prepared. And along with this she will have had courses in furnishing a house, building it, heating it, the selection of wallpaper, the art of decorating it,—hundreds of little things which seem trifles to stupid men. Nor need we think that such a course is simply for a nurse or a housekeeper, for parallel with this goes a broad, four years course of general study, including history, mathematics, literature,—a course on the whole wisely mapped out and comparing favorably with the courses at the older colleges for girls.

Then I had almost forgotten to dwell upon the marvelously complete course in agriculture which, in my humble opinion, should form part of the education of every gentleman's son. This course fits the owner of broad acres to understand the means of increasing the value of his land. If he notes that some acres do not yield satisfactorily, he here learns how to analyze that soil and therefrom to deduce a remedy in the shape of some fertilizing agent.

And please bear in mind that in these different courses there is no mere slovenly short cut to a degree. Each student must fulfill his whole duty in a four years course. Two of these years are pretty much the same for all; and during those first two years military drill is compulsory by law of the state. There is a handsome and very commodious drill hall, and the instruction is in artillery as well as infantry tactics. The law of the state provides that the governor can appoint graduates of this university to commissions in the state militia—a step in the right direction.

As to the effect of coeducation—that subject is too large to enter upon at present. I hear about as much on one side as on the other, and the opinions expressed depend largely upon our previous views of life, rather than upon any statistical information available. Personally, I feel that there should be no old maids nor bachelors. The higher education of women appeals strongly to old maids. At present, I dare not say whether it does or does not directly promote singleness. At any rate, whatever our view may be on the subject, it is well that the subject should be tested thoroughly before action should be invited one way or the other. This much may, however, be stated with some confidence: that the dangers predicted by people of European habits have proved to be chimerical. So far as my personal experience goes—say at such institutions as the universities of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Cornell, Northwestern, Chicago and kindred ones, I could discover nothing to countenance the proposition that young ladies suffered in their maidenly modesty through daily work at a university of this character.

So long life and happiness to you, young ladies of Urbana. For your fellow man student I have naught but envy.

Education, like the tariff, is more or less a local issue, anyway. Fit a man to enjoy his work and he is pretty well educated—humanly speaking.

Arthur McIlroy

An Eye for an Eye

By EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

Author of "The Love Story of Abner Stone"

JACK STAPLETON did not come home on the day set, and two people were very much put out thereby.

One of these was Colonel Stapleton. He sat alone in his law office that hot July afternoon, with his high hat tilted back on his bald head, one hand grasping his hickory stick with the stag horn head and the other manipulating at intervals an already soggy bandana kerchief. The Colonel's imperial-adorned chin was buried in the white stock which he always wore, in open and flagrant defiance of the changing laws of dress, and his gray eyes stared sternly at the sun baked stretch of courtyard revealed by the open door near which he sat. His white stock was ruffled—as was his temper—but he didn't know it,—for that stock was his pride. He "came of an old and honahed fam'ly, suh! His grandfather wore a stock and his father wore a stock, and he wore a stock because he would not dare violate such an honahed precedent. Fashion is for fools, suh! Stocks are for southern gentlemen!" This was the reply with which he had silenced a would-be dress reformer.

This afternoon in July Colonel Stapleton was in trouble—deep trouble. Jack should have been back yesterday, and Jack was a crank about keeping his word; he was never a minute late in keeping an appointment. "You may know that they've got me if I'm not here two weeks from this morning," he had said, jocularly, as he told his father goodbye a fortnight ago yesterday. And today Colonel Stapleton was wondering very seriously if they had "got him." It was more than probable, because here was one day of grace over half gone, and he had not come. But there was nothing to do but wait, and at the thought the Colonel's heart grew heavy, for he loved his boy—the only human tie he had.

It was at this point in his meditations that his straightly-staring eyes were attracted by some object moving along the street just beyond the iron fence enclosing the courtyard. A glimpse of color through the leaves of the maples was all he saw, then whoever it was became hidden behind the bulk of the court house. But the Colonel guessed enough to make his florid face assume a deeper tinge, and to cause him to recross his legs and to mop his shining forehead for the hundred and first time. "Oh Lord!" he groaned, "what'll I tell her?" Around the corner of the court house came a trim, dainty figure, clad in pink flowered muslin which had an airiness about it suggesting cool comfort; wearing a sailor hat with a rakish tilt, and carrying a blue parasol with a flounced trimming around its edge. There was no retreat, for this apparition had already seen him, and was headed straight for his office door. The Colonel's gallantry was at par with his pride in his stock, and he rose to the occasion—literally—and removed his high hat. He even advanced to the steps of his office and took the small hand held out to him in greeting, and he retained it, too, until its owner reached the floor.

"Sit down, Lucy; sit down!" and he hustled about for the best chair he had, which was splint bottomed, and had one rung gone. "*Terrible* hot day, ain't it? I'm glad to see you, child, but you ought to be asleep this time o' day. I'd pretty near dozed off when I heard you comin'. No cases to fight now, you know—too hot for people to think of their troubles, and so we fight the weather and the flies. How well you look!"

The Colonel had found a chair for himself by this time, and wiping his streaming face for the hundred and second time, he smiled approbation at his visitor.

"Oh, thank you, Colonel Stapleton!" returned that young lady. "You are always so ready with your compliments, and a woman never gets too old to enjoy them." Then, with a sudden darkening of the pretty face—"Colonel Stapelton, *what* has become of Jack?"

"Blamed if I know!" was on his tongue, but he caught the explosion in time, and muttered to himself, in mortal terror — "O Lord! I'm goin' to have a scene!"

Now a "scene" was the Colonel's especial abomination, and consisted wholly and entirely in a woman crying from distress. This he could not stand. It had lost him more than one case in court, for he always retreated precipitately and ignominiously and left the field in possession of the enemy. He was stern enough in his dealings with men, and fought bitterly and skilfully every case he undertook, but when a scene took place his immediate usefulness was ended.

"He's all right, Lucy; he's all right!" was the Colonel's audible reply, spoken in a bland and persuasive tone. "Jack's not a youngster in the business, you know, and he's up to all their tricks. He's just a day late, and he may step in any minute."

"But he was never late before, sir," insisted the young lady, glancing out of the door to satisfy herself that Jack was not coming. "He'd have written, or telegraphed, if—if he'd been free to do so; and I'm afraid they've got him, and if they have, they'll ki-ki-kill him!"

The speech ended in a sobbing cry of distress, and a brown head fell forward upon the table, and two streaming blue eyes were hidden in a two-by-four bit of lace.

"Oh, damn it, it's come!" blurted the Colonel, forgetting decorum in his excitement, and rising hastily to his feet. "There, there, little girl, don't cry!" and he patted her shoulder soothingly, while glancing wildly around for he knew not what. "Jack's all right—oh, he's all right, the young fool! To run away this way, and make you cry your pretty eyes out. He's not worth it—the good-for-nothing!"

"Yes — he is! Yes — he—is!" came the muffled, jerky response; "and I'm afraid—he'll—never come back! Oh-h-h-h!" and the Colonel danced on his rheumatic feet and looked at the door as though meditating flight.

"Lucy—here!—quit!—don't carry on that way! If I ever do get my hands on that young rascal! That's a good girl! Sit up, now, and let's talk about it. Here, let me give you some icewater. He's all right, doggone him!"

The young lady permitted the old gentleman to take her by the shoulders and lift her to a sitting posture, when the icewater and the soothing words of the Colonel combined to work a reform at once.

"Why—hasn't he come, then?" she asked, plaintively, and her lower lip began to tremble.

"Hold on now—hold on!" burst in the Colonel. "Give him a chance. The train may have been wrecked, you know. His horse may have fallen on him—anything. Come along now, and I'll walk home with you. No use of me staying down here sweltering when I can sit in a chair under a tree."

Miss Beckwith obediently picked up her parasol and wiped her eyes, and a few minutes later she and the Colonel were walking up the street side by side. At the gate opening into her yard they stopped, and the Colonel delivered himself of a final, convincing speech.

"Jack's all right, and I'm not worried a bit, and he's my son. He'll be here

tonight or in the mornin', but if he don't come back"—with a twinkle in his eye and a return of his naturally buoyant manner—"if he don't come back I'll marry you myself, by the shades of Lee and Jackson! But they haven't got him. Goodbye; don't worry!"

II

But they had got him.

It was a case of the biter bitten; the trapper trapped. There was a very potent reason why Jack Stapleton did not get back home on the day set. For the very moment in which he had counted on greeting his sweetheart, after another victorious return from a moonshine quest, he was sitting in a log cabin in the heart of the Kentucky mountains with his hands tied behind his back, and the prospect of a speedy death before him.

It had been the toughest piece of work ever given him, but in the revenue business a man cannot choose his task, and had it been left to his choice Jack Stapleton would have accepted this adventure. News came to him one day that a hidden still was doing a thriving business in this part of the world. His duty was to find it, destroy it and its product, and arrest the man or men who operated it. For such work Uncle Sam was paying him; for such work he had gladly given up the thought of law, for his blood ran a little too swiftly to sit in a stuffy room and pore over the dry-as-dust leaves of Blackstone. He had been successful,—highly successful, and his name and face had become known in the mountains. He had killed one or two who had resisted arrest, but that was in the business, and the alternative was his own death. He seldom took a posse; he preferred to work alone. Not so much that all the glory might be his, but there was less danger of discovery, and he could handle himself much better than he could a half dozen men, scarcely ever trained. This was to have been his prize adventure, and he had entered into it with confidence and hope. When he came back from this trip he was to stay at home and be happy with Lucy until the wedding—just three months off. After that, he had promised Lucy to give up his perilous work, because his life would belong to her then, and he would have no right to risk it. He hardly knew how he had failed, but it was due mainly to misinformation. He had left his horse tied in a small gully three miles from the scene of his intended raid, and had started out walking freely and—thinking of Lucy—a little more carelessly than was his custom. He even whistled softly to himself, for he was happy. Then he had heard a voice from behind—"Throw up your hands, Mr. Officer!" He had been betrayed, and his informant was in league with the enemy.

A hard situation to face, but he had to face it. He had been conducted through gloomy hollows and shadowy passes for a long, long way, and then locked up in a cabin with his hands tied behind his back, and told with cheerful irony to make himself comfortable. He did not mind so much the thongs that cut into his wrists and the dark loneliness of his prison. But when he thought of Lucy waiting for him the cold sweat sprang to his forehead, and his mind turned to escape. For four days he was kept in the cabin. The fourth was the one when he should have arrived home. Home! His heart sickened, and he looked around in desperation. Nothing but logs eighteen inches thick, and a small window about half as broad as his square shoulders. A man came once a day and placed some cornbread and beans just inside his door. Then his hands were untied while he ate, but another man stood leaning against the door jamb with a pistol in his hand. He had asked these men what was to be done with him, and they had only grinned and

looked at each other. They were waiting for something or somebody.

Just before dark on the fourth day there was a change. He heard muffled voices outside the door—many of them —and the sound of booted feet passing here and there. The end was coming, and he knew it. At last the door was flung open roughly, and a crowd of montaineers surged into the cabin. One of them lit a pine torch, and stuck it into a crack between two of the logs. Then he came and stood before the prisoner, his feet set wide apart, and his hands thrust into the pockets of his trousers.

"We've got you at last, Jack Stapleton, damn you!" he said, coldly. "Look at me, an' tell me if you know me!"

The man addressed did as he was told, gazing fearlessly at the six feet of meanness towering before him.

"You're Tom Lester," answered Stapleton, quietly, "but you were fifty miles from this part of the mountains when I saw you last."

"Now you said it. They've been waitin' fur me to settle with you. 'Member Bill Lester, don't you?"

"Yes, I killed him for resisting arrest, and I think you have the mark of one of my bullets upon you somewhere."

"Bill wuz my brother," went on the man, "an' you killed 'im. Now whut you suppose I'm goin' to do with you?"

Stapleton was silent, for the scarcely veiled threat needed no interpretation.

"But I ain't goin' to murder you like you did Bill," came the hard voice again. "You're goin' to be tried by jedge an' jury, an' git yer sentence fa'r. Now we'll call court."

The speaker turned and addressed a friend.

"Sim, stan' up thar an' be the jedge; you other fellers jist hang aroun' anywhar fur the jury. I'm the lawyer pleadin' this case, and the pris'ner kin make his own defense, I reck'n."

In a short time the men within the room had grouped themselves into a semblance of order, with some coarse talk and jesting. Sim stood up by the big fireplace to act as judge. The prisoner was told to come forward and occupy a chair in the center of the room, which he did, without a word. Then a bottle was passed around to dispel any stray bit of sentiment that might creep into the minds of the jury, and everything was ready. Tom Lester took a stand a little to one side, and wiping his black beard with the back of his hand, began:

"Yer honor, an' gentlemen uv the jury. The case set fur this evenin' gives the pris'ner a damn pore show. Nearly a year ago me an' my brother Bill wuz makin' a' hones' livin' off to the south-'rds yonder, when one night a man broke into our camp with a gun in each han'. He tol' us to s'render. Bill showed fight, an' got a bullet in his head. Then I run, but thar's a long mark on my back to show whar the bullet passed that wuz sent after me. The man whut killed Bill—ye all knowed Bill—sets before this court. Gentlemen uv the jury, I'm done!"

No one save Stapleton had seen the wild, pretty face of a girl peeping in at the doorway while this convincing harangue was being delivered. She was there but a moment, but Stapleton saw a look of hate gather in her face when her eyes rested upon the man who was speaking, and she caught the import of his words. Then her face melted in the shadows, and Sim was saying pompously:

"Pris'ner at the bar, the court sets ready to hear your say!"

Stapleton arose quietly, and his white face and well kept appearance made strong contrast to the dark, hairy visages and uncouth forms about him.

"My friends," he began, in a low, steady voice, "I don't know that there is

any use for me to say anything. You know who I am, and you know my business. I am an officer of the United States, whose laws you all violate and defy. In the exercise of my duty, I killed Bill Lester. I was sorry I had to do it, but I was bound by an oath. I was captured four days ago while searching for a moonshine still, operated, doubtless, by one of you men. I shall make no further defense of the charge brought against me. But if you are going to murder me, please be quick about it." He sat down.

"Gentlemen uv the jury, whut's the verdict?" asked Sim.

"Guilty!" was the unanimous reply.

"Then let him die as Bill Lester died!" answered Sim, and moved toward the door.

It was useless to struggle. Strong hands were laid upon him, and Jack Stapleton was led out into the night. It was pitchy dark, but some long-handled torches had been stuck into the ground at intervals, forming a sort of lane to a large oak tree about twenty steps away. To this tree Stapleton was marched in silence; his back was placed against it, and he was bound tightly to the oak. Then the men fell back to witness the fun.

Tom Lester took a position just before the cabin, and began to examine his Winchester. He would raise it and sight down the barrel at the white forehead gleaming against the bark of the oak, then lower his weapon and laugh, or address a comrade, delaying his revenge.

Stapleton had braced himself for his fate. After a brief prayer, he had shut his eyes and summoned the vision of Lucy before his mind as he had last seen her, and waited.

"Sh-h-h-h!"

The sibilant sound came faintly to his ears. Then he heard a low voice behind the tree.

"I've got a grudge 'gin Tom Lester sich as no woman ever forgits. Yer ropes are cut! There's a hoss not ten yards off, an' I know the way! Watch yer chanct; be quick!"

The sharp report of a rifle awoke the still night, and fragments of bark flew from a spot not two inches from Stapleton's cheek.

"Skeered ye that time, did I?" yelled Tom Lester. "Wait a minute; the next time ye won't feel it, neither, 'cause it'll go between yer eyes!"

But when the mountaineer again raised his Winchester, it was only to gaze at the bare trunk of the oak.

As Stapleton stepped quickly behind the tree he felt a knife glide between his wrists and his arms swing free. Then a small, nervous hand grasped his, and he yielded to its guidance. He was already astride the horse when a hoarse shout of rage came from the direction of the cabin.

"Me, too!" whispered the girl, clinging to his sleeve. "They'll kill me ef they find out I done it."

The young officer leaned down, caught her around the waist, and swung her to the saddle in front of him. He felt her take the reins, so he held her firmly to his breast with both hands as they sped out into the pitchy night together.

* * * *

"You had a narrow escape, you young whelp!" stormed Colonel Stapleton, when Jack had finished his story. "And if you hadn't come back, I'd 've married Lucy myself, by the shades of Lee and Jackson!"

"The only moonshine hunts I'll take now will be out on the lawn with you, Lucy," said Jack, as they passed out the door side by side.

"Jack," returned that young lady, "you didn't *kiss* her, did you, when you rode away that night with your arms around her?"

Vacation Days at Tuskegee

By JOHN S. DURHAM

IN the last of his "Sunday Evening Talks" in the chapel of Tuskegee Institute, at the close of the school year, Principal Booker T. Washington made a characteristically practical appeal to those of the students who were about to disperse to their homes. He said that the desire to show their parents some of the benefits of the Tuskegee education was most commendable. Warning them against mere show, the resort of the vain and superficial, he continued:

"Now, I believe that the best way that you can show to your parents, to your relatives, to your friends, as you go home, that you have begun to receive an education here, is to begin doing something the minute you go home. Do not wait to find that which you would most like to do, but begin with the first thing handy. If you go to your fathers' farms — and I trust many of you will go to your fathers' farms — if you find your father working in the cotton field, take a hold and relieve him. If you find your father ploughing, take a plough and assist him. If one of you girls on reaching home should find your mother cooking, go into the kitchen and help her. If you find your mother washing and ironing, do not be ashamed to lend your services in that direction. Show them that you have learned the value of time, that you have learned the gospel, the sweetness, of labor. I am very anxious that you show your education by being useful, especially to your parents, especially to those who are near you."

This was to those who were about to leave school for three months, who were to be beyond the direct Tuskegee influence during the vacation days. Those who were to remain on the Tuskegee grounds were not to look for "the first thing handy."

Five hundred and sixtytwo young men and women worked steadily at Tuskegee all last vacation. I arrived immediately after the commencement exercises and saw this little army of workmen begin their vacation. During the school year they had worked with books and tools. The day after commencement, amid the excitement of leave-taking with upwards of a thousand of their schoolmates, they set themselves to tasks as carefully planned for them as had been their course of study for the school year. For vacation at Tuskegee means working with tools alone.

It is not mere manual training for general education purposes. Yet the general educational value in results can scarcely be estimated. Every student there is either an apprentice or a journeyman, actually making something that shall stand on Tuskegee ground as a record of his skill or lack of it. The student digging clay stops on his way home at midday and in the evening to see bricks from his own making going into the making of a building. The workmen at each trade sees constantly the relationship of his contribution of skill and intelligence to the contributions of his fellows in other trades. The elementary but often neglected lesson of the interdependence of work and workers, the mutuality of responsibity, is impressed upon the students at every turn. In fact, the very completeness of the system makes them hammer the lesson into themselves. I noticed only one trade lacking in representation. It was plumbing, a trade whose importance to the negro because it is not necessarily an associated trade, should not be neglected. Still, I saw students stopping leaks and making joints in a way which revealed considerable skill in steam-fitting and one may safely say that the vacation days began at Tuskegee with all the trades represented and that the raw beginner had constantly before him the process of raw material going through all stages of preparation into its place in the finished product. The nailers were very busy, I can testify; and those who were not nailers were as busy as the nailers. The significance of turning loose, throughout the South, young men with that experience as a part of their education, can be measured only by the significance of the fact that they are using the acquisition of one school year to earn the money necessary to start them off into the next school year.

Just here it should be said that the beginning of vacation days finds great activity in the Tuskegee Institute Bank. Doctor Washington established this institution as he does most of the work. He made it fit the immediate needs of students and he is now directing its growth as their needs grow. At present the bank does not lend. It is managed by Mr. Warren Logan, the thoroughly businesslike treasurer of the institution, and Mr. Scott, the principal's efficient private secretary. As vacation days open, there is a run on the bank by students returning to their homes, but those remaining to work immediately begin to deposit their earnings. At no time is the total on deposit less than $7,000.

Sometimes Doctor Washington's lessons of thrift and economy are turned on him and against him; but he takes the experience philosophically as a joke on himself. Alfredo is one of the Cuban students. Alfredo arrived at Tuskegee when the laundry facilities of the school were limited and much of the private work was sent outside of the grounds. Alfredo soon established for himself a laundry agency and easily paid his way out of his commissions. During one of the vacations, Doctor Washington introduced a complete steam laundry equipment with the double object of training the girls and boys and of doing all the work of the school community. When Alfredo returned at the end of the vacation, he met the principal on one of the school streets. It was early in the morning.

"Well, Alfredo," said Doctor Washington, "I don't know what work you can do this season. We have our own laundry now and I fear you will be driven out of business."

"Not if I work harder," said the Cuban confidently.

In the evening, Doctor Washington was asked by one of his assistants whether he would permit competition with the home industry. Alfredo had secured eighteen dollars worth of orders as agent for a steam laundry in Montgomery—and this on his first day of "working harder."

So, at the threshold of vacation time, I found the blacksmiths busy at their forges; the shoemaking department busy on new contracts; the wheelwrights meeting the demands of the school farms in the making of all kinds of vehicles, while outside orders clamored for attention, and the draughtsmen making plans for repairs while supervising the work on the new buildings from detail drawings—all executed on the grounds. This industrial work is under the direction of Mr. John H. Washington, a brother of the principal, and a wise and practical superintendent the results show him to be. The fact that the students dug the clay, and made and baked upwards of two and a quarter million bricks and laid them in repairs and new construction on the grounds last year indicates the scale on which the work is done at Tuskegee.

More than a quarter million more bricks were made and sold to outside purchasers and the demand was far in excess of the capacity of the brick yard. On learning this, I asked Mr. Washington about his supply of clay. He says that the neighborhood abounds in the varieties which he showed me in the immediate vicinity of the brick-making machines. It may be that among the various contributions which Tuskegee will make to the prosperity of the neighborhood will be a great new industry. The variety of clay which goes to the making of what is known to the building trade as the Pompeiian brick is in great demand at the North. The highest grade, selected for uniformity in color and hardness, are quoted as high as thirtyfive dollars a thousand. Twentyeight to thirty dollars is the average price for large operations. The clay is there. They can be made in Alabama and sold in New York and Boston at a handsome profit.

Nor is this mechanical work entirely imitative. I saw several things which showed striking originality. I want to refer to three of them. In order to facilitate the work of the brickyard, where each machine turns out from sixty to sixtyfive bricks per minute, Mr. Washington, the superintendent of industries, designed an off-bearing cart. It is light, simple, not expensive to make and remarkable for neatness and despatch with which it does its work.

In the machine shop, a student was perfecting a device for the tapping of water mains while under pressure. The original quality in this appliance lies in the manner in which spindles work through a grinding piston and in the arrangement of glands preventing the escape of water. The device has also a special valve which may be bushed to different sizes of pipes.

Another invention by a student is a reversing gear for locomotives, hoisting or other engines requiring reversing gears. Its special features are its simplicity and its positiveness or directness in action. Only one eccentric is used. The Tuskegee reversing gear is suitable to high speed and low speed engines.

It is to be remarked in passing that this spirit of invention is spontaneous. Tuskegee is not run primarily to give openings to genius. There is no appeal to students to do the unusual. On the contrary, the plan of the school appeals to the plain, every day qualities of the boy who will be a plain working man in the every workday world. Invention, therefore, when encouraged in any department of the work, manifests itself along lines suggested by the needs of the work and not from mere speculative dreaming.

Reverting to the several varieties of clay and the great industry which the large beds indicate for lower Alabama, Tuskegee has made another demonstration recently, one which the owners of lands between the school and Montgomery are studying with deep interest. On the school staff of teachers is George W. Carver, a very interesting personality. Mr. Carver worked his way through the Iowa State Agricultural College, receiving the degree or title of Master of Agriculture when that institution was under the presidency of our present secretary of agriculture. He came to Tuskegee six years ago as instructor of agriculture. He still holds to that modest title; but with a quiet insistence, animated by his thorough scientific training and passion for his specialty, he has really acquired the position of general consulting chemist, dairyman and specialist on soils for all the country around with ambitious men of both races.

Mr. Carver began his vacation days last year by completing a most exhaustive study of lower Alabama clays. He had pointed out the deposits of several varieties to land owners whose families and slaves had been walking and riding over these lands for generations and he had suggested that perhaps they were owners of lands that might prove more valuable than gold fields. Samples were promptly sent to distant chemists and there came back reports filled with chemical formulae. These did not mean much to the laymen and the owners sought Mr. Carver. He took samples. One week after the beginning of the vacation season, he had arranged in clear porcelain cups under glass covers a dazzling array of pure pigments, covering the range of primary colors, all extracted from the clay of lower Alabama. Unctious clays; various oxides, running to ochre; sienna, with low specific gravity, equal in quality to that which we import from England and from Italy—these were there on the Tuskegee laboratory table and the layman could interpret their story better than he could the chemists' formulae. This story is told to every man who owns land in southern Alabama. It is told by the modest, thoroughly scientific negro instructor of a negro school. The only color problem that seems to bother the white land owners in consulting with the Tuskegee teacher is whether or not the pigmentary clays exist in quantities sufficient to warrant commercial exploitation and whether the pigments can be extracted at a fair commercial profit.

This neighborhood influence is a very important feature of the vacation period; for the Tuskegee farms are growing what other Alabama farms are growing and Mr. Carver is there to tell visiting farmers why Tuskegee results are better. Doctor Washington was fortunate in finding the site of his little country school in the heart of the bad lands of southern Alabama. While the school has grown into a magnificent institution, awaiting only the money necessary to make it a model for the civilized world, the land is the same old light, sandy stuff, with scarcely any subsoil, which is the despair of white and black farmers for miles around. In describing the general situation, Mr. Carver recently wrote:—

"The average southern farm has but little more to offer than about one third of a cotton crop, selling at two cents and three cents per pound less than it cost to produce it, together with the proverbial mule, implements more or less primitive, and frequently a vast territory of barren and furrowed hillsides and wasted valleys. Another mortgage may have been added as an unpleasant reminder of the year's hard labor. The southern farmers, as a whole, have been too slow to admit that the one crop and primitive implements are quite out of harmony with the new, up to date methods and machinery. Alabama, my own fertile and beautiful state, the land of my choice, fraught with so many charming possibilities—dealt me out this sort of breakfast some mornings ago: Breakfast bacon from Kansas, grits from Massachusetts, flour from Nebraska, oranges from Florida and sugar from Louisiana—the milk and butter being the only things produced at home. In this connection it is not unusual to see so-called farmers drive to town weekly with their wagons empty, and return with them full of various kinds of produce that should have been raised on the farm."

Dr. Washington selected Mr. Carver to make object lessons for the farmers of the neighborhood, lessons which Tuskegee boys should take out to other sections of the South on graduation. One of the most impressive of these lessons is the experimental farm, within walking distance of Mr. Carver's laboratory. Sixteen varieties of cotton, the staple of the neighborhood, are here under systematic cultivation and each plot of ground has its complete record in the laboratory. The visiting farmer sees the plant growing. He then learns what fertilizers have been used, at what cost, and to what rotation of crops Mr. Carver has resorted in order to improve the land. Then he sees the record of improvement of each plot, year by year, during the past six years. Then to make the lesson complete, there is the one plot of typical land of the neighborhood which has been treated just as the average farmer of the neighborhood treats his land. That is

to say, it has been practically let alone. The record of this plot's cost and output is put side by side with the cost and output of the other sixteen plots and the vacation lesson of Tuskegee is complete.

In order to give an illustration of the startling impression made by this contrast, I will illustrate the experimental farming of sweet potatoes. The plot which was farmed after the manner of the neighborhood, no better and no worse, produced forty bushels of sweet potatoes to the acre. The average of the other plots after six years treatment at moderate cost was two hundred and sixty bushels to the acre. One experimental plot, treated intensively and at greater cost, produced four hundred bushels to the acre. Here, too, the originality of the student is allowed free sway. I saw one plot which had been given to a student at his own request. He had devised a plan for early cultivation and had transplanted melons, tomatoes and other garden truck with a view to getting his product two weeks ahead of the other gardens of the neighborhood—ahead of Tuskegee Institute gardens. He had done all his work unaided and Mr. Carver told me that, from the condition of the fruit and the vegetables at that time, he was sure the boy would succeed.

From the car windows of the Southern Railway system in going south from Washington, one is impressed with marks of a general improvement. Fences are in a better state of repair than they were eight years ago when I last visited Tuskegee. Barns are painted. Factories have been built and they seem to be busy. Long freight trains on sidings with their variety of machinery and general merchandise confirm the impression. Nowhere else in the section, however, is there any sight more inspiring in its promise for the future of the South than this work at Tuskegee Institute. It is the object lesson for the section. It tells the people what they should do and shows them by doing it. Every man and woman of the South, whatever his position in life or his complexion, must profit by contact with the burning intensity and the trained intelligence which marks the work of this little community. No statesman, whatever his prejudices, can leave the place after even a cursory examination of the work, without feeling that the nation should be doing throughout the country what private philanthropy is doing at Tuskegee. No farmer can see the system and study the details in stock-raising, dairying and general agriculture on most unresponsive soil without being a better man for the experience. Indeed, the annual conferences of the negro farmers are continued all the year round; for they come in for advice and other assistance whenever they find themselves confronted with agricultural or financial problems.

Three or four years ago, a colored farmer came to consult Doctor Washington. There was a small piece of land near the school, he said, which he thought of buying. It could be bought for a small sum with a merely nominal cash payment. He wanted to know whether the principal regarded it as a good investment. Doctor Washington advised him to buy. He explained that the crops from the land would bear all of the expenses of the place and pay the balance of the purchase money.

"You should bear in mind, too," said the principal impressively, "that as the school grows, all land in the vicinity will increase in value."

This year, in extending the organization of his farm work, the principal found that he needed a certain small piece of ground to square up some of the school lands. He instructed one of his assistants to learn who was the owner and at what price it could be bought. The report was handed in: the owner would call at the office the next morning.

Doctor Washington was astonished to receive a visit from the former purchaser of two or three years ago and the announcement that the land so eagerly sought by the school was the very plot concerning which they had consulted. The owner asked 500 per cent on his investment.

Doctor Washington expressed his amazement and declared the price set to be unreasonable.

"The school has grown and land has increased in value," retorted the owner stolidly. And he was obdurate. And so the bargain was made at his own figure.

That night Doctor Washington was very quiet and thoughtful, though several young people called to make a very charming evening for us. He did not confide his thoughts to me; but I suspected that he was reflecting how one black farmer neighbor had taken well to heart Booker T. Washington's famous talks on the necessity of negro development of those traits which have made the white man succeed in the world of work.

VERSES IN VARIOUS KEYS

LOVE SONGS

THE DIFFERENCE

MADGE had once, in days gone by,
  Ere we wed and some time after,
Just as little sense as I;—
  She was all for fun and laughter.

Now, when I come home to tea,
  Madge seems quiet; fancies, maybe,
If she laughs and jokes with me,
  I'm the one that wakes the baby.

LOVE'S DAWN

IN the olden time I knew
  Her childhood's winsome way,
When we gathered the sweet wild flowers—
  My Flower of the May!

But the fleeting years went on,
  Till it seemed — I scarce know why —
That her mood grew coy and strange,
  And her looks were shy.

Then I deemed her heart was cold,
  Till I saw, through the new disguise,
The depth of passionate love
  In her soulful eyes.

THE BURIED BELLS

UPON a rock, deep down in midmost ocean,
  A time long since, some sweet-toned bells were flung;
And, touched to music by the billows' motion,
  Their tremulous chimes to mariners are rung.

So, in my heart a soft, low strain is springing;
  Across my life what music tones I hear;
A far off note of love today is ringing—
  The memory bells of one sweet bygone year.

Eugene C. Dolson

UN-WON

"WHY are your lips so red, so red?
  And why your eyes so blue?"
She, laughing, tossed her dainty head,
  "Oh! that is naught to you!"

"Your hair is like to burnished gold
  A-glinting in the sun!
I would I had your hands to hold!"
  "You have not either one!"

"Why is it that those lips to me
  Not one kind word will say?"
"Oh wait, oh wait, young man, and see;
  When they are won, they may!"

NO RING

THE village maidens look askance,
  And pretty Clara sews alone;
There is no gladness in her glance,
  Her heart weighs down her breast like stone.

How hateful seems the branches' sway
  Where mated robins nest and sing,
For Almer's ship is far away
  And on her hand no wedding ring.

Such sewing is for happy wives,
  And not for lasses such as she;
And dimly through her tears she strives
  The garment's dainty hem to see.

And while the dreary May drags by
  Her prayers go out across the foam,
That June will speed the good ship nigh
  And bring her sailor lover home.

Oh! swift is now the needle's pace,
  And blithely, too, the robins sing;
For Almer's ship has reached the place,
  And he has brought the wedding ring.

I KNOW NOT WHY

AS toward our bridal home we rode,
  My new-made happy bride and I;

We waited in the street to let
A little hearse go by.

A snow-white hearse, with burden small,
'T was naught of ours within it slept;
Yet as it passed, (I know not why)
My sweet bride's tears down swept.

Before us stretched a joyous way,
Yet, as that little hearse went by,
My sweet bride wept her foolish tears.
But I—I know not why!

A SHADOW

THERE is a something soft and still;
I hear it in the night,
And sometimes in the dewy dawn
Or at the noontide bright.

I feel its noiseless step behind,
But never on before;
It leaves no footprints on the grass,
Or in and out the door.

It follows, follows me, while soft
Its footfalls touch the ground,
A little child that never walked
Nor ever uttered sound.

Oh, wherefore follow, follow me?
Your little grave is green;
I keep the white memorial rose
Its two small stones between.

Is not high heaven wide enough
To yield you paths divine?
Are not the angels bosoms warm,
That you must seek for mine?

Cora A. Matson-Dolson

THIS MAN, THEY SAID, WAS FALSE

I

THIS man, they said, was "false,
For he loved many,—
Rather he seemed to love,
But loved not any."

They loved but one, and knew
No need of more;
Wherefore, when this man came,
They closed the door.

They loved the things that they
Could call their own,—
Wife, bairns, pipes, books—to love
Through usage grown.

II

Beauty was his desire
And his delight;
Beauty of sun by day,
Of stars by night;

Beauty of tone and color,
Curve and motion,—
Whether in laughing maid
Or angry ocean;

Beauty of soul serene
And sweet and strong:—
He knew no other test
Of right and wrong.

This was his crime—he came
At Beauty's call:
Where each one loved his own,
He loved them all.

III

'Twas long ago, and he
Lies fast asleep,
With those who judged him, in
Their Maker's keep.

From the good, honest seed
Of their sane lives,
Sprang other multitudes
Of lords and wives;

From his existence naught
With us remains
Of kith or kin, or any
Worldly gains,—

Only some lawless songs
Young lovers cherish.
Strange! Time saves these, and lets
Grave doctrines perish!

Frank Putnam

Obadiah's Proposal

By CARRIE HUNT LATTA,

Author of "The Love Affairs of James Carrington, Jr."

OBADIAH WESTINGHOUSE hurried down the street through the falling snow. He swung his arms and beat his broad chest to keep warm.

When he reached a long, low house at the end of the street he went close to the door and listened. He heard voices within.

"Guess I'll peek," he whispered, stepping to a window from which a light streamed out.

There was one great room with a low ceiling, a bare floor and whitewashed walls. In one end of the room there was a cook stove, a table and a tall cupboard, the doors of which had panels of shiny, perforated tin. Numerous kitchen utensils adorned the walls, and hanging above the stove were festoons of popcorn and red peppers.

About the middle of the room was a wide fireplace with a high mantel, on which a tall clock, the door of which was adorned with a picture of Martha Washington, done in colors, ticked loudly.

At the far end of the room was a high bed covered with an orange-and-white quilt of the "pretty by night" pattern.

Opposite the fireplace there was a doorway which led into the tiniest of bedrooms. The bed was dressed in white and there were white ruffled curtains to the one little window. Over the bed a picture hung, a picture of a young man with long curls and dressed as a knight. He wore a hat with a plume and was gazing with a look of adoration into the face of a very tall young lady. He was on his knees and held one of the young lady's hands in both his own. Around this picture was a garland of autumn leaves and just under it was a shelf on which there was a small vase filled with wild rose berries and wintergreen with its dark green foliage.

Showing plainly that the room belonged to a girl.

Before the fireplace sat Barbara Ellis and her mother. Barbara, tall and strong, her black eyes blacker with excitement, was reading, in a very loud voice, to her mother, who was very deaf, from a paper which was "fully illustrated" with very large, very black pictures.

Obadiah viewed the scene with satisfaction.

"Barb'ry's a monstrous reader. Never a week passes she don't read The Red Flame Weekly clean through. Out loud, too."

He left the window and going to the door, knocked boldly. Scream after scream pierced the air, and Obadiah, with his face full of fear and wonder, opened the door and entered.

The two women had risen and were standing white faced and terror stricken. Mrs. Ellis was sending forth sharp, short screams with every breath.

"Was it a mouse, Barb'ry?" Obadiah asked. "Whur is it? I'll kill it."

He was taking off his boot to use it as a weapon when he caught sight of Barbara's face. There was a look of disdain in her her eyes.

"A mouse, Obie? Well, I reckon not. I ain't afraid of no mouse."

He pulled his boot on and removed his hat. Mrs. Ellis dropped into a chair and sat, rocking very fast, with a look of disgust on her face. Barbara placed a chair before the fire.

"Set down, Obie, set down. Ain't it cold out tonight! So awful cold I

thought mother'd better not go to meetin', though it ain't often she misses goin'. I was readin' to her. You see, I'd just got to where it said as how he sprung at his throat an' ketched him up to choke him to death—ugh! Just as you knocked an' I thought, wasn't it funny?"

"I couldn't think what ailed the two of you, Barb'ry. I seen you through the winder peaceful 'nough and the next thing I heard such screamin' as never was. I reckon,—"

"Did you come to stay all evenin', Obadiar?" Mrs. Ellis interrupted.

"I 'low I did, ef Barb'ry 'll let me."

"Well, then you'll have to put the paper away, Barb'ry, though I would like to know whether Lester Van Erincourt killed Montague Esthorpe er not. Of all the ketchin' an' holdin' stories I ever heard that's the ketchinest an' holdinest. How's your ma, Obie? The last time you come up she'd just been took with a crick in her back, an' I told Barb'ry that her aunt Loueasy, on her pa's side, that is her pore dear pa's sister, was took with a crick in her neck, which is 'most the same as a crick in her back, an' she died with typher fever the followin' Fall. I think it was in the Fall, yes, I know it was, because her father, that is, Barb'ry's gran'pa, was pickin' apples when they sent fer him, an' a bigger crop of apples I reckon as never was. Sech fine stripey Ben Davises, sech tastey russets an' sech sweet smellin' sheeps' noses, a whole cellar full, that is, after they was put in the cellar. An' Em'ly Hammer, born Tennant, first husband named Stuart an' second one Hammer, had come from Kansas to visit, though she couldn't afford it, and had brung her little boy, a cripple, a awful crippled up child, couldn't feed hisself, afterwards died. I never heard whether he was buried here er out in Kansas, but her sister's child, her as married her cousin,—I said, I reckon your ma 's well, Obidiar. You ain't said whether she's well er not."

"She's middlin', only middlin'," he shouted. But he had the good sense to make his answers as short as possible.

"As I was sayin," he went on, turning to Barbara, "this ain't much of a house, I reckon, bein' old an' of logs, but fer coolness in Summer an' fer warmness in Winter it can't be beat. This here old fireplace all full o' logs of a cold evenin' like this warms me clean through an' makes my insides plum glad."

"It's home, anyhow," the girl answered, looking from one end of the room to the other. "And," she added, "the firelight makes it so cheery like. Which do you like best, Obie, firelight, moonlight er daylight?"

He rubbed his forehead reflectively.

"Well, ef it's cold, th' firelight. Ef I'm out walkin' with a girl, moonlight. But ef I'm workin', daylight."

He turned to her with a look of triumph as if he thought he had given her a wonderfully smart answer. She looked steadily into the fire and made no reply.

"Thinkin' it over," he went on, "b'leeve I like daylight best. You see I've always been more er less fearsome. I guess it's because Ben an' Dave used to scare me so. Dave'd say, 'I seen a bear behind th' woodpile this mornin'.' An' Ben'd say, 'I seen him, too. I've seen bigger, grizzler bears 'n that 'n but never sech a big brown 'n.' An' there I set, shiverin', with my hair raisin' an' Ben 'd say, 'Ma, hadn't Obie better fetch th' wood in afore it rains? An' Ma 'd say 'yes,' never knowin', an' then th' boys 'd slip out an' nearly scare me into fits. That's what makes me so fearsome, I know it is."

"I ain't afraid of nothin'," Barbara answered, holding her hands out to the fire. "I reckon it's because I never had no brothers."

"But you was scared tonight, Barb'ry, you know you was."

"No I wasn't, Obie. I was startled. Ma done the screamin'."

"Well, I know you ain't a coward. I ust to watch you on prayer meetin' night go home by yourself. I wanted to fetch you, but this is th' lonesomest street in town, an' I knowed I'd be afraid to go home. I always carry a few rocks in my pockets, jest to be on the' safe side, you know. W'y, what I come fer, Barb'ry, was to tell you that I got my horse an' dray paid fer, paid th' last cent last evenin' an' bein's it's th' only dray in town, I bet I make money. Of course it's only folks in stories as gets so awful rich, but I bet I make money. I was thinkin'—"

"What's Obidiar sayin', Barb'ry?" Mrs. Ellis asked, tucking the paper from which her daughter had been reading under the cushion of her chair. "I wish to goodness gracious," she went on peevishly, "a eye doctor'd come along. Now here I can't see to read whether he was choked er not. What a awful thing it'd been to be born blind, like Ike Swiggert, but they do say as it was a punishment sent on his pa an' ma' fer bein' so high an' mighty an' lookin' down on th' pore an' needy an' breakin' up well off two er three times. I don't know whether it's so er not, but I don't b'leeve one has to wait till he dies to git proper punishment, but gits it right here on earth. But I do know that your pa's first cousin, Barb'ry, the one as had his arm shot off in th' army—though what anybody wanted to shoot at sech a harmless, well meanin' man fer I'm sure I don't know. He come near dyin',—but what was Obadiar sayin'?"

"He was tellin' me that he's got his horse an' dray paid fer an' thinks he'll make money. But as I was a-sayin', Obie, ain't it queer they never put pore folks in stories? All the stories I ever read was 'bout rich folks; or, if they was jest a little bit pore in th' commencin' of the story they got rich suddint. An' all th' men have sech tall, manly figgers an' all th' wimmin have sech lily white hands. I don't expect I'll ever have no romancin'. I ain't got money er white hands neither one."

"But your ma gits a pension, an' you've got nice big hands, Barb'ry," he answered gallantly.

"I ust to wash 'em in things to make 'em white, but I don't no more. Now I do with 'em jest whatever they is to do. I think doin' th' milkin' of a cold mornin' does more to make 'em purplish than anything else. I scuffed 'em up c'nsid'able this mornin' puttin' hinges on th' cow shed door. I ain't no great shakes at carpenterin'. I—"

"Barb'ry, talk louder. Ef I can't be read to an' can't see to read, I'd ought to be 'lowed to know what's bein' said. It's awful to have th' five talents cut down to three, an' this thing of bein' deef is hard enough to bear without havin' secrets told under my very nose. Oh dear! I'll set so's I can see your jaws move. Mebby that-a-way I can git a word now an' then."

She jerked her chair so that she almost faced the two.

"We ain't talkin' secrets, ma. We ain't got any. I was jest sayin' as how I couldn't carpenter work much."

"You'd ought to be ashamed to tell it, Barb'ry. W'y, after your pa come home from th' army he took up carpenterin', jest come natural to him. Precious few mistakes he made ef he didn't never take no lessons. W'y, th' first carpenterin' work he done was to build a house, a whole house. An' he only made one mistake, fergot th' stair-steps. When th' house was done an' Jabez Templin come home, he'd been called to Ioway to the buryin' of his wife's father an' had left th' buildin' in your pa's hands, he says, 'How do I git up stairs? Whur's th' sta'rway? An' your pa says, 'I plum fergot it, Jabe.' Well, they moved into th' house an' the follerin' spring your pa run a little set o' steps up on th' outside an' they was so pleased. Covered 'em

over so it was so much better'n th' ladder they 'd been usin', 'specially in bad weather. Speakin' of covers, I wish I had th' pattern of that quilt I seen on Jane Stearns' bed th' day of th' funeral there. I never seen sech a purty quilt, never. You could sew on it, Barb'ry, after we'd read th' paper through ever' week. I do jest wonder ef Lester Van Erincourt killed Montague what's-his-name er not? Ef ever a man needed killin' it was that Montague, bein' so deceivin', if han'some; but they might 'a' hung Lester fer it an' that would 'a' been a pity, as he was a uncommon nice man. Your pa got a ticket to a hangin' once, Barb'ry. He aimed to go, but we was expectin' you, or a brother to you, so I thought he'd better stay to home, though I would liked to a' heard about a hangin' from somebody as had seen it with his own eyes. I always had some hard feelin's towards Jim Seely, him as was sheriff an' done th' invitin', fer not sendin' me a invite, when he was one of them three as I've often told you about that was scratchin' over me when your pa, Barb'ry, stepped in an' won me to th' marriage rail. But Jim didn't write none in th' invite, except down in one corner he says, in red ink, 'worse things can happen to a man than hangin',' an' whatever he meant by that I'm sure I don't know, as I should think that nothin' could make a man feel so disgraced he couldn't face his friends as hangin'. What's Obadiar sayin'?"

"He's sayin'," the girl answered, with a bit more color in her cheeks, "as how this is sech a comfortable room, an' how well he likes to come here to set of an evenin'."

"An' why not? With a good hot fire an' enough pension money to buy more wood when this is all gone—th' gover'-ment does tol'ably well by me to give me a livin' even if it is a small one. But your pa only fit four months, when he was shot through the knee. I was sort o' shamed of his limp till he got his pension. It taught me as we pore mortals must take th' bitter with th' sweet. Oh me! But now the pore dear man don't have to limp no more but flies 'round on wings of light, because th' Babtis' preacher as held th' pertracted meetin' when Job Rice was converted, an' a meaner man er a bigger surprise never was, an' when I went to th' babtizin' that night, they put him right under 'fore they was any chance to change his mind; an' when th' preacher an' th' sexton broke th' ice I says to myself, 'I'm glad the water's icy. Job, he needs it.' An' I felt like goin' to th' preacher an' advisin' him to hold him under fer a spell, but I reckon it wouldn't done no good, as it wasn't a month till he was back in his old ways, jest as I told him he'd be th' very next day after th' babtizin'. But I always thought an' I always will think that when they got that man in th' notion of bein' put in th' water, they ought to used warm rain water an' made it soapy, as I 'low it'd been at least sixty year sence,—what did Obadiar jest say, Barb'ry?"

Barbara kept her head turned away as she spoke.

"He was sayin' how — purty — my — hair is.

"An' why not? Didn't I, frum th' time you had any hair till you was growed up, trim it ever' new moon? An' once a month in summer time didn't I wash it in soft water with a egg beat in it? An' in winter time didn't I clean it with coal oil tel it jest shone? 'Tain't ever'body as can clean hair with coal oil, danger of fire, fer two years ago comin' Christmas Susie Stone was goin' to a party an' wanted to look particular nice, though how she could expect to when her nose is allers so red an' her eyes squint so, though she can't help it, pore thing, when she's got as homely a pa an' ma as ever entered th' kingdom together. They died within a day o' each other an'

was buried together an' has one stone fer both, an' I always did think as th' children done it to save, an' I want you to see to it, Barb'ry, as when th' trumpet soundeth fer me, as I've got a stone of my own an' ain't dependin' on nobody else's fer my name an' address. Do talk louder, Obidiar. You set an' whisper—what?"

The young man cleared his throat and blushed red. He pushed his hair from his perspiring brow as he spoke.

"I was sayin' to Barb'ry as how, now I'd got my horse an' dray paid fer an' as how she couldn't leave you, an' this is sech a comfortable place to live in anyhow an' it don't cost much more to keep two as it does fer one,—"

"That's summat as Jim Seely, him as was sheriff an' done th' invitin' to th' hangin' begun, but never got finished, fer somethin', I don't remember what, happened to bother so's he didn't git to ask me to marry him after all, though a man worse in love—but I reckon, Barb'ry, as how you'll never have th' many love 'xperiences like I did; but never mind, as we're layin' by a little to keep you after I'm dead an' gone, pervidin' you don't live too long. You ain't got any style ner fashion 'bout you, an' men does like fashion. When I was your age, Barb'ry, I had three beaux, fine, manly fellers with figgers like Lester Van Erincourt, all of them scratchin' each other's eyes out to get me. I did hear as one of 'em, th' very one as swore he'd kill hisself if I didn't give him a lock of my hair, told your pa a long time afterward, when he'd got mad at him over a job of carpenterin', as how he hoped he'd been happy with that long-tongued vixen he thought he'd been so smart gettin', but he never said it in th' world, fer I asked your pa an' he shuk his head an' says what was I tryin' to stir up a fuss fer? What you got hold of Barb'ry's hands fer, Obadiar?"

The girl drew her hands away quickly.

"Oh mother," she said protestingly.

"Well, I never could bear to see sech lovin' dovein' goin' on 'less I know what it's about. I can truthful say that nothin' like holdin' hands ever happened to me when I was a girl, though I will say that as many as four fine, han'some fellers tried to kiss me once at a party or a house warmin', I don't know which. But I was light colored an' wore my hair in curls, an' wasn't big an' heavy like you, Barb'ry. I wish you'd wear curls. I read a piece once 'bout a girl with a real ugly face marryin' a earl or a prince jest because she had curls. Speak out, Barb'ry, ef you've got somethin' on your mind."

The girl covered her face with her hands. The tears trickled between her fingers and fell to her dress. Her mother rose and stood near her, awe-struck, while Obadiah, with his hands in his pockets, stood near, looking worried and uncomfortable.

"Whatever ails you, Barb'ry, honey? I ain't seen you cry in years. I'm sure I ain't said nothin' as could made you cry. Obadiar, ef you've said er done whatsumever to hurt her feelin's I 'low you'd better take your hat an' clear out. Once when I was young—"

The girl lifted her tear-stained face.

"Mother, do let Obie alone. I never was so put to in my life. I never 'xpected no romancin', but I thought if there ever was any it'd be different. I thought ef a man ever perposed, ef it was in th' house he'd get down on his knees an' git pale an' 'xcited. Or ef it was out of doors it'd be moonlight, an' th' wind 'd be blowin' soft-like among the trees, an' th' air would be sweet with th' smell of flowers, an' th' water at the fountain 'd make sweet music. Oh, oh!"

Obadiah looked completely dumbfounded. He put his hand out and patted her head consolingly.

"Aw now, Barb'ry, I didn't know how you wanted it done. I can't look pale.

I was some excited when I come this evenin' an' heard your ma screamin'. As to th' flowers an' moonlight an' birds, why, Barb'ry, it's th' twelfth of December an' colder'n blixen out o' doors. An' as to water tricklin' at a fountain, they ain't no fountain closer 'n that one in the park in th' city, close to seventy miles away, an' I 'low th' water's all shet off of that so's it won't freeze an' bust. Aw Barb'ry, won't you have me fer anyhow?"

The girl made no reply. Her mother was staring into the fire with thoughtful eyes. Now and then she turned to look at her daughter, who sat with bowed head and trembling lips.

"Barb'ry," she said, after a silence," wherever did you ever git sech high falutin' idys? I'm sure I never put 'em in your head. Didn't I ever tell you how your pa perposed to me? I'd orto, then you'd knowed better. It was at a basket meetin', and when th' preacher was done preachin' an' everybody 'd got their dinners et, and they was more preachin' an' a prayer an' a good exhortin' hymn er two, I fetched up my horse to the stile, an' somehow I either got too close to th' horse er she got too close to me, fer when I went to get on I jumped clean over her an' set on th' ground on th' other side. Your pa, I mean Hiram Ellis, run an' helped me up an' he says 'Huldah, you pore thing, you need somebody to put you on your horse an' hold you there fer life, an' can't I be him,' 'er words to that effect. I don't jest remember what all I said, but they was a yes among it, so we was married that same year. An' all this talk about people on their knees an' moonlight,—gracious goodness, Barb'ry Ellis, whur on earth did you hear of th' like?"

Obadiah motioned to Mrs. Ellis and led her to the far end of the room. He whispered something in her ear.

"What?" she said impatiently.

Again he whispered.

"I ain't heered a sound."

With a look of desperation in his eyes he put his lips to her ear and yelled:

"Th' Red Flame Weekly."

She turned and walked slowly toward the fire.

"Well, well! I shouldn't wonder. Come to think of it, all th' perposals Barb'ry's ever read about has been like she says. Or," she added mysteriously, "they 'loped. I reckon they was a perposal, but they's never much time fer a perposal when they's a 'lopement. Well, well!"

Obadiah stood looking gloomily out at the window. The night was dark and the wind howled around the little house. He felt wretched and ill at ease.

Then he turned. Before him was the long, clean room, cheerful with the great open fire. And Barbara, bright eyed and strong. He went to where she sat.

"Barb'ry," he whispered, leaning over her, "no matter howsumever I asks you to marry me, I can't love you no better than I do now."

She made no reply.

Taking one of her hands in both of his he spoke earnestly:

"Barb'ry, you asked me a while ago which I liked best, firelight, moonlight er daylight? Aw Barb'ry, my purty girl, you're all them things to me. An' sunlight besides. An' if you don't love me things 'll all be dark. No firelight, no moonlight, no daylight, no sunlight. Won't you, Barb'ry?"

She lifted her face. It was wet with tears but her eyes were bright and she was smiling.

"It's all right, Obie. I don't care nothing 'bout your getting down on your knees, er moonlight, er nothing—so long as you love me."

As he leaned over to kiss her Mrs. Ellis rose sharply and pushed her chair back noisily.

"Well, I can't hear how things is goin'. It's time all honest folks was in

bed an' if I don't git there purty soon I'll be tuk again like I was one time when I set up late of a cold winter night 'bout 'leven years ago, when Lucy Emmons come here an' fetched her sick baby as died the next winter from croup on 'count of Lucy takin' off a heavy flannel skirt so's to put a embroidery trimmed one on, so's to go to the weddin' of her step-brother's sister, an' the weather hadn't been so cold fer twenty years an' our thermom'ter, th' one as hangs yet on th' milk house door, froze an' busted, — why, Obadiar Westinghouse!"

He looked up and grinned sheepishly.

"I don't care, Mis Ellis. I might as well git ust to kissin' Barb'ry afore you, 'cause I'm goin' to do a heap of it."

Barbara gave him his hat.

"Goodnight, Obie. I don't care if mother does see," she said, laughing bashfully, as she drew the tall fellow down and kissed his lips.

"An' Obie," she called after him as he went out at the door, "come back soon,—tomorry night."

Mrs. Ellis hurried to the door and pushed her daughter aside.

"I hope, Obadiar," she called, "as you'll make as good an' obedient son-in-law as Barb'ry's pore, dear pa did. I've heard my mother, a angel bright an' fair these many years, say as how he always done whatever she asked him to do, no matter what it was, an' one time he—"

"Goodnight, Barb'ry, sweetheart," a voice from the darkness called.

"Goodnight, Obie, my man," Barbara's voice answered sweet and clear.

"Barb'ry, he never even asked me fer you. Obidiar Westinghouse you can't—"

But Barbara closed the door and was running joyously to place the lamp in the window to light her lover on his way.

INTER-PINES

FAR from the fevered fret of trade and town,
Far from the noontide's pulsing hum and heat,
Past stream and stile, up shaly slope and down,
A dim path winds
And, winding, finds
Deep in the pines a clustering retreat
Where ripened cones and needles crisp and brown
Outspread a fragrant carpet for the feet.

Like ancient monks, uplifting priestly arms
High overhead in blessings, murmured low,
The pine trees stand; and all life's vain alarms,
Its wild unrest
Of brain and breast,
Speed swift as blooms when winds of Autumn blow,
And in their stead, as silence after storms,
Glides gentle peace with noiseless tread and slow.

The cravings keen for all the vain may vaunt,
The tense desires for worldly power and place,
Find sweet surcease within this holy haunt
Where, spreading wings
From sordid things,
The soul mounts upward for a fleeting space
While winds and pines lift grand cathedral chaunt,
And meets its God and Maker face to face.

Hilton R. Greer

Our National Pets

By FELIX L. OSWALD

HEAD OF THE BROWN THRUSH

AVALON, "the paradise of birds and butterflies," may have been a synonmye of the American continent; and a Belgian naturalist of my acquaintance, who saw a collection of New England redbirds in the Brussels Zoo park, was surprised to learn that all the varieties of that splendid species have escaped idolatry.

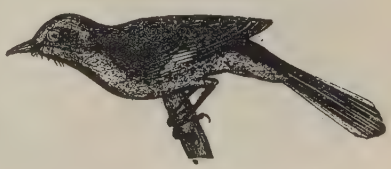
"Their pets must be worth seeing," he remarked, "if they can afford to neglect such marvels."

The list of competitors includes, indeed, some of nature's masterpieces in polychromatics, but the factors of popularity are not limited to color effects. The grandest of our winged aborigines is certainly the crested kingfisher, but it happens to be also one of the shyest. In the scale of social estimation, mistrust outweighs many merits; pet-lovers appreciate a vote of confidence. All things considered, the world prefers a trustful tramp to a misanthropic moralist, and the past master of that confidence game, the English sparrow, has hopped in to solve the problem of survival where birds of paradise would fear to tread.

A combination of tameness with a tan colored jacket and a moderate share of musical talents, has thus made our "robin" a universal favorite. It does not matter that he is really no robin at all. When Audubon called attention to the popular mistake, its consequences were past mending, and our migratory thrush had inherited the prestige of the plucky little warbler that braves the winter climate of western Europe, substituting on hope and hedge litter, for months together, unless his protector allows him to share the privileges of the barnyard pets.

His American namesake declines such risks. Vast swarms of robin-thrushes haunt the cedar forests of northern Alabama in November, and a month later overtake the season of comfort in southern Mexico, where they hobnob with weaver birds and purple finches in the mountain park of Dictator Diaz.

The facilities for weather prediction are, however, somewhat primitive in the land of our next neighbor, and the robin occasionally blunders in timing his return. Pioneers of the spring pilgrimage not rarely arrive in March, weeks before the promise of thaw weather can be trusted in our northern states. How they subsist is a riddle, but the probability is that, like prize babies, subjected to a hygienic fasting cure, they can make shift with their organic resources, for a while. When opportunity becomes liberal, they certainly lose no time in establishing a reserve fund of adipose tissue. Judging from actual experiments, a Philadelphia pet dealer expresses a conviction that a young robin can eat twice its own weight in twentyfour hours.



THE SOUTHERN MOCKING BIRD

According to Cosmo de Medici, poets should be fed, not fattened, and the champion vocalist of our north woods, the

A Lost Pet, the Wild Pigeon

brown song thrush, or northern mocking bird, invokes the muses with a persistence that must lengthen the intervals of his meals, as well as drinks. Perched on the top branch of some lonely forest tree, he will pour forth his symphonies for hours together, yielding only to the glare of the noonday sun, but recommence in the cool of the evening—

"Nor cease to sing till daylight is no more."

He need not roam in quest of an audience. The first explorers of our continent stood spellbound at the overtures of his impassioned anthems, and the very pot hunters of our Italian mining camps hesitate to interrupt his hymns, but pause in wonder, and then steal off on tiptoes, to day-dream of the far off Apennines.

An enthusiast of the New Hampshire Game Law Association proposes to make his slaughter a felony; but the highest tribute to his talents is paid by the Holland settlers of northern Michigan, who call him the *zong vogel*—"the song bird," par excellence.

His conquerer, the southern mocking bird, barely equals the power and sweetness of his voice, but excels him in versatility and in the gift of attracting attention. He will dance, flutter and soar in the excitement of his inspiration fits, and is, in the literal sense, a nightingale, a virtuoso in moonlight serenades. Sounds travel surprisingly, after sunset, but the *mimus polyglottos* contrives to export only his original compositions; his occasional attempts at mimicry being uttered in a minor key, and often, as it were, in whispers, in the tentative chirps of a private rehearsal. "What's that little owl whimpering about?" thinks the master singer; "it does sound pretty, from a distance; let's see if I can't imitate it, anyhow, or amend it with a few variations." Then a pause, followed by a sudden crescendo, as if the performer were rousing himself from an interact reverie.

Heard at close range, these intermezzos, mingled perhaps with cat calls and parodies of puppy yelps, have a disturbing effect, but the traveler Wartegg, a good judge of woodland concerts, admits that the European nightingale is not only outdone but outclassed. "It is the difference of a Chopinesque fantasy and a first class barrel organ tune," he says; "hear any nightingale for five minutes and you have heard them all; the mocking bird never repeats himself. His infinite repertoire of flute calls and warbles is varied and new—combined in a manner that makes his improvisation a constant surprise."

Genius is rarely a model housekeeper, though Mrs. Hemans is said to have been an exception,—and the mocking bird is rather a negligent nest builder. Nor does he care to use the same nest tree twice, and it needs a good deal of petting to insure his yearly return to the same tree garden. He feels too sure of finding a welcome anywhere, and, by way of experiment, may any year transfer his headquarters from the magnolia grove of an aristocratic mansion to the plum tree hedge of a poor darkey, who can reciprocate the compliment only by caging his cat.

The Bobolink

The taboo that protects certain birds and quad-

rupeds of the old world, has not benefited any species of American swallows, with the occasional exception of the Virginia martin, but shields the little slate colored dove, that flits pairwise about lonely hillsides and neglected fields. Dixie squatters who would not have the slightest hesitation about feasting on robin stews, will inform you that it brings bad luck to kill a dove, ("pigeon," they are apt to call it) and it would be well if the same immunity could be extended to the few remaining specimens of the true forest pigeon. The winged wanderers that once darkened the sun with their countless swarms, became suddenly scarce, some twenty years ago; so much so, indeed, that the custodian of the Smithsonian Institute has almost renounced the hope of procuring a live specimen. Small flocks have been seen near Port Sanilac, Michigan, and in northern Wisconsin, here and there, but they have become as shy as tar-feathered Mormons, and may soon seek refuge in the wilderness of British North America. If a pair could be caught alive, they should be accomodated with an extra good aviary, or sent to Venice, where thousands of pigeons are harbored as public pets.

THE CAROLINA PAROQUET

The oriole and the bobolink will take care of themselves. They migrate too early to raise more than one brood a year, but are masters in the art of nest hiding, and just shy enough to evade the inconveniences of popularity.

"The same hanging bird (oriole) has hatched in our grove every year, since we lived here," said a Pennsylvania farmer, "and the boys have never bothered the nest. And what's still better," he added with a chuckle, "they can't come near it, — a leaf shrouded bag suspended at the extremity of a swaying top branch that would not bear up the weight of Tom Thumb."

Quadruped worship has never been a foible of the Caucasian race outside of Hindostan, where millions of four-footers enjoy privileges that would make an American tramp turn sick with envy. Still, Professor Shields' appeals in behalf of the gray squirrel have not been wholly in vain, and multitudes of the nimble little scamps now enjoy the fredom of the city in Richmond, Virginia; Springfield, Massachusetts, and in scores of game preserves and public parks, all over the country, as far west as Oregon, where they have a formidable rival in the timber mink. That pet of western lumbermen is about the liveliest creature of its size, but owes its local prestige chiefly to its fighting propensity. At a tap intimating his owner's permission, he will pop out of his cage and fly straight at competitors ten times his weight: cur dogs, woodchucks and shanghai roosters; but after getting them clearly at his mercy, will consent to a reprieve, and with a sudden change of program, frolic on his master's lap like a pet kitten.

"Marten" the Oregon squatters call him, with a recourse to an old English word, and to get an excuse for the establishment of a "martin box." Martin swallows are not in it — for a supply of creature comforts and protection against climatic vicissitudes.

AN ASSISTED EMIGRANT, THE ENGLISH SPARROW

THE WESTERN PINE MARTEN

The southwestern prairie dog owes a similar patronage to the absence of competition. In the occasional presence of owls and cave serpents he carries all votes; and the species may happen to survive all rivals whatever. Centuries—ages perhaps—after the predicted disappearance of our forests has reduced the fauna of the Atlantic coast lands to stable dwellers, the little freeholder of the plains will preserve his independence. His burrowing talent alone would almost suffice to defy extermination; but, moreover, his capacity for dispensing with drinking water exceeds that of a Kentucky brigadier. He is, in fact, almost drought proof, and holds the trump card of the struggle for existence by being able to survive where his persecutors would perish.

The Blood Red Hoodoo

By F. G. MOORHEAD

I.

WHEN Judge Baily wore a red carnation in his buttonhole, it was a bad day for the prisoners in the county jail. There was a well founded rumor in the iron barred basement of the court house that the "blood red hoodoo," as the carnation was called, never failed to get the accused a longer term than if the judge's coat was without its floral adornment.

"Has he got it on today?" was invariably the first question asked Jailor Clint Strong, when that worthy unbarred the steel doors to take the day's squad up into court.

"Yep," laconically replied Clint. The mutterings of the prisoners were equally monosyllabic and would have pained the pretty Salvation Army lass who sang to the prisoners every Sunday.

Judge Baily was naturally a stern man. There was no sympathy in his makeup for crime, its causes or results. One year out of each term of four years he served on the criminal bench, and woe to the offenders of that twelvemonth.

There is a story which goes the rounds of the green bag fraternity that on one occasion old Judge Horton remonstrated with Baily for his severity. No other man ever took such a liberty, neither has Horton since; but he was on the bench when Baily was admitted and he felt a fatherly interest in all the boys.

"Don't you think, Baily, you're just a trifle too severe at times?" inquired Horton one day, the day after Baily had sent Shankley, the holdup man, to the penetentiary for thirty years, after the man had pleaded guilty. "Remember, the world wasn't all brought up in the same surroundings we were."

Just what Baily did has never become exactly known. In after years Horton said his young confrere simply looked at him full two minutes, without a quiver, then picked up his hat and left the room, without a word. Baily never spoke of the affair to any person, but there was no change in his policy thereafter.

The prisoners' legend had its basis in fact. The sternness of the judge's nature seemed to find expression in his bou-

tonniere. On an average of four mornings a week he would stop at a little flower shop, a block from the court house, and, throwing down a dime, would select a blood red carnation and fasten it in the lapel of his coat. Those were the days the prisoners feared, and rightly. It was as if the judge wore the flower as a symbol of blood for blood. The prisoners would have preferred no law of compensation had it been left to them. Possibly, if a woman's hand had pinned the carnation on, it would have been different, but Baily lived alone with his law books.

"Beaver, Red Mike, Beall," called out Jailor Strong one morning of the May term of court, as he swung back the door of the government cage (as the strongest cage was called) and read off the names of the day's defendants.

"It's up to us, boys," growled Beaver, as he got up from the corner of the cage where he was smoking a stubby clay pipe.

"Is it on today?" snarled Red Mike, who had been up before Baily before.

"Yep," replied the jailor, as he slammed the bars shut.

"Hell," laconically replied Mike; "I'm a goner."

Over in one corner of the cage a young, beardless boy, not more than eighteen years old, sat on a cot. He paid no attention to the jailor or his companions, but with great, mournful eyes stared ahead of him.

"Beall, Beall," sharply cried the jailor.

The boy sat unmoved; the jailor shook him by the arm.

"Come on, get a move on you; it's sentence day."

Beall shook slightly, then arose and joined the waiting pair.

"Pull yourself together, lad," called out Benton, who had been sent up for six years the day before, and was only awaiting the mittimus that would take him to the penetentiary. "Cheer up, your folks have a pull, you'll get out all right."

"It's a lot you know about it," snorted the jailor, sarcastically.

"He didn't have the hoodoo on yesterday, that's why you've got no kick comin'," said Beaver to Benton, as jailor and deputy sheriffs marched the trio upstairs.

Judge Baily sat on the bench waiting for the prisoners. The criminal calendar lay outspread before him, the judge's glasses were tipped back on his forehead and in his buttonhole reposed the fatal carnation.

"State of Iowa versus McAndrew," announced the judge. There was silence in the room.

"Is Mr. McAndrew here?" and Judge Baily frowned on the jailor. His voice cut through the air like a knife. There was neither pity nor sympathy in it.

"Hell, that's me," blurted Red Mike to Beaver; "I ain't used to this style. 'Mr. McAndrew',—I didn't know who he meant."

McAndrew rose and stood before the court. Judge Baily lowered his glasses and studied the calendar.

"McAndrew, you were indicted by the grand jury of this county on the charge of breaking and entering, to which you entered a plea of not guilty. You were tried and convicted and are now before me for sentence. What have you to say why judgment should not now be pronounced?"

Red Mike cleared his throat and stammered: "I hope you'll be as easy as possible, Judge—"

Judge Baily frowned on the man.

"You were up before me four years ago. You don't show much desire to reform. It's the judgment and order of this court that you be confined in the penetentiary at Fort Madison, at hard labor, for a period of nine years and pay the costs of this action."

"He's soaking 'em hard today," said a deputy sherff, as he led Red Mike back to jail.

"State of Iowa versus Beall," announced Judge Baily, turning a page of the criminal calendar. The boy stood before the court, leaning heavily against the bench. Over in one corner of the bar enclosure an aged woman, with a faded gray shawl thrown over her shoulders, leaned her head in her arms and sobbed piteously. It was Beall's mother.

The court habitues craned their necks and moved uneasily. The newspapers had featured young Beall's case. His picture had appeared in two of the dailies. He was accused of stealing a ring from a pawnbroker; it was a ring he had pawned a month before, (his mother gave it to him, he said on the trial) and he had been unable to redeem it. The Beall family was an old and respected one, poor now, through the over-honesty of the father, but none stood higher in the community. It was an elder Beall (the lad's uncle) who had first nominated Baily for judge. It was the prisoner's father who had stumped the county for him first.

"Mr. Beall, you have been found guilty of grand larceny and are up for sentence; what have you to say for yourself?"

Beall's attorney interposed and eloquently pleaded for the lad. It was his first offence; sentiment entered into the crime, he had already learned his lesson well. Beall leaned against the table, now and then swaying, as if about to fall.

"For the sake of his aged mother, as she sits there, her heart torn and mangled; as she goes down on her knees night after night to pray for the boy that is still her hope and faith and in whom her mother's love—"

Mrs. Beall glanced up through her tears. There was hope shining back of the clouds of grief. Judge Baily interrupted the lawyer.

"I'm sorry for the mother; the boy has done wrong. I must punish him for it. Tears do not atone for crime. If they did I would not need to sit here."

The mother dropped her head in her arms and sobbed quietly.

"Beall, I'm sorry for you; but I have my duty to perform. It is the judgment and order of this court that you be confined in the penetentiary at Fort Madison, at hard labor, for a period of ten years, and pay the costs of this action."

There was a commotion at the bench. Beall swayed and slipped to the floor. He had fainted.

"By God, but that's stiff," whispered the clerk to his deputy. Then silence prevailed, ominous, severe, threatening.

As her boy's fate was pronounced and he slipped to the floor, an inert mass of repentance, Mrs. Beall raised her head and glanced through her tears. Just for a moment. Then with a sob and a choking cry she sprang forward and pillowed her boy's head on her knee. She stroked his forehead and rained kisses on his lips, those mute lips that made no response.

A moment or two she crouched there. Then dropping her boy so his head hit the floor she sprang erect and faced the judge.

"This is your work, Judge Baily, this is your work. May you never forget it; may your heart break some day as mine is breaking now. May your mother—may your mother—"

The woman's voice broke.

"Curse you, judge, may my boy's life and liberty—"

The woman swayed. Judge Baily's voice cut through the room, keen and penetrating.

"Mr. Sheriff, adjourn court. The Beaver case is continued until two o'clock. Take Beall to Fort Madison at once. Adjourn court until two o'clock."

And Judge Baily walked down from the bench with a firm stride and went to his room, the door of which shut behind him with a sharp click.

II

The Iowa state house surmounts a long hill and commands a view of the entire capital city. Its gilded dome, rising majestically above the imposing pile of brick and stone, is visible for miles around and forms a landmark for most of the county. Up a long hill from the river, the trolley cars purr monotonously. At times, however, they break over, and, losing their temper, spit fire as the trolley wheel whirrs impatiently along, only to subside into the steady grind that takes the sightseers or capitol habitues to their goal.

Inhabitants of the capital city have a seldom failing sign by which strangers and first visitors are recognized. The east facade of the state house frowns down on Capitol Hill and the city lying outstretched before and beneath it and is reached by a couple of hundred stone steps, which the visitor must climb laboriously. These steps wind even the prairie hardened ruralites who form the majority of Iowa's population. But the street cars turn as they reach the state house, and, skirting around the north side of the building, pass another entrance reached by less than fifty steps. The first visitor invariably alights and painfully toils up the east steps, while the native and second-time visitor chuckles, rides around to the northern and easier steps and from the quickly gained corridors watches the panting stranger.

The lights in the lamps which border the state house walks were burning cheerfully the night that young Beall had been sentenced in the district court. The night was yet young, but the state house was deserted by all save the governor, who was at work alone in his private office, and his faithful negro bodyguard, who sat in an adjoining room, reading The Bystander, the local organ of his race, and picturing further political honors for the future.

A trolley car climbed Capitol Hill, and Judge Baily, sitting by a window, looked out over the city. He saw the monument erected to the state's soldiers and sailors, men who had put duty above self and had given up their lives in the sacrifice. Then he saw the church which tops the hill with the state house, the church whose priests had blazed paths through Iowa when the state was only a vast wilderness lying between two great rivers, and courts and capitols were to it unknown. The car turned the corner sharply and the judge sprang to his feet.

"Going to the state house, Judge?" inquired the conductor, proud of a speaking acquaintance with one of the notables of the city.

"Yes, let me off here."

"Better go around to the steps, as usual."

"No, I'll stop here, tonight."

The car stopped, and, putting his foot down to the ground, shattering precedent and municipal pride, the judge alighted and started his climb. Halfway up he stopped, and sitting down on the stone seats that surmount a flight of steps, he looked down on the light-flashing city. He looked over to the Savery hotel, that haunt of politicians and Mecca of statesmen, which controls the destiny of Iowa more than does the capitol itself. He knew the delegates and party leaders were gathering there already for the state convention to be held in a couple of days. He should be there himself; he and the governor were probably the only two candidates not there. Then he looked over at the monument again and at the filmy white clouds as they floated in the sky, and he arose and completed his climb, as one who had looked out and down into the past and found only a memory.

"Good evening, Judge Baily, I didn't hear yuh coming. Yuh most took me by surprise, yuh did," and the governor's

servant rose from his chair and bowed low to the judge.

"Good evening, Billy, is the governor in?"

"Yes, suh, I'll tell him."

"Show him in," came the ready response from the governor, and Judge Baily entered the private office, where the governor sat in his shirt sleeves, figuring up a column which looked suspiciously like the delegate call.

"I knew I'd find you here," was the reply of the judge as he entered and the door swung to behind him.

"But I supposed you'd be at the Savery, said the governor, with just the slightest trace of a smile.

"I may go there later,—it depends on you," said Judge Baily as he sat down, and pulling his chair up to the governor's desk, said:

"I want something."

The governor looked at him anxiously.

"So do I," he replied, "I not only want it, I need it."

"I want a pardon," said the judge, never for a moment forgetting the business at hand.

"Well, I expect I've pardoned many a worse man than you," and the governor reflectively bit the tip off a cigar.

"I've thought so at times." The judge's eyes flashed fire. "But I'm very serious. I want a pardon for Fred Beall."

"What?" and the governor spun around in his chair. "Not the man you sentenced today to ten years in the penetentiary, and about whom The Capital has a story tonight?"

"The same; and I not only want the pardon, but I must have it."

"But you say yourself the man is guilty."

"He is guilty, but not bad; his mother will save him yet."

"But you know my pardon record and the trouble—"

"I want the pardon."

"Man alive, a pardon from me now means defeat. You know well enough my record and how the opposition is attacking it. Another pardon this week would surpass all forbearance."

"I want the pardon," calmly repeated the judge, never moving in his chair.

"But the pardon means my defeat."

"It means your election."

Judge Baily leaned forward and laid his hand on the governor's knee. The latter stopped in his chair-whirl and sat amazed.

"You mean—"

"I mean I want to trade Beall's pardon for my nomination."

"Man alive, are you crazy?"

"I was never saner."

"Then you're joking?"

Judge Baily sat upright in his chair.

"I was never more in earnest," he replied calmly.

"And you mean—" but the governor stopped in amazement. The state convention was but two days distant; the convention which would, without doubt, name Baily of Polk for supreme judge, a position toward which he had been striving for years; the convention which the governor hoped would nominate him, despite his pardon record and opposition. But the figures still showed a deficit of thirty votes, and the governor could see the table in his eye as he talked.

"I mean you are to pardon Beall as the price of my withdrawal from the race for judge."

The governor swung around again and sat silent. His rotund face gleamed with a stupid wonder, but in his eye there glittered a newly risen hope. The judge continued:

"Listen; this is what I mean. With me out of the race and my delegates swung to you, you will win over Thompson easily. With me in the race and Polk county's delegation divided between you and Thompson in my inter-

est in the judgeship fight, you are defeated."

The governor looked at his figures. Then he nodded. The judge was right.

"Pardon Beall and I withdraw tonight, swing Polk to you and you are nominated."

The governor looked at Baily in astonishment.

"It's a high price for you to pay."

"I am offering the terms; is it a go?"

"Look here, Baily, what's your scheme?"

"There's no scheme in this, governor; no scheme, only possibly a little memory."

"Then what's your object?"

"I have none. Let me tell you."

Judge Baily turned his chair so his profile was to the governor and his face half hidden in the dark. He pulled a moment on his cigar, then went ahead.

"An old, gray haired woman stood before me today, and with the breaking heart of a wounded mother fighting for her boy, she stretched her hands out and called on God to punish me. He's doing it now. The old woman didn't know her wish would so soon come true. But there was something about that woman's careworn face made me forget the years between, and I saw another old, gray haired woman who lay on a bed of pain, and she stretched out her hands and put them on my head and she said, 'John, I'll be watching you, and you'll know when it's all right, and you'll be a good boy, for I'll be with you always,' and she never spoke again, and nobody ever called me John after that. I guess that's why I want Beall's pardon; my mother will know it's all right."

The governor walked to the window and looked out over the city. He hesitated a moment, then walked back and picking up a pen wrote quickly for a couple of minutes.

"It's a big price, but they say every man makes a damn fool of himself once in his life. You can give her this in the morning."

"No, no; send it to her; she is not to know I did it; no one is to know. Thank you, governor." The judge took up his hat. "The announcement of my withdrawal will be in the papers in the morning. I'll keep my word." And he passed out of the office into the starlit night. Inside, the governor figured for a minute, smiled and rang for Billy.

"He's right; I've got it now; but he certainly must be crazy. I'm glad it's not my deal."

But outside, under the stars, the judge was walking down the steps with springing stride and in his heart was a great joy, for he knew that above the stars was one who knew it was all right.

A KEEPSAKE

THE gold in her soft, brown hair—
Caught from the morning skies,
Her sweet lips, rosy and fair,
The love in her deep blue eyes,
Her low tones' witchery,
And her soul, where white dreams throng—
They are mine—she gave them me—
I will keep them safe in a song!

Eugene C. Dolson

The Genius of Business

FOR THE UNIVERSITY, THE FREE CITY, AND THE PAN-AMERICAN REPUBLIC

IV.—The Rise of Free Cities Under the New Industrial Order

By CHARLES FERGUSON

A FREE city, as I understand it, is a city that has no slave and no master within its borders or without. I mean by slave a person who lives by obedience to another person or a crowd of others; and by master I mean the man or the mob that extracts obedience and likes to have it. The bosses are, I suppose, just as low down as the slaves—no more so, no less. For it seems to be impossible that a man or a class that likes to order other people around should know anything of art or science or have any solid foundation for happiness. The natural and happy thing, therefore, is not that men should command or obey each other, but that all alike should obey the laws of their own humanity as related to the facts of the out-door world.

This is not to imply that a free city is a utopian kind of place where everybody does as he likes and there is no organized government. On the contrary, a free city is simply a city with a genuine democratic government; one that claims no authority for its regulations except so far as they draw well with the laws of humanity and science.

The Goddess of Justice, holding her court in the free city of democracy, sits, I think, with her arms outstretched, pleading with the people to be strong, and break the statutes whenever they are against reason and the truth of nature.

Of course, then, there is government in the free city. And it expresses itself by the use of force. The point is that nobody obeys the government, but everybody respects it and tries to improve it.

Now, such a city as this has been the goal of the aspirations of wise men through all the ages of civilization. But the thing has never yet been realized in any settled way. The most thrilling and commanding passages of history are those in which the free city has come near being realized for a moment. All seeing men have understood that such an achievement is perfectly possible, have seen indeed that it is quite impossible to build a city that shall be permanent, on any other basis. But the mass of us have always up to this time preferred to be slaves—and tyrants. We have never respected ourselves enough to be free. And we have never been in spirit artistic and scientific enough to build a free city,—a city of the open air so masterfully true to nature that its palaces should never be given to the bats and owls.

In the ancient world this great drama of disappointment was played out principally on three stages:—at Jerusalem, at Athens and at Rome. The blood leaps even now at all these names—because each of these cities in turn came so near being free. But the waves of time swept over them all and they all became memories and the haunts of tourists, because they were not content to rest upon the principles of nature but tried to lord it over other towns. One might say that Jerusalem failed because of its spiritual tyranny, Athens because of its intellectual top-loftiness and Rome because of its sheer physical insolence. Anyhow they all went wrong because they tried to rule the world and to set it in order on principles that were other than artistic and scientific. The Jerusalem which is "free and the mother of us all" has not yet been built in Palestine. The "shining, violet-crowned city of song" of which Pindar sang—that "August Athenae" of Pericles and Epaminondas—now hires a king from western Europe. And the City of the Seven Hills is a cemetery of lost causes that deserved to be lost.

But the idea of the free city is more sure of itself than ever. There is a great momentum gathering behind it through all the disasters of the past.

For a moment in recent history men have concerned themselves much with vast political contrivances—but we shall never escape for long from the love of the city. The statesmen and lawyers have had their little day, have held the center of the stage for a while unfolding to us their intricate devices—their pipe-dreams of sovereign states and empires. But states and empires are pure abstractions unless the city is behind them. They are

not real and tangible, they have only a documentary existence. The city is the real thing. Nobody ever saw with the naked eye a state or an empire; and if all such things were abolished in a night one might not miss them in his daily walk. But the city is a part of the ground plan of nature, as much as a bee hive or a beavers' dam. It exists to "fulfill the desire of the mute earth." It is the consummate work of art, and "Art"—it was Aristotle, I think, who said it first—"is the very nature of man."

Dr. Edward Everett Hale tells us that within a generation or so population is going to be vastly diffused and everybody is going to live in a green field and have a garden patch. All this may indeed come to pass through improvements in the means of rapid locomotion. For a city can be a city without being crowded—and in fact can never be free or fine so long as it is crowded.

Today you can ride nearly an hour on an express train from the outer limits of Chicago to Polk street station; and in the near future it is likely that all American cities will be as big as counties. The time worn antithesis of city and country will soon cease to have a meaning. The city will have forests and farms in it, and *rus in urbe* will be the general rule. "Uncle Reuben" will pass away and become a tradition on the same day with the "Yellow Kid." There will be no back-country and no seething slum. Earth-commanding municipalities will cover the whole land.

The essential thing about a city is not density of population but a social unity embodying and expressing itself in the forms of art. Nothing but the destruction of civilization and a reversion to barbarism can stop the tendency of society to nucleate in cities. And the dream of a social state of undifferentiated protoplasm—the people spread out thin and even across a continent—is not, thanks to the spirit of evolution, likely to be realized.

A myriad of human habitations grouped 'round a forum or market place and surrounded by a considerable area of open country—this is the germ cell and unit of civilization, the permanent physical phenomenon of the city. It is older than the earliest records and no social revolution or convulsion of nature is likely to do away with it. On the contrary all the deeper currents of modern times tend to give it peculiar emphasis.

There is indeed a superficial tendency running the other way. I mean the ripper bill tendency, which derives its strength from the theory still rife among us that people who live on farms or in little villages are purer and better than those who live in large towns. The men who run the state machines and boss the legislatures know all too well how to make capital out of these old superstitions, and the civic abominations as they actually exist are largely due to the fact that the great cities are governed by farmers and country lawyers assembled at Albany, Harrisburg and elsewhere to manage things too high for their understanding.

The truth is, that city life is, in the nature of things, a higher kind of life than country life, and to live it well requires that one should be more human. The problems of the city cannot be solved in the back country or "up the state" any more than the problems of a grown man can be solved by a boy—or the problems of a fish by an oyster.

The word "pagan" means, as every Latin-school boy knows, a dweller in a little village. The spiritual quickening which went through the world in the early ages of this era was felt most in great cities; and to be a villager came to mean the same thing as to be a narrow minded, superstitious person clinging to the knees of the old idols.

The notion that cities need to have a great imperial power set over them to make and keep them good is a purely pagan notion. It is supposed by the pagans that still live on belated in these times that the only way to maintain order throughout the land is to get all the respectable people to profess unquestioning obedience to a mystic oracle or Mumbo-Jumbo called the Sovereignty of the Nation. There is no use arguing with people who think like that. Nothing but events can deal with them.

It is the rise of the vast and sensitive system of modern industry that is convincing the pagan that his god is a wood pulp god and hears not; that the god of law and order is not to be worshipped in documents or legal theories.

Industrialism is bound to free the cities from the overlordship of state legislatures and the national military power, because the development of industrialism is making it plain that social order—a vigorous and progressive social unity—can be maintained on the grandest scale, throughout a continent and the whole world, without resort to the ghost realm of arbitary authority. It is being discovered in this tremendous earth-wrestle of modern business that there is enough morality in the very nature of things to hold the

American people together — without the help of high priests or the hired devotions of the regular army.

The point is that when eighty million people set out to do work together — improve the universe, dam its floods, dampen its droughts, cut its isthmuses, and so on; — when a vast population, spread over a continent, comes to care more for business than for anything else, then a new and unprecedented thing happens. It is discovered that a modern city, in becoming a part of a great industrial system, is so completely bound by the very nature of things to keep the peace and act decently toward all her neighbors, that there is really no need of a good emperor or a good president to wield the impartial sword of sovereign law and drive bad cities into line.

When Mr. Grover Cleveland sent the United States troops to Chicago to quell a riot which was supposed to be impeding the mails, he meant entirely well, no doubt. But I submit that he acted like a man out of a book or one from the country. He seemed not to be aware that the industrial age had dawned; that in this new day every city is bound to every other and to the whole industrial order in such sensitive bonds of commerce and credit that it cannot live without wide social peace and correspondence with the rest of the world.

In the age of the Cæsars a legion was indeed the logical medicine for a disorder in a city of Gaul; but in the age of Cleveland it would have sufficed to send the mails for a day or two around by Peoria and Milwaukee. Granted that there really was a dangerous mob in Chicago on that occasion, Chicago would have risen up and subdued it in an afternoon, if only Chicago had been well assured, as it should have been, that it must depend completely upon itself, and that the rest of the country would continue to deal with it only so long as it played the regular game.

At the end of a day of successful mob rule under such conditions, every dollar of permanent investment in Chicago would have been worth not more than seventyfive cents; and at the end of a week of anarchy the youth of the world would have flocked to Chicago to make its fortune by buying good real estate for a song and putting value into it by vigilance committee.

Really, it is too late for Cæsar and the old village ways; this is the day of industrial law—the day of the revelation of the irresistible morality that exists in the nature of things.

Timely Topics of the Stage

By GEORGE T. RICHARDSON

IF I am not mistaken, I quoted in the National for June a rather caustic remark credited to Joseph Jefferson to the effect that some actors are so touchy that they would not play a second part to anyone. Had you, the reader, been there, your tongue might have itched to ask, "Would *you?*" Had you dared, what would "the dean" have said? It is indisputable that the average man covets prominence among his fellows, and it can be said in all safety that few players have failed to cherish, at one time or another, the hope of achieving that blazonry of fame yclept "starring." It is as natural for an actor to hope, if not expect, to see his name in the biggest type possible to a "three sheet bill," as for a man of commoner clay, who starts in life selling papers, to forecast the day when he will own a newspaper for others to sell. The ambition to succeed is laudable and stellar honors are the hall-mark of success, of one sort or another, in the theatrical profession. It must be admitted, however, that to be a star does not mean as much today as fifteen or twenty years ago. Stars are often made nowadays by queer freaks, their own or managerial. A veteran player recently forsook his native reticence long enough to descant somewhat bitterly upon modern stage methods. "Starring has come to be a dubious honor," he said. "To be certain of success it is really better to be an expert safe cracker, a daring bridge jumper or a notorious but interesting woman, than to be simply a good actor or actress." Without being quite so pessimistic, it must be admitted that

the road to popular favor is paved with less of accomplishment than it used to be. The majority of the new stars are made simply on the basis of personal popularity. An actor of moderate attainments who, thanks to the long run system, has played, perhaps, but half a dozen parts in his entire career, comes to be regarded as a "popular favorite," — that is, a player who draws people to the theater. When this idea of his popularity becomes strong enough, some manager pats him on the back, gets his signature to a contract, and it is announced that "So-and-so will star as soon as the proper vehicle is obtained." "Vehicle" means a play that suits the actor, for times have changed since Shakespeare's day and it is no longer the play but the player that is "the thing." The play must be fitted to the actor, for the actor is not broadly grounded enough in his profession to fit himself to the play. The tailors are often not clever, or the actors do not wear their garments well; result — many misfits and stars who cease to twinkle.

Eleanor Robson

THERE will be more stars the coming season than ever. Some of them will be of the made-to-the-public's-order variety. Others,— well, I will leave you to conjure up your own excuse. Fay Templeton is certainly a fine artiste, but she was not remarkably successful as a star, nevertheless she will try it again in *The Infant Prodigy*. She is certainly the latter but scarcely an infant. Virginia Earle, Sallie Stembler, Walter Jones, Christie MacDonald and Edna Aug are some of a long list of musical comedy people who will head companies next season. Little Miss MacDonald has the advantage, for she has her play, prettily named *An English Daisy*. Willie Collier goes it alone again also, but he does not quite desert Weber and Fields, for they will be his managers. Mr. Collier will play a newspaper reporter in a farce by Eugene Presbrey called *Personal*. Charles Richman will tempt fate in *Captain Barrington*, a play produced in New York some years ago under another name. The rumor that William Norris, the comedian of *A Country Girl*, is to star as Shylock undoubtedly originated with some practical joker, perhaps Mr. Norris himself. But Grace Kimball, leading lady in stock companies, is in earnest and will present Anthony Hope's *The Indiscretion of the Duchess*, dramatized by Stanislaus Stange, the perpetual playwright. Eleanor Robson, first heard of as Bonita in *Arizona* and last season in the name part of *Audrey*, wisely has two plays ready, *Agatha*, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Louis N. Parker, and *La Valliere*, by Bataille. John E. Kellerd, forgetful of his sad fate in *The Cipher Code*, says he will try stardom again. Arthur Forrest, long a leading man, awaits only a play in which to make his flight. Roselle Knott in *When Knighthood Was in Flower* and William Bonelli and Rose Stahl in *An Aristocrat* are other embryo celebrities. Drina de Wolfe, but a short year on the stage, threatens to show what she can do in a special matinee of Rostand's *Le Princess Lointaine*. She is a strikingly stylish woman and, strange to say, creates, in some inexplicable way, the impression that she can act, although she has never had an opportunity to do much more than look well. The new stars — and those mentioned are only a small percentage of the prospective output — are not likely to create a panic among their elders; and Miss de Wolfe's threat, at last accounts, had not caused the retirement of Julia Marlowe or Viola Allen, or even of timorous Annie Russell. In all this hiving of the starring bees that affect actresses' bonnets, why does

Viola Allen

MARGARET ANGLIN

not Margaret Anglin get a chance? Unquestionably the strongest emotional actress on the stage, the leading lady of the Empire stock company scarcely seems to receive her just dues. The right play could not fail to push her well to the front in popularity as well as artistic accomplishment.

ARDENTLY ambitious young persons who burn for a stage life and who paint for themselves impressionistic pictures of a theatrical career as passed recumbent upon a bed of roses, about which hover attendant nymphs and sprites bearing glorious viands and choice compliments upon golden salvers, should take wider note of stage news. If they read carefully they will find that life in the mystic region beyond the footlights is quite as real, quite as earnest and often quite as fatal to health and longevity, as the more plebeian callings. Here, for instance, is Effie Shannon suffering from nervous prostration due, it is said, to overwork. As she spent last season playing the very lympatic, inconsequential role of Alice Faulkner in *Sherlock Holmes* I am afraid that her energy was expended upon repinings at fate's cruelty in dooming her to win gold minus fame in so insignificant a character. Those who saw Kyrle Bellew this summer as the impassioned Romeo needed no special information to realize that he was physically aweary. The fire of artistic imagination alone enabled him to simulate the ardor of Verona's perfervid swain. Thirtysix weeks of the heroics of Stanley Weyman's *A Gentleman of France* and the wholesale sword combats which punctuated them, had proved to him that stage life is not entirely luxurious dalliance. But there was no trace of weariness save in voice. A black wig over his own white locks and judiciously employed paints and powders,—lo! he was a Greek god, slightly feminized, perhaps. But stage life — successful, worthy stage life — is no idle pastime, but good hard work. The eight hour a day laborer is to be envied by the average player, except financially.

JULIA MARLOWE

A NEW YORK theatrical firm will present *The Wooing of Wisteria* in the fall. This somewhat horticultural title is applied to a drama of Japanese life, whose production is inspired, of course, by the success of David Belasco's *The Darling of the Gods*.* Because one Japanese play has made the sensation of the decade is no guarantee that the public is simply starving for more drama *a la kimona*, but when did a great success fail to win the compliment of imitation? Apropos of imitation, a funny instance of it came to light in a recent New York production. Last winter Frank Daniels said that he had for production next season a new opera from French sources whose leading character was a Parisian man milliner. Here was evidently a role fraught with great comedy possibilities. But when *The Blonde in Black* (the new name chosen for *The Gibson Girl*, owing to the objections of the artist to the use of the title he made famous) was given in New York, the comedy part played by Harry Conor was that of a man milliner. Is this another case of unconscious cerebration or coincidence,

*[EDITOR'S NOTE — Mr. Richardson will pardon us if we remind him that the novel *The Wooing of Wisteria* was written before *The Darling of the Gods*; that it had a successful career as a book and should, by reason of its charm, enjoy a like success on the stage.]

or is it—but I'll not amplify the idea. However, Mr. Daniels is not to be a man milliner next season, but *The Jockey* in a piece so called. The gnarled legged comedian should make the hit of his life in riding breeches.

MAY IRWIN

THE definite announcement that May Irwin has retired from the stage will cause regret to many a lover of laughter. She had made money enough by her fun to enable her to amass a tidy fortune by shrewd real estate investment, and was wise enough not to venture further productions after her star of success seemed about to sink. Her later plays did not grip the public as did her earlier successes, and she despaired of getting the right medium. If the truth were told, I fear that it would be that the public finally tired of her comparatively small and somewhat mediocre companies. The musical play of today must have a big ensemble of youth, beauty and costuming. Put May Irwin at the head of an organization like the companies that support the Rogers Brothers or give the English musical comedies and the theaters wouldn't be large enough. All that the favorite needed to become more of a favorite than ever was an up-to-date frame. But she willed otherwise, has retired, and has appointed her successor in her sister Flo, to whom she has transferred her plays, costumes and scenery. Unfortunately, however, she cannot make a sisterly gift of her magnetism. May Irwin's successor may be born but she is still unknown. Flo Irwin is clever, but unfortunate in being so much like her sister that comparisons are inevitable and so different as to make the succession a right to be disputed.

THE news from abroad gives little promise of attractions that will set the theatrical river afire. It is surprising to learn that the foremost apostle of the gruesome in the drama, Maeterlinck, has written a comedy shortly to be produced at Berlin. It may be surmised from the title, *The Temptations of St. Anthony*, that the comedy will prove serious, for if report does not err St. Anthony had some pretty difficult experiences. Maeterlinck may be depended upon to have made characteristic use of the temptations. Irving's *Dante* has certainly made a hit, else why should another play of the same name be scheduled for production? Foreign news also represents Ethel Barrymore as the guest of the Duchess of Sutherland, and Maude Adams as camping out in Egypt. What we would really like to know is whether Miss Barrymore is to fulfill the promise of extreme cleverness given by her first successes or whether she is to develop into a player of gradually engrossing mannerisms; and when, if ever, Miss Adams will return to the stage. There are all sorts of rumors concerning the latter subject, and the dainty little actress is enough of a public character to warrant an authoritative statement. Richard Harding Davis, who recently joined the ranks of novelists who dramatize their own books, is back from the Balkan states, presumably having settled the troubles there and perhaps having obtained local color for a new novel—and drama—of adventure.

KYRLE BELLEW

NOW that Kathryn Osterman's manager has required her to try to stop a pair of runaway horses (hired to run for advertising purposes), we may expect a flood of sensational posing of this sort. The excuse in this instance is that there is an episode of this description in Miss Osterman's new play. If her example is followed to its legitimate conclusion what a host of hairbreadth 'scapes and mock crimes will be enacted.

"I've been standing in this frame ever since."

Living Pictures

By FANNIE ROGERS WHITE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

I WONDER who I am?

The only thing I can remember is, that years and years ago I came across the ocean in a great ship, and I've been standing here in this frame ever since.

All I've been able to learn about myself is from little bits of conversation I can hear around me. One day, a long time ago, two gentlemen stood in front of me and talked a great deal about me, and about the artist who painted me. They pointed to his name in the corner of the canvas, and I was just dying to see, but did not dare to look down, for fear of toppling over.

One of the men said I was his great-grandmother. That made me want to laugh so that I nearly cracked the paint on my cheeks, for he was a great many years older than I. They said I lived across the sea in a flat country, where the water sometimes comes all about the fences, and where there are windmills scattered over the land. Then they talked about my dear mother and father, whom I don't remember, and one of the gentlemen said, — "I am very proud of my little great-grandmother."

They also said a great many queer things about my children. (I am sure I never knew that I had any.) And they talked gravely as though I were dead.

There is a little girl living in this house named Matilda, and I have grown to love her very much. I do wish I could get down out of this frame and play with her, for I get dreadfully tired of holding this heavy cat all day, and my arms ache; but if I should drop her, it is such a long way to the floor that she might get hurt; and the picture would be spoilt without her.

(Doesn't it seem strange that people never think that pictures can feel or understand anything that is going on around them.)

Matilda has lovely curls and wears such dainty dresses, and her dolls are so sweet that I long to hold one in my arms and kiss it and love it as she does. Then, too, Matilda wears little slippers made of shining leather, and dances and skips about in them, while I have to wear these heavy wooden shoes that would clump, clump and thump, thump all the time. I think Matilda is a little lonely, for one day she left her playthings and came and looked up at me, and said:

"Oh, little great-grandmother, come down and play dolls with me. We should be such good friends, and I will share all my things with you."

I could not answer, but I tried to follow her with my eyes so that she would understand that I loved her and wished I could do as she asked me.

One day some children came to see her, and they sat in the broad window seat and said, "To-night is Hallowe'en." Then they talked of all the wonderful things that would happen then, and how, at twelve o'clock, the things of the world were all changed about,—the gates went off their hinges, that pictures talked and came down from the walls, and—but I could listen to no more. Could it be true! Here was the very thing I had been longing for all these years! Might I now have a chance to come down out of my frame and wander over this beautiful house and see Matilda's pretty things?

"Some one had left a chair standing near."

I could hardly wait until midnight, but at last I heard the clock strike twelve. I tried to move my arms a little and Kitty jumped down on the floor and ran off in the direction of the kitchen. I then looked around for a way to get down. Some one had left a chair standing near, and I carefully stepped on it, for I was dreadfully stiff from standing so long. My shoes made such a clatter that I slipped them off, and I hunted for a candle and lighted it, as I had seen Matilda do, and crept down the corridor until I came to a room that I knew to be hers, for when I peeped in I saw such lovely playthings. There she was asleep in her little bed, so I sat down as quietly as I could, with all the playthings around me. There were chairs for the dollies, and the dearest little tea set, and a trunk full of Matilda's beautiful clothes. I played that they were all mine, and tried on her aprons and little slippers and found they just fitted; then I nearly cried to think that I must ever go back and wear my ugly dress again.

All of a sudden I thought it must be nearly morning, and I knew I must be back before the cock crew, so I took my candle and went to the old clock in the hall. It was already after four and there was no time to lose. I could not find Kitty, so I rushed back to my frame and as I stepped up the cock crew. Alas! I had forgotten that I wore Matilda's clothes and carried one of her dolls. So there I stood, and the next day when the people saw me they were frightened and called it a miracle. At last they decided that some artist had come in during the night and had done it for mischief. But Matilda clapped her hands and said, "Oh goody! Now my little great-grandmother looks just like me!"

"It was already after four."

Next Hallowe'en I shall come down and tell Matilda all about it.

"Now my little great-grandmother looks just like me."

The Wheat Harvest Around the World

By W. R. DRAPER

A Threshing Crew in North Dakota

TEN million men and several million women and children are in the midst of the greatest wheat harvest in the history of the world. It is estimated that the wheat crop this year will reach three billion bushels, by far the largest ever gathered. The work of harvesting commenced in January down in the South American countries and ends in December in Burmah and Wales. Meanwhile the supply of breadstuff for the next year will have been gathered and shipped to the markets.

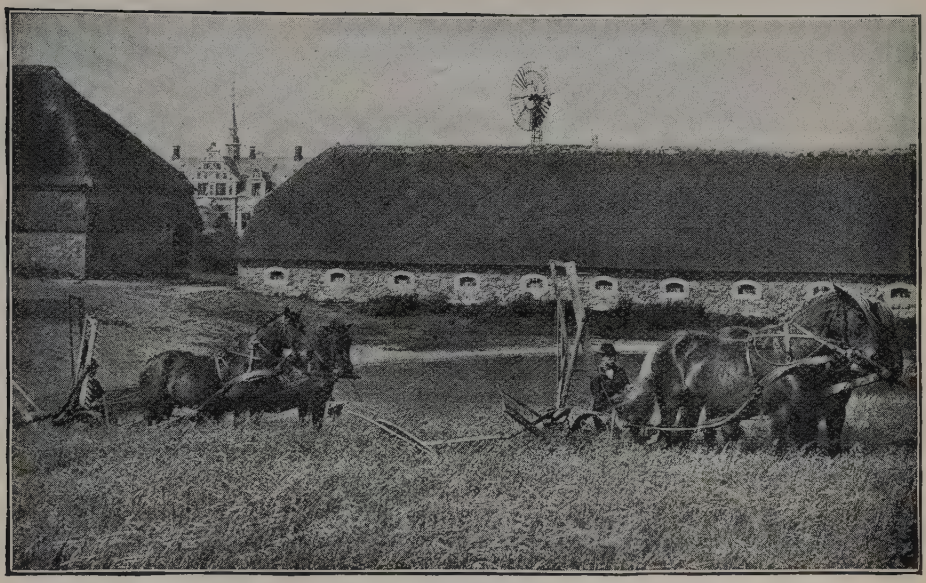
Wheat is the oldest cereal of which there is any record, being spoken of in the Bible as the "staff of life," and known to have existed 2,700 years B. C. The exact source of wheat, whether in India, Persia or Egypt is unknown, but the first wheat crops of any consequence were found along the Nile river.

Modern methods of harvesting grain have invaded many of the foreign lands since Mr. Cyrus McCormick built the first reaper in 1831, and his machines, which have been improved upon from time to time, have been the real reason for the increase in wheat production. It would be a physical impossibility to gather the wheat crops on some of the great ranches of the West if machinery were not to be had to aid in the gigantic task. Think of ten thousand acres of ripened grain in one field, which must be cut within four or five days. A sufficient number of men could not enter the field to do the work by hand alone. The most crude methods of harvest are yet found in India and Egypt and along the Nile, where wheat was first grown. The United States and Canada boast and actually possess the most modern methods of gathering the grain. While harvesting machine companies, such as the McCormick, Deering and other

Harvesting in the Argentine Republic

gigantic concerns, send their own agents and helpers into every part of the world, to instruct the natives in the art of running a modern binder, the prices,

Cutting the Grain with Sickles in India



HARVEST SCENE IN DENMARK

on account of excessive freight, are made so high that most of the farmers cannot afford new machinery very often. Grain growing has not received the "boom" in other lands it has in the United States, principally on account of the cheapened plan of harvesting here and the high prices elsewhere. The average cost of harvesting, or producing a bushel of wheat, is fiftyfour cents, while the average price obtained is sixtyone cents. This includes all countries of the world in the estimate. The average of profit on wheat is about $1.25 per acre the world around. The profit in the United States is from $5 to $8 per acre.

The cost of the harvest in various portions of the world is shown as follows: United Kingdom, 80 cents per bushel; Italy, 72 cents; Germany, 70 cents; France, 70 cents; Hungary, 68 cents; Australia, 66 cents; Spain, 60 cents; Canada, 56 cents; United States, 54 cents; India, 53 cents; Argentina, 53 cents; Russia, 52 cents.

The average yield of wheat per acre in various countries noted for their large crops follows: Denmark, 31 bushels per acre; United Kingdom, 28; New Zealand, 25; Norway, 25; Germany, 23; Belgium, 23; Holland, 21; France, 19; United States, 18; Roumania, 18; Hungary, 18; Austria, 16; Canada, 15; Argentina, 13; Italy, 12; India, 9; Algeria, 7; South Australia, 7.

The cost of producing wheat and the average yield in Italy, India, Australia and several other foreign countries are about equal, hence it is impossible for the wheat growers to realize profit from the wheat, and in fact the grain is often raised at a loss, but then it is cheaper than importing breadstuff. For the reason that the cost of producing wheat is so great in the United Kingdom, that country imports about two hundred million bushels of wheat annually. The wheat crop raised in that country supplies the natives with flour less than three months in the year. The United States is the greatest wheat raising country and exported 178,000,000 bushels of wheat for export between July of 1902 and April

of 1903. Most of this grain was shipped to Liverpool, and some of it to the Philippines, China and Japan.

The wheat harvest, which commences in January, travels northward throughout the year. The month of January finds the harvesters engaged in gathering the wheat of Australia, New Zealand, Chili and Argentine; February and March, upper Egypt and surrounding countries; April, lower Egypt, India, Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Asia Minor and Cuba; May, Florida, Texas, Algeria, Central Asia, China and Japan; June, California, Oregon, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, Utah, Colorado, Missouri, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the south of France; July, New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and the tier of states westward to the Rocky Mountains, Roumania, Bulgaria, Austria-Hungary, south of Russia, Germany, Switzerland and the south of England; August, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Canada, Great Britain, Netherlands and Central Russia; September and October, Scotland, Norway, Sweden and the north of Russia; November, Peru and South Africa; December, Burmah and New South Wales and the extreme north of Russia. Thus the harvest is going on practically all the year in some portion of the world, but the principal countries harvest their wheat between May and August.

THE FISH THEY CATCH AT LOS ANGELES

THE man and the boy in the picture are standing on the body of a whale eighty-three feet long. The photograph was taken in June by Rev. J. L. Parks of Los Angeles, California. Mr. Parks does not claim that he caught the fish with a hook and line. The monster was run down and killed by a steamer, and its body was washed up on Redondo Beach, eighteen miles from Los Angeles. The whale was fifteen feet thick and twelve feet across the tail.

When it is known that the man who is standing on the whale is six feet tall, the size of this oceanic leviathan may better be realized. As the whale is lying on its back, the man is standing on the under side of the lower jaw. The sand has been washed up around the whale so that about one third of its thickness is buried. The enterprising fisherman seen in the distance filed a claim on the whale and proceeded to cut it up and boil out the oil. He expected to get 200 barrels, worth $10 a barrel.

Why Life is Safer at Sea Than Ashore

By WINTHROP MARVIN

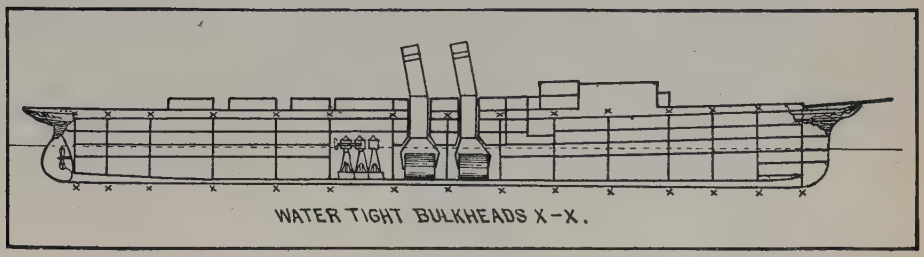


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE WATER TIGHT BULKHEADS OF THE AMERICAN LINER NEW YORK

THERE is a pleasant ditty of the sea, ascribed variously to William Pitt, to Hood and to Dibdin, in which one Barney Buntline congratulates a fellow tar, Billy Bowline, that they are afloat instead of ashore in the "strong northwester blowing" — "Hey, don't ye hear its roar now?" — for:

"Foolhardy chaps that live in towns
What danger they are all in;
How they be quaking in their beds
For fear the roof should fall in.

"While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney pots
About their heads are flying!

"Both you and I have often heard
How men are killed and undone
By overturns from carriages,
By thieves and fire in London.

"We know what risks these landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors."

Here is a fine, virile, refreshing viewpoint. And let not landlubbers imagine that this hearty Barney was at all sardonic. He meant in sober earnest every word he said. In spite of maritime romancers, your true seafaring man is seldom oppressed by the perils of his calling. He actually feels safest when the salt spray stings his face, and the long keel lifts beneath him. If your sailor happens to be a bit bookish, he can cite to you proof exact and convincing that however it may have been in the crude, remote days, the sea is a thing of terror no longer. Within ten years, thanks to better ships and better navigation, the death rate of sailors has decreased one half, and is now only thirteen per 1,000, or forty or fifty per cent. below the rate for all inhabitants of such cities as Boston, New York or Chicago — though, of course, such a comparison must not be pursued to its last analysis of why or wherefore, but taken for what it is worth as a sufficiently surprising statement of an actual fact. Out of 10,000 accidents reported to the Travelers' Insurance Company, 2,413 occurred to pedestrians and 1,880 to persons who were comfortably at home indoors. No fewer than 1,816 accidents were due to riding or driving, 689 to various sports, 406 to bicycling, and 477 to railway travel, while only seventy of these 10,000 accidents occurred upon the ocean. Making all due allowance for the obvious fact that there are always many more persons walking, or indoors, or engaged in pastimes, or railway journeying than there are at sea, these figures are still significant.

One great steamship company, with forty vessels, lost only one seaman in a year, and it was recorded of the celebrated Inman line some years ago that it had conveyed, without one death, a million passengers. In the year 1890, the trans-Atlantic liners made nearly 2,000 voyages from New York to the various ports of the United Kingdom and the Continent, carrying 200,000 cabin and 372,000 steerage passengers across 3,000 miles of boisterous ocean. And yet, in this entire year, there was not one accident costing the life of a single one of these more than half a million people.

What railway system can show a record for a given period surpassing this? And the Atlantic steam fleet of 1903, taken as a whole, is far superior in the average size, strength

and safety of its ships to the iron fleet of 1890. There has not been any disaster fatal to a really first class modern passenger steamship of one of the great lines since the Cunarder Oregon was sunk in collision — fortunately without loss of life — in March, 1886, off Fire Island.

Indeed, not one of the swift, twin screw steamers which conduct the best passenger traffic between the United States and Europe has ever succumbed to the force of the storm, or to the deadlier perils of collision or stranding. The few losses that have occurred of late years have been invariably of vessels of an older and cruder type. Neither the Elbe nor the Bourgogne could be said to be thoroughly modern in construction. Neptune must confess that the new, great ships of the twentieth century, with their double engines and their elaborate water tight compartments, are impregnable to his fiercest seas and wildest hurricanes. Delayed these great ships may be, and even bruised and wounded sometimes, but conquered — practically never.

The passenger liners of the north Atlantic have grown in size from ten to twenty times since 1840, and have almost trebled in speed. The Sirius of 1838 was of 700 tons; the Great Western, of 1,300. The City of Glasgow, first of the Inman liners, in 1850, was of 1,600 tons. The Inman liner City of Paris, of 1889, now the Philadelphia of the American line, is of 10,500 tons. The new Cedric of the White Star line, giant of the whole great fleet of the International Mercantile Marine Company — the "Morgan merger" — and the largest steamship in the world, has a tonnage of 21,000.

This enormous increase in the size of the ships that make up the "Atlantic ferry" has proved to be, of itself, a notable gain in safety and comfort for the passengers. The small, short, narrow, feebler liners of years ago were forever having their decks swept by storm waves, and their cabins and holds invaded by cataracts of cold salt water. This was always unpleasant and often dangerous. An appalling number of those weak, early steamships have recorded against their names, "Sailed and never heard from." Many of those missing vessels were unquestionably overwhelmed by the sheer weight of the waves that fell upon them in the Atlantic hurricanes. But not one first class modern liner has ever been destroyed in this way, and for seventeen years not one such liner sailing from one side has failed to reach the other safe and sound. Such disasters as have occurred have been confined to ships of an older type or inferior tonnage.

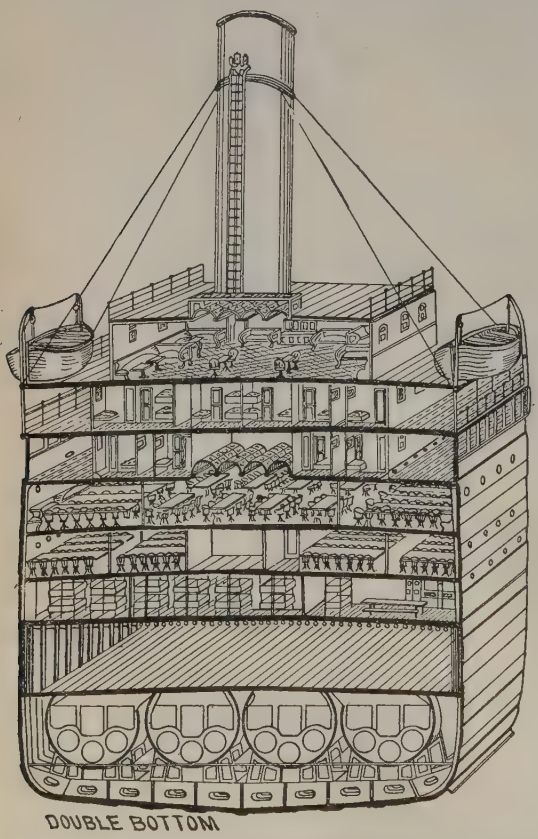
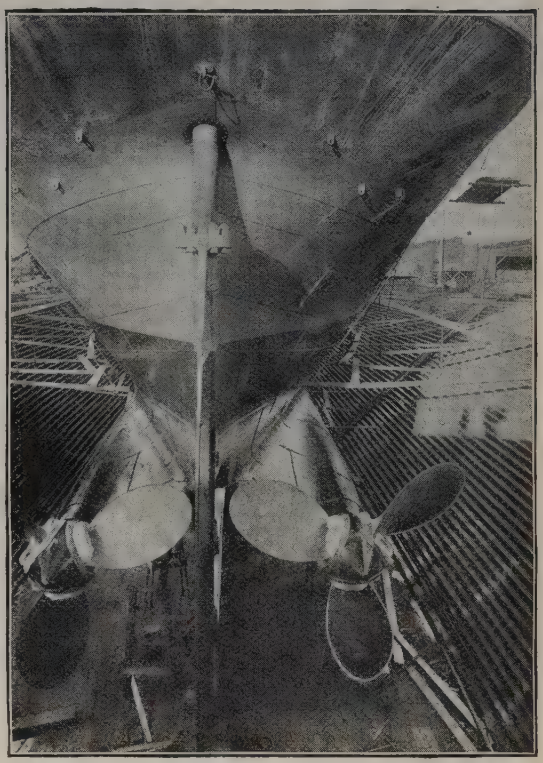


Diagram of the Double Bottom of the Giant White Star Liner Cedric, the Largest Ship in the World

This great fact that stands out so impressively from the modern history of Atlantic navigation cannot be too often or too deeply emphasized. One cause of it has already been noted in the huge size and strength of twentieth century liners. They stand the shock of the sea for the same general reason that the large, heavily built Pullman cars best survive the shock and stress of a railway accident. Some-

times — less and less often — a lofty Atlantic tidal wave does manage to topple on board of one of these mighty steamships, smashing a boat or two, or other light gear, but such injury is trivial. And so well are the cabins and staterooms protected by the clever designing of the upper works, that the waves' attack goes almost unnoted and unknown by passengers.

The very speed of these twentieth century liners is in itself an element of safety, for it reduces the period of possible exposure to the perils of the sea. Thus, the modern steamer of from fifteen to twenty or more knots is able to escape from an area of storm or fog much more swiftly than the seven to twelve knot vessels of years ago. Moreover, the full powered modern ship can be much more smartly and securely handled when the winds bluster or the mist lies thick around. Experienced travelers by land do not shun the fast mail trains as dangerous; quite the contrary. So the veteran Atlantic captains, those most experienced travelers by sea, agree in emphatic chorus that the great steamships of today are far safer than their weaker and clumsier predecessors.



TWIN SCREWS OF THE NEW YORK, SHOWING HOW PROPELLERS ARE ENCASED TO PREVENT FOULING

There are three other dominant factors which, combined with improved power and speed, have wrought a transformation in the security of ocean travel. They are, first, the water tight compartment; second, the double bottom; third, the twin screw. The first of these is not a new invention, but it is only of late years that its full potency has been realized. When safety bulkheads were first built across the hulls of iron steamships, they were only a few in number — three, four, five or six — and the ships were not sufficiently subdivided to save them if the hull was punctured anywhere save at the extreme bow. Moreover, as solid bulkheads forbade quick and easy communication below decks between one part of the ship and another, so called water tight doors were cut through these safety walls. These doors were usually open when the fateful moment came, and there was no time to close them.

But the modern idea is to increase the number of these bulkheads, and to keep them water tight in fact as well as in name, either by having no openings at all in the steel walls below the upper decks, or in having as few as possible, with machinery — automatic machinery — to close them. As to the double bottoms, that means, in the lower hull, virtually one ship within another, so that if the outer plating is pierced by a jagged rock the ship will float on the inner hull almost as buoyantly as ever.

Although the importance of twin screws, or two propellers each with its own shaft instead of one, was understood many years ago, it was not until the epoch making City of New York and City of Paris — now the New York and Philadelphia of the International fleet — came out in 1888 and 1889 that this invaluable idea was first applied to the great ships of North Atlantic commerce. Never was there a more decisive victory than that of these superb pioneers. The twin screws are now an unvarying characteristic of all Atlantic steamships of first class construction. They do not give much absolute gain in

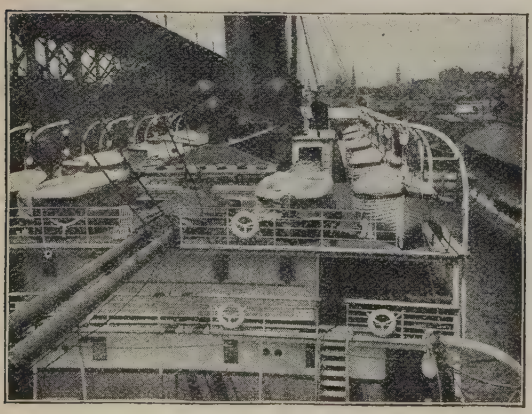
CAPTAIN JAMES MCAULEY OF THE COMMONWEALTH

speed, but they do mark a long advance in safety. Not only are there two separate screws turning each on its own shaft, but there are two independent sets of boilers and engines, each in its own compartment. A modern ship so elaborately subdivided may have two compartments pierced or two smashed into one, and still bring its precious freight of passengers safely into port. This is not theoretical conjecture; it has had practical demonstration in the brilliant annals of the "Atlantic ferry" within a dozen years.

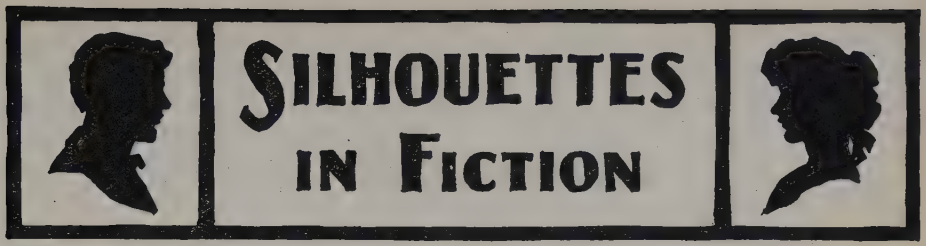
The twin screws of modern Atlantic steamships give wonderful facility in maneuvering and enable these ships to avoid an iceberg, a derelict or some other obstruction in their track that would have been fatal to the old time liner. A twin screw ship, properly engined, can reverse one screw while going ahead with the other, and thus turn in her course almost as if upon a pivot. But the great, inestimable advantage of the twin screws is that if one is disabled by the loss of its blades, the fracture of the shaft, or some breakdown of the connecting machinery, the other screw and other engine can drive the great vessel on and into port, when a single screw ship would lie as helpless as a sodden log upon the ocean. The loss of one of the twin screws does not even mean a reduction of one half in the speed of the steamer. The City of New York once made with one screw 382 knots in twentyfour hours, or about sixteen knots an hour — only twentyfive per cent. less than her maximum of twenty. If a twin screw ship loses the use of her rudder, adroit handling of the two screws and two engines — a few revolutions more now of one screw, now of the other — will hold her closely to her course, and enable her to reach her destination, when a single screw ship, rudderless, would swing all around the compass with the shifting of wind or sea.

Fire, one of the ever present ocean perils in the days of wooden hulls, is now almost forgotten. Even if a fire once starts, it is easy to confine it to its one steel compartment, and to smother it there with steam pipes or hose. No such catastrophe as that of the burning of the Austria with 470 lives, in 1858, appears in the recent history of Atlantic steamships, and this old risk may now be thoroughly dismissed from modern calculations.

The mere fury of gale or waves cannot destroy a first class steamship like those which by the score perform the choice passenger service of the International Mercantile Marine Company in this spring and summer of 1903. Such a Titan as the White Star liner Cedric or the new Kroonland or Finland of the Red Star line, or the Dominion liner Mayflower — to name only recent additions to the "ferry" — is as invincible to the buffetings of the sea as a steel fortress or a granite headland. Collision in fog with an iceberg or another ship is really the only peril that now menaces an Atlantic passenger, and twin screws and water tight bulkheads in a mighty steel hull have reduced even this long familiar danger to a minimum far below the risk of collision on lines of ordinary railway. This risk of collision at sea is further lessened by the practice which the chief ocean companies have adopted of following regular lanes — one eastward, one westward.



LIFEBOATS OF THE DOMINION LINER COMMONWEALTH



THE TINY ONE'S HOMECOMING

By Sara Lindsay Coleman

NIGHT was coming on, the house was still, and the Tiny One stood outside the door, slightly ajar. She had eluded nurse, whom she didn't often succeed in getting away from entirely, and had come home. She was going to 'sprise her Muv, who was sick.

No one heard her labor up the stairs. Confident of the welcome that awaited her, she hung to the doorknob and laughed through the mist of her golden curls, looking into the room roguishly. She was Muv's Beautifulest, Ownest, Littlest. She was Daddy's Lambkins——there was nothing to fear.

"Sh! Sh! Sh!" The sound came from a cambric gowned, white capped, white aproned creature who crossed the room toward the child but stopped when a faint, sweet voice said:

"Let her come, please."

The Tiny One came timidly, eyeing the intruder.

Halfway across the room she stopped, her eyes big with wonder.

The cover of her own white bed was moving; something alive squirmed there and sent out a thin, bleating sound from under the blankets.

"Fair sheep is?" quivered the Tiny One, darting toward the safety of her mother's bed.

There was a faint tinkle of laughter in the tired voice that requested Miss Parker to show the baby to his little sister.

Miss Parker lifted a bundle from the crib, took off layer after layer of blanket, stooped down and brought into view an ugly, expressionless and excessively red little face and said:

"This is your little brother, dear. God sent him. Don't you want a nice little brother to play with you?"

"Oh, Miss Parker," — the pleading voice belonged to the Tiny One's mother —"won't you let me hold my beautifulest boy just one moment?"

Miss Parker hesitated, then laid the little bundle down in the soft, white, tender bend of the mother arm—in the very crook where the Tiny One had always nestled, and the wonderful mother look that had always been hers was bent to it.

Something of the truth forced itself slowly and painfully into the child soul of the Tiny One standing in the middle of the room, forgotten. She flung herself face downward upon the floor and shrieked and kicked in an agony of anger and jealousy that seemed to run the entire gamut of childish woe.

Miss Parker bore her from the room and deposited her at the foot of the stairway.

The Doctor almost stumbled over the little white heap that lay in the cold, unlighted hall, sobbing softly into its fluff of yellow curls.

"It's got my Muv," she wailed, as he lifted her, "an' my bed, an'—an'—*eversing!*"

Being a man and a bachelor, the Doctor had no words of comfort ready, but he held her in a close and silent sympathy that told her he appreciated the situation and the confidence she placed in him—then he put her down

and went quickly up the stairs.

Neglected and cold and hungry, the Tiny One, who had no similar experience and no philosophy with which to meet the new conditions, stumbled through the darkness and into the presence of her Daddy, who sat in the library by a fire that burned low and red.

"Daddy!" A ripple of joy went over her face, quivering with the sting of a bitter memory. "Daddy!" she climbed into the heaven of his arms. "Daddy!" she leaned her flower-soft body against him heavily. But her grief which had followed overtook her and she sobbed:

"My Muv's got It—she called It beautifules'."

The man laid his face in silence against the swollen, tear stained cheek.

Suddenly she trembled into laughter with:

"It ain't got no Daddy!" Again and again, in a wicked and triumphant glee, she shrilled the words.

When the stillness grew and grew in the shadow filled room where the fire sang a sleepy song and little red flames flashed across the room and coquetted with themselves in the long mirror, the Tiny One, who was not asleep, spoke.

"Daddy," her voice was sharp with a new and ugly fear, "I fink it's got a Daddy."

The man slipped the shoe and sock from the wee white foot and began the old, old story of the little pig who went to market, of the little pig who staid at home.

"*Who — It's — Daddy — is?*" Something had caught the Tiny One's voice almost away from her.

With a laugh that held no mirth the man began again, this time a brave, wonderful story of a poor old man who traveled over the whole world at nighttime and carried a big bag of sand on his tired, tired shoulder—but the child would have none of it.

"*Who It's Daddy is?*" she asked, till his heart ached at the sound. "Who It's Daddy is? Who It's *Daddy Is?*"

"Lambkins," he cried, a break in his own voice, "I am! But I'm yours first. Hold on to that—I'm yours first!"

HIS FATAL SENSE OF HUMOR

By James Ravenscroft

IN the long, carpetless room which was used as a general office and storehouse by the Prisoners' Aid society, sat a group of men around a big coal stove, the sides of which glowed with heat. Outside, the wind shook the two dingy windows which lighted the room, and the snow swirled by in blinding gusts.

There were six men in the group; all but two were ex-convicts who had been reclaimed to respectability through the sympathetic efforts of the society. The two who had never worn prison garb were the secretary of the society and a newspaper man; the others were serving in various capacities while waiting for something to "turn up." As the afternoon passed, the ex-convicts fell to telling stories, which were more or less reminiscent.

The youngest of the group had just finished a narration of his wrongdoing, when the eldest, a man with white hair and a wrinkled face, said:

"I was about your age, lad, when I got my first term. It was only five years, but I had never known confinement of any sort, not even sickness, and it seemed like a life sentence."

The others remained respectfully silent while the old man carefully filled his pipe, dipped it into the ashes and flakes of embers on the hearth, and then puffed steadily until the light was safe.

"Yes," he resumed, "it was the hardest sentence I ever served, and I had nineteen years after that, too. I did the job out West, and I never would have been

suspected, had not my own mouth betrayed me.

"I got started wrong while I was in college. I might have turned out very differently, for I had the opportunity and plenty of encouragement; but instead of availing myself of those favors I acquired an insatiable desire for a life of luxury and ease, and contracted habits which no amount of money I could have earned under the most propitious circumstances would have maintained. I had been a student three years, when I got into a little difficulty over money; I should have faced it like a man, for it was nothing incriminating, but I ran away. A pal went with me, and for a time we existed by means of petty swindling. Then we quarreled and separated. He went back home and became a respectable man; I went to the devil.

"It is amazing how swiftly the wrong current will carry you. In a short while I entirely forgot my conscience and the fact that I was becoming a professional crook. I was hanging around a small country town, looking for a chance to make an easy haul so I could skip East. I had some money and was posing as a young man prospecting for a good business opening. I joined a Sunday school and laid several other wires of a social nature to further my work.

"I soon spotted a mine. About five miles out in the country there lived a welltodo farmer whose town relatives happened to be members of the same Sunday school I had joined, and through them I found out that he was in the habit of keeping large sums of money in his house.

"When I saw him I knew at once that he would be a dangerous man to deal with, so I dismissed my original plan to break into his house, and waited. A week passed and I was becoming impatient, when the farmer and his family came to town to visit over night. A grown daughter was left to look after things, but I did not anticipate trouble from her.

"Late that afternoon I went to the farm in a roundabout way and secreted myself in the corn field near the garden. I intended to wait until night, but just before dark the girl went to the barn for something, and, feeling certain that no one else was near, I crept into the house. A vicious looking mastiff was lying in the front yard, but he did not scent me.

"I went to the second floor, where, from the window, I could watch the girl's movements without being seen, and began a hasty search. In the front room was a large chest, which I opened with a key from my bunch. In the tray was a wallet containing a large roll of bills—over a thousand dollars I found later when I counted them. I slipped it into my pocket, relocked the chest and was about to try getting out, when I saw the girl coming.

"A tall wardrobe standing across one corner of the room afforded the only place to hide, and I quickly got behind it. The girl did not leave the house again that evening, so I settled down to wait until she went to bed.

"I felt a trifle unpleasant when I discovered that she was preparing to sleep in that room; I was afraid the mastiff would be brought in, and I knew if he was that he certainly would nose me out. But the dog was left in the yard, and I breathed easier.

"I could see the dresser plainly from where I was, and when the girl came to the mirror and let down her hair, I felt ashamed of my trade. She was a beautiful girl. Her back was turned to me, but the glass showed her face, and as I crouched there, a thief with her father's money in my pocket, a sudden wish to return it and to be an honest man once more tugged at my heart.

"She picked up a letter, the contents of which I readily surmised from the

expression on her face as she read it. The thought of her having a lover somehow hardened me to my purpose. She tucked the letter under the scarf on the dresser and began to hum a love song while she plaited her hair. Then she locked her hands behind her head, the loose sleeves of her gown slipping down over her soft, white arms, and surveyed herself from all points in the mirror. As she turned to put out the light, she laughed and said:

"'I think I'm pretty with my night gown on!'

"She went to sleep almost instantly. When I heard her breathing heavily, I slipped from my hiding place. At the foot of the stairs I stopped to put on my shoes, which I had removed while behind the wardrobe, and, again eluding the dog, I was soon out on the road.

"The next morning the girl rode into town, and in less than a half an hour the news of the robbery was on everybody's tongue. The farmer wired a big detective bureau in the city, and I concluded that it would be best to remain there a week or so to disarm suspicion. Of course the detectives didn't find a clue, and the excitement gradually settled until I could risk leaving.

"On the afternoon of the day I had made ready for my trip East—I had planned to take a midnight train—I met the farmer's daughter on the street. It had been nearly seven weeks since the robbery, and, feeling comparatively safe, I yielded to the temptation to be flip. As we passed I said, mimicking her words before the mirror: 'I think I'm pretty with my night gown on!' She merely glanced at me without showing the slightest resentment.

"Well, I was arrested before I was an hour older. At first I hoped that it might be for the insulting remark, but I soon learned that the charge was robbery. She was a clever girl, as clever as she was pretty. At my trial she testified that she had spoken those identical words before her mirror on the night of the robbery, and, as I had quoted her exactly, there was only one inference—that I must have been secreted in the room. My lawyer tried to shake her testimony by arguing that a girl in love might have said such words on any one of the 365 nights in the year, but he failed to impress the jurors. The verdict of the jury was unanimous."

AN ACTRESS WHO IS ALSO A LAWYER

MISS MARIE RAWSON, graduate of a Chicago law college and fully qualified practitioner of that most intricate and fascinating of professions, is probably the only woman in America who combines the professions of law and acting on the professional stage. Miss Rawson's first stage season was with Otis Skinner in *Prince Otto;* later she appeared in *My Friend from India,* then as leading woman with H. Reeves-Smith when he presented *A Brace of Partridges* and *The Tyranny of Tears.* Last season Miss Rawson was seen in *The Climbers,* and this summer finds her leading woman of the Gem Stock Company, playing at Peek's Island, Maine.

MISS MARIE RAWSON

Miss Rawson prefers the stage, but expects finally to practice law.

A Day at Conan Doyle's Home

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY

UNDERSHAW, THE HOME OF THE DOYLES

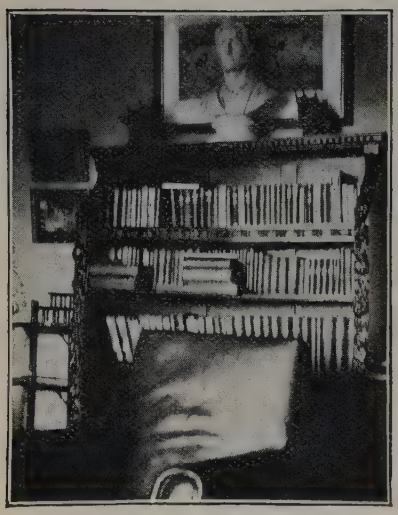
"WHAT'S Kenn'n Doyle ye want? Well, ye go down that road under the railroad bridge, then take the first turn to the right and the second turn to the left until ye see a house under the hill near the 'uts."

"And how far is it?"

"It's a good two mile and a 'alf."

His "two mile and a 'alf" means four American miles, and half of it a climb to the top of the hill range, where quite a group of literateurs have located. Hindhead is that distance from the nearest railroad and probably always will be, as the topography of the country precludes the building of any such connection with the outside world — for which its people are doubtless grateful. Along the range of hills can be found the homes of some of England's most noted writers and scientists. Six hundred feet above the sea, it is high enough to get the invigorating air of such altitudes, while from the English channel, only twenty miles away, comes the pleasant sea breeze. Though attractive at all seasons, the valley is especially interesting in summer, when the purple of the heather in bloom intermingles with the yellow of the grain and the green of the groves. It is all free to residents of the vicinity to shoot and stroll in at at pleasure, for the uncultivated land is held by the original owners of the country hereabouts as a sort of game preserve and pasture ground, which those who purchase homes have an opportunity to use.

Suppose the reader were to accompany the author on one of his pedestrian excursions. Dr. Doyle would greet him dressed, if the weather permitted, in a loosely fitting blue flannel coat, something on the peajacket order, white canvas trousers, turned at the bottoms, and heavy walking shoes. He is fond of the wide brimmed straw hat. Taking up his blackthorn, away he starts with a stride that stretches your muscles to keep up with him. It makes very little difference whether the walking is good or bad or the road is hilly or level, he keeps up the same gait, and as he goes his spirits seem to rise. He is familiar with every curious story and character in the vicinity, and as he passes this or that spot may regale his companion with a bit of legend or incident which shows his wonderful memory for the odd things and ideas of the world. Perhaps a farmer or country laborer passes whom the Doctor knows. He stops, shakes hands as though with a long lost friend and enters into conversation as easily and unaffectedly as though he had known the man all his life or was a tiller of the soil himself. He can talk about the prospects of the coming potato crop, or the best grade of cattle for dairy purposes, as readily as discuss a difficult surgical operation or the different schools of English fiction. In short, he has the faculty of meeting every man on familiar ground.



SHERLOCK HOLMES ABOVE THE BOOKCASE

Naturally of a peaceable disposition, the author is not to be trifled with any more than some of the characters in his writings. He is a great believer in fair play, and on more than one occasion has stood up for the weaker man in trouble, to the cost of his assailant. They tell a story about Haslemere of a little adventure in which he took part at Southsea, near Portsmouth, his former home. The cart drivers at Southsea have boys to help deliver their loads. One morning, as the Doctor was getting a little exercise to whet his appetite for breakfast, one of these carts came along. The driver, a heavily built man, had been drinking until he was in an ugly mood. For some reason he became angry with the boy, and stopping his horse, began beating the lad with the handle of his whip. He was so busily engaged that he did not know anyone else was interested until a hand grasped him by the shoulder and pulled him headlong into the street.

"I think you've done about enough of this, my man."

"It's no business of such gentry as you to interfere when the young rascal needs a beating," and the enraged driver, who had struggled to his feet, drew back his whip to strike the newcomer. The Doctor's right fist landed on his face and he went down like a log. When he arose it was to apologize. The fight had been, to use a slang phrase, "knocked out of him."

Summer, when field sports are in their height, finds Dr. Doyle in his happiest mood. But little sign of literary pursuit is to be found about the house. Even his library is made the receptacle for cricket and tennis kits, guns and trout tackle. Riding breeches, hunting boots and other paraphernalia are spread all over the place.

The Doctor is a member of one of the best amateur cricket teams in England; as the cricket season occupies nearly two months, it may be surmised that very little literary work is done about Undershaw until its close, or between spring and autumn. In addition to cricket, however, a spring trap and the fragments of numerous clay pigeons scattered about the grounds attest his fondness for shooting. The six horses in the stables include two fine saddle mares, one of which has a record as a jumper. At the side of the house is a grass tennis court bearing the indications of frequent usage, while one of the largest rooms is given up to billiard and pool tables for indoor sport in inclement weather — although the rain must fall fast or the snow be deep to keep the author-sportsman from enjoying some outdoor pastime, if he feels thus inclined.

Undershaw is very much of today — like its host. It cannot boast of anything historical, as it was built less than a dozen years ago. England has hundreds of other homes more pretentious, but it would be difficult to find one better arranged for enjoyment. From his library Dr. Doyle can look down the valley upon a picture into which nothing enters to mar its peaceful beauty. Near

at hand he can see his own grounds, partly level and partly hillside, the latter covered with gorse and heather and alive with rabbits. The long writing table of oak upholstered in leather contains the necessary room for writing materials, also for a box of tobacco and an assortment of pipes, as well as a dictionary and one or two other reference books. Each of the two cases against the wall holds perhaps a hundred books of poetry, history, travel, biography and fiction, including several of his own works, also an elaborate edition of Scott. Perhaps the most notable feature of Dr. Doyle's library is a bust of Sherlock Holmes, the detective whose marvelous performances, as depicted by the author, have been the wonder of the English reading world.

THE AUTHOR'S HELPMEET

This man, whose right name was Belden, was a Scotchman residing in Edinboro. His study of human nature led him to play the part of detective, and he met with success in hunting down several noted criminals who had eluded the professional detective force of the kingdom. Dr. Doyle chanced to make his acquaintance and an intimacy sprang up between the two men which resulted in the production of the "detective stories," which have been so interesting because the reader was forced by the narration to believe that they were true. The famous character was a man of medium height, and, though delicate in appearance, very wiry and muscular. He was what Americans would call a "dead shot" with a revolver, and the knowledge of his skill among the criminal classes undoubtedly saved his life on several occasions when tracing out the perpetrators of crimes.

The mistress of Undershaw is decidedly petite in contrast to her big, athletic husband, and her delicate appearance is an indication of her health. Her illness has not in any way affected Mrs. Doyle's spirits, and she has the rare faculty of making those who enter her home feel that at least for the time they are a part of the household.

Dr. Doyle's hours of work are irregular, and a chapter or but a page or two may be written between pipe puffs after the morning or evening meal. His workshop is always ready with an abundance of paper, pens and pencils, while the box of smoking mixture always contains a good supply for the favorite stumpy black pipe. How many descriptions have been written with that pipe clenched between the author's teeth will probably never be known, but its appearance indicates that it has done yeoman service.

"While the churches are busy with the small and selfish things of creed, sectarian strife, and elegant and costly houses of worship, the real spirit of the Christian religion is finding expression in the world in other ways and through other avenues."—*Rev. Clyde Elbert Ordway.*

Our Army and Navy

By WALDON FAWCETT

LORD ROBERTS, WHO WILL BE THE GUEST OF U. S. ARMY OFFICERS

FOLOWING the recent visit of General Baden-Powell, the famous British cavalry commander, American army officers are looking forward with interest to the proposed visit of Field Marshal Lord Roberts. Foreign officers who visit the United States usually come in a more or less critical frame of mind; but, as might be expected, the officers of Uncle Sam's fighting forces are frequently enabled to gain many pointers from the contact of keen wits. That, on the other hand, the American army and navy is becoming an increasing source of interest to foreign powers, is eloquently attested by the great increase in the number of military and naval attaches on the staffs of the embassies and legations at Washington.

SPEAKING to the young men of the nation through the National Magazine, General S. B. M. Young declares that the chances for young men in the United States Army are today better than ever. There can be no question but that General Young is qualified to speak authoritatively on this subject, for he has been in the American army since 1860, when he entered the ranks of the privates as a boy volunteer. Step by step he has risen until he is today the ranking major general of the service; the president of the War College board; and about to take up the duties of chief of the new General Staff, a position which makes him the successor of General Miles as the virtual head of Uncle Sam's fighting force on land. When asked concerning the opportunities for young men in the reorganized army General Young said:

"Never before were the chances in the army so good as now for the young man who has the ability and energy to rise. There can be no question but that the organization of the War College and of the General Staff marks an epoch in the United States army. Henceforth it will require merit to win, and there will be scant chance for the man without it. Under this new plan the War College will have as one of its principal functions the preparation of a complete system of military education, beginning with the special service schools and continuing up to the college itself, and eventually, in all probability, to the General Staff. In order to enable ambitious officers and men to perfect themselves in their chosen branches of the service, and thus win advancement, we will, as a part of the plan above mentioned, enlarge the scope of our chain of special service schools consisting of the Torpedo school at Fort Totten, New York; the Artillery school at Fort Monroe, Virginia; the Engineers school at Washington, D. C.;

the Cavalry and Light Artillery school at Fort Riley, Kansas; and the Staff and General Service school at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

"The adoption of this new system means the elimination of political influence in securing promotions and the banishment of what is known as 'petticoat influence';—in other words, it will render inoperative the influence of men's wives and families and the influence of wealth. The man who enlists with the avowed purpose of winning a commission will at the end of two years service have an opportunity to take an examination, and should he show the necessary proficiency he will take precedence of all candidates for commissions, save the graduates of West Point. From that time forward an examination will constitute the gateway to each promotion, and if the candidate is willing to work hard there is no limit to his advancement. In the army, as elsewhere, there is plenty of room at the top, and there is going to be plenty of room all along the line for men who are made of the right stuff."

THE administrative officials of the United States army have been giving much attention of late to the question of the health of the enlisted men of the service, and incidentally are seeking to develop to the highest possible state of efficiency the army nurse corps. The possibilities in this line could hardly be better exemplified than by the wonderful sanitarium for consumptives which the war department has established at Fort Bayard, New Mexico. In the beneficial climate of the Southwest and under the most rigid sanitary conditions, complete cures are being affected in all but the most serious cases. United States army surgeons and members of the army nurse corps attend the patients.

THE early autumn witnesses many important changes in high official circles in the army and navy. The important transfers of positions of authority in the army made necessary by the inauguration of the new General Staff have already been mentioned, and lately has come the announcement by Secretary Moody of changes equally important in the navy and marine corps which are likewise to take effect during the late summer or early autumn. Colonel George F. Elliott of the United States Marine Corps is to be made commandant of the marine corps with the rank of briagdier general, upon the statutory retirement of Major General Charles Heywood. Pay Director Henry T. B. Davis succeeds Rear Admiral Albert S. Kenny as chief of the bureau of supplies and accounts of the

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE ARMY'S NEW HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES AT FORT BAYARD, N. M.

OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE DOLPHIN, "UNCLE SAM'S PRIVATE YACHT"

navy department, and Captain Charles W. Rae is elevated to the rank of rear admiral and succeeds Rear Admiral George W. Melville in the highly important position of chief of the bureau of steam engineering. Rear Admirals Melville and Kenny were both placed on the retired list on account of having reached the age limit months ago and only continued in office in order to give the president time to give due consideration to the filling of their places. Captain Rae, who succeeds to the office held by Rear Admiral Melville, has had about fifteen years service at sea. Since May, 1900, he has been stationed in Washington as a member of the naval examining board. He rendered particularly good service during the Spanish war and was advanced in numbers in recognition. Pay Director Harris, the new chief of the bureau of supplies and accounts, was in the voluntary navy during the Civil War. Colonel Elliott, the new commandant of the United States Marine Corps—the soldiers of the navy—is one of the heroes of the Spanish war and was advanced in grade because of conspicuous service. Out of thirtytwo years service he has spent fourteen at sea. The rank of major general in the marine corps was created by congress especially for the benefit of General Heywood, and expires on his retirement in October. As already stated, Colonel Elliott, his successor, will have the rank of brigadier general.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY MOODY, who has, by the way, just announced that he will at the expiration of President Roosevelt's first term retire from his present position and resume the practice of law, has planned to make an inspection tour of the navy yards and naval stations of the north Atlantic coast, using for the purpose the steel dispatch boat Dolphin, which by reason of the fact that it is always kept at the disposition of the president and the secretary of the navy, has come to be known as "Uncle Sam's private yacht." Mr. Moody will be accompanied by naval committeemen of the senate and house.

Youngstown, Ohio, a City of Wonders In Iron and Steel.

By CONGRESSMAN JAMES KENNEDY.

With Illustrations from Photographs by A. B. Christy.

CONGRESSMAN JAMES KENNEDY

YOUNGSTOWN is located in the Mahoning valley in eastern Ohio, and is one of the most prosperous, thriving cities in the nation. Its population in 1880 was 16,000; in 1890, 33,000; in 1900, 44,000. A careful enumeration taken a few months since shows its present population to be 58,000. Its principal industry is the manufacture of iron and steel. The materials of which steel is made can be assembled here as cheaply as anywhere on the continent.

All the great railroads from Pittsburg to the Great Lakes pass through Youngstown, giving it unexcelled facilities for transportation.

Being midway between the ore and coke, with the best of limestone lying in exhaustless quantities at its door in the river hills, Youngstown is steadily and surely earning the right to be called the principal annex to "the world's great workshop," as President Roosevelt so aptly styled Youngstown's neighboring city of Pittsburg.

The following is a statement of the total tonnage of the raw materials consumed in the iron and steel and kindred trades, together with the total productions of finished material in Youngstown during the year 1902. The figures are approximately correct:

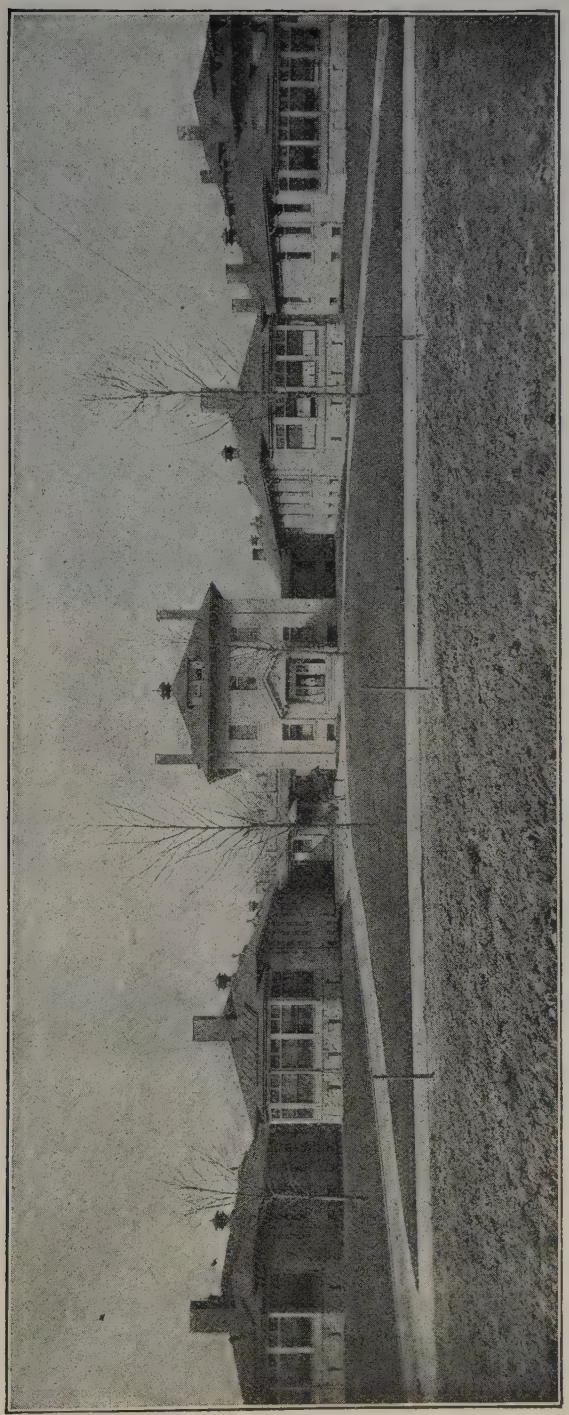
Blast furnaces, pig iron produced . .	1,500,000 tons	Foundry machine shops, material used	130,000 "
Blast furnaces, raw materials used . .	8,400,000 "	Bessemer and open hearth steel, produced	1,600,000 "
Foundry machine shops, produced . .	65,000 "	Finished shafting, produced	7,930 "

The largest single plant in Youngstown is the Ohio Steel plant, now controlled by the United States Steel Company, and consisting of blast furnaces, converting works and finishing mill. There steel is made from the raw ore at the rate of 2,000 tons per day. The books of this company show that in the year 1901 it received 1,905,588 tons of raw materials and shipped 533,165 tons of finished steel, thus making the aggregate of its commerce 2,438,753 tons.

This plant is followed closely by the great works of The Republic Iron

THE ELKS' CLUB HOUSE, YOUNGSTOWN

A View of the South Side of Youngstown, showing Market Street Viaduct and a part of Central Square



Courtesy of the Youngstown Telegram

THE YOUNGSTOWN CITY HOSPITAL

and Steel Company, the Brier Hill Iron and Coal Company, by both the upper and lower mills of the American Steel Hoop Company, Youngstown Iron Sheet and Tube Company, Youngstown Steel Company, National Tube Co. and the Youngstown Iron and Steel Roofing Company.

These great iron works swell the tonnage of Youngstown's commerce until it approximates 12,000,000 tons per annum, a total surpassed by that of only a very few of the great cities of the world.

Railroads

Youngstown has five great railroads,—the Pennsylvania Company, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Erie, and the Pittsburg & Lake Erie. These roads are all double tracked between Youngstown and Pittsburg and Youngstown and Lake Erie and have greater earning capacity per mile of track on that part of their road in the iron district than any other railroads in the world. The last annual statement of the Pittsburg & Lake Erie last showed its gross earnings on its two hundred miles of track to be little in excess of $55,000 per mile of its track.

FALLS IN MILL CREEK PARK, YOUNGSTOWN

PAVILION IN MILL CREEK PARK, YOUNGSTOWN

RAYEN HIGH SCHOOL, YOUNGSTOWN

Youngstown's machine shops and foundries are some of them more widely known even than her great iron and steel plants. William Tod & Company are builders and designers of the largest blowing engines in the world. The Lloyd Booth Company constructs all kinds of rolling mill machinery. The George B. Sennett Company, the Enterprise Boiler Company and the William B. Pollock Company are other great businesses. Youngstown has two large factories where wagons and carriages are made. A large rubber works has just been established by The Republic Rubber Company, also an extensive factory owned by The Standard Oil Cloth Company.

The Banks

Youngstown has six banks—the Wick National, the First National, the Second National, the Mahoning National, the Commercial National and the Dollar Savings & Trust Company. All are strong, healthy and prosperous institutions. Youngstown in all its history has never had a bank failure.

In order that the reader may appreciate Youngstown as a banking city, we give a statement of the growth and development of the youngest of these banks. The Dollar Savings & Trust Company was organized in 1887 with a paid up capital of $500,000; in 1896 the capital was increased to $300,000, in 1901 to $500,000 and again in 1903 to $1,000,000. In 1897 the deposits of this bank were $500,000 and these have since increased to $3,250,000.

The greater part of the deposits in the banks of Youngstown are savings from wages paid to laboring men in the iron works, mills and factories. Through the courtesy of the several banks we are able to lay before you a careful and accurate statement of the money paid out to laboring men in the principal industries in our city, for the first two weeks in

May, 1903. It shows the aggregate to have been $623,882. The largest single payroll was that of the Republic Iron and Steel Company — $135,482. Nor does this estimate include the salaries paid in the banks, stores, hotels and eating houses nor of carpenters, bricklayers and a hundred other smaller business concerns. It is a conservative estimate that the payroll in the city of Youngstown will exceed a million dollars per month.

Street Railroads

Youngstown has a good street car service. Its electric lines connect it with the neighboring cities of Warren, Niles, Sharon and Newcastle.

Schools

The schools of Youngstown are of the very best. It has one of the best high schools in the state, founded and endowed by the generosity of Colonel Rayen, where the youths of Youngstown may obtain a liberal education without cost.

Hospitals

Youngstown has two splendid hospitals, the Youngstown City Hospital and the Mahoning Valley Hospital. The Youngstown City Hospital is said to be one of the most beautiful and most perfectly appointed and equipped hospitals in America. It was inspired by the humanitarian spirit of the time, founded and established by private generosity, and it is thought to be almost a pleasure to be sick there, so efficient and kind are the care and attendance.

Public Library

In the heart of the city stands the Reuben McMillan library, also a monument to the philanthropy of Youngstown's generous citizens. It is well stocked with the best of books and free to all.

Churches and the Y. M. C. A.

There are over fifty churches and missions here, and many of them have very handsome and costly homes. The Y. M. C. A. building was built by popular subscriptions eleven years ago, at a cost of $90,000. The association has 1,293 members.

Parks

Two beautiful public parks add to the beauty of the city and contribute to the health and pleasure of its people.

It is hoped and believed that the city council will, by wise and conservative regulations, restrain to a degree at least the smoke nuisance,—then will Youngstown look less like "hell with the lid off" and be indeed a beautiful city.

IN ANTICIPATION

"A LADY clerk, sir! fain would I,
To sell me what I've come to buy."
"Now, lady, show me yards of mull,
And soft and thin to gather full;
With lace that's dainty, and so fine,
('Tis for more tender flesh than mine!)
Cambric and linen, white and neat,
As for a sacred robing meet.

"Two flannel pieces, one yard square,
With creamy finish, warm and fair,
And one to be with ribbon bound,
And one with silken floss worked round.
"And yards and yards of dainty stuff,
My heart must tell me what's enough;
With spools of white to sew the seams."—
Oh happy wife! Oh tender dreams!

Cora A. Matson-Dolson

National's Photographic Prize Contest

IN the June National prizes were offered for the first, second and third best photographs in three classes: First, out of door scenes; second, girls between sixteen and twenty years of age; third, babies under two years of age. The contest closed on June 20 and the winning photographs are presented herewith.

SCENE ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK
First prize photograph, by C. A. Weddall, Fredericton, N. B.

"HILDA'S PETS"
Second prize photograph, by Mrs. John Bosfield, Haverstraw, New York

"THE WATERFALLS"
Third prize photograph, by Peter L. Creighton, Harrisville, Rhode Island

"A Winsome Face"
First prize photograph, by W. O. Engler, Washington, D C.

"A Washington Maid"
Second prize photograph, by W. O. Engler, Washington. D C.

"Pauline, Our Maid at Saranac Lake"
Third prize photograph, by Louise Allen, Denver, Colorado

Scott Carhart, Busy
First prize photograph, by L. Hagan, West Superior, Wisconsin

Carroll Yauch at Eleven Months
Second prize photograph, by M. A. Yauch, Rochester, New York

Byron Arthur Chapin of Kensington, Maryland, at Six Months
Third prize photograph, by Mr. Estabrook, Washington, D. C.

Note and Comment

By FRANK PUTNAM

AT the opening of the nineteenth century Finland, next door to Sweden, was a Swedish dependency. Then Russia whipped Sweden in war and took Finland. The czar of that day was wise and kind. He allowed the Finns to have home rule and to continue using the Swedish language. Later czars limited home rule; the reigning czar has abolished it. Free press and free speech have been throttled. Young Finns are forced into the Russian army. The best blood and brains of the country is in exile, voluntary or otherwise. All Scandinavia is alarmed for its own safety. Sweden, Norway and Denmark are discussing the need for a closer alliance for defense against the Great White Bear. It is even intimated that Britain is more interested in Russia's advance westward than eastward,—that it will within this century become necessary for the nations of western Europe to unite for self preservation. Their surest defense is the growth of liberal thought in the czar's own domain, and in the rapid advance of their own peoples toward free and happy democracy. A serf accepts a change of masters stolidly: a freeman fights for home and country.

THE socialists are making great gains in Germany. Americans are interested in this, not only because it means that Germany is approaching our own standards of free government, but for business reasons. The German socialists want German tariffs on American foodstuffs removed,—they are working people mainly and want food to be cheap and plenty. Yesterday they were a mere handful in the German congress: today they are more than one third of its membership. In the elections just closed, they won scores of seats from the aristocrats and the farmers, who have been building up high tariffs against American grains and meats. Hitherto German elections have been decided mainly upon religious and professional political issues: hereafter, there as here, business issues will decide elections. Truly, as Charles Ferguson says, the day of the professional politician is passing. The masses of the people the world over are learning to demand the comforts of life, and how to get them.

IN this connection, it is to be noted that Joseph Chamberlain's plan for a British tariff league has failed. Chamberlain proposed to weld the mother country and her colonies closer together by levying a tariff on foodstuffs imported by Britain from other sources than her colonies. This meant dearer bread and meat for the British workman, since most of his bread and meat are now bought from the United States, and for many years to come must be bought here. Chamberlain is dreaming dreams of the middle ages. Imperialism is out of date and out of favor with the masses of the world,—at any rate when it threatens their stomachs. Free thought and a free press, gaining power constantly, make

constantly more sure the universal reign of ideals, the downfall of arbitrary despotisms and the setting free of all men to travel, trade and know each other without restraint. Frontiers and toll takers are going out of fashion everywhere.

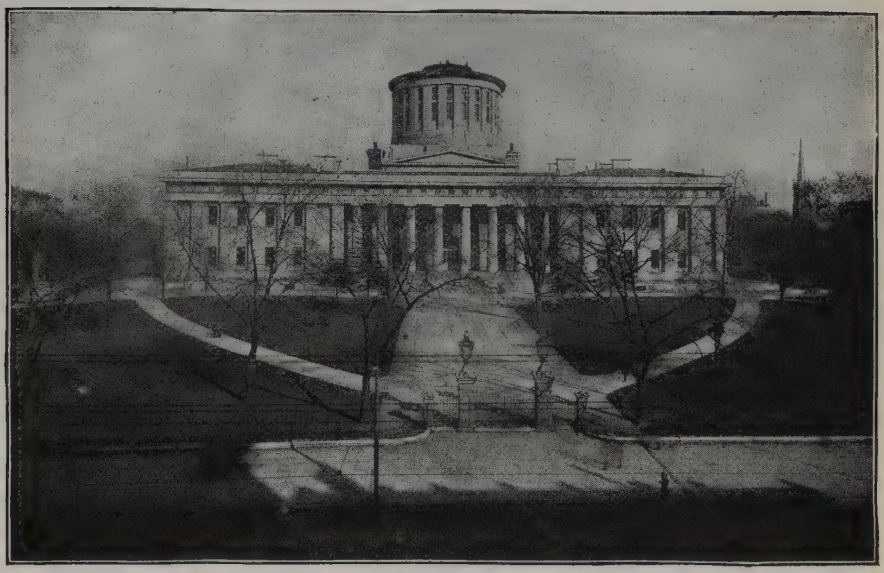
THE most interesting fact in American politics just now is the dead set that Pierpont Morgan is making against President Roosevelt. When the Harper publishing house failed, Morgan put a million into it and made George Harvey secretary. Harvey is the editor of Harper's Weekly. And each number of the Weekly contains most caustic, but usually unfair and ineffective, criticism of the president. Roosevelt's nomination in 1904 is conceded, but Morgan's Weekly seems to cling to the hope that the democrats will nominate a man who can beat him. The choice of Morgan's Weekly is Grover Cleveland, whom it characterizes as "safe," or a man of the Cleveland stamp. All that was needed to insure Roosevelt's election was the hot opposition of Wall Street. The gods certainly are good to Teddy. One National reader—a democrat—wants to know why I like Roosevelt so well. I never saw the man. I never "shook the hand that shook the hand," as we used to say of John L. But I have seen Theodore Roosevelt make good three times out of three since he entered the White House: First, when most of the bigwigs North and South were amicably agreeing that the negro had failed as a citizen and should hereafter be submerged, I saw Roosevelt take Booker Washington to his table and declare his purpose to treat the decent, educated black citizen as a man, strictly on his personal merits; second I saw him tackle the lawless Northern Pacific merger gang without asking their leave; third, I saw him pound sense into the mule brained coal operators and get the coal strike settled. I like Roosevelt because he has brains and a backbone.

EVERYBODY is interested in preserving the good times this country is now enjoying. Everybody naturally wants the largest obtainable share of the good times. This is the cause of the hundreds of labor strikes the papers report day by day. Each union seems to be reaching out for all it can get, regardless of other unions, and regardless of the great majority of unorganized Americans who have to pay the freight. When the employer has to raise wages he simply marks up prices. This is especially true of industries controlled by trusts. Very timely, therefore, is the warning recently given by Clarence Darrow. Darrow represented the miners' union before the coal strike commission. He is labor's friend, and a very wise and patriotic man. Speaking before the Henry George Society in Chicago a few nights ago, he uttered counsels that should be read by every union workman. He told his hearers it was foolish and selfish of each union to center its thoughts solely on getting higher wages. Strikes cost more than they earn, nine times out of ten. The way to get a fairer distribution of comforts is for union men to study economics and go into politics. Special privileges, whether granted by a king or by a political machine, have always enriched classes at the expense of masses. The way to get a fair deal all around is for every man to insist on equal treatment of all by the government which is the common and equal agent of all. In a word, Mr. Darrow says that the strike has gone out of date. The new organization of business and industry has robbed it of its effectiveness. The man who strikes and gets higher wages has promptly —almost automatically—to pay more money for everything he buys. The thing for him to do now is to use his vote to wipe out the soft snaps of those who are getting rich through special favors from the governments—city, state and national.

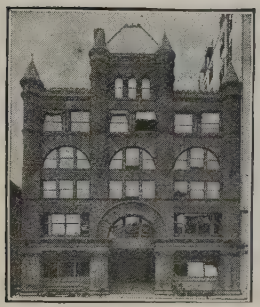
Columbus, Ohio

By ROBERT G. BOWIE

Assistant Editor of the Columbus Board of Trade Bulletin



THE OHIO STATE CAPITOL
Photograph by Baker's Studio



BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING

COLUMBUS, the capital city of the great state of Ohio, is picturesquely situated on the Scioto river, near the center of the state.

Ohio has, during the last few weeks, celebrated the centennial of her admission to the Union. About the same season, just one hundred years ago, Franklin county was formed, having as its seat of justice Franklinton, situated on the west bank of the Scioto. This latter is the oldest portion of the present city of Columbus, which, some years later, sprung up on the east bank of the river, whither the county seat was moved in 1824, and within whose corporate limits old Franklinton has long since been merged.

The first legislature convened at Chillicothe in 1803, but the state's capital was not permanently decided upon until 1812, when an act was passed establishing the capital at what was destined to become Columbus, on the east bank of the Scioto, opposite Franklinton; and on June 18 of that year, the same day Congress declared war on Great Britain, the "Borough of Columbus" was laid off, on a site at that time enshrouded in primeval forest.

The earliest record in regard to population dates from 1815, when it was given as 700. Five years later it had doubled and in 1830 it had increased to 2,437. The next decade saw Columbus in touch with the Ohio canal, connecting Cleveland and Portsmouth. This was also the epoch of the passage through Columbus of the famous National road—a magnificent piece of engineering, reaching from Wheeling, West Virginia, to Indianapolis. These events marked the beginning of an era in the development of Columbus, and of that rapid but steady growth in prosperity and population which

has continued up to the present time. In 1840 the population had been practically tripled since the beginning of the decade, the census showing 6,048. It was tripled again during the ensuing ten years — the next census report (1850) giving her 17,882. In 1870 there was a population of 31,274; in 1880, 51,647, and in 1890, 88,150.

The thirteen years which have passed over Ohio's capital since that time, are certainly far from giving any indication of having been influenced by the traditionally unlucky number. During this period she has advanced with almost titanic strides — unprecedented in her own history. When the last census was taken, in 1900, nearly 40,000 had been added to the number of her citizens, giving a population total of 125,560. More remarkable still has been her growth since that time. The statistics compiled for the next city directory, together with last year's enumeration of school youth, furnish a basis from which it is computed, with certainty, that our city cannot now contain, within her confines, less than 150,000 people; or in other words, 25,000 residents (or one fifth of the former population) has been added within the last three years. The same continued rate of increase will see Columbus safely past the quarter of a million mark when the next census is taken in 1910. Nor does this include a number of suburbs, outside the corporation limits, but properly a part of Columbus — so closely adjacent to the city that, in some cases, it is impossible to tell where the one leaves off and the other begins.

Situated in almost the exact geographical center of the state, and, as regards population, practically so with respect to the whole country; forming the gateway between the Hocking Valley and southern Ohio coal fields on the south, and the Great Lakes on the north; having direct railway connections with every county in the state, as also with all parts of the country; with unsurpassed hotel accomodations; provided with halls and theaters having a combined capacity of 40,000, and an auditorium seating 8,000; equipped and ornamented with numerous public institutions, and with other points of interest to attract and entertain visitors, it is natural that Columbus, Ohio, should have become what she is — the convention city of the country.

That Columbus is an exceptionally healthy city is demonstrated by the fact that her death rate is lower than that of any other city of approximately the same size in the United States. And, furthermore, every year in the last decade has seen a decrease in the number of deaths per thousand.

Columbus has a financial solidity that is conspicuous throughout the country. She has twentyone sound and well managed banks, six of which are national banks. The clearings for the last year amounted to $415,311,400.

Columbus is a great railroad center. The first to enter this city was the Columbus & Zenia, in 1850, and on February 20 of that year there steamed into Columbus the first train, probably, which had ever greeted the eyes of many of the onlookers. But what a change has been wrought by the half century of which that date marked the beginning! Eighteen steam roads now converge here, over which 148 passenger trains daily enter and leave the city. The Pennsylvania road alone has 367 locomotives which either are permanently kept in the city or pass through daily; and this is, of course, but a small part of the total. The new Union station, the recipient of the greater number of these trains, is one of the finest in the country.

Columbus has also made gigantic advancement in the acquisition of interurban roads. Two or three years ago, there was but one electric road entering the city, and but two reaching the city limits. Now she is the common center to and from which ten of these "great developers," either in operation or under construction, wend their way. And still others are projected—a half dozen or more from Cleveland, Toledo, and other points in the north will ere long send their cars into Columbus over the Columbus, Delaware & Marion. This vast system, reaching out in all directions to every part of the state and beyond, resembles a huge wheel, of which the capital city of Ohio is the hub. And who can forecast how great will be the ultimate advantage to the latter? People who formerly thought of a trip to Columbus as a journey, now come here to do their shopping, and return, without being conscious of any marked effort. Cars are run on several of the lines with hours specially adapted to the theatres—a convenience of which large crowds are glad to avail themselves. More than this the "interurban loop" can not fail, in due course of time, to open up the side streets, with which it comes in contact, to a business activity rivaling that of High street. Indeed, the seed sown by this influence is already beginning to bear such fruit. Besides the interurbans, there are over a hundred miles of street railway, whose cars are confined within the city limits.

It may also be well to mention, in passing, that Columbus has more miles of improved streets, proportionately to its size, than any city in America.

The value of new buildings in 1902 was $2,706,315;—an increase of about forty per cent. over the record of 1901. This does not include the factories and dwelling houses built during the year, outside of but immediately adjacent to the city limits. These alone aggregated, in round numbers, $800,000. Large as this is, another $2,000,000 worth would be required to place the supply equal to the demand. Every new building is eagerly snapped up. Store and office buildings have readily found tenants before being completed, and, in many cases, before they were begun. The writer recalls an interview a

A Group of Columbus' Hotels

few months ago from which he learned that six new buildings, recently erected on two short blocks in the North End, were all engaged to tenants, though several were at that time far from completion.

The Board of Trade standing committee on statistics, in its annual report submitted in January of the present year, speaking of the manufacturing industries of Columbus, says:

"The census of 1900 gives the chief manufacturing industries of Columbus to be: iron and steel, foundry and machine shop products, boots and shoes, cars and general shop production, repairs by steam railway companies, carriages and wagons, malt liquors, patent medicines and compounds and oleomargerine. Columbus is favorably situated for iron and steel, being easily accessible to both Lake Superior iron ore and to Pennsylvania and West Virginia coke; and also to a superior grade of limestone. The boot and shoe in-

A Block of Skyscrapers, Taken from Broad Street, Opposite Capitol Square

dustry is favored by a large western market and by local production of leather. The abundance of hardwood timber and leather makes favorable conditions for carriage manufacture."

Columbus has four distinctively coal railroads. Cheap coal is, therefore, one of the things which she has had thrust upon her; and no other city in the country has such facility for bringing to itself raw material for manufacturing purposes, all things considered, at freight rates so low. Yet, were the fullest possible advantage taken of our strategic position, so bountiful is the supply of coal which is marketed through Columbus, that no matter how great a demand we might create for its consumption here, the lake trade, with its return of empty cars, still remains—and herein lies the opportunity that the industrial world is coming more perfectly to appreciate.

The iron ore which supplies the teeming furnaces of the lake cities and of Pittsburg is wholly supplied from mines bordering upon the Great Lakes. It can therefore be delivered in Columbus at a much lower cost than in Pittsburg, and little above the cost of its delivery in Toledo and Cleveland. The distance from Columbus to the lakes is only two thirds of the distance to Pittsburg; and iron ore must be carried from the lakes to the latter city in cars specially provided for that purpose: there are no "empties" which would profit by carrying it for "a song." Every load of iron ore brought from the lakes to Columbus would mean a clear profit, to the road bringing it, of the entire freight charge; the hauling of it making no considerable increase in the running expense of the company.

In cheap coal and cheap transportation of ore Columbus has unsurpassed facilities for the manufacture of iron at every stage of the process, over any inland city in the country; and it may fairly be claimed that supremacy in the manufacture of iron on a large scale (growing out of conditions, natural and artificial) belong preeminently to this city, though such conditions have only recently reached the point of general recognition.

But these are not the only points of vantage we hold in the manufacture of iron. An essential in the reduction of iron ore is a chemical agent known as flux. The limestone quarried at our city limits is one of the most satisfactory fluxes known to the iron workers and is found in such abundance and quality that it is furnished to other cities with which we are in competition in the manufacture of iron in various sections of the Union.

In the number of pairs of shoes produced, Columbus stands first in the vast field west of the Alleghenies, and one of the factories here enjoys the proud distinction of producing more pairs of shoes per annum than any other in the world. The president of one of the local factories furnishes the following interesting statement:

"During the last year Columbus factories cut up into boots and shoes the hides of about 250,000 beeves, and the skins of 200,000 sheep, 500,000 calves and 1,500,000 goats—a vast drove of animals that, in solid column, the width of High Street from curb to curb (100 feet), would extend in a straight line from Columbus almost to Indianapolis."

The carriage industry had its origin here about thirty years ago; and such has been its development that Columbus is now noted for producing more high grade vehicles than any other city in the world.

Since, from the vast concourse of factories and other institutions which have played an important part in the triumphal progress of Columbus—too many for enumeration within the present limited space—a few could not be selected for mention without suspicion of individiousness, the writer feels compelled to refrain from doing so, and thus confines himself to generalities.

It would be a grave error to leave the subject of Columbus industries without reference to the Columbus Board of Trade, which has exercised such a potent and well

directed influence for their establishment and advancement. The Board was organized in 1884, and has now, through the able administration of its happily selected officers, as well as the city pride and public spirit of its members, swelled to an army numbering more than a thousand, exceeding the membership of any similar organization in a city of like size in the United States. Its valuable services in locating manufacturing industries, in securing conventions to the city, opposing pernicious legislation, municipal or state, in a nonpartisan way, and in promoting at all times everything which may be deemed best for the capital city's welfare, cannot be over estimated.

In the midst of all this commercial and industrial activity it is gratifying to learn that art and letters have not been ignored, nor lost sight of in the pursuit of the dollar. A movement is now well under way for the erection of an art gallery, for which a large fund, supplied through the beneficence of Emerson McMillin, a former resident of Columbus, is now in the hands of the trustees. At the present time there are seven libraries, containing 190,000 books, and the records of the city librarian show the percentage of books of biography, science and history drawn, and presumably read, to be higher than that of any other miscellaneous circulating library in the country. To the city's store houses of knowledge will soon be added a magnificent Carnegie library, for which appropriations have already been made, a site selected, and architectural plans submitted.

Few cities possess the educational advantages of Columbus, as will be shown by the following extract from an article written by Professor J. A. Shawan, superintendent of public schools, and published some months ago in the Columbus Board of Trade Bulletin:

"The forty large and commodious public school buildings, distributed to every part of the city, are crowned by four well equipped high schools . . . The state has here united with the city in furnishing facilities for higher education rarely enjoyed by a community. The great university, whose gates are open to every young person qualified to enter, is at our very door. On the other side of the city is Capital university, which enjoys the reputation of being one of the finest classical institutions in all the land. Within a radius of fifty miles are located four other institutions of national renown: Otterbein, at Waterville; Ohio Wesleyan, at Delaware; Wittenberg, at Springfield, and Kenyon College, at Gambier. Three of these can be reached from the city by trolley lines every hour. Within the city limits are two of the best medical colleges in the state; and other schools for business and special training without number. Nor has the state forgotten its unfortunates. Within the walls of the Capital City are located three institutions worthy of special mention. In one the dumb are made to speak; in another the blind practically see and hold silent communication with the great authors whose words have lifted up humanity; in the third, those in whose minds the lamp of intelligence burns but feebly are placed under expert and sympathetic teachers, and, in many cases, wonders are accomplished."

Columbus is surpassed by the national capital alone in the size and number of her public institutions. Besides those above mentioned, the State House and the Ohio penitenentiary are well deserving of attention; also the insane asylum, built at a cost of

Oleontangy Park Theater

$2,000,000—the largest in the world. In addition to the state institutions, Columbus is beautified and embellished by many notable buildings pertaining to national, county and municipal government, etc., whose enumeration space will not permit.

The United States war department is about to establish, at a short distance from the corporation limits, one of the most important military posts in the country, with ample space for field maneuvers, target practice, etc.

Columbus is provided with parks covering 300 acres, whither the inhabitants may repair for recreation after the business cares of the day are past. There are few more beautiful streets than Broad street, with its long array of palatial residences, many of which are set in the midst of large and picturesque private grounds. As one looks down High street at night, the series of electric arches which span the street at short intervals, extending as far as the eye can reach, seem to form an arcade of light almost rivaling in splendor the magnificent electrical display seen at the Pan-American Exposition. The dense crowds which throng this brilliantly illuminated street during the evening hours all the year 'round form a spectacle to be encountered nowhere else.

It must not be forgotten that the marvellous growth of Columbus has not been the result of any sudden boom, or series of booms—followed sooner or later, in accordance with the natural law that "reaction is equal to action," by corresponding periods of depression and stagnation. On the contrary, her growth may be likened unto that of the marvellous creations of the coral polyp—each year's progress being added and firmly cemented to that which has gone before until all combine to form a solid, indestructible foundation, upon which with equal stability each succeeding cycle of time adds a structure of its own. And thus it is we see in the future's vista no limit to our city's upgrowing and expansion.

With her many advantages, her civic pride and aggressive people, it is impossible to believe that what we now see is not merely a fore-promise of the glories of that "Greater Columbus" coming to occupy the site of the present at a time not far distant.

FATHER TIME:—My, my, how you have grown, child, in the last half dozen years!
COLUMBUS:—You think so, Dad? Well, you just keep your eye on me for the coming dozen!

Terre Haute, an Aggressive City of the Middle West

By A STAFF CORRESPONDENT

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA
Photograph by Holloway

ONE OF TERRE HAUTE'S CHURCHES

FEW cities located in the central part of the United States possess in so general a way the advantages which favor the activities of industrial life and which contribute to the comfort and convenience of its citizens as does the city of Terre Haute. Although it does not possess the rugged environment which characterizes mountain or lake cities, it is nevertheless picturesquely located.

The Wabash river, on the border of which it is built, is without exception the finest river in the state, while the name Terre Haute — "high land" — gives us a clue to the character of the site and the surrounding country.

The city of Terre Haute had its beginning in the year 1816, when a few settlers took up their abode on the east bank of the Wabash river. So inviting a prospect did the village offer that in 1830 it had grown to a population of 600. The last census numbered its inhabitants at 37,000, but so rapid has been its growth that conservative estimates now place the figure at 50,000. This in brief is the story of the founding and development of one of Indiana's most progressive cities.

The cause of this extraordinary development is not to be found in booms or false encouragement given to industry, but rather in the loyalty of its citizens and in the aggressive policy of those who have the welfare of the city at heart. These factors, together with the natural advantages of location, have made possible a steady and systematic growth. The fact that its industries are without exception prosperous is eloquent testimony

VIGO COUNTY COURT HOUSE

that they are supported not by false stimulants, but by the inherent advantages of the city.

Certainly it could not be said that Terre Haute is geographically isolated. It is 180 miles north of Chicago, 168 east of St. Louis, 187 west of Cincinnati, 187 northwest of Louisville, and seventytwo miles west of Indianapolis. This, together with the fact that its eleven railroads give good connections with the markets of the world, makes it a desirable center for all forms of commercial activity. In the near future Terre Haute is reasonably certain to have a line direct to the Southwest, striking the Mississippi river at Chester, Illinois, giving another outlet to the South and Southwest. Another Chicago line is also headed towards Terre Haute, and the growing demand for coal in the Indiana gas belt will bring another line from that direction. No city in the country has better transportation facilities than Terre Haute, nor can any other place be found whose shippers receive better treatment at the hands of the railroads. With brisk competition in all directions the manufacturer is assured prompt and efficient service.

An essential factor in every manufacturing district is an abundant supply of coal at reasonable prices. Speaking of this subject, a pamphlet published by the Commercial club gives the following:

"Very few places anywhere enjoy the advantages of Terre Haute in the line of fuel. It is headquarters of the coal mining industry of Indiana. Through it is distributed the product of the Indiana coal mines within a radius of forty miles, amounting to something like a thousand car loads daily. In Vigo county, of which this is the capital, there are 400 square miles of coal lands containing 3,375,000,000 tons of coal. Within a radius of thirty miles there are 2,110 square miles of coal fields, containing 12,482,600,000 tons of coal, which, at the present rate of increase of consumption, it is estimated will last 225 years. All lines of railroad reach the coal fields.

"The coal is bituminous. For steaming purposes it is better than Pennsylvania coal. The supply being practically inexhaustible, accessible and easily mined, it naturally follows that it is cheap. Steaming coal, which means all that passes through inch and a quarter screens, can be had at from sixty to seventy cents per ton, and run of mine ranges from a dollar to $1.10 per ton, prices varying with changes in miners' scale. As every mine operator in the district is represented here, the manufacturer is offered every facility to obtain the lowest price in the purchase of fuel."

Producer gas is used for fuel by many of the factories, as the successor of natural gas. Experts say that results from Terre Haute coal are more satisfactory than that obtained through the use of Pittsburg coal. After giving it a fair trial for a number of years, three of the large factories here more than doubled their capacity.

Next to coal, shale is probably the most important product of the state. It is suitable for the manufacture of all kinds of brick tile and pipe. It exists in abundance and is always of the best

quality. Within two miles of the city are great hills which contain shale in strata of from thirtyfive to fifty feet in thickness. Under this shale is a vein of coal and under the coal a fine bed of fire clay fourteen feet thick. From these clay deposits a very fine quality of paving brick is made. Within easy reach by railroad are inexhaustible quantities of sandstone of excellent quality for the manufacture of glass. Ten miles from the city, at Coxville, on the line of the Vandalia railroad, it is to be found in vast quantities. At this point is a plant which prepares the sand for use. It can turn out about 600 tons per day. This sand is now being used in the manufacture of glass at Terre Haute with satisfactory results.

The city of Terre Haute has an invaluable and perpetual asset in an abundant supply of good water. It may be secured in inexhaustible quantities at a depth of from fifty to eighty feet. In addition to the wells of the large factories, there is the city waterworks plant, one of the best equipped and most successful of its kind in the country. The abundance and good quality of the water is not only an advantage to the commercial interests of the city, but it also contributes greatly to the health and comfort of its citizens.

It is not the province of this article to give in detail the history of Terre Haute nor can we give particular mention to any class of industries. We would gladly give cuts of factories, but lack of space prevents giving a number large enough to be representative. In the limited scope of an article of this character it is manifestly impossible to do more than merely suggest, leaving the reader to draw his own inferences. It is sufficient to say that the older industries are all established on a good financial basis and

In the Residence District of Terre Haute
Photograph by Holloway

ROSE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

that new ones are constantly being attracted. Right along this line the census reports of 1900 give some interesting data. For example, from 1890 to 1900 the value of the manufactured products increased 102.5 per cent., while the amount of raw material consumed and the amount of money disbursed as wages showed a corresponding increase. Since the census was taken, factories have been begun which represent a capitalization of $2,000,000, and which will employ at least 4,000 workmen. When so impartial an authority as the United States census gives such a record of progress as this it can easily be seen that as a manufacturing center Terre Haute has exceptional advantages.

We would not have the reader draw the conclusion that Terre Haute is nothing more than a manufacturing town. It holds out equally strong inducements for the private citizen. A trip through the residence district will impress anyone with the beauty of its homes and the taste and care that are exercised in keeping the premises in good condition. Three years ago there were over 400 vacant dwellings in Terre Haute. Since then three thousand new ones have been built. Today it is a difficult matter to find a vacant house, although large forces of men are at work building houses all over the city.

The educational advantages of Terre Haute are of the very best. The public school system comprises eighteen buildings, all fitted out so as to give opportunity for the very best work. The high school alone cost $85,000. The Indiana State Normal school is also deserving of especial mention. With fine buildings, an excellent library and a good corps of instructors, it leaves nothing to be desired in the special line of training which it offers. Rose Polytechnic Institute, one of the best of its kind in the United States, covers a field toward which modern education is gradually tending. In addition to these there are other educational institutions. Among them are St. Mary's of the Woods, a Catholic school for girls and young women, a number of parish schools and a commercial college. All these institutions have large enrollments, showing that the opportunities along educational lines are well appreciated. In addition to these, also educational in their nature, are Rose Orphan Home, a gift of the late Chauncey Rose, with buildings which cost $140,000 and an endowment of $300,000, and St. Ann's Orphan Asylum, under the direction of the Sisters of Providence. The city also has a public library of 20,000 volumes. Through the generosity of Mr. Crawford Fairbanks, a new library building will soon be erected.

In this connection mention should be made of the churches. All denominations are represented. Several congregations are putting up new buildings.

As a whole, the city is well supplied with all the modern improvements. We quote again from the publications of the Commercial Club:

"The streets of Terre Haute are laid out with regularity and are planted on each side with forest trees, presenting a handsome appearance. It has over twelve miles of brick and asphalt pavements, with good concrete sidewalks,

and an excellent and extensive sewerage system. Its water is supplied by a private corporation whose works reach the remotest points. Driven wells eighty feet deep furnish water in inexhaustible quantities, one distillery pumping over 4,000,000 gallons daily throughout the year. It has both gas and electric light, the former being supplied to consumers for both light and heat at seventyfive cents per 1,000 cubic feet. The streets are lighted by electricity, which can also be obtained for power purposes. A well regulated and thoroughly equipped electric railway system reaches all parts of the city, and a line to Brazil, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, sixteen miles east, is in operation with cars running each hour. The Union depot is the handsomest of its kind in the state, costing over $100,000. The Big Four also has a very handsome depot which was opened a short time ago. The fire department is a paid one, with buildings in all parts of the city, and equipped with all the modern appliances in its line of work.

"If you are in search of a good point for the location of a factory, Terre Haute certainly possesses the most desirable advantages. It is central and is surrounded by the best agricultural lands of Indiana and Illinois. Good sites for your purpose can be obtained on the railroads at a nominal price. Its railroad facilities are unsurpassed and it has a superabundance of the best fuel at the lowest price. Labor of all kinds is plentiful, and manufacturers who require the help of boys can find them here. If you want to locate in a city where you can enjoy all the social and educational advantages to be found anywhere, Terre Haute is the place for you. All the comforts and conveniences of the modern home are to be found here. The city is well located for good health. It is built on high ground, being sixty feet above the river. It has an excellent system of sewerage and is always kept in the very best sanitary condition. Epidemics are unknown here, and the death rate is the lowest in the country. Its people are thrifty, and a large proportion of them occupy their own homes. It is a handsome city, with good streets and plenty of shade trees. It has fifty miles of gas mains and 780 hydrants. It has good city buildings, a court house which cost $500,000, and one of the handsomest opera houses in the country. Its beautiful Collett park is an attractive summer resort, as are also Forest park and numerous other points within easy reach. Its people are educated, refined and hospitable, and you will find Terre Haute a good place to make your home."

This article would be incomplete without mention of the loyalty which the citizens manifest in enterprises which concern the city as a whole. A Commercial club, composed of those who have the interests of the city at heart, is constantly on the alert to secure new industries and improvements. They have not infrequently contributed liberally in money as well as effort, and by this means have secured a number of factories. This spirit serves not only as an index of the progressive nature of the community, but it indicates that the greatest efforts are put forth to give every advantage to those who may be interested in the city. It operates as a standing inducement to new industries.

Terre Haute is undoubtedly one of

INDIANA STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

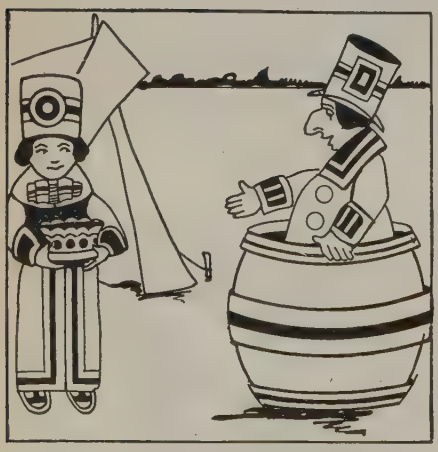
the rising cities of the middle West. Its unusually rapid growth is but a slight indication of what she will be.

With her industries established on a stable financial basis, with a conservative population all mutually interested in her development, and with those inherent qualities which make for municipal progress, certainly the future of Terre Haute is assured.

A Typical Attractive Window Display in a Terre Haute Store

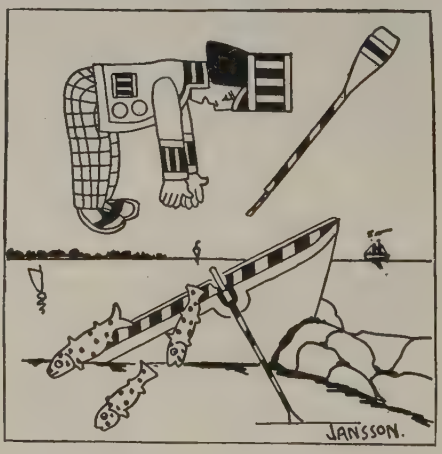
THE ZIGZAG MOTHER GOOSE

VERSES AND PICTURES BY JANSSON



HE LIVED IN A TUB

Rub-a-dub-dub lived in a tub,
And where do you think he went?
To Gypsy Town where he bought a crown
Of the lady who lives in a tent.



TIMOTHY FOSTER

Timothy Foster sailed for Gloster
To sell his fish, they say;
But he came to grief, for he struck a reef
And the fish all ran away.

How Foreign Commerce Benefits the American Banker

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE MISSOURI BANKERS' ASSOCIATION

By WM. L. MOYER,

President of the Shoe and Leather National Bank of New York

BEFORE beginning to give you my views on "How Foreign Commerce Benefits the American Banker," I want, first, to express the great pleasure it gives me to be with you again and to see so many of my old friends and acquaintances here; and second, to tell you a little story I heard the other day. An eloquent young divine was preaching, and, upon reaching a climax, was somewhat startled to hear one of his audience say, in a voice loud enough to be heard by most of the congregation: "That's Beecher." He proceeded, and at the end of another flight the same voice exclaimed: "That's Spurgeon." Again he proceeded and a third time he was interrupted by: "That's Talmage." Leaning over his pulpit and shaking his finger at the offending brother, he said: "Will you shut up? I will not be interrupted again!" And the response came promptly: "That's himself." The application is obvious.

It is safe for me to assume that there is scarcely one of us who has not frequently during his banking career been confronted by the problem of how to maintain dividends when interest rates fall, or when competition becomes so keen as to prevent the profitable use of his funds. It seems, therefore, fair to presume that any policy, pursuance of which may with safety exercise a favorable influence upon the profit account of a bank, is a welcome topic for consideration and discussion.

Recent circumstances have caused me to devote time and thought to a question to which I had previously given comparatively little attention, viz: the extension of our banking system to other countries. When, therefore, you honored me by asking me to address you, it was natural to ask myself: "Will a subject connected with my present work be of interest to my old friends and associates?" Thinking that it might, I have come to speak to you on "How Foreign Commerce Benefits the American Banker."

Before taking up this subject specifically, it is proper to ask another question: "Upon what does a bank depend principally for its prosperity?" What condition, outside of the bank itself, works for its benefit?" Without hesitation one may reply that that which is of prime importance is energetic, healthy commercial activity in the community to which the bank looks for its business.

The truth of this statement will not, I think, be questioned; granting its truth, we reach the conclusion that, other things being equal, any force or circumstance that tends to develop and expand the commercial activity of a community is of vast benefit to its banks.

In view of these facts and with our experience as bankers, let us try to see what can be done to attain the best results for our banks and show a sustained profit for our stock holders.

In its early days a community is the center of a sparsely settled area, where the people are engaged in agriculture,

stock raising, lumbering or mining; the community has very little money, and the first business of the bank is limited to loaning its own funds at rates which, although high, are those which the borrowers must pay, having no other recourse.

As the development of the neighboring territory progresses, and the wealth of the community increases, the bank becomes the custodian of its surplus funds, and by loaning them at fair rates, realizes good profits and earns large dividends on its capital.

With the increasing wealth of the community, however, banks increase in number, individual lenders compete with the banks, and interest rates fall. Furthermore, the production of the community soon reaches its own consuming power, and unless there be an outlet for its surplus products, business stagnation follows, the period being one when the needs of the community are about met by its own production, with a comparatively small demand for money. This condition is disadvantageous for the bank.

New enterprises come in, new railroads enter the territory and provide outlets for its surplus products, and increased business activity follows.

While the increase in wealth in the community, through the sale of its surplus in other markets, offsets the demand for money with which to cultivate larger areas, and so prevents any decided rise in the interest rate, the growth in number and volume of the bank's transactions resulting from the new commercial activity and life of the community brings to the bank another period of profit.

This stage in the history of a community and its bank continues until the development of the natural resources in the surrounding territory has reached a maximum. Then comes a second period of stagnation, often one in which, because of the quantity of idle money in the district, interest rates seek a lower level or a large surplus is carried at small profit, and the bank's earnings fall in proportion, making it difficult to maintain the dividend rate.

Then comes the manufacturing period, and with it the employment of the funds of the community in new enterprises. Here we pass through the same phases as before; both community and bank repeat the experience of the period of natural products, the engagement of the funds thus emloyed at first bringing in better interest rates for the bank. When the manufactures equal the demands of the community there comes another time of business depression. Then the increase in the capacity of the factories and the shipments of and sale of their wares to other parts of the country, renewed activity in the business world, a corresponding time of prosperity for the bank, progressive growth, both in wealth and life of the community, until the time when the output reaches the capacity for consumption of the country itself.

When that limit is reached there comes again in the life of the community, and of all communities similarly situated in the same country, a time when business seems to be at a standstill and banks suffer accordingly.

Standing at this point, and seeking a remedy for the stagnation of business, we must be governed by past experience. In each case you will see that the period of depression has been relieved by reaching out for broader markets. Thus, and thus only, may the surplus products of the community be disposed of and its commercial life be made broader and stronger.

Thus it appears that when a nation reaches the point where its natural and artificial products outstrip the nation's needs, the further growth of its commerce, upon which the prosperity of the bank largely depends, calls upon the

nation to enter the field of foreign commerce.

If the foreign commerce of the country be then encouraged by every legitimate means at hand, the nation's commercial elements will respond, and with that response will come an increase in volume of the bank's transactions, and corresponding profits.

Leaving for later consideration the various ways in which the banking community will profit by the development of foreign commerce, and accepting the conclusion reached, let us review the various phases through which communities and their banks have passed, and get the benefit of their experiences.

The commercial life of the community and the prosperity of the bank go hand in hand, and if the banker would benefit himself, he must do so by using the trust that the public has reposed in him for the upbuilding of the legitimate commercial life of that community. Thus we see that in order to answer properly the question: "How can foreign commerce benefit the American banker?" we must also answer the question: "What can the American banker do to build up and extend our foreign commerce?"

The extension of our foreign, as of our domestic business, depends upon the confidence of the commercial community in the banking facilities available, i. e., in the ability to furnish accurate information about the standing of prospective customers; in the prompt collection of proceeds of sales made in distant localities, and in making advances as needed.

No foreign bank can handle our foreign business satisfactorily in a distant land. Our banks, through foreign branches or agencies, must be able to follow our foreign trade through all its wanderings from factory to market. If a bank do less than this it will satisfy neither its customers nor its stock holders. Hence, in order that the nation's commercial community and banking world may continue to reap the legitimate fruits of their growth, the banking system of the country must be extended beyond the country's boundaries.

These facts have long been recognized by other nations, particularly by England and Germany, and it is through this recognition that they have been able to develope their foreign commerce, the profits from which have added enormous sums to the wealth of the home countries.

With no experience of our own to guide us, it is but prudent to understand and appropriate that of the pioneers in the field, and it is perhaps fortunate for us that the particular sphere in which these nations have displayed great activity is that to which the logic of events naturally causes us to turn our attention.

The Treasury Bureau of Statistics, in analyzing the international commerce of the principal countries of the world, estimates that the total annual value of the manufactures which enter into this commerce amounts to four billions of dollars, of which sum the United States furnishes ten per cent., or $400,000,000. Of this enormous total the United Kingdom supplies one billion dollars, or twentyfive per cent; Germany supplies twenty per cent.; France about twelve per cent.; and the Netherlands about six per cent. You will note these four nations supply almost two thirds of the entire amount of the commerce of the world.

Strange to say, the nations which are the largest exporters of manufactures are also the largest importers of manufactures, this being due, in part, to the fact that much of the material which they use in manufacturing is produced in other countries, and imported in the first stage of manufacture; while other manufactures imported are composed of articles produced in other parts of the world and not produced in the countries in question. In the case of Great Britain, for

example, which imports seven hundred and twentyfive millions of dollars of manufactures annually, nearly thirtysix millions represents the value of copper, chiefly imported from the United States in the form of pigs and bars in the first process of manufacture; sixtyfive millions of dollars of manufactures of silk, of which the material is not produced in Great Britain; sixtythree millions of dollars of wool, a large part of which is imported in the first stage of manufacture; sixtyseven millions of dollars of food and drinks, chiefly in the first stage of manufacture; and more than fifty millions of dollars of leather, which after importation, becomes a material for use in manufacturing.

Exportation of manufactures exceeds importation in Great Britain, Germany, France, and the United States, Austria-Hungary, Belgium and Switzerland, respectively, while in all other countries in the world importations of manufactures exceed exportation.

Turning to the import side, we learn that manufactures form 76 per cent. of the importation into Australia; 68 per cent. into the Argentines; 57 per cent. into Canada; 53 per cent. into Japan; 38 per cent. into the United States; and 28 per cent. into Great Britain and Germany respectively.

The important field now open to us and from which we derive comparatively little benefit is the Orient, the trade of which, from our relative geographical position, no less than from our superior facilities for handling it, properly belongs to the people of the United States. Facing the Pacific and South Pacific oceans is a population of seven hundred and fifty million people whose commerce today represents the enormous sum of more than two thousand million dollars per annum. Of this the United States handles less than ten per cent. or two hundred millions, while the profits resulting from the remaining ninety per cent. go to European banking houses and merchants instead of our own.

England and Germany have preempted the oriental field and gained a firm hold on its commerce which they will be slow to relinquish. Encouraged by the presence there of powerful representatives of their respective nations, by the influential position held by their banking establishments, and by the ready help they extend, natives of England and Germany have sought those distant shores, have lived and prospered there, and have greatly extended the business of their adopted countries with their native lands. To cultivate that foreign commerce, and to give us an equal chance with England, Germany and other countries, it is as necessary that we should follow their example and have our own banking institutions in those markets to promote and facilitate the trade which our goods create, as it is that any army in a distant land should have a supply department. The latter furnishes transportation, provisions, forage, etc.,to troops, and follows the army in all its movements. In like manner the bank supplies its customers engaged in exporting with the facilities necessary for the movement of their products to foreign shores. An international bank drives home the wedge of a country's commerce in a foreign land. Only when a bank works for it will foreign trade expand. It is a familiar saying that "Commerce follows the flag," but unless with that flag is a bank of the same country, we are safe in saying that it will not follow far.

What commerce will do for a country is well shown by the growth of England. With an area scarcely larger than the State of New York, England, through her foreign commerce, has become the wealthiest nation in the world. She has scarcely a bank or a bank branch which is not directly connected with one or another of the great Anglo-Oriental

banks. In all the advertisements of those oriental banks a long list of domestic banks is given, and in many other ways a community of interest is established which results in bringing the oriental bank and the home bank and (what is of more importance) the customers of both, into very close and sympathetic reciprocal relations, which in its results is enormously stimulating to international commerce. If the merchant in Sheffield, England, wishes to open a market for his goods in Hong Kong, he obtains the most reliable and confidential information through the medium of his bank and its associated institution in Hong Kong, and in every way conceivable his business is promoted. The services which the home bank, through its foreign branches, renders to the home producer are far superior to those which are afforded by agencies in this country.

But England's hold on the Orient, although not to be easily lessened, is not, so far as we of this country are concerned, an unsurmountable obstacle.

While, by reason of the long established relations of English houses, that country's oriental commerce is now in the lead, it must be borne in mind that the early completion of our cable to Manila will cut in half the present cable distance, and thus add to the advantage of our geographical position that of much lower cable rates.

If it be true that American merchants and manufacturers are entering the field with Great Britain and Germany and successfully wresting from them not only the other European markets but their own domestic trade, they need not fear competition in distant countries where their rivals are working at a far longer range than they.

With the banks of this country joining forces and pursuing the policy hitherto so successfully followed by England, every bank in this country has the means of being of very great service in developing the business of its clients and in adding to its own profits.

This development of foreign commerce will benefit the American banker in more ways than one. It will do so—

First—As has been shown above, in the increased and sustained activity of the commercial life of the community which he serves.

Second—The American banker who is engaged in this kind of business will be benefited by his assets being in more liquid form. When the manufacturer in this country sells his products in our markets, it frequently happens that he requires almost continual assistance from his banker, owing to his inability to realize on his sales until after the expiration of the term of credit which usage demands be granted to his customers. A large percentage of the bank's bills receivable are thus made up of unsecured commercial paper upon which, in time of stringency, the bank could not realize quickly. When, however, the sales of the manufacturer are to foreign customers, they become the basis for bills of exchange, which bills are accompanied by bills of lading, insurance policies, etc., covering the shipment of the goods—the accompanying papers being of such a nature as to give the purchaser of the bill a lien upon the goods. These bills, when drawn in accordance with well established usage, are readily sold in London, Paris and other great money centers. The banker is thus placed in the position of being able to carry them in his discounts, or of realizing upon them at a day's notice, if he desires to do so, for the purpose of increasing his reserve.

Third—"Foreign commerce benefits the American banker" by furnishing for the funds in his hands a legitimate field for use, and thereby lessening the temptation to enter the field of speculative capitalizations. As the commerce of a na-

tion increases, the number of bills of exchange current increases correspondingly. These offer to the banker an ever present legitimate investment of far greater safety than the average commercial paper and, as I have already said, are susceptible of the quickest realization. A bank, whether domestic or international, that is engaged in supplying the financial needs created by growing foreign commerce, should be a purely mercantile bank, and its funds being fully required in facilitating trade, it cannot be in any way connected with the flotation of industrial enterprises, or with the placing of their resultant securities.

In summing up, you will agree with me that the development of our banks is intimately associated with the commercial future of the country and that, with our rapidly growing wealth, the best method of utilizing the country's surplus funds, so that they may serve as a valuable lever with which to move the world's commerce to and from our shores, is one of the most important economic questions of the day.

Up to the present time our domestic and the European trade which we have developed, have furnished sufficient outlet for our activities. It is so no longer. Our foreign commerce today, in certain staples, is of such importance to us that legislation abroad which would affect it adversely would cause acute financial distress in this country. For this reason, and even although the enactment of such legislation seems improbable, we should be swift to seize the opportunity to open other markets, to the end that if some outlets should be closed, there would yet remain others sufficient to our needs.

There is no doubt but that the commerce of the Orient, great as it is today, will be enormously increased in the near future under the stimulus of American capital, American methods and American brains, and that as a result we shall see our country pass through an experience through which Great Britain has already passed: namely, that when a country takes up on a large scale the development of its commerce with distant lands, there results a marvelous expansion of foreign trade which increases many fold the nation's domestic banking capital and profits.

KANSAS

ON pedestal of Love's enduring stone,
Beloved martyr mother take thy place
And let the light of honor kiss thy face.
Thro' darkness to the stars thou camst alone
To reap at last the glory thou hast sown!
We, children of thy labor, by thy grace
Now equal with our brothers in the race,
Do hymn thy praise in joy's exulting tone.
The incense of our gratitude shall rise
A cloud of sweetness floating golden bright
To please the sight and deck the peaceful skies
Surrounding thee in thy Olympian height.
Receive thy emblem flow'r, dear honor's prize:
Its lesson thou hast learn'd, to face the Light!

Patrick Leopold Gray

Pennsylvania's Capital City

By BARTON D. EVANS

VIEW ON MARKET STREET, HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

E. J. STACKPOLE,
President, Board of Trade.

IT was with a prophetic eye that John Harris looked out over the broad Susquehanna river on that December day, one hundred and seventy years ago, and recognized the spot as the place where a bustling and thriving city would grow up. Waterways were the lines of travel and trade and as the uncertain depth of water made the Susquehanna unreliable, along its banks were soon built canals, for it was the mighty force of the river that had sundered the mountains and opened up an easy track. Railroads succeeded the canals, all following the line of the river and its branches and all converging at Harrisburg to make it the great railroad center it is. Southward from the city extends the Cumberland Valley through which now run two railroads connecting Harrisburg with the South, while eastward nature made easy ways for too great railroads. Nowhere else in the state have such natural highways converged and nowhere else have these advantages been so conserved.

THE BOARD OF TRADE,
Harrisburg.

The town grew along the river bank

UNITED STATES COURT AND POSTOFFICE

and a lively trade was done during the boating and rafting season. The building of the canal changed this and varied industrial establishments grew up to supply the wants that come as people change their primitive habits to those of more advanced civilization. Very early shrewd men saw the advantages of Harrisburg as a favored spot for the manufacture of iron, and from those early establishments of the pioneers have grown the giant mills of the Central Iron & Steel Company, the Pennsylvania Steel Company, Harrisburg Pipe Company, Lalance & Grosjean tin plate works and others.

The early growth of the town was slow and in 1850 the population was only 7,384; but after that, as the railroads increased their facilities, growth became more rapid. Men began to see the possibilities of the town and industries sprang up that demanded operatives. The town spread and became a city, and the long lines of houses that have been built

CAMERON SCHOOL BUILDING

up attest it to be a city of homes, which means a thrifty, law abiding population. Standing on an eminence, the city overlooks the broad Susquehanna, that "synonym of beauty" as Thomas Buchanan Read said, while against the western sky stand, in ever lovely hues, the mountains. Such a situation means health with ordinary care and this care is more than given.

Two years ago, the Evening Telegraph suggested the improvement of the city, and in ten days so many citizens were interested that $5,000 had been subscribed to have plans elaborated. A League for Municipal Improvements was formed and experts were secured to report plans. The experts reported on street paving, sewerage, pure water and parks and the whole country looked on with admiration at the "Harrisburg plan." A million dollars was promptly voted by the citizens to carry out the plans and it will be only a short time until every street and avenue in the city will be paved with the best improved pavements, the whole sewerage plant of the city placed in perfect condition, filter plants in place to insure pure water at all times, and last and not least a system of parks which will make breathing spots and places of beauty. A dam in the river in connection with the sewage system will give a broad expanse of water for boating, which will add to the charms of the park on the river bank that can be made as beautiful as any city in the world can boast. The accomplishment of so much shows the progressive character of the people of Harrisburg and their determination not to be behind in the march of progress.

Today, Harrisburg has a population of 75,556 and its growth is more rapid than its most optimistic friend had hoped for. Steelton, with its 20,000 people, is so closely connected that it may really be called a part, while the complete trolley systems of the city bring into immediate

contact the various surrounding towns, a hundred thousand people a month being carried over the bridge across the Susquehanna river alone.

The output of the iron and steel plants of the city runs into millions of dollars annually, that of the Pennsylvania Steel Company ranking with the giants of the country. But it is not upon a single industry alone that Harrisburg depends, and yearly the manufactures become more diversified, the advantages of the city being shown by the rapid growth of her industries from small beginnings to giant producers. Bewildering are the figures of the output of these various establishments and the advantages of the city as a distributing point cause their owners to fear no competition.

Harrisburg has the largest boot and shoe factory in the United States, a silk factory employing hundreds of hands, a cigar factory giving employment to almost 2,000, the Harrisburg Foundry and Machine Company sending the famous Harrisburg engine to all parts of the world, and two electric plants supply light and power.

The city is the center of the political and official life of the state and with the completion of the imposing new capital building at a cost of $5,000,000, the importance of Harrisburg as the seat of government will be increased.

Three national banks, two state banks, three private banks, a savings bank and three trust companies show by their deposits and business that much wealth and thrift distinguishes the city, while for the same reason they afford ample facilities for the business men and manufacturers, a very necessary factor at times.

Standing as it does at the point where the railroads from all sections of the country converge, no city possesses greater advantages in facilities for distributing its products. Every day the great railroads centering here are striving to increase their facilities and meet

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD BRANCH OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

the demands made upon them. It is estimated that beside the million and more dollars spent by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company on the recently completed stone bridge over the Susquehanna river, another million has been spent in increasing the capacity of the yards, enlarging the passenger station and other improvements. The Reading Railway is erecting a new passenger station while at the same time it is striving to extend its freight yards to keep up with the constantly increasing business.

So complete are the shipping facilities here that the city has become one of the largest distributing points for agricultural machinery. Few persons in Harrisburg are aware of the importance and immensity of this business and of the thousands of dollars worth of machinery that comes here to be transshipped and pay tribute to the foresight of John Harris in seeing here a place to found a city.

As remarked above Harrisburg is a

THE HARRISBURG CITY HOSPITAL

city of homes and this means a high class of labor, self respecting and intelligent, which takes an interest in public affairs and the welfare of the city. Scarcely a strike has marred the harmony between employer and employe and a boycott is unknown. The fertile fields that lie about the city furnish farm and dairy products and vegetables of the finest quality and greatest abundance at prices which make Harrisburg a desirable place of residence.

The older part of the city is built up as solidly as the high priced portions of New York, but in the newer parts long lines of attractive residences attest the improved taste and yearning for the beautiful. Porches and lawns add their charms while the growing rows of trees promise ere long fine, shady avenues.

Harrisburg may be said to be a city of churches, and their influence is strongly shown all through the community. This religious sentiment asserts itself in various ways that give a healthy and moral tone that is reflected in the city life. It is shown in the many charities that abound in the city. The Harrisburg Hospital, thanks to kind hearted donors, is one of the best equipped in the country, and does a great work in alleviating suffering. A free kindergarten takes care of homeless children, supplemented by the Children's Industrial Home, while the name of the Home for the Friendless tells the story of its work. Charity seems to be a dominant trait in the Harrisburg character.

The Young Men's Christian Association is just completing one of the largest and most completely equipped buildings of its kind in the state, and the Pennsylvania Railroad branch of the Young Men's Christian Association has just taken possession of a new building which while fully fitted for its duties is an architectural addition to the city.

The public school system is thoroughly equipped and up to date. The school accommodations have been kept up to the demand and each new building has the latest improvements that skill can furnish. Nearly two hundred teachers instruct the ten thousand pupils enrolled and the thoroughness of the instructors is attested by the stand taken by the high school graduates on entering college.

Three daily papers record not only the local doings of the city, but tell the news of the world beside. The Patriot is published in the morning and the Telegraph and Star-Independent in the afternoon. Much of the grand step forward made by Harrisburg is due to the leadership of its enterprising and public spirited editors.

An important factor in the recent growth of Harrisburg has been its Board of Trade, made up as it is of the most energetic and progressive of its citizens. Inspired by the truth that what is beneficial to the city is beneficial to the individual, they have striven to awake the whole city to the desirability of pulling together and attracting business and industrial establishments to Harrisburg.

Various successful concerns employing many hundreds of hands attest that their work has been a success. If the members can inspire more people with their enthusiasm then greater results will come.

There is no reason that Harrisburg should not go forward with leaps and bounds, as its advantages become more widely known. Its situation is not only unrivalled for beauty and healthfulness but for transportation facilities, while it is only a question of a few months when it will be one of the best paved and sewered cities in the world, with pure water to drink and keep itself clean.

To the manufacturer the city offers much that means success, and to the operative everything that makes home attractive. These offers the city extends with a free hand and tenders a cordial welcome.

AFTER I heard Gladys Perkins Fogg sing at a concert given in Concord, N. H., I could well understand why this young lyric soprano had won the affectionate admiration of such renowned artists as Sembrich and Melba.

With the natural ease and grace on the stage that wins an audience, it was difficult to realize that the fair young singer was sightless. The first suggestion that impressed one was her superb self poise and absolute accuracy in tone and expression. It revealed the mastery of a painstaking artist with a soul and a spirit that surmounted what, under ordinary circumstances, would have been unsurmountable obstacles. The trills and runs were given with a sweet and birdlike quality which fully emphasized talent, allied to comprehension of her art and thorough study. Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, her instructor, the noted tenor, appeared with Miss Fogg on the platform, and the concert by teacher and pupil—both sightless —was a musical treat one seldom enjoys. No wonder that the most famous prima donnas of the day went into ecstasy over such music —for it was real music of the soul —songs sung for the music itself without the usual superficial stage tricks of meretricious vocal effort. Her repertoire contains selections from many standard operas in German, Italian and French, and her enunciation has won the praise of linguists. How this slender young girl of twentytwo could have

Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich

Miss Gladys Perkins Fogg

mastered so much is a marvel to those who have served twice her years on the concert and operatic stage.

A day at "Scraggiewood," the summer home of her parents, in New Hampshire, shows how the hard work is done. Located among the picturesque hills of the Granite state, amid the fields, trees and flowers, it is an ideal retreat for musical inspiration. Two concert grand pianos are there, and the young singer rehearses every day with the determination of the artist. Such music I have seldom heard on any concert stage as was presented in that modest New Hampshire home. There were songs of Schumann, Wagner, Gounod, Verdi—all the masters, and the pianist rendered Beethoven's sonatas — as an interlude between vocal selections — well, one day at "Scraggiewood" would include a score of concert programs. The arias that Patti sung, with all their rich vocal embroidery and coloratura, were given by this young lyric soprano with artistic intensity and subtle interpretation. It was that time honored duet from *Il Trovatore* that I called for. And when rendered in that quiet New Hampshire retreat by Miss Fogg and Mr. Heinrich, pupil and teacher, to my mind, they far surpassed renditions I had heard in fair Italia or the fortynine other times I had heard the opera. When music touches heart and soul; when the rippling cadence, rich harmony and pensive pathos bring tears to the eyes — then I can have an idea of the language of heaven.

While Boston musical critics and the world's greatest prima donnas have showered upon Miss Fogg and her teacher genuine tributes from Art's standpoint, I feel that none the less significant is the tribute of friends and neighbors who, while not familiar with the technique of music, can enjoy and appreciate the masterpieces of music interpreted by such artists as Miss Fogg.

Born in Newton in 1881, her career has been one of inspiration. Early in life it was her ambition to become an opera singer. In spite of delicate physique and lingering illness, and the loss of sight seven years ago, she has won back health and conquered in her work. Under the untiring tutelage of Mr. Heinrich, she has become one of the leading lyric sopranos of today. An effort is being made to secure her for a concert tour the coming season. Miss Fogg is a type of what a musical education in America can accomplish, and it was no less a critic than Sembrich herself who asserted that no amount of study abroad could improve the perfected art which the talent and instruction of Miss Fogg had accomplished. She has the pure American interpretation of the masters, fresh, genuine and natural—always winsome and reaching the subtle depths of the soul.

OF all resting places and recreation resorts none in America quite surpasses the long famous Mount Pleasant House and its new companion, the Mount Washington. These hotels, located in the very heart of the playground of America, must be reckoned in a trip to the White Mountains,—and a trip to New England is quite incomplete without a visit to the Switzerland of America. They say in Switzerland, "We have the White Mountains of Europe." These queen hotels of the White Mountains, conducted by Messrs. Anderson & Price —one of the best known hotel firms in America—are within sight of the famous Mount Washington. That same dear old Mount Washington which was so familiar to us in the old school geographies, with a picture of the climbing cog railroad. The golf links at Mount Pleasant are the scene of many, many pleasant hours; the picturesque mountain rides and walks—but what is the use in trying to write about it;—the pleasure of the days at Mount Pleasant cannot be adequately expressed in words. There is always a rush in August, but the White Mountains in July and September and even later, are at their best. A line to Messrs. Anderson & Price, Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, will bring you all the detailed information. If you have have never been there, do not miss the trip this year, for the memories of days at Mount Pleasant, which opens June 27, or Mount Washington, which opens July 15, will always remain one of the bright spots in your life. If there are any mountain resort hotels that excel these twin hostelries at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, they have not yet appeared on the map. As for myself, I look forward to a fortnight at Mount Pleasant as the great event of the year.

HORACE G. ADAMS, editor of the Railway News, the official journal of the organized railway clerks, who are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. The Railway News is published at La Porte City, Iowa, and circulates extensively in the United States, Mexico and Canada.

ON the Boston express the other day I witnessed a scene which I wish I could describe as it impressed me. It was the "four o'clock express," and an elderly lady, evidently a foreigner, stepped on the train, with that peculiar, square rigged, canvass covered, broad valise so much used in Europe. Directly behind her was a sturdy young man, who carried the remainder of her luggage on his shoulder. He too was evidently a foreigner whose dress and appearance indicated that he was thoroughly acclimated, and was now a prosperous adopted American citizen. With a peculiar motion, the little woman

shrank from taking a seat in the coach among finely dressed people. Although I did not understand the conversation, I heard her inquiry as to whether they were to go "first class." The son—for I had gotten that far in conclusions—went toward the center of the car to select a good seat, while the mother had seated herself in one near the door. His bright face beamed as he ushered that little, stooped mother to the seat as tenderly as if she were his bride. What happiness was reflected in those faces! They were seated in front of me, with their luggage carefully stowed away overhead and underneath. Her hands were brown and rough; her little bonnet was very simple; her gray hair was smoothed down in front, and was twisted into a picturesque Norwegian knot behind; her features were irregular, her face wrinkled, her nose large and sharp, and she had no upper teeth — and yet, I pledge you, I never saw a more beautiful face when, after the son was settled, this little woman turned and stroked the hair of her son as only a mother can, regardless of the curious eyes in the coach; and then, unable longer to repress the joy of a mother's heart, she kissed him. Such tenderness in those eyes, glistening with tears—she was with her boy again! The heads came just above the top of the seat, and how close they were together, as they talked and talked over the past. What memories of the old home were awakened in the heart of the young man while the mother recounted, as only a mother can, those things which he was most anxious to know about. When he brought her a drink, when he pulled the shade, every act was devotion. If I could only impress upon sons and daughters the priceless heritage they have in their mother! There never can be but one mother,—and every little act of devotion and love will some day be a treasured memory.

Bayfield County Court House

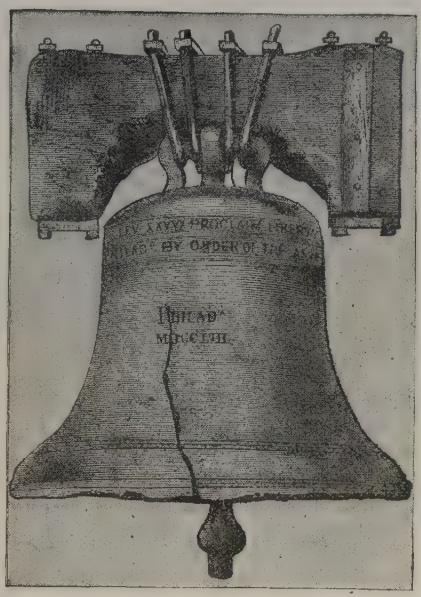
Walker High School

Types of the Public Buildings in Washburn, Wisconsin

These buildings typify not alone the civic enterprise of Lake Superior towns, but also their loyalty to home enterprises, both structures being built of the famous brownstone quarried in the Lake Superior country.

ONE of the great cohesive features in our national life is statehood patriotism. It has been suggested that the National Magazine gather all the state songs and print them from time to time. Now the difficulty is that in many states there is no generally accepted or used

song or verse. In order to get at the sentiment on this matter we are going to ask the readers of the National Magazine to send us a copy of what they consider the song of their state and — if there should be none extant—see that one is written, if you have to try it yourself. Send us at once what you think would be appropriately termed the song of your state. This idea has been emphasized by the kind words of reference to our July cover. In some respects it was disappointing to us, although the idea of representing each state and territory by its official seal on the cover is a most appropriate one. Some of our readers are very enthusiastic over the recognition given to their own state. The cover certainly carried with it the "stamp of approval" from every state and territory in which we have large and increasing lists of subscribers. Now we want to carry out the idea still further and publish the songs of the states—for it is a well known saying that "Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who makes the laws"—or something to that effect. If the National stands for anything it is to stimulate wholesome, virile, American patriotism of the sane and sensible sort; not altogether the effervescence of holidays or outburst of war times and political campaigns, but just that sensible, every day love of country fostered by a knowledge and appreciation of public men and affairs, and through this knowledge a keen and vital appreciation of our institutions — for the human equations always count. When we know the people, the institutions are fully known, and not until then. So send on your songs—for the nation today is a nation because of the states, and the states are states because of the nation—one and inseparable. When I witnessed the parade on Hooker Day in Boston and saw those grizzled old veterans of the Mexican war, the sturdy vigor of the Civil war veterans, and the buoyant enthusiasm of Spanish war veterans and the state militia, somehow it welled right up in me—"my own, my native land." To think what all this patriotic devotion of past years has reaped for us today! The old, bullet torn, well worn battle flags, the cheers and greetings of the people — all this is an expression of that national optimism that carries everything before it, whether it be a conquest of trade or arms. When I saw the children reverently touch the old Liberty Bell on Boston Common, it seemed to me that the chimes of that bell in Independence Hall on July 4, 1776, will never die away; and when the old bell took its place on Plymouth Rock, it was to me a most impressive moment—that foundation and tower should meet after all these years.



THE LIBERTY BELL

Let us remember that these sentiments of patriotism are not mere holiday trifles —they are the foundation of our moral as well as material welfare. Without a nation we would have few of the blessings which we enjoy as American citizens.

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MARY HALL, AN AMERICAN ACTRESS

(See " Timely Topics of the Stage"—Page 719)

GUISEPPE SARTO, POPE PIUS X, SUCCESSOR TO LEO XIII.

Like Jackson, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley and other American presidents, the Venetian cardinal who has just been elected the 265th. pope was of the common people, and rose by the exercise of his own genius. He resembles McKinley most—a pacificator, a winner of friends. One of the pope's sisters is a dressmaker, one of his brothers a postman. His relatives have never sought favors at his hands. Pius X is on friendly terms with the Italian royal house. It is expected that he will continue in effect the able policies of Leo XIII.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1903 No. 6

Affairs at Washington

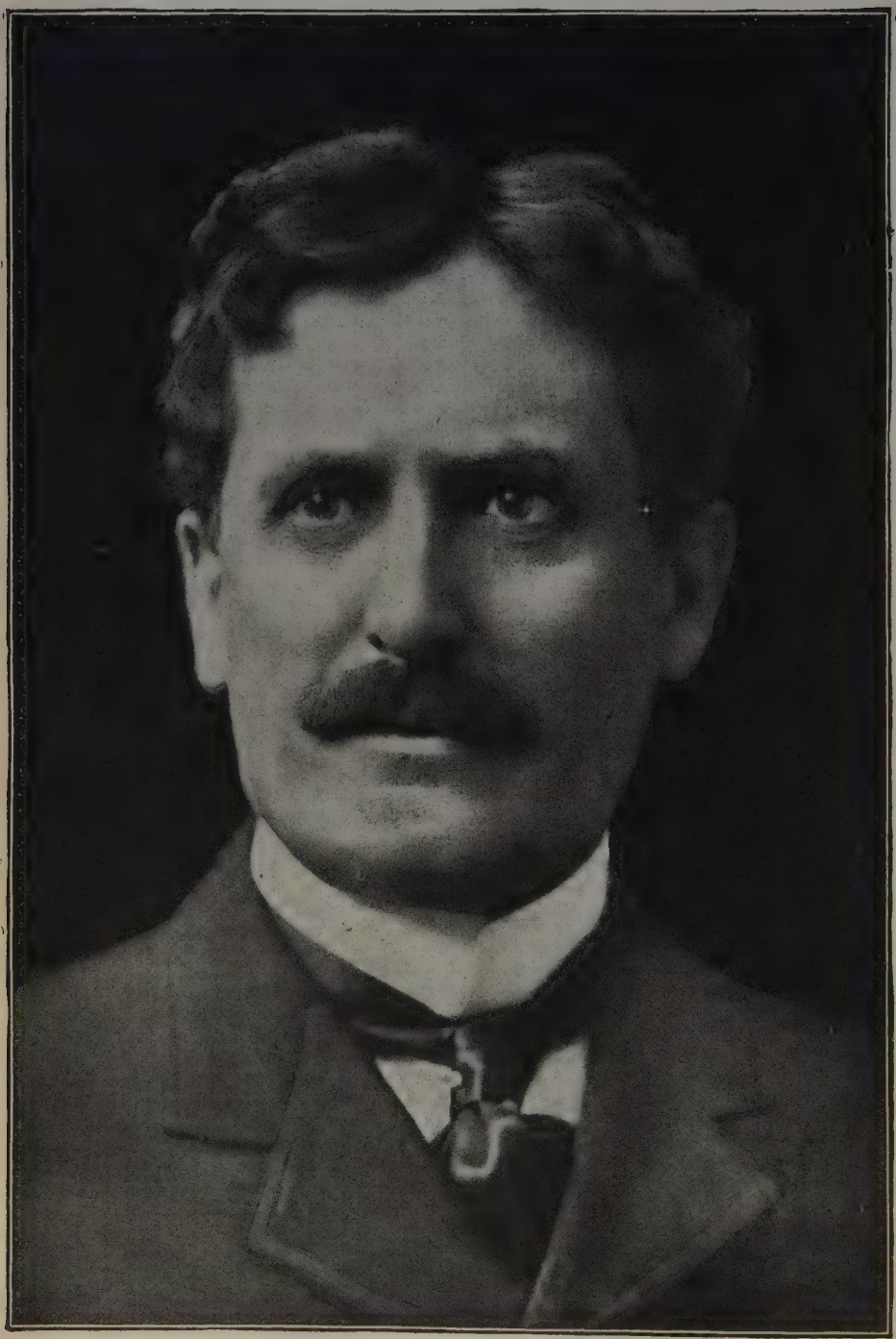
By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ASIDE from the problem of financial legislation to be enacted by the special session of congress that is to be called in November, the attention of public men generally centers upon the state campaign in Ohio, where the democrats, under the leadership of Tom Johnson, are planning a vigorous, if not exactly a hopeful, fight for control of the state offices and the legislature. Now that Mr. Cannon — since he visited the president at Oyster Bay in late July — has apparently withdrawn his opposition to the passage of the Aldrich bill for an increase in bank circulation, interest is renewed in state campaigns foreshadowing the national campaign of next year.

DONALD HULL MCCREERY OF PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

The Ohio canvass attracts most attention, not only because of the importance of the state in national politics, but chiefly because of the strong personalities of the principal leaders of both parties in the present issue. Tom Johnson's single tax, free trade, cheap fare campaigns of the past have made him very well known nationally. The Ohio democrats have not yet named their choice for governor, but there is little doubt the honor is Johnson's for the asking. The head of the Ohio republican ticket is the third of a trio of Clevelanders known as men of the first class in both business and political affairs of national scope. Senator Hanna is the best known of the trio, and his re-election by the next legislature is taken for granted by most observers, spite of the fact that Johnson is reported to have his eye on the senator's seat. And the senator's interest in his own success is not a bit keener than he takes in that of his friend Herrick.

A MAN of that strong, winsome type that Americans love to know and honor is Colonel Myron T. Herrick of Cleveland. He is the republican nominee for governor of Ohio, but before that honor came unsolicited to him he was known to the nation as one of the close and beloved friends of William McKinley, and a friend at a time when friends counted. In fact, it seems that



COLONEL MYRON T. HERRICK OF CLEVELAND, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF OHIO

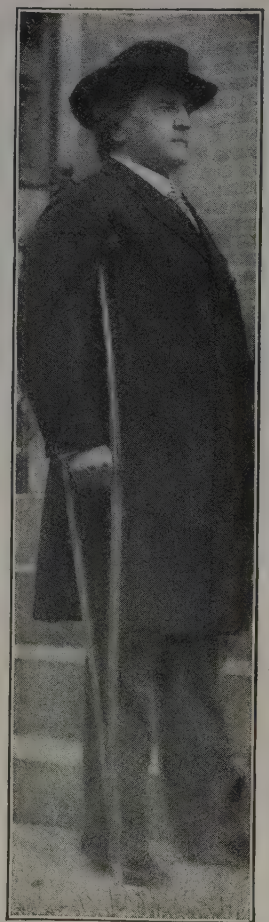
everyone I met in Cleveland and Ohio was a friend of Colonel Herrick's: he is indeed the friendly sort of a man that inspires love and confidence. Although he has never held a political office except as a member of the common council of Cleveland, he is not a new force in Ohio politics. His political service has always been for others, and now this modest man is finding that the friendliness he inspires is infectious. He is president of the Society for Savings, one of the most remarkable banking institutions in the country. Organized in 1849 under special state charter, it is essentially and emphatically a savings institution and has reached its present success and eminence largely through Mr. Herrick. With over 75,000 depositors, each of whom is a stock holder and has a voice in the election of officers; with deposits reaching $46,000,000 and upward, the evidence accumulates that Colonel Herrick is the sort of a banker that no political onslaught can unseat with tirades against financiers. As president and one of the two officers of the Society for Savings, which has no directors, but a board of trustees who serve without salary and are elected by the depositors, Colonel Herrick has held the confidence as well as the friendship and affection of 75,000 depositors—none of whom has over $3,000, the limit prescribed, in his trust and keeping.

During the '96 campaign one of the speakers, in his denunciation of bankers, pointed to the building of the Society for Savings across the way as one of the institutions that were a curse to the country. There was an instant demur among even the political sympathizers in the crowd. Colonel Herrick invited the speaker to visit the Society for Savings and look carefully into details and operations of the institutions the next day. He did so, and the next night, on the same spot, the speaker paid a tribute to the Society for Savings as one great exception to his general arraignment of banks. The farmer boy who started out to make his fortune selling school

Miss Winifred Hollister of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, a Type of American Beauty

books; the school teacher who became a lawyer; the lawyer who became one of

the best known financiers and business men in Ohio; the business man who was the friend of William McKinley as well as of every man who ever knew him, —this tells the story of a successful American. As I saw him in his rooms at the Society for Savings, greeting the scores of visitors with unstudied grace and tact, a kind word and smile for all, rich or poor, known or unknown — his simple candor and friendliness impressed me as the very essence of greatness. The little electric private elevator never brought a person to his presence who did not appreciate his kindness, whether the visitor secured what he went after or not. His keen interest in the Salvation Army for years past has been rivalled only by that of his close friend Senator Hanna. He gave the army a large, valuable farm, which has been one of the most successful posts of the army and is called Fort Herrick. The old boyhood home town was given a library in honor of his revered father and mother. In fact, it has been well said that there never was a day of his life passed in which Myron Herrick did not do good. His energy and his ambition appear to be much the same as those of the late President McKinley, whom he loved with the devotion of a brother. Ohio is a great state that has produced great men, and the great men of Ohio have done much for the nation. A good citizen, a generous, kind friend, a business man and banker who has created great projects giving profit and employment to thousands, — what more can be said? And it is always said without the necessity of taking one jot or tittle of credit from the other great men of Ohio in opposing political parties. Colonel Herrick stands close to the hearts of the people of his city and state.



JOHN WARWICK DANIEL, United States senator from Virginia. The senator is a Virginian of the Virginians—a native son and a Confederate officer; an LL. D. of Washington and Lee and Michigan Universities; a state legislator; elected to congress in 1884, and promoted to the senate in 1887, he has served Virginia sixteen years in the senate—longer than any other man—and will almost certainly be reelected for six years more, having been unanimously nominated for the fourth term. If the South is to furnish presidential timber for the democratic party in the campaign of 1904, the organization would go far to find a better man for the honor than Senator Daniel.

It is an inspiration to young men to meet and know such men — for they unconsciously influence the character of those who come after, as others did for them, in a sympathetic appreciation of what energetic self reliance and unblemished character, integrity and ideals in leaders mean to the younger generation.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S coachman and footman have appeared in new raiment, the like of which for smartness has not been seen in Washington before. The new regalia is very interesting to sightseers visiting Washington, since it enables any White House equipage to be unmistakably identified at long distance; and, moreover, its adoption has had an appreciable effect upon the social side of official life. Diplomats and other officials who were once con-

tent to travel about in hired carriages of uncertain origin and with no more than a suggestion of departed glory have "spruced up" as a result of the Roosevelt object lesson and have lately blossomed forth with resplendent outfits.

Under President McKinley the livery of the White House coachman and footman was the dark blue trousers reaching to the foot. Under Roosevelt it has been changed so that with a coat of dark blue there are white breeches, tight fitting and short to the knee, and patent leather boots. On the high hat is a cockade formed of red, white and blue ribbon. This cockade fad, taken up by the president, has "caught on" in Washington with a vengeance. Almost every diplomat in the corps now has his coachman wear upon his hat a small insignia displaying the national colors of the country which he represents, while a host of other folk have followed the fashion, adopting any combinations of colors which happened to appeal to the individual tastes of the owners of equipages.

THE ROOSEVELT COACHMAN

FROM his home in Oyster Bay President Roosevelt celebrated last Fourth of July by sending the first telegram and cable message that has ever made the entire circuit of the globe. The first communication sent by the president was received by Governor Taft in Manila and he immediately replied. President Roosevelt then sent a telegraphic communication around the world addressed to Mr. Mackay, the route being from San Francisco to Manila over the new line, a distance of 6,912 miles. At Manila it joins the eastern extension of the Australasia and China Telegraph company to Hongkong, Singapore, Penang, Madras and Bombay, the two latter ports being united by the trans-Indian land lines. At Bombay it connects with the cables of the Eastern Telegraph company which touch at Aden, Suez, and the principal ports on the Mediterranean, crossing France from Marseilles to Calais, thence to Dover and London. From France, England and Ireland thirteen submarine cables stretch across the Atlantic; these, with the telegraphic lines crossing this continent, complete the circuit of the globe to San Francisco. India now has been brought as near to London via San Francisco as it is via Suez, and Hongkong is nearer all European and American centers of trade by several thousands of miles.

At the time when President Roosevelt was sending his congratulatory cable message to Governor Taft, the king of England and the emperor of Germany also started similar messages which encircled the entire sphere and returned to their senders. It required thirty experienced cable telegraphers to transmit the communication over the circuit.

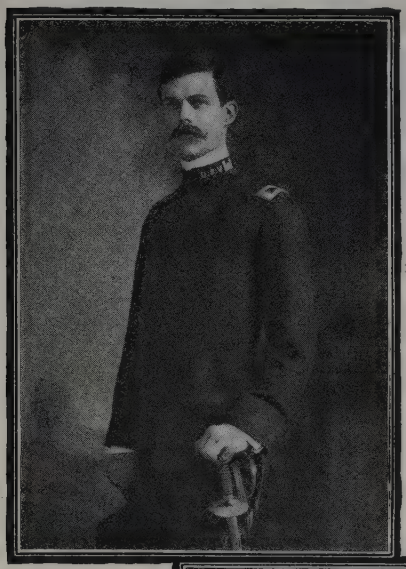
Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Commercial Cable company, is following closely in the footsteps of his father, the late John W. Mackay. Mr. Mackay long has been enthusiastic over the building of the new cable from San Francisco to the Island of Luzon. The

building of the cable between San Francisco and Honolulu and thence to the Philippines has been of great advantage both to these islands and the port of San Francisco. Hawaii is now in close touch with the city by the Golden Gate; and, as more than ninetyfive per cent of the sugar raised in Hawaii comes to the United States, telegraphic communication has brought the Hawaiian cane fields close to the great cities of the East.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH AND HER SONS

ANY mention of titled American women immediately brings to mind the Duchess of Marlborough, who was, previous to her marriage, Consuelo Vanderbilt, daughter of William K. Vanderbilt. According to rumor current at the time, the sum of $15,000,000 was settled upon the duke and duchess at the time of their marriage. The duchess is unquestionably the most popular of all the titled American women in England and she has assuredly done much for the house of Marlborough. Her latest and greatest undertaking is found in the erection of a great new town house in London. This will be named Blandford House, after the second title of the duke. It is expected that it will be ready for occupancy in October. Several hundred workmen have been busy on the new palace for two years past, and included among these artisans are a number of highly expert French stone and wood carvers. The house will have fifty rooms, including a huge ball room and a picture gallery ninety feet in length. The new mansion is admirably situated in the very heart of Mayfair. Across the way is the home of Lord Carew, the wealthy son-in-law of Lord Rosebery, and just above is the home of Mrs. Bradley-Martin. The Duchess of Marlborough has of late years gained more social triumphs than any other leader of the inner circle in England, and it is believed to be her ambition to stand next to royalty as a social leader. The Duchess is an ideal mother, and her latest portrait shows her with her sons, the Earl of Blandford and Lord John Churchill. The latest gossip from London indicates that the Duke of Marlborough may one day become viceroy of India. That post seems to have been set aside for the English husbands of American girls.

CAPTAIN SARTORIS, GRANT'S GRANDSON



MRS. NELLIE GRANT SARTORIS

IT is doubtful if the American people ever made as much of an idol of any other daughter of the White House as in the case of Nellie, the only daughter of General U. S. Grant, and it is only natural therefore that a considerable degree of interest always attaches to the present life of Nellie Grant Sartoris and her children. Mrs. Sartoris made her home with her mother, the late Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, up to the time of the latter's death, and since then has occupied spacious apartments in a fashionable section of the national capital. Mrs. Sartoris and all three of her children have lately been much in the public eye. Miss Vivian, the eldest daughter, was first rendered conspicuous in social circles by her action in suddenly and without public explanation breaking her engagement with Mr. Balfour, a member of the British parliament. Following this, she went to Paris and devoted her time to art, displaying considerable talent both in painting and modeling in clay. Recently she married Frederic Roosevelt Scovel, a cousin of the president, and now occupies a conspicuous place in the White House social circle.

The son, Captain Algernon Sartoris, tried a business career, but the army proved more to his liking. At the request of his mother he has, however, recently resigned from the military service. The war department, which has adopted a policy against releasing any of its young officers, was rather loath to accept his resignation, but Mrs. Sartoris felt that, with the added business burdens which have come to her since the death of her mother, she needed her son by her side and ac-

MRS. ROOSEVELT SCOVEL

MISS ROSEMARY SARTORIS

MRS. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, WIDOW OF THE FAMOUS UNION GENERAL

cordingly he came home from the Philippines, where he was serving at the time.

Miss Rosemary Sartoris, the youngest daughter, is a pretty girl and a tremendous favorite in England, where she has visited considerably during the past two or three years. Rumor has it that Miss Rosemary has yielded her heart and hand to Lieutenant John Wright of the United States army, a son of General Marcus J. Wright of Confederate fame. Should this prove true, it is an interesting commentary upon changed conditions, that the grand-daughter of the greatest Federal warrior should look with favor upon the suit of a member of a family prominently identified with the "lost cause."

THE deaths of Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston and Mrs. Blaine have made a serious depletion in the ranks of that coterie of widows of famous men who retain homes in Washington and spend much time at the scene of former triumphs. Prominent among those who remain is Mrs. George B. McClellan, widow of the beloved Civil war leader. Mrs. McClellan has a double interest in Washington just at present. For one thing, preparations are actively under way for the erection at the capital of a beautiful and costly memorial to her husband; and, on the other hand, she can find satisfaction in the creditable record which is being made by her son, George Brinton McClellan who, on March 4, entered upon his fifth term in Congress as a representative from a New York City district. Representative McClellan was born in Dresden, Saxony, where his parents had

MISS ANITA EVANS

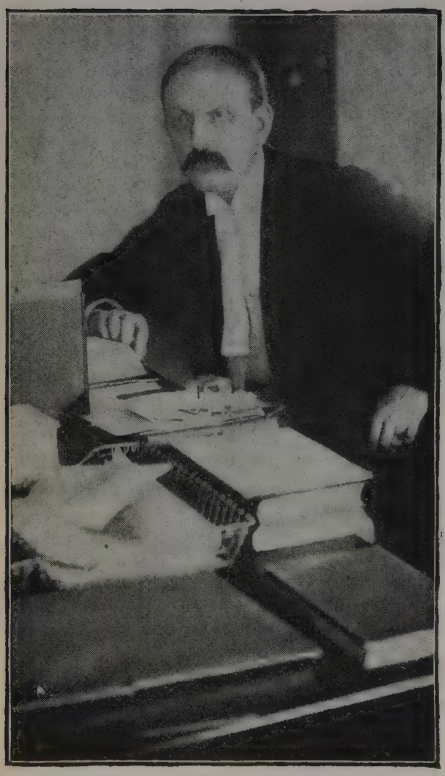
gone on a visit, and is a graduate of Princeton. He is a lawyer by profession and represents a district which is strongly democratic.

MRS. H. CLAY EVANS, wife of the United States consul general to London, and her two daughters have, at the very outset of their career in London, gained what many Americans spend a lifetime in seeking — the *entrée* to the most exclusive English social circles. It is not customary, as a rule, for a consul general to be as highly favored as a minister or ambassador, but an exception in this regard has been made in the case of the former commissioner of pensions and his family. The Misses Evans were among the noted belles at the ball given at Portsmouth to the officers of the American fleet and at the luncheon on the Kearsarge, at which the Prince of Wales was present. Miss Anita Evans, the younger daughter, who has considerable claim to beauty, is attracting quite as much attention abroad as her elder sister Nellie, to whom Lord Charles Beresford is reported to be very attentive.

MME. PEZET, WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE PERUVIAN LEGATION AT WASHINGTON

MISS TAFT, DAUGHTER OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINES

THE women of the South American legations have lately been acquiring a reputation as the most beautifully and artistically gowned women at the American capital. Prominent among the wearers of handsome toilettes who have contributed to the gaining of this recognition is Senora Carolina Corbacho de Pezet, wife of the first secretary of the Peruvian legation. Mme. de Pezet, who is known as one of the most beautiful women in Washington, is in complexion, hair and eyes a perfect example of the Spanish type. She has one child, a lad of thirteen, who is in many respects very much like a North American boy,



W. W. Rockhill, Director of the Bureau of American Republics
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and well he may be, since he was born on February 22 and bears the name Alfonso Washington. Mme. Pezet takes a very keen interest in North American customs and life. For one thing, she loves the country life which is so much in vogue among our people, and each year anticipates with almost girlish delight participation in an old fashioned Christmas jollification at a colonial farmhouse in southern Maryland.

ONE of the most interesting and significant projects which will be broached at the next session of Congress—probably in the form of a special message from the president — is that which contemplates the erection in Washington of a magnificent new home for that unique institution the International Bureau of American Republics. This bureau, the object of which is to promote closer trade relations between the republics of the American continent, is not, as is supposed in some quarters, a branch of the United States government, but is instead an independent institution to the support of which all the Pan-American republics contribute in proportion to their population.

The new building, which it is proposed to erect in the immediate vicinity of the White House and the Department of State, will be a handsome, monumental structure four stories in height and will cost when completed about $125,000. The expense of the erection of the bureau's new home is to be borne by all the various nations, apportioned on the same basis as the cost for maintenance of the bureau. Thus the United States, which by reason of its population of upwards of eighty million people is called upon to defray about three fifths of the total cost of carrying on the work of the bureau, will be expected to contribute at least $75,000 to the fund for building the new home. Whereas it will be necessary to wait until next winter for congressional authorization of the expenditure of Uncle Sam's share of this fund, little Cuba, the youngest of the republics and holder of the lightest assessment, has already appropriated the $1,000 which will constitute her share.

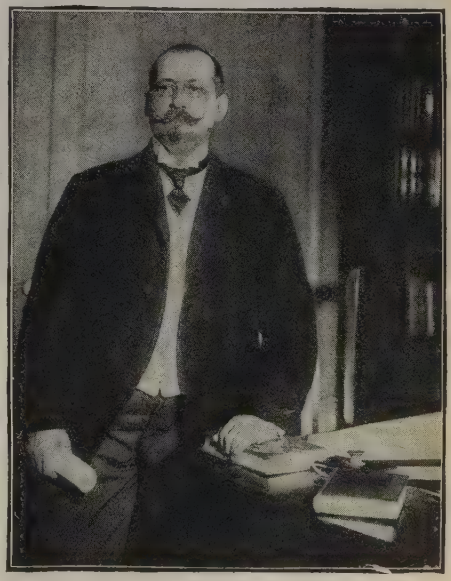
THE Bureau of American Republics, which was originally organized in 1890, has undergone extensive development since its reorganization at the Pan-American conference recently held in the City of Mexico. Under the old plan, the bureau was under the direction of an executive committee of only five members; but in order to emphasize the international character of the institution and enlist the active support and cooperation of all the republics on the

continent, this plan was abandoned and each nation was given a representative on the new governing board. Of this new board John Hay, secretary of state of the United States, is chairman ex-officio, and the appointees from the various countries comprising the international union of American republics are the diplomatic representatives of their respective nations at Washington. The plan of having the diplomats accredited to the American capital from the Pan-American countries act in such capacity manifestly has many advantages, since it renders possible meetings of the governing board at any time.

The director of the bureau is William W. Rockhill, formerly assistant secretary of state and envoy to China during the Boxer revolt, and an exceptionally clever man for the diplomatic service. The secretary is Senor N. Veloz Goiticoa, a scholarly Venezuelan who is thoroughly conversant with general conditions in all the Latin-American countries. The chief clerk, William C. Fox, who acquitted himself most creditably as acting director during the absence of Director Rockhill, is now rendering valuable service to the business world by editing, on behalf of the bureau, monthly bulletins which are sent to all the independent states of the western hemisphere and which contain all the latest information relative to new commercial, industrial and engineering enterprises in the whole territory served.

AS a means of extending the bureau's sources of information, and enabling it to present a true reflex of the conditions prevailing in all the countries comprising the International Union, the cooperation has been lately sought of prominent persons in the various Latin-American republics in the capacity of honorary corresponding members of the Union. These have already commenced to supply the bureau with information which helps greatly to extend and complete its knowledge of the economic conditions and resources of the several countries. As an indication of how widespread the scope of its operations is, it may be noted that the bureau is now issuing all its principal publications in English, Spanish, Portuguese and French, an undertaking which has necessitated the employment at the headquarters in Washington of a number of translators, who are among the most expert workers of their class in the country. The bureau is now working to secure the holding regularly, and at intervals of not longer than five years, of international conferences of the American republics, such as the one lately held in Mexico. In short, everything possible is being done to make the work of this novel international establishment constitute in truth the corner stone of a permanent union of American republics.

THE plan of the United States government to raise the standard of our official representation in South and Cen-



N. VELOZ GOITICOA, SECRETARY OF THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS
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tral American countries—a project which is inaugurated by the appointment of John Barrett as minister to the Argentine Republic, is another move in the shrewd game which Uncle Sam is playing, in the hope of carrying off the prize for which all the progressive nations of the world are now striving, namely, the trade of South America. It is daily becoming more apparent that

JOHN BARRETT, MINISTER TO ARGENTINE

the greatest struggle in the commercial world during the next quarter century will be for the Pan-American markets. The Germans, shrewd and far seeing, have for years past been active in all parts of South America, and their consuls and commercial invaders have manifestly accomplished much; but the prestige of the Germans has been impaired by the recent Venezuelan trouble; owing to this and other circumstances the United States bids fair ere long to step into first place not only in the regard of our sister republics but also in the distribution of their commercial favors.

The construction of the Panama canal will be another move in the same direction; and so, likewise, is the agitation for through rail connection between New York and Buenos Ayres, the southernmost capital on the continent, a project for the furtherance of which the United States has lately sent a special commissioner to South America in the person of Charles M. Pepper. Now, as a logical and advisable sequence, comes the clever plan to improve the personnel of the consular and diplomatic service, upon the tact of whose members is largely dependent the degree of regard entertained for the nations which they represent. Mr. Barrett is admirably adapted for such work in its new scope. His experience as a diplomat in the Orient and his work in enlisting the cooperation of somewhat unprogressive nations in the forthcoming St. Louis Exposition has proven that he has the valuable knack of arousing the interest of individuals or nations who might naturally be expected to prove rather unresponsive. In short, he is a diplomatic promoter of the first class.

THE summer and autumn bring back to the United States on vacation bent a number of the most prominent American diplomats and their wives. Among those who have recently returned to their native heath are Ambassador and Mrs. Tower, whose official residence is at the German court, and Ambassador and Mrs. Meyer, who spend the major part of their time at the American embassy in Rome. Both Mrs. Tower and Mrs. Meyer come back to the United States richly laden with social triumphs such as are supposed to be so dear to the feminine heart. Each of the ambassadors is the possessor of an income of goodly

proportions aside from his salary; and, by a singular coincidence, each of these distinguished diplomats has recently leased a really, truly and sure enough palace as his ambassadorial residence. Mrs. Tower since going abroad has had a particularly interesting social career. Her husband was first stationed at St. Petersburg, where the court entertainments are the most brilliant in the world, and at present he and his wife are reaping in the form of social attentions the benefit of the German emperor's efforts to intensify the friendly relations of his government and people with America and the Americans.

FOR perhaps the first time in history, a diplomatic establishment at Washington has two regularly accredited first secretaries. The institution thus favored is the German embassy, and

MRS. CHARLEMAGNE TOWER, WIFE OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY

MRS. GEORGE VON L. MEYER, WIFE OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO ITALY

this sort of thing is apparently becoming a habit with the kaiser, since his embassy here until recently had two envoys listed in its official directory—Dr. von Holleben, who was recalled months ago, but who continued as the nominal head of the institution, and Baron von Sternberg, who, although designated an "envoy extraordinary," and enjoying all the prerogatives of an ambassador, was not until lately made sole monarch of his official home.

In the case of the first secretarial posi-

VON DEM BUSSCHE,
The handsome first secretary of the German embassy at Washington.

tion, Count Quadt was long ago given an indefinite leave of absence with the semiofficial announcement that he would not return to Washington; but nevertheless his name is still carried on the official list of the German diplomatic headquarters in this city. All the duties of the place are, however, being performed by the new first secretary, an agreeable gentleman whose title is Baron von dem Bussche-Haddenhausen. The newcomer is a trained diplomat and has lately been second secretary to the German embassy in London. He went to London from Cairo, which was his first post. This is his first visit to America, but he is thoroughly familiar with the language and perfectly at home among English speaking people.

A FREIGHT bill of $3,000,—this is one of the items of expense incurred by Major P. Vignal, military attache of the French embassy, in setting up in Washington a cosy home that, insofar as the interior is concerned, is a virtual counterpart of his habitation in his beloved Paris. Nay, it is more; it is, in literal truth, his Paris home transplanted, for everything in the Vignal house in Washington has been brought from France. Mme. Vignal is a great enthusiast on the subject of the collection of antiques and she has made of her home a veritable museum filled to overflowing with rare old Flemish tapestries, odd furniture and delicate china worth considerably more than its weight in gold. Had Major Vignal been compelled to pay duty upon these treasures he would have needed the pocketbook of a Rockefeller; but, happily for him, diplomats are immune from the unpleasant attentions of the customs officials and may bring into the United States whatever personal property they see fit to fetch with them.

Major Vignal is a decidedly interesting figure aside from his position as master of one of the great "show places" of Washington. He is an engineer and at the time of his promotion to a captaincy was the youngest officer of that rank in the French army. In his fifteen years career he has served in all branches of the engineer corps, gaining his promotion to his present rank because of work in the signal corps and also winning the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Major Vignal is one of the most enthusiastic automobilists in Washington.

A DAY at Oyster Bay gave me a pretty good idea of affairs at Washington. While it is called "rest," there is an activity about Sagamore Hill that leaves

BARONESS VON DEM BUSSCHE

few moments of repose for President Roosevelt. The ride over the Long Island railroad, one hour and a half from New York, gives one a glimpse of the old casino at Oyster Bay and the first sight of water after leaving Long Island City. A level country of fine farms and truck patches; fields of poppies and hydrangeas and bulb houses:—soil made historic in revolutionary times is now doing yeoman service in these evolutionary days. Where the route branches off to Montauk Point, that pathetic center of interest during the Spanish war, we turn north to Oyster Bay. Montauk, it is claimed, will be the great ocean steamer berth and wharf location for New York City when the Pennsylvania railroad's new terminals are completed—but we are going to Oyster Bay.

Somehow I kept thinking of oysters on the half shell, oysters on ice, oyster stews, fancy roasted,—yes, oyster cocktails. The little red card in the corner of the passenger coach read Oysters, and oysters it was, everywhere. As I looked about to study these Oysterites—for who else could be in the oyster coach? — I noticed some who had the trenchant tourist look of query; consequently I concluded there were others going to make a sweeping charge up Sagamore Hill. Among the passengers was a tall man with gold-rimmed glasses, behind which glistened two very sharp, black eyes; a bristling, brown mustache and square-set jaw. Clad in a long tailed coat and gray business suit, carrying a brown leather bag, there was something about him that did not have the pleasure going, home coming or tourist pacing look of others Oyster bound. "What a fine study for a Sherlock Holmes," I thought. Silent and yet not taciturn, stern and not unkindly, were the features of him whom I recognized as Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow, the head and front of the postal investigation. He was Oyster Bay bound, and I'll venture that his charge up Sagamore Hill meant business that was business.

MME. VIGNAL

MAJOR P. VIGNAL,
The distinguished military attache of the French embassy at Washington.

The little station platform blossomed with flowers; the carriages thronged to take the home comers for the week-end outing. As there were no carriages for us, we walked up the street, following the course of a freshly laid sewer, until, on a flaunting canvas awning, I read "Moore's block," and saw the little circular turret of "the first brick block." Up the back stairs we went, and found Assistant Secretary Barnes rushing off a stack of red-tagged correspondence a foot high. This was the morning's work on the hill, and it contained some mighty interest-

THE DINING ROOM OF THE VIGNAI HOME

ing reading matter touching on subjects that girdle the earth. The other familiar White House attaches were working away on this Saturday afternoon at a lively pace. Secretary William Loeb was on his vacation.

Behind one of Mrs. Herbert's best steeds, and after a chat with Mr. Snouder, the pharmacist, on the efficiency of iced oyster broth as a summer drink, and a greeting with the newspaper boys in duck trousers, we started for an assault on Sagamore Hill, and made an effort to get ahead of General Bristow. But the fourth assistant P. M. G. got there P. D. Q.—as the boys say—so we had to eat his dust. It was certain that once he arrived and got the presidential ear, the "respect payers" would have to be content to drive around the house, take a look at the windmill, make a survey of the stable, (which has a mammoth moose head with antlers over the entrance) and drive down the hill again like the fabled king of France, by the winding road, past the cool, shady tennis court at the foot of the lawn slope.

Our driver pointed out to us a number of beautiful estates, including that of Mr. Youngs, who was secretary to Mr. Roosevelt when the latter was governor of New York. The United States steamer Sylph rides gracefully at anchor in the bay in sight of the president's house.

A private road leads from the main thoroughfare to the president's home, where he spent so many happy days of boyhood. This road leads into a dense growth of hickory and chestnut timber which has a touch of primeval wildness. The president dashed down this dark, winding road at 2 a. m. recently, as the overture for his ride across the island to Sayville. On a summit, surrounded by a generous stretch of greensward, the house stands, with three large red chim-

neys, a wide veranda and evidences that some one lives there and enjoys it all. The front part of the house is veiled in vines. Picketed some distance from the house are the secret service men. One was reading the National, so I felt friendly.

The Roosevelt children have the same freedom here that they had when their father was plain Colonel Roosevelt. The merry ring of laughter, the activities and joys of barefoot boyhood are theirs. Little Quentin, the youngest, had tried to make a big black dog follow him to the tennis court. It was evidently not one of Jack London's immortals, and refused. With true Rooseveltism tiny Quentin was equal to the emergency. The last glimpse I had of Sagamore Hill revealed Quentin carrying the dog in his arms to the tennis court with the look of a "doer" and "achiever" on his face.

To the good people of Oyster Bay the president is still Theodore Roosevelt, citizen and friend. He lives among them in the same way as of yore. They love and admire him as man, neighbor and citizen. The prestige of the highest position in the greatest nation on earth does not affect the tried and true friendships of a lifetime. It is the picture of the president's real home life that stands in the foreground. In the few quiet hours on Sagamore Hill—in that study where his busy brain and pen have spent many happy hours — his own home — I believe that Theodore Roosevelt, president, spends his happiest moments devoting his intense energies and purposes to ideals which have known no compromise.

The open hearted hospitality of this home at Oyster Bay reflects American life at its best. Keenly watching all the high points of national progress; feeling that vitalized touch of push and energy, I felt that the hill, fringed by a heavily wooded circle of green, held the ideal palace of a nation's ruler,—a home,—home in its broadest, truest sense.

SPINNER MONUMENT

THE thousands of women in the government service at Washington will petition the next congress to allot space at some prominent point in the national capital for a site for a monument to be erected to General Spinner, the first official to admit women to employment in the treasury department as co-workers with men. The vast importance of this precedent will be appreciated when it is explained that it acted as an entering wedge which enabled women to obtain clerkships in all the other department of the government. The movement to perpetuate the memory of General Spinner in some enduring way was started soon after his death, and in 1891 the women in the government service and others who were interested organized the General Spinner Memorial Association. Funds were promptly raised for the handsome bronze statue which was completed some time since.

Strictly speaking, General Skinner (treasurer of the United States 1861-1875) never had authority to appoint or admit women to employment in the treasury department. He recommended, but the secretary (then Salmon P. Chase) made the appointments. Friends of Secretary Chase have always claimed that he, not Treasurer Spinner deserved the credit, and that Kate Chase, afterwards Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague (wife of Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, senator, etc.), made the suggestion to her father even before General Spinner urged the point.

The Highlands of the Hudson

By MILES MENANDER DAWSON

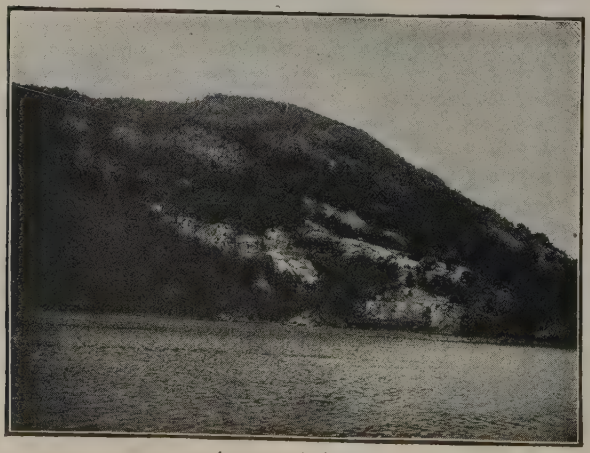
Author of "Poems of the New Time"

"For Leagues the Lofty Skyline Reaches on"

THE Highlands of the Hudson! Lo, they stand,
Grim visaged sentinels, on either hand.
From Stony Point to Breakneck, mile on mile,
The river tortures through a deep defile,
While mountains loom upon the right and left
Above the narrow, deviating cleft.

Glorious stretch of hills! Behold, they rise,
From water's edge to circumambient skies!
From Dunderberg to Storm King on the west
They lift a scarcely interrupted crest.
Now near at hand and now a bit withdrawn,
For leagues the lofty skyline reaches on.

Along the noble river, eastward lie
Great bulks of granite, limned against the sky—
Anthony's Nose and Sugar Loaf and where
Two thousand feet from river into air
The Beacons tower, whence the patriot fires
Night-warned our revolutionary sires.



Anthony's Nose

Sugar Loaf

The gateway of the Narrows! Thither Wayne,—
"Mad Anthony" the valiant,—led his train
Of starved and tattered heroes to annoint
With blood the rocks of rugged Stony Point—
Blood spilled in no mere lust of victory,
But that their harassed country might be free.

By height and river sheltered, yonder see
The ancient fastness, Fort Montgomery,
Split from Bear Hill by Popolopen's mouth,—
Gashed through the granite mountain toward the south.
There did the patriots gird with iron chain
This river, foemen's warships to restrain.

The sheer and headlong face of Crow Nest's height
With gloom confronts West Point, whence Arnold's flight
His treason consummated, seeing there
The nation's school of arms, which freemen dare
Erect on that contaminated place
To warn their youth against a like disgrace.

In yonder clove between the mountains, hid
The roystering buccaneers of Captain Kidd.
'Neath furrowed Storm King's brow, within the cove
That parts from Crow Nest, they their anchors hove,
There to consume in drunken revelry
The wines and dainties harvested at sea.

The peaks along the Hudson now behold
No skulking robbers, burying their gold.
Our modern magnates, undisturbed, serene,
Set palaces upon those slopes of green
Boldly like barons' castles on the Rhine,
And sumptuously on wines and dainties dine.

The Highlands of the Hudson! These are they,
From Newburg, Washington at close of day
Mournfully gazed on, while within him grew
The thought of a free nation; and he drew
Fresh resolution and reviving hope,
Beholding yonder amethystine slope.

All hail unto the Highlands! Freedom rests
Now and forever on their rocky crests.
The adamantine cliff and beetling height,
Now as of old, the souls of men invite
To independence. If that spirit stills
In human hearts, 'tis no fault of the hills.

Gloucester as an Ideal Summer Resort

By JOHN J. SOMES,

City Clerk

Illustrated From Photographs by R. W. Phelps

General View of Gloucester, Massachusetts

Breasting the ocean billows,
Kissed by the salt sea air,
Bright in the glow of the summer sun,
With its rocks and roses fair,
Where is there lovelier headland
Under the blue sky's span
Than this we sing, our sea-girt home,
Beautiful old Cape Ann?

NEARLY nine hundred years have come and gone since Thorwald, a Norseman and brother to Leif Erickson (to whose memory a monument has been erected in the city of Boston) sailed along the New England coast. The records state that he "passed a remarkable headland and bay" (no doubt Cape Cod) which was opposite another headland, and this other headland is, in the opinion of the writer, the locality now occupied by our own beautiful city by the sea.

Thorwald's impression of the place was such that he exclaimed, "Here I would fix my dwelling!" Prophetic words! for in an encounter with the Indians whom he met here, he fell mortally wounded. His last command to his followers as he gazed upon the picture before him, was, "It is a beautiful spot: there bury me and plant a cross at my head and also at my feet and call the place 'Kross-a-ness' (the Cape of the Cross) in all time to come."

This was probably the first name ever given to this promontory, and surely no place along the coast answers more fully the description given than does Cape Ann to this old Norse chronicle.

The next to land on this headland was Chevalier Champlain, who in September, 1606, "rounded Eastern Point" and entered the harbor. The grandeur which passed before his eye by sea and land led him to name the spot "Le Beau Port," the beautiful harbor, and whoever has sailed into the harbor of Cape Ann over the waters of Massachusetts Bay, down through the Annisquam river, one of the most picturesque and beautiful rivers in the world, and out into Ipswich bay, will at once see that Champlain was correct in the name given to the headland, for it is indeed a beautiful place.

In 1614, Captain John Smith, passing the place in his memorable voyage along the unexplored shore, named it "the fair headland of Tragabigzanda," and the three islands off the cape "the Three Turks' Heads," the first being to commemorate the Turkish lady who aided him to escape when a prisoner of the Moslems.

John G. Whittier, our beloved New England poet, writes:

"On yonder rocky cape that braves
The stormy challenge of the waves,

'Mid tangled pine and dwarfish wood,
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood
And planted on its topmost crag
The shaft of England's battle-flag;
And while from out its heavy fold
St. George's crimson cross unrolled
'Mid roll of drums and trumpet's blare,
And weapons brandishing in air,
He gave to that lone promontory
The sweetest name of all his story.
Of her, the flower of Islam's daughters,
Whose harem looks o'er Stamboul's waters,
Who, when the chance of war had bound
The Moslem chain his limbs around;
Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,
Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain
And fondly to her youthful slave
A dearer gift than freedom gave."

Later on, Prince Charles commanded that the name should be changed to Cape Ann, in honor of his mother, Anne of Denmark.

Thus history furnishes to our picturesque city by the sea as much, if not more prominence than is given to any other place upon our coast.

In 1623, the Dorchester Company sent over fourteen men, who set up their "fishing stage" at what is now called "Stage Fort," the large headland flanked by green meadows which is on our left as we enter the broad harbor. This spot, the site of a fort in the Revolutionary war, is now set apart as a public park, a permanent memorial to the founders of the city.

Nearly all these settlers being from Gloucester in England, the name of that town was given to the hamlet; this, together with the earlier name, Cape Ann, has continued to the present day. In the Latin, "Gloucester" means a "walled camp," but in the gentler Saxon tongue "the fair city." In the spring of 1624, a party of Pilgrims came across the bay from Plymouth; a common house was erected, and Roger Conant was chosen first governor of Massachusetts. But the fishing did not prosper; Lyford and Oldham, the two malcontents banished from Plymouth, came and stirred up dissensions in the little colony on Cape Ann, and in 1628 the faint hearted ones returned to their English home, while a portion, under the lead of Conant, pushed on into the wilderness and founded the town of Salem. The larger number, however, still true to the sea-girt town, remained here to prosecute the business of fishing, which has been continued without interruption to the present time.

Gloucester claims the honor of being the birthplace of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts as well as naming the first governor, although it was not until 1642 that Rev. Richard Blynman, that wise man and noble leader, came from England with a few friends, and, together with some men from Plymouth, incorporated the town and firmly established the settlement of Gloucester.

According to our Puritan ancestors, the dark recesses and caverns of the cape were the scenes of infernal revelings and diabolism, and Cotton Mather in his *Magnalia Christi* has preserved many of the marvelous tales then current. In spite of these rumors, Gloucester happily escaped the flame which, starting at Salem, ran over the country and resulted in the persecution and death of so many innocent people on the charge of witchcraft.

Originally a promontory, the hand of man has converted Cape Ann into an island, separated from the mainland by the beautiful Annisquam River, one of the loveliest of streams and worthy of immortalization by some poet as the Merrimac was immortalized by Whittier.

A tidal river, connected with the harbor by the short canal cut by the Rev. Mr. Blynman three centuries ago, and bordered there by cool green marshes, it winds by rugged Wolf Hill, Thurston's Point, the summer home of Governor Bates of Massachusetts,

A Typical Gloucester Fishing Schooner

past the high, white sand hills of Coffin's Beach, and loses its limpid waters in Ipswich Bay. Along its banks colony after colony of summer houses has sprung up; and, once having lived beside it, who has ever failed in his allegiance to it?

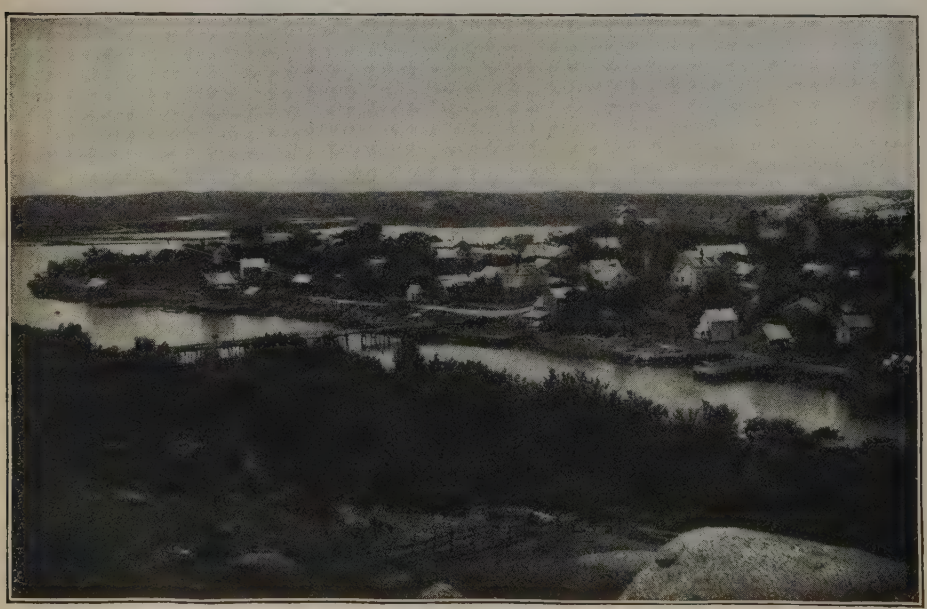
The industry which was the foundation of the town has continued to be the chief source of her commercial prosperity. Since the launching of the little boat in 1713 by Captain Andrew Robinson, who, when a bystander cried, "See how she scoons!" (skips along the surface of the water) answered: "A scooner let her be!" our vessels have increased in number and value and have been improved until now we send fishing steamers to lure the cod and mackerel from their briny homes. We do not, however, employ the methods described by a summer visitor, who, turning to her companion, remarked, "You know this is a great fishing port; they go out, catch the fish, bring them in and kill them." At another time we overheard this remark from one of our summer saunterers. Passing several ice carts in Essex Avenue and seeing them leisurely jogging along, she spoke to her companion thus: "There are the wagons that carry the fish about town; don't you perceive the odor?

An erroneous idea which seems to prevail in many parts of the country, particularly in the West, is that Gloucester consists of a cluster of cottages inhabited by half civilized fishermen, and many a visitor to the city has requested to be shown the "fishermen's huts." Great must have been their astonishment to have some of the largest and finest houses pointed out to them as the homes of some of these same fishermen! The ancestors of the famous jurist, Chancellor Kent, dwelt here in the early days of the town and near the spot upon which they lived is Kent's Cove, named for his people.

Gloucester's schools, the finest in the state, her libraries, the introduction of electricity, the telephone, telegraph and every modern improvement, keeps her in the front rank of the cities of the commonwealth, while she still preserves her quaintness and historic interest.

The voices of her children have been and must ever be lifted in the halls of legislation and learning. What wonder that "the native" feels a sense of irritation when ignorant sightseers ask about the "huts" of her fishermen and wonder and exclaim at her culture and advancement!

Fully five thousand of our population go down to the sea in ships. "Lost on the Banks" is an almost daily paragraph in our papers and many are the widowed and fatherless who each Memorial Day gather on the wharves and scatter flowers on the waters of the harbor, a last tribute of affection to the brave hearts that have found a resting place in the depth of Ocean.



ANNISQUAM POINT

That Gloucester does not depend wholly upon her fisheries, however, her various manufactures testify. Hundreds are employed in the factories which turn out anchors, shoes, oil, glue, cement, etc., while the quarries of Cape Ann are famous and have contributed column and base and block to public buildings and private mansions throughout the country. Recently one of the largest stones ever taken out was sent to Newburyport, where it forms the base of the soldiers' and sailors' monument. A sturdy Finn population has settled on the north side of the cape and is engaged almost exclusively in the work of quarrying, cutting and polishing. Their houses are often built entirely of stone, and it is a picturesque sight to see them sitting on their thresholds in the early evening, resting after the heat and toil of the day and enjoying the beautiful sunsets, especially fine on their side of the cape.

Eastern Point Light

The business section of Gloucester, lying chiefly along Main street or adjacent to it, contains many handsome blocks with fine stores, some of which are second only to those of Boston; quite unlike the country notion store which most summer people expect to find. Twice in the history of the city has Main street been wiped out by fire, each time to be rebuilt with handsomer and more up-to-date structures, with energetic, wide awake, public spirited owners to manage the business.

The city's population of 30,000 is swelled in the warmer months to at least 40,000 by the strangers who flock to the banks of the Annisquam or the rockier shores of East Gloucester and Magnolia, in search of the never failing breezes, the sea bathing, fishing, driving and sailing. The daily steamers from Boston bring hundreds who visit the beaches, taste the famous fish dinners, and sail away again, in love with the wave washed city and her generous hospitality.

Here in the bracing salt air the busy men and women known in the world of art, science, literature and business find rest and draw new inspiration from the gray rocks, blue waters and wooded hills. To Magnolia comes Mrs. Freeman (Mary E. Wilkins): Pigeon Cove is the home of Alice French (Octave Thanet); at Annisquam W. H. Gallison, whose picture, *The Departing Mists at Annisquam*, has just been purchased by the Italian government, has a summer studio. And so on through the long list of well known names; and, faithful to old Cape Ann, year after year they return to her rockbound shores, lingering sometimes until the leaves turn brown and the early snows begin to fall.

Gloucester is an ideal place to while away long summer days. The "sweet single rose" blooms as fair today among her granite ledges as when Francis Higginson was charmed by its beauty almost three hundred years ago and Scottow wrote "When ships were divers leagues distant and had not made land, so fragrant and odoriferous was the land to the mariners that they knew they were not far from the shore."

The antiquarian may roam over the barren Dogtown Commons, note the filled-in cellars and well worn door stones, and reconstruct from the ruins the village which once flourished there. Another Higginson, Thomas Wentworth, has described in *Oldport Days* a walk across this desolate region. We may wander in the deep Magnolia woods, peer over the brink of fateful Rafe's Chasm and mark Norman's Woe with the surf forever breaking over its dark reef. We may drive through the shady West Gloucester lanes to the white hills of Coffin's Beach, and thence by boat across into Annisquam, once the harbor of a large fishing fleet, and now the headquarters of as large a fleet of yachts. From the Rockport shore, we can see the twin lights of Thatcher's island, "pillars of cloud by day, of fire by night." Bass Rocks is close by, with its summer colony constantly augmented by new discoverers, who exclaim with Thorwald, "Here I would fix my dwelling!" We may follow the rocky East Gloucester shore, the ocean breeze cooling our cheeks, the white surf dashing at our feet, to Eastern Point, and view the ruins of Fort

Defiance, erected by the government during the Civil War on land now the site of the grand mansion of a Cleveland millionaire. Through the busy Main street, and our trip ends at the mouth of the Annisquam, beside the old sea wall, with the moonlight, perhaps, making a silver path upon the waters, or the sunshine gleaming on white-sailed vessels which lean to look at their reflection in the placid tide as they slowly quit the harbor mouth.

Successful fishing port and summer resort as it is, Gloucester's possibilities have not yet been fully developed. Great as was her historic past, her future glows with a brighter radiance.

The sturdy men who for centuries have battled with the elements and risked their lives for daily bread are the men who will pour their life blood like water to defend the commonwealth and the greater federal government. They have manned the navy and swelled the army in every conflict inscribed on the pages of our country's history. Without their rugged seamanship, the Revolution could scarcely have been carried to a successful close, and the Republic for which we contended would have failed. Thousands of our native born have left the home which once sheltered them here and can be found in almost every part of the habitable world, whence they have gone (some as pioneers) to lend aid and assistance in building up and pushing forward great enterprises to a successful termination. North, south, east, west, somewhere upon land or sea, can be found a Gloucester boy; and, wherever the place, he generally is found in the front ranks of his profession.

The courage and persistence which have for generations wrung a living from the reluctant sea, will increase her wealth and power, carry her forward to that high destiny whereof her founders dreamed, perhaps, when they left peaceful English homes for hunger, privation, toil and death in a far off land, and will make Gloucester "a fair city" indeed in the sight of all men.

Beautiful, grand old Gloucester! We advise all to visit, to drink in new life with the health giving breezes which sweep across Massachusetts and Ipswich bays and to join that vast army which yearly turns from wanderings to rest upon her green bosom, not the less proud, though not native born, to be numbered among her children.

THE SURF AT EASTERN POINT

SAY NOT GOOD NIGHT

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me 's a secret yet.
Life! We've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy
weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
—Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night, — but in some brighter
clime
Bid me Good Morning.

Anna L. Barbauld

OVR GARDEN OF EDEN

BY EVA HAMPTON PRATHER

"DON'T go to Shepherd's," they said to us every long Saturday when we started out to play. "Don't go to Shepherd's." And we would tie on our sunbonnets and say, "No 'um," and call to Bertie and Allie next door and whistle for Ellie and John and go down to the back garden and loiter there awhile, and then strike into the plum thicket and find the branch and follow it up through the woods, and presently come to the back of an old stone wall and climb over it, and— there we were at Shepherd's.

Shepherd's? Say rather the Garden of Eden to six little rascally daughters of Eve and sons of Adam. At Shepherd's everything beautiful and rare and good grew on the ground or hung from the branches of the trees. In palmy days of old, Shepherd's had been a grand plantation house and garden. A great double row of magnolias shut it off on the sunset side. Once upon a time all sorts of snowdrops, roses, hyacinths, peonies, violets, crocuses, jonquils, tulips, lilies, and flowering shrubs had been planted in the great gardens and left there to grow; once upon a time its hedges of wigelia, euonymous and privet had been trimmed into green comeliness; but that was long ago. Now Shepherd's was a haunted house.

There was a terrible story for Shepherd's: the sons had been killed in the war; the daughter was murdered in the grove by drunken stragglers from Sherman's army; the mother had died of grief; and the father had gone mad and drowned himself in the stream at the foot of the hill. Now no one lived at Shepherd's; but things grew and spread and blossomed into wildernesses of snowdrops and bluebells, banks of red verbenas, leafy nooks full of sweet violets, immense gardenias, pomegranates and crépe myrtles, and knolls set thick with stout stalks of white lilies dusted with gold. And all of these delights were free to the terrible young marauders who climbed the old wall and dropped unbidden into its wonderland. Besides, tanagers built their nests in the thicket, and cardinals in the deodars, and mocking birds in the magnolias, and bluebirds in the mimosas, and hummingbirds in the wisteria that hung from the cedars, and orioles swung from unreachable limbs and yellow hammers nested in the oaks and swallows flew out of the old chimneys and came circling down for our crumbs. And there was never

any mother to say, "Don't do this and don't do that." Oh, Shepherd's was dear!

Now of all the six of us, Ellie was the queen. Such ropes of rich gold hung from her head, and her little form was built so full and free. Besides, she could dance. How we used to sit down on the ragged edge of what was once the great drive, take off Ellie's sunbonnet and crown her hair with lilies and make her dance on the sand, while we sat about her in rapt adoration. Poor little Ellie Stowe! We loved every dimple in her dear rose face, and the large, round gray of her eyes, and the strange redundancy of rs that rolled from her little Yankee tongue. Ellie had been reared in New York and there she had learned such mysteries as the "Chachucha," the "Fandango," the "Fling," the "Skirt Dance," the "Carmencita," etc. When she was ten they "came South." Her father published the county paper and her mother lived in the old Marsden place, for the Marsdens had all moved away. This was all we knew of little Ellie Stowe, except that she was just as good and just as bad as we, and our dear boon companion in all our breaking of rules.

When we came home from Shepherd's everybody said, "Why, children, where have you been? We've called and called!"

Allie always answered for us, "We've been down by the branch, Mrs. Abernathy." For Allie was the minister's son, and it made no difference how many lies he told. His father could pray all his sins away.

Well, one bright Saturday in June, we had all gone off to Shepherd's and were sitting on the side of the shady road patting and playing on our round combs while Ellie danced on the sand.

I see her now—her little white muslin dress held daintily in either hand, the round gold bracelets that she always wore slipping up and down her fair arms, the crown of lilies on her hair, the clean, dewy gray of her large, round eyes, and the dimples that came and went at the corners of her mouth. Fair little Ellie Stowe!

Presently the two gray eyes swam in tears and she said sorrowfully, "This is the last time I can ever dance at Shepherd's any more."

"Why, Ellie, why?" we cried in sympathy.

"Because," she answered tearfully, "my mommer is going to have me baptized."

"Baptized?" said Allie. "Why, she can't! It would be a wicked sin before you're fifteen. My father wouldn't do it!"

"She doesn't want your father to," said Ellie. "She's going to be a 'Piscopal and Mr. Wickersham will baptize me."

"But," persisted Allie, "that's still more a wicked sin. He'll just sprinkle you. It won't be baptism at all."

"Mommer says so," continued Ellie, somewhat abashed. "She said it was holy and me not to escuss it."

"But you are 'escussing it' all the same," said Allie, who was thirteen and a big boy, too. "And I'm glad you are, for, since you are going to marry me when you are grown, I mean to see you baptized properly."

"I don't see how *you* can prevent it, Allie," spoke up John, who was "engaged to Ellie" whenever she "broke off" with Allie, which was every other day.

"Why, in the way in which I usually prevent such things," responded Allie, with hauteur. "By getting ahead of old Wickersham. By baptizing her myself."

"And then," said Ellie, wiping away her tears, "I can keep on dancing at Shepherd's?"

"Why, er," answered Allie, "of

course, of course you can. I'm only the minister's son, you know, and it wouldn't be quite so binding."

With that Allie got up and stretched his arms and said:

"The darkies have a pool down here at the foot of the hill, and we'll just go down and baptize you now."

So all six of us walked solemnly down the hill, got through a broken paling in the old fence, walked a little way and came to the pool used by the negroes for immersion. It didn't seem very deep, and Allie stepped in bravely with his shoes on, and was just leading Ellie in after him, when a gruff voice said,

"What are you going to do with the little girl, young man?"

Ellie gave a little scream of delight, pulled to get away from Allie, and, finding it impossible, cried:

"O popper, popper! He's going to baptize me the right way, so's I can keep on dancing."

"That's it?" said the man, whom none of us had ever seen before. "All right! Just go ahead. I'll stop here and see it done." And down he sat on the bank.

Between wonder at the man and wonder at Allie, I hardly saw how it happened. But I remember Allie's crossing her hands and saying, "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit." And the next moment poor Ellie was standing up gasping and dripping with her lily crown floating down the stream.

The man came right up laughing, then fished her out of the water, produced towels and a valise, and almost before you could say "Jack Robinson!" all our little Ellie's ropes of gold were tucked up tight on her head, and from top to toe she was rigged out in a sailor's suit, shoes and cap, and looked as much like a nice little boy as she had ever looked like a beautiful little girl.

"Now," said the man, "we are all seven of us going back to that ramshackle we've just left. You youngsters can go home. When you get there, tell Mrs. Stowe that her husband has carried off his own little girl in his own little way."

"And so," said John to Ellie, (Allie had lost his voice) "Mr. Stowe isn't your father at all?"

"Why, yes," answered the new Ellie, dimpling all over with delight. "Why, yes, I've two. But I like this popper best."

The man laughed as before, stooped and swung her up to his shoulder, and handed us a nickle apiece.

"Now then, goodbye," said he. "Go home and tell what you've seen." With that he walked straight through the magnolias and into the woods beyond.

It was terrible telling it at home. The Stowes went away. And after a year or two we too came away from our old home in Morgan and began to live in Atlanta.

One day, the summer I was fifteen, mother sent me in her place to the Ladies' Missionary meeting at our church. I had on my new foulard and my hat with the blue mousseline rosettes. I walked along Peachtree street thinking what a smart appearance I presented, when just as I began to cross down to Forsyth in front of the Grand, I saw—two braids of gold and two eyes of gray, round and soft and clean and shining; and I just forgot my blue foulard and I threw my arms around her neck and I pressed my cheek to hers and I cried:

"O Ellie, Ellie dear, where did you come from? I'm so glad it's you!"

She pushed me off a little and looked at me and said, "I'm sure I don't know who you are."

That damped my ardor a little, but I reflected that I must look nicer than in those old sunbonnet days, so I tried again.

"I'm Edith," I said. "Don't you remember Emily and me, and Bertie and

Allie and John down in Morgan? Don't you remember Shepherd's?"

"Yes," she said, after a little pause, but solemnly. "Yes, I'm dancing here now, Edith, at the Grand. I'm taking this pitcher of beer 'round to the stage entrance now. Goodbye!"

"Why, but," I said, "I cannot let you go like that. I live on H street. You'll easily find the house. Wild olive trees hang out over the sidewalk. I must go to the church for mother. It's her guild meeting, you know. When I get home I want to find you there. By four o'clock, be sure!"

But when I reached home, she had not come. Mother has strict ideas about social lines, and when I told her, she said:

"Poor child! She has found out how far apart she is from you, my dear."

But I could not take that view of it, and I could not forget her solemn eyes, and I feared she could not like dancing at the Grand so much as dancing at Shepherd's. Emily and I talked it over and when our plan was made, we wrote to John and Bertie and Allie. Allie was a Baptist, and so he had had to go to Mercer. John was a Methodist, and so he was at Oxford. But Bertie was nothing at all, so he did as he pleased. Of course Bertie didn't count, in a way, really, and finally, because he had never been engaged to Ellie, but he had more money than all of us put together and was most generous withal.

However, the three came up at once, and arrived in a body at our house on Saturday morning. We went out under the olive trees to talk it all over. Emily is a better talker than I, and it was decided that she should tell them our plan. So she said:

"Boys, Ellie Stowe is dancing at the Grand. Her father stole her from us down at Shepherd's, and so we've a perfect right to steal her back again from him. Then we'll educate her properly and after that we'll marry her to you."

"Well," laughed Bertie, "that depends somewhat, I hope, upon *our* inclinations. Or say, are we to marry her all at once or only in succession?"

"That is with you, as to the order," answered Emily, with precision.

"Naturally," said John. And Allie said, "Of course." And they pretended to look daggers at each other.

"But," proceeded Emily, "the first thing is to steal and hide her successfully, then to educate her properly, and last of all to marry her off."

"And so," said Bertie again, "you've sent for us to get up a little sailor suit to dress her in and a nickle apiece for each of her poppers?"

"Bertie," answered Emily, with great dignity, "you're only to keep still, just as you did before. John and Allie will steal her away and divide her among themselves."

Then all those horrid boys laughed. Emily looked so annoyed that I essayed to help her out.

"Allie," said I, "you are twentyone, aren't you? (I knew he was nineteen.) And you look much older than you are. I think we could trust you to carry the plan through, as you are so handsome and dignified, too."

"What are your demands, my lady?" said he, placing his hand over his heart. "I'm henceforth your obedient servant."

"You are really the most politest boy of all," said Emily. "Neither of the other two has promised us anything."

Bertie fell on his knees and implored heaven to witness his complete devotion to the cause, and John said it was not clear to him where he came in, but he'd do what he could to please us.

"Well," said Emily then, "our plan is to have Allie go out in North Atlanta to the private boarding schools for girls and find out where we can board her for the least money. Then we can make up the sum among ourselves and send her

there to school."

"You haven't thought," said John, "that we will have to furnish her with a new name, present references, and pay by the quarter, and all that."

"Don't you throw cold water on this scheme!" said Allie. "Her own name is good enough, I reckon; she's my orphan cousin Ellie from New York. I'll get her ministerial rates. You leave it to me to interview the heads of institutions. I'll give my father as reference. Who's going to question the Reverend Dr. Allen, Baptist minister at Morgan?"

Bertie brightened up. "My, but it's glorious!" said he. "Hurrah for the brigands of Morgan county! Pirates, policemen, and newspaper men! Observe, I've put the pirates at the head of the column!"

John looked sulky. "Go get the matinee tickets, Bertie," said he. "I'll get the candy. Allie can meet us at the Grand at two. Will Mrs. Abernathy let you go with us, Emily?"

I ran in to see, and mother said we might.

It was a very pretty little play. The heroine becomes an actress, and when she goes to display her talents before the manager, a little German girl comes in applying for a place and does specialty dancing and whistling. Allie, John and Bertie were quite overcome. John said, "It just takes the domestic off the shrubbery!" so many times that a man behind us leaned over and said, "My son, if you'll refrain from repeating that phrase another time, I'll give you a dime to buy chewing gum for your girl when you get out of this."

John answered, "Thank you, now I think of it, I'll need a nickle apiece for each of her poppers." And he collected the dime from the man when the play was over.

Then we went behind the boxes and boldly asked for the little German girl who danced, saying we had a box of candy for her. After a while she came to the door of the dressing room on the right and said, "Come in!" She had on her little German dress and cap and sat down smilingly on the long bench under the mirror.

There was a woman in the room ready dressed for going out. Soon after we came in she put on her hat and said:

"So, Serina, I'll tell your popper you'll be along?"

"Yes," said Ellie, "say I've met some little girls I used to know and he may expect me in a little while from now."

"Why did she call you Serina?" asked John, when the woman had shut the door.

"My stage name," said Ellie. "See, on your bill. I'm Miss Serina Sheckutt. Popper is Mr. Charles Sheckutt. See?"

"Well," said John, "we are going to change your name again; and that's what we've come for now."

So then Allie laid open our plan. She really seemed to like it. Allie had been ingenious. He had found a Home School with a lovely old lady at the head. He sent in his card and referred her to the Rev. Dr. Alexander Allen of Morgan. His cousin Ellie, he said, had come from New York, an orphan, and, as there were no women in his father's house, they could not keep her at home. He asked for ministerial rates and got them. She could have a regular course with no accomplishments for twenty dollars a month.

"And the twenty dollars," said Ellie, "who has it?"

"We have," we said in chorus.

"And some different clothes," said Ellie.

"O, there are Edith and Emily," said Bertie. "They won't mind stealing you some of theirs."

We said we wouldn't mind stealing from mother.

"Then," smiled Ellie, "I'll do it, but what have you decided upon for my

name?"

"Why not your own, Ellie Stowe?" said John.

"Because that," said Ellie, "was not my name. I had no right to it. The only real name I have is Sheckutt, and I could be traced by that. I must have a very common name, Ithink,—Brown, or Smith or White or Jones."

"There's just one way to make a choice between them, then," said Bertie. "We'll stop in the pharmacy and look over their directory and you'll agree to be a member of the most numerous family in the town."

We went out to let Ellie change her gown. Luckily she had a plain black walking suit, and when she came out with her hair done like ours, Bertie looked at her admiringly and told her she was "Just it." When we reached the pharmacy the theatrical people had all gone.

Allie told the clerk we had laid a wager that Jones was the most numerous name in the directory and wanted to prove it. He handed over the book with a grin and said he 'thought Smith had it' and sure enough it did.

"I've been thinking, though," Ellie whispered to John, "that I'd like my name to be something very respectable."

Bertie overheard her and laughed. "Met a college girl," said he, "who told me that there were just two respectable names in Georgia, Cobb and Jackson."

"What was her name?" asked Ellie.

"Oh, her name was Jackson," answered Bertie," and her mother's name had been Cobb."

"And what did you reply?" asked Ellie.

"I?" said Bertie, "Oh, I said, 'Excuse me!' and I went off and got a fellow with an 'I done' and an 'I seen it,' whose name was Jackson, and introduced them."

Ellie laughed. John frowned at Bertie. "Those are the most distinguished names in Georgia," said he. "Generals and governors have borne them. There were two Generals Cobb at one time."

"That decides me in favor of Cobb," said Ellie. And Bertie looked crestfallen. The pharmacy clerk didn't know what it was all about, but he immediately congratulated her on her choice and descanted at length on the virtues and the grandeur of the Cobbs.

When we were going out Bertie brightened up again. "We go along as far as Edith and Emily turn off," said he," and help Miss Cobb to get over her *rrrrrr*. And there's another minor matter. In Georgia we say, dawg, hawse and Cawb. Ask Allie if a short o is respectable and if it is not highly irreverent to speak of God?"

Allie looked teased. "I prefer Gawd, myself," said he, "but Miss Cawb will probably get the correct pronunciation at school."

At the next corner we left them. John and Bertie went home with us to tea, and set off that night for school. I have the newspapers of that week put away to this day, and I have no idea how we escaped the police. But Miss Helen Cobb fairly flourished and won over the whole school. The boys were wonderful. They paid up beautifully, and Bertie sent cheques for her gowns and hats with the greatest grace imaginable.

"Finally, in the second year, the dear old lady principal took a fancy to write to the Reverend Doctor Allen about music lessons for his niece, and so they found us out. But after mother had called on Miss Helen Cobb, she became a party to the crime and Ellie spent her holidays with us.

Last summer I was down in Morgan for a visit, and they told me Bernard Howard had bought the old Shepherd place, and had begun the building of a handsome new house on the old site.

The day I reached home Ellie was

there helping Emily to fit a new dress.

"Ellie," said I, "do you know they have taken away the old house at Shepherd's?"

"Dear old Shepherd's!" said she, blushing a rosy red.

"And Bertie Howard is building a handsome new house on the grounds."

"Did you like the new house?" asked Ellie.

"I—oh—I?" said I, confused by her manner.

"The day I reached home Ellie was there helping Emily to fit a new dress."

"Well, I hoped you would like it," said she. "We are going there to live, Bertie and I; and you'll have two homes then, dear Edith."

"John?" said I with a little pang. "And Allie? Poor, handsome Allie!"

"Why Edith, you goose!" said she, and then she laughed.

"Bertie," she said, "has agreed to die early and give the others their chance. It was Shepherd's that won my heart. Dear, dear old Shepherd's!"

O HANA AND I

O HANA'S large eyes were set upon the climbing moon:
Mine on her beauteous face.
Our love
Was like a picture of the ground with light and shadow.
We did not trouble with speech;
Our passion abundantly increased as a night odour.
My fancy was light winged
Like a smiling breeze combing O Hana's hair.
Her bosom
Beautifully heaved as moon waves.
She suddenly placed my hand on her bosom,
And tremblingly said:
"Listen, how wildly it does beat!"
Didn't I kiss her firing lips?
How I wished to die that very minute!
Bye and bye,
We turned our faces toward the stars,
And thought of Love,
Silently wandering away.

Yone Noguchi

Some Friendly Birds

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

Author of "Wild Life Near Home."

WE have all heard the pack chanting—

"Now this is the law of the jungle—as old and as true as the sky;
And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the wolf that shall break it must die.
As the creeper that girdles the tree trunk the Law runneth forward and back—
For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.

We have seen the law at work in herd and drove, in school and flock, and everywhere it is the great law of necessity — obey or die. It obtains among men as well as among beasts and birds. But the man-pack has broken, because we are no longer mere wolves, and a higher law obtains. We have scattered as a pack and reformed as a community — a friendly mingling of pack and herd and school and flock.

Nothing like this has happened to any great extent among the birds and beasts, for the new earth has not yet come, but many interesting individual friendships have been recorded, to which every close observer of the out-of-doors can add a few.

Allowance must always be made for false seeing and the temperament of the observer. One's interpretations are matters of nature and — of constitution sometimes. The facts I must see with the eyes of my neighbor; the meaning of the facts I can see with no one's eyes but my own. The following facts I believe are just as you would have seen them; their interpretation is my own and may not agree with yours at all.

One of my friends, a keen and trustworthy naturalist, found recently that a pair of catbirds were building a nest in the thick tangle of vines just outside her dining room window. She soon noticed that the pair of robins, who had eggs in a neighboring apple tree, showed

extraordinary interest in the work of the catbirds. The conduct of the robins was very unusual, and the woman began to watch.

Evidently, according to robin standards something about the new nest was wrong, something that ought to be changed over, robinwise. The catbirds were not building just right. They were a young couple, doubtless; this was their first nest, and the robins, who had built scores of nests, looked on critically, compassionately, and with a desire to advise that was almost killing them.

The work went on for a day or two. Then it chanced that both catbirds flew off together for more building material. The robins were watching. They could hold out no longer. Taking a hasty look around to make sure that their young neighbors were quite gone, one of the robins (the woman in the window was too astonished to note which) dropped to the ground, picked up a piece of coarse grass and hurried to the half finished nest. Stepping quickly in, she (it must have been "she") laid the straw along the rim of the clumsy nest, and, cuddling down inside, drew the ragged walls up to her round, shapely breast to mould them into something like form. It is almost too human a story to be true. But I believe it to be true, though I never saw anything among the birds quite equal to it.

The catbirds soon returned with some fine rootlets, and did not seem to notice a robin with head cocked, eying them from a corner of the grape arbor.

If this was not a manifestation of friendship, it surely was of good will — the kind of good will, I must say, that among us humans is not always appreciated.

One can hardly imagine such a thing as mutual benefit, to say nothing of friendship, in the common home life of fishhawks, crow blackbirds and English sparrows. The blackbirds and hawks might get on together, but what saint among the birds could live with an English sparrow?—could be friendly with him? Yet I know of a fishhawks' nest along the Delaware Bay in which or around which, with the hawks, live a small community of crow blackbirds and (at my last visit) two families of English sparrows.

This huge nest, planted firmly upon the very top of a tall oak, standing almost alone on the edge of a vast salt marsh, is not the natural resting place for blackbirds and sparrows. It is the range of the hawks. They are at home here. The blackbirds and sparrows, for some reason, have broken away from the inland. The blackbirds have rested here to my knowledge for thirteen years; the sparrows discovered the great nest only a year ago.

The walls of the nest are as big around as a hogshead and as rough as the protruding ends of cornstalks, dead limbs and small cordwood can make them. It is around in the crevices of these uneven walls that the blackbirds and sparrows lodge their nests.

I am by no means certain that all is harmonious in this queer colony. There was no appearance of discord—none but the appearance of the sparrows. Neither am I sure why these small birds choose to live thus with the hawks. They are both independent birds, not hangers-on at all; so it cannot be the mere convenience of a ready made nesting site. That could be had anywhere; besides, naturally, neither grackles nor sparrows would fly far away into a marsh in looking for a place to build. It cannot be that they come for the bits of fish left after the young hawks have eaten. They are not particularly fond of fish, and there would not be crumbs enough to make their coming worth while, anyway.

I believe the blackbirds are like certain strange people, they enjoy living in a tenement. There are extraordinary neighborhood advantages in a big, round hawk's nest, —fine chances for company and gossip. The sparrows found the grackles living here and saw a fine chance to intrude.

But this is not generous nor even fair. Is it not just as easy and as safe to put it all on the score of friendly interest and good fellowship? I can believe that the hawks enjoy the cheerful clatter of the garrulous crow blacks and the small impertinence of the sparrows. On the other hand the crow blacks and sparrows feel a certain protection in the presence of the hawks and may, who knows, appreciate the friendship of such high and mighty folk.

Quite as interesting and unusual a show of friendship, at least of friendliness, was seen recently by bird lovers on a telephone pole in a thickly settled town not far from here.

There were poles in plenty sticking up all over the surrounding country; but, passing by all of these, a pair of flickers, a pair of chickadees and a pair of redheaded woodpeckers (erythrocephalus) selected the same pole for their nests, prepared their holes, hatched and brought up their large, noisy families together without a single quarrel so far as the curious public knew. And they did all this with persons coming from far and near to stare at them through opera glasses, for the red-

headed woodpeckers were the only pair with such heads reported that season anywhere around.

Some day the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, which, of course, is much more of a wonder than the kingbirds dwelling peacably with the orchard oriole. But this, in its way, is no mean wonder.

I was rowing up a little creek one day when I found a kingbird's nest in the low, drooping branch of a red maple, and swinging within three feet of the water. The moment the kingbirds saw me back water they knew I had discovered their nest and across the creek they started on the four maddest wings. How they quivered! The kingbirds never seem exactly placid; but let Mrs. Kingbird catch you fooling around her nest!

However, it was here in this maple that day that I had a fresh glimpse into the heart of this little loved bird. He is not so quarrelsome and ill natured under his feathers as he appears. He is splintery, but neighborly withal.

While I was holding to his nest bough, the skiff swung in and wedged its nose between the forks of another limb that dragged the water. Turning to get free I put my hand fairly upon a second nest — the dainty cradle of an orchard oriole. The two nests were not five feet apart.

Kingbird and oriole friendly? It is hard to imagine two birds with respectable bird ways so ill assorted for neighbors as these two. Rather is it hard to think of kingbirds living in peace anywhere or with anybody.

The difference in the natures of the two birds was strikingly exhibited in the style of these two nests. The kingbird hasn't a particle of imagination, not an atom of the artistic in his soul. His shape, dress and voice declare it. He is hardheaded, straightforward and serious, somewhat overbearing, perhaps, and testy, but businesslike and refined in all his tastes. His nest is himself over again; strong, plain, adequate, but like its builder, refined. Contrast the oriole's. Romance, poetry and that indescribable touch, — the light, easy, negligent touch of the artist,—in every line of it. Why, the thing was actually woven of new mown hay —as if one should build his house of sandalwood — with all the scent of the hay field about it. I put my nose near and took a deep, delicious breath.

The birds had selected and cut the grass themselves and worked it in while green. Some of it was still uncured, still soft and sweet with sap. One side, exposed to the sun through a leaf rift, had gone a golden yellow, but the other side, deeply shaded the day through, was yet green and making more slowly under the leaves. And this nest was woven, not built up like the kingbird's; it was hung, not saddled upon the limb — suspended from the slenderest of forks so that every little breeze would rock it. And so loosely woven, so deftly, slightly tied!

There must have been a friendly understanding between the two birds. If kingbird were as ugly a neighbor as some that my friends have heard of — the oriole could not have had the heart to perch upon that maple's top — the common front step to their double house — and sing down into his own and the kingbird's home. Yet, up there that moment he sat, utterly care free, abandoned to happiness, the great maple tree adrip with his limpid, liquid song.

A state of things farther removed from a chronic neighborhood quarrel, more like genuine friendship, it would be hard anywhere to find. One may certainly be allowed to believe in a friendly agreement between the two birds, towit: that oriole provide music for the two families, while kingbird guard the premises. Whether the agreement was formally come to or not (and of course it was not), this is exactly what was doing: the fighting for both being attended to by the cantankerous kingbird, and the oriole furnishing all the song.

REVERY

Oh days of summer filled with gold,
With azure skies and tales of love oft told;
When, heart to heart pulsating in our dream,
We idly drifted down the sparkling stream.

Ah, days of autumn bringing chill and cold,
With skies of gray and tales of love grown old;
With fair hopes dying while the brown leaves fall —
Is life's book worth the conning after all?

Gene Sturtevant.

June Winston

A Novel Composed of Ten Short Stories

By CARRIE HUNT LATTA

Author of "The Love Affairs of James Carrington, Jr."

With laughter clear, with sweet, shy grace,
  With blossoms, songs of birds, blue skies,
With joy and happiness of face,
  Sweetheart of Time — with lovelit eyes:
'Mid whispering leaves and stir of wings,
  Murmuring breezes, the world attune —
Thrice welcome, Queen, who bring these things,
  Rosy-faced, bonnie, beautiful June.

THE FIRST STORY

A ROSE bush in full bloom grew close to the sitting room window and one delicate rose at the very end of a long stem could, when the summer breeze rocked it gently to and fro, peep between the filmy lace curtains and catch a glimpse of what was going on in the cozy room.

It saw three people. A sweet faced young woman who looked pale and thin but very happy. A ray of sunshine fell across her head like a halo as she leaned over a tiny bundle of white which she held to her bosom. While from out the white covering a little face, with eyes like its mother's, peeped wonderingly.

Facing the mother, with a look of deep tenderness in his eyes, sat the father. And the rose outside, nodding close to the window, heard him say:

"And what shall we name her? Rose, for you, dear?"

The little mother shook her head.

"It would be so confusing, Robert. I thought possibly you would want to name her Araminta, for your mother."

There was a note of anxiety in her voice and she lifted her eyes expectantly to his face.

"No, I think not, Rose. Mother would not have expected it. She rather laughed at the name herself. But name our baby whatever you wish. I shall be satisfied."

"I,—I was thinking," she said hesitatingly, "of calling her June,— if you liked it."

A look of surprise came into his face. "Is June a name? For a girl, I mean?"

"Well, not hardly, maybe. But, you see, Robert, we met in June, we were married in June and here,— it is June again."

She held the baby close to him. He leaned over and kissed its velvety cheek. Its little hands struck out aimlessly and helplessly. He took one of them in his own strong ones, and, caressing it, waited for his wife to speak.

"And," she went on, "we both think it is the loveliest time of the year: blue skies, green grass and roses, roses everywhere."

She looked toward the window and saw the long stemmed rose peeping in. Following her glance, her husband went and reaching out plucked the rose and gave it to her. She took it with a smile and held it before the baby's wondering eyes.

"Look, baby. Ah, that the pathway for her dear little feet may be strewn with roses and may her life be one long June day. My blessed baby."

"Amen," the father said fervently, with a little catch in his voice which sounded almost like a sob.

"Will we name her June, then, Robert? June Winston. How pretty."

She was fastening the rose in her hair as she spoke. Her husband watched her white fingers and when the rose in its pale yellow beauty nestled close to the coil of soft hair, he leaned forward and took her face between his hands and kissed her lips.

"How very pretty," he said with a smile.

"I meant the name, dear," she said, laughing, and with a faint glow of color dyeing her cheeks.

"Of course," she went on earnestly, if you don't like it, I — I don't either. But,—"

"But I do like it. I like it immensely. Better than any name I ever heard, except yours. Let's — be careful there, Clementine, you are spilling the water from that pitcher with every step."

The woman thus addressed paused near the doorway and placed the pitcher on the table. She was an angular woman of about thirty, with a capable manner, a determined mouth and a pair of the kindest gray eyes in the world. A great gingham apron almost enveloped her and she wore her sleeves rolled up at the wrists, which gave her the appearance of being ready at any moment for any emergency.

"It's time fer your tonic, Mis' Winston. You must get your stren'th back an' the purty pinkey color in your cheeks an' if medicine 'll do it, you must take it, even if 'tis nasty tasted. How's the little precious?"

Mrs. Winston smiled indulgently.

"She's alright. And good, oh, so good and,—ugh, Clementine, you give larger doses than the prescription calls for, surely."

Clementine placed the medicine bottle on the table with a thud.

"Well, I give all it calls fer anyhow. I bleeve in the old sayin' that if a little's good more's better. Fer kingdom come! Ef you ain't lettin' the sun shine purty nigh in its eyes. There! That's better. Pore leetle, teenty, weenty, love its little bones an' it ain't got any name yet. Think of it. Nearly three weeks old an' no name."

The last sentence was addressed to the baby, and Clementine, the help, leaned over and smoothed its silky hair gently and looked lovingly into its face.

"Oh, but she has a name. We've just named her, just a moment ago. We've named her June," Mrs. Winston announced with satisfaction.

"June! June? Oh, she'll never live with sech a name, never. Fer kingdom come! What a beginnin'. I spose th' next one'll be July an' th' next one'll be August an' so on an so on, — fer kingdom come!"

She glanced from the mother to the father, then taking the pitcher and glass hurried from the room shaking her head solemnly, saying:

"June, July, August,—fer kingdom come!"

But in spite of Clementine's predictions this wonderful baby did live even though they called her June. And not only that but she grew, very fast, and by and by she smiled, then talked and walked and wore her curls tied with a bit of ribbon; and was praised and punished and loved and planned for just as thousands of other babies have been praised and punished and loved and planned for and will be to the end of the chapter.

And by and by a little brother came, who was not, however, named July, but John. Not Johnnie, but plain, every day John, for his grandfather. And then

another brother whom they called Harold, and not August, as Clementine had predicted. And a very loving, very happy family it was, too.

* * * *

But, after a while, a change came: a change which made the family smaller and changed the father from a smiling, hopeful young man to a sad faced one who seemed to have suddenly grown old.

The wife and mother grew paler and thinner, and, though she smiled and was hopeful and helpful and waited and trusted, there was a little flush of red on each cheek, a starry look in her eyes, a droop to the smiling lips, each of which had its own story to tell.

* * * *

A little, rosy girl with tumbled, curling hair sat in the swing under an apple tree. She sang as she swung, high and clear, and a robin in the treetop joined her and together they poured out their hearts' happiness.

The buds on the trees would soon be ready to open. The grass was vividly green and the tulips, brave and bright, lifted their heads to the dazzling sun. The crocuses and snowdrops peeped inquiringly from the ground as if asking if spring had really come.

As the church bells began to ring the child paused in her swinging, ceased singing and listened. The bells rang deep and clear, and a thoughtful look crept into the child's eyes. From the distance came the sound of the soft cooing of a dove, and, although she did not understand why, a sob rose in the little girl's throat, so lately filled with song, and tears filled her eyes.

Why had her aunt arrived to visit them so suddenly, and why had she spoken sharply when asked if the family would, as usual, go to church that morning? Why had her doll been taken from her by this same aunt and put away in a dark drawer? Why were her little brothers shut up in the room at the back of the house, where she could not play with them? Why had her father, white faced and hollow eyed, kissed her passionately, leaving her face wet with his tears, and then hurried away down the path which led far away to the fields and woods? Why did her mother not answer her when she called, instead of lying white and still? And what was it that rested on the mother's bosom? A baby?

A baby it was, whose dead, waxen features looked strangely like its mother's. In one of its tiny hands it held a white rosebud and a full blown rose rested lightly between the mother's nerveless fingers.

Little June had been taken by her aunt into the room where the mother and child lay sleeping, and had looked in awe upon them: and had heard her aunt whisper something about "mother and sister" and "death" and "hush." But she could not understand.

So, thinking and wondering, she began to swing again. And, as she swung the soft air dried the tears on her cheeks. The robin overhead was again singing, and, as childish troubles are soon forgotten, as she swung she sang. And the higher she swung the louder she sang, until someone took hold of the swing very suddenly and she was lifted out and shaken hard, while someone whispered more about "mother and sister" and "hush."

Then she heard another voice and was again lifted, but this time into her father's arms and held very close. And he kissed her again and again, and buried his face in her hair, and called her his "little woman," and said how fond they must be of each other; and how the sun would no longer shine for him, and that his heart was broken. All of which was very strange to a little girl and gave her a heartache.

Then there was a day or two when there were strangers about and the minister came often and talked to her father

and tried to comfort him. Then they went somewhere in a carriage and June slept most of the time; and when they came back home she could not find her mother, although she looked for her for days, and her brother John helped her to look. And Clementine would follow them about and gather them in her strong arms, and cry, and try to explain it all.

Then, one evening, June sat at her father's feet and heard him talk long and earnestly with the aunt, his sister, whose talk so puzzled June — the aunt who combed the curls back from June's white forehead so tight that it made her head ache; who put the beloved doll away for several hours each day, and had this dear little girl sit and study strange things from a book; and who tried to teach her to count, while the active little mind thought of far away things—far, far away up in the blue sky, where Clementine said her mother and the little sister, who was not old enough to have a name, were. Such wonderful, beautiful thoughts!

And, as they sat together that evening, June heard her aunt talk of "going away," of "advantages and education," of "pretty manners" and "obedience." And all the while June's father shook his head, and there were tears in his eyes. And she, seeing that he was in trouble, drew his face close to hers and dried his eyes and kissed him "to make him well."

Then he called to Clementine, who came promptly, listened closely while he talked about "wanting to do his duty." Then suddenly Clementine had cried out "oh no, no, no!" and had caught June in her arms and fled out of the room, calling her her "precious teenty" and vowing that "nobody on this green earth should break up the family by taking June away." And something about "promises" and "dead mother."

And it was all so queer and so hard to understand. And if they would only let her alone, this little girl, so that she might sing and swing and think of her pretty angel mother in heaven.

Then the aunt went away, and June did not go with her; and things went on like they had gone long before — as near as they could without the mother. And the father, silent and kind, worked and planned for his children and tried to be both father and mother to them.

And Clementine, honest, faithful to her trust, ignorant as to books, superstitious, loving and kind, yet stern enough if necessary, took her place at the helm and steered the little craft right well.

* * * *

And then time passed, and June Winston was seven years old. She went to school. It was her first day. She wore the starchiest of her starchy dresses, with a frill of embroidery at the neck, and the prettiest, sauciest little pink sunbonnet on her head that ever covered a mass of curls.

And once in the school house, her father placed her in a seat, with her reader and slate, and a long, new slate pencil wrapped in gold paper, and a nice red apple, all on the desk before her. And then, oh horrors! If he didn't go off and leave her! Left her, or was going to leave her there with the teacher, who was a perfect stranger to her; with ever so many boys and girls, big and little, who stared at her. And one boy, a boy whose nose turned up horribly, leaned over right in her face and whispered:

"June, July,
Gimme some pie.
Augus', Septumber,
You're a back number."

And if that wasn't enough to make any little girl run after her father and grab him around the knees and beg and implore him not to leave her. And to cry, too, and get her hair in disorder and her dress rumpled, and then to fly out at the door, leaving the beautiful

pink sunbonnet, the reader, the new slate, the long pencil wrapped in gold paper and the red apple behind. What did all these things amount to if one's father was deserting one?

Nor did she stop until she reached home and landed in a forlorn little heap in Clementine's arms.

Two days later Mr. Robert Winston again entered the school house. On one side of him walked June, with a flushed face, and on the other was John, the brother who was, as June expressed, "only half past five." But Mr. Winston carried in his hand a "permit," whereby his small son could attend school.

And when he had spoken to the teacher he walked out, turning as he went to smile encouragingly at the children. June sat quite still; but as the door closed a queer lump rose in her throat, and she moved closer to her small brother, who was gazing unconcernedly at the boy who had, two days before, made poetry at June and was now making faces at John.

And so June's school life began. There was one thing she learned very soon, and that was, that to be like other girls, she must have a "bosom friend." So she got one, and, strange as it may seem, the very girl who had told her this was necessary.

A "bosom friend" who ate more than half of each of June's apples, swapped pencils with her, so that June got the short pencil. Who told her "as a dead secret," which she must never, never tell, cross her heart, that she, June, ought to slip away and have her hair banged and her ears pierced,—both of which would add greatly to her beauty, making her almost, if not quite, as beautiful as the "bosom friend."

A tall, positive bosom friend a good deal older than June and to whom Clementine had serious objections because her grandmother, long since dead, had been a "hard shelled Babdist." And whatever that was June could not tell, but it seemed almost like swearing. So, between the unequal division of the apples, and her grandmother having been something so awful, the bosom friend was, after a short reign, deposed in favor of John. And to him June confided her secrets—and he always told them if he could remember them long enough. By him she sent small squares of pink and blue tissue paper and bits of candy to a certain little boy, who grinned at her and ran past her very fast on the way to and from school: enveloping her in a cloud of dust in summer and splashing mud over her in winter, thereby declaring his affection for her.

John delivered the tissue paper faithfully, but the candy, alas! Unless it had fallen in the dirt or he had had all he could eat, the little lover failed to receive it.

* * * *

And then, after a long time, came the last day of June's first year of school. And, because she had passed in the year's work, she was entitled to "say a piece."

So her father selected a piece of poetry for her to commit to memory. And Clementine made a new white dress for her, and bought a great bow of white ribbon for her hair.

And her father was invited to be present at the great event. But he gently but firmly declined. Not that he did not want to be there, oh no. But, you see, he was too busy.

And Clementine was invited, and accepted the invitation on the spot, declaring she would wear the best she had, would "friz" her hair, and that Harold, "love his little bones," should accompany her, and should wear his first pair of pants in honor of the occasion. Real trousers, made by Clementine's own hands, of dark blue cloth, with three little brass buttons at each knee.

Ah, it would be a great day!

And so it was. The teacher wore his Sunday suit and a stand-up collar. His new shoes creaked with every step and he limped perceptibly. His desk was decorated with tin cans, which held bunches of wild flowers in different stages of preservation, and there was an armful of evergreen boughs tied about the stove to hide its rustiness.

The children were all more or less dressed up and the boys looked uncomfortable. Mothers and sisters were there, and so was Clementine, bristling with importance. True to her promise, she wore her best: a black silk dress trimmed in yards of fringe. She wore a bow of blue ribbon at her neck, to say nothing of a gold brooch of immense proportions. The day was very warm for the time of year, and, what with the heat and tightness of her dress, she nearly died. Not that any one ever dreamed that she was uncomfortable, for she smiled and smiled.

Harold, resplendent in the new trousers with the shiny buttons, backed about bashfully and pulled at them, as if he hoped in that way to cover his short legs as his dresses had done. But, nevertheless, June was very proud of him, and John waved his hand frequently and winked at him in a familiar manner, so that those present might know that he was a relative or friend of the fine looking little boy. For a boy he was, if he did wear long curls like a girl. But that was Clementine's fault.

The children spoke and sang with more or less success, and then it came June's time. She had memorized her "piece" thoroughly, but there was a queer, breathless feeling in her throat that she never remembered having had before, as she rose to go to the platform.

Clementine leaned forward eagerly, and Harold put his thumb in his mouth and waited expectantly.

In her hand June carried a flower. Not a real flower but a white tissue paper one, a lily, with green leaves on the slender stem, which did not look like lily leaves in the least. Very stiff and straight it was, but nevertheless it was a lily.

And very pretty June looked in her white dress and with the bow of white ribbon in her hair. When she reached her place she turned and bowed low, and began to speak. Her voice sounded very strange to her as she said:

"Little white lily
Sat by a stone,
Waiting and watching,
Till the sun shone."

And then, ah me! Although her lips moved and she gesticulated with the lily at exactly the proper time, no sound escaped her lips; she simply could not bring her voice to the surface. So the one verse was all that her friends heard of the pretty little poem.

At first Clementine was astonished, then completely dumbfounded. She motioned wildly, placed her fingers first on her lips and then on her ears. She nodded and shook her head like a crazy woman, frightening Harold until he hid his face in her lap and began to cry aloud.

But it was all to no avail. There was a look of helpless hopelessness on June's face from the beginning and the word "Failure" seemed to stand out before her in great letters as she walked, white faced and miserable, the long, weary way from the platform to her seat.

As she sat down some one laughed aloud, a sputtering, derisive laugh, and then—something happened.

"The boy who grinned," June's lover, and her brother John, leaped to their feet and fell upon the boy who had laughed—the same boy who had made poetry and faces at June. And they succeeded in pummelling him right well before the teacher could reach them. He gave each of them a smart rap with his pointer and stood them in opposite

corners of the room, from where they glowered at the offender and threatened further vengeance.

The time which elapsed between June's attempt at oratory and when school was out was simply agonizing to her. For the life of her she could not have told of a single happening, except the fight, in that time. The moment the exercises were over she grasped Clementine's hand and hurried away, in spite of the fact Clementine tried to talk to some of the women present.

June dragged her along, chatting and laughing hysterically, so that Clementine actually had no chance to speak of anything. When they reached home June ran into her own room, returning instantly with a string of black beads. She placed them in Clementine's hands gravely.

"These, if you'll never tell father. If you'll never talk to anyone about — this —about my piece."

Clementine listened and looked at the beads admiringly, then gave them back with a smile.

"W'y, honey, I don't want your beads. I ain't never going to say nothing. Besides, you done better'n most of 'em. Some of 'em spoke so—so awful loud an' noisy."

June smiled her gratitude, then hurried out to meet her brother John. He was grinning wide and put out his tongue at her. She put up her hand to him, commanding silence. "What'll you take to keep still?" she whispered.

It took them until supper time to come to terms and then John came out best, as their father would soon be home. An itemized bill read, "one red and white striped school satchel, three colored glass marbles, a dime and an old watch case."

Some of June's most sacred treasures.

But, after all, she was amply repaid, for, when her father smilingly asked at the supper table how she got through, John, with his mouth full, almost overdid the matter by spluttering enthusiastically:

"She was dressed up fine, an' she didn't fergit no more'n nothin'."

Which was heartily corroborated by Clementine. And Harold, who had, very accomodatingly, fallen asleep in his chair, (he was the only one June feared) slept on.

And that very evening, "the boy who grinned" left three candy kisses in Clementine's care: with instructions to "give 'em to 'her.'" And, in the seclusion of her own room, June sucked a candy kiss and read, with a thumping heart, the scrawl which had been wrapped with the candy:

"So sure's the Vine
Goes round the Stumph
So sure you are
My Shugger Lumph
You Are my lilly
an i am Your willy an' you was the Nicest of 'em all willy Grant Anderson."

DUST OF STARS

MEN are but clods incarnate, we are told,
Frail creatures, fashioned of a common clay,
But soul-filled soil which to the mother-mold,
From whence it sprung, one day returneth. Nay,

Fashioned of dust are we, but dust of stars!
Why else this beating of wild spirit-wings,
Striving to break earth's sordid prison bars
And soar, sod-spurning, unto astral things?

Hilton R. Greer

Two In An Airship

By FRANK WICKIZER

ALL men who dabble in flying machines are eccentric—that, I believe, is conceded. I once called upon a man who had worked for years on a mechanical bird, and he consented to take me out to the barn and show her to me.

"There she is," said he, after we had climbed the ladder to the hayloft.

"But she's not flying," I objected.

"Flying? Certainly not—certainly not. She's sitting. I domesticated her by taking her wings off and rigging her with a lamp and shelves. She incubates beautifully."

This incident is cited to show that men who invest their time and money in flying machines cannot be expected to conform to rules of conventional conduct, and to prepare the reader in advance for anything whimsical that may crop out in the following account. It is written by one of the inventors.

I.

I jumped up and down in the sand like a wilful child in tantrums, shook my fist at Lieutenant Morearity and became apoplectic.

"Up with the rudder!" I bellowed. "Up with the rudder, you blockhead, or you'll ditch the whole works!"

The lieutenant was out of earshot, which accounts for my candor.

It may be that in the pioneer days of the locomotive it was considered the proper thing to reduce friction by greasing the rails, and to cool a superheated boiler by turning cold water into it. Morearity, in attempting to effect a landing with the "Bug," my flying machine, was proceeding along equally intelligent lines. He was running the engine at a quarter speed; the rudder was parallel with the planes; the side fins horizontal, and the gyrostat was moving so slowly one could see the spokes! I made use of some expletives learned on the cattle ranch, and sawed the air in frantic pantomime.

"Hullo-o-a! Ahoy, there! The rudder—run up the rudder!" I screamed.

But Morearity, hostile, conceited, and a half mile away, continued to handle the ship like a wooden man. She careened in a stiff rotary gust, and practiced the giddy evolutions of a merry-go-round; she caught the wind full underneath, threatened to turn turtle, and her port fins to plow up the crest of a sand hill, but righted in the nick of time, and went wabbling off sideways like a crawfish.

"Oh, what a thing it is to be an idot!" I groaned. "Why don't you—"

Then it struck me that I had been giving wrong instructions, so it was just as well that he was out of hearing, and unaware of my presence. For what would be the use of hoisting the rudder if there was not speed enough to the screw to make her keel back on her "haunches" and assume the parachute attitude? What use, indeed! Any schoolboy knows that. And in this case engine, screw, gyrostat and all seemed to be paralyzed—the ship was at the mercy of every captious squall in the township.

The Bug hovered a moment over a draw, dipping gently fore and aft like

a yacht in a choppy sea, and I tried to impart buoyancy to her by inflating my lungs—then, biff! She made a lunge at a sand dune, thrust her legs in the top of it, and stuck quivering there like a deft toss at mumble-the-peg. She was safe in port. Thus does a beneficent Providence shape the destiny of fools!

A moment later Morearity emerged from beneath the canvas planes, and glanced about confusedly, as do those who awake from sleep in a strange place. He was indubitably lost in the waste of the sand hills. With a field glass he swept the horizon as if in quest of some landmark by which to recover his bearings, and finally focused his attention upon a smudge of smoke in the northwest.

This was the turning point of my career. By hailing him with the information that the bituminous smear on the sky was from an Elkhorn locomotive at Valentine, and not from the fort, (which was ten miles northeast of us) I might have restored myself in his graces so far as to recover my civilian clerkship at the barracks. I might have done more: I might have loaned him a horse to ride back on, thereby earning for myself an occasional word of patronizing praise. Nor was this all. Indeed, the moment was pregnant with possibilities! I might have led him to believe I did not witness his lubberly mismanagement of the Bug—Ah, here was Fortune knocking at my door! For this he would have forgiven the bitter words I spoke when I detected him in the act of appropriating credit for my automatic friction clutch, and even the black eye I gave him as a parting salute. I turned this over in my mind as the lieutenant's fine military stride was carrying him up the draw toward Valentine; then a barren hill, jutting out into the gully, blotted him from view. The opportunity was gone. I had rejected a sinecure at the fort for an inglorious workaday existence, and—I now have reason to hope—a wife. If this latter proves true, I shall always believe my inaction of that moment was inspired of heaven.

I waved an ironical farewell in the direction of the retreating form, and secretly hoped he would be courtmartialed for absence without leave; then returned to the ranch where I was employed as assistant veterinarian to a herd of mangy cattle.

II

The following afternoon I hauled tools, gasoline and planks out from the ranch, excavated the Bug's castors and laid a tramway from them half way down the hill. It was while I was filling the reservoir with gasoline that Polly rode up on Morearity's mount, Rex.

"Why, how did the Bug get here!" she exclaimed, as I helped her alight. "Lieuteant said he left her over in Keya Paha county, and they're over there now looking for her."

"For all the control he had over her, she might have landed in Timbuctoo," I retorted. "The fact is, he was lost; he couldn't tell straight up without a chart and set of nautical instruments."

"This is insubordination," she rejoined. "It's worse—it's ingratitude! Here Lieutenant Morearity has burnt midnight oil helping you with your crazy invention, and got disfigured by being kicked in the eye with it, and now you—"

"Did he say the Bug kicked him in the eye?"

"Why certainly!"

"Then, indeed, have I builded wiser than I knew. I've heard of machines

having instinct, but this one has intellect. Will you kindly steady this funnel?"

Polly gave me to understand I must not lampoon her friends, and her eyes snapped as she said it. Hers are wonderful eyes, big, brown and luminous, with spots in them. They are bewitching, especially when she is angry.

"How is he coming on with his gas bladder?"

"With his dirigible balloon? Oh, splendid! There was a commission out from Washington to inspect it yesterday, and he tells me he is to be promoted to chief aviator, or something like that, and the experimental station here is to be enlarged. It's such a splendid place for a station, with nobody prying about to steal the government's secrets. Do you know, it's always been my fate to be thrown among people of inventive turn; now, there's my father—you know he's a banker. Well, he and I together invented the cutest combination lock!"

I switched on the gyrostat and started the gasoline engine at half speed.

"You don't say!"

"Yes; it takes a photograph of the man who tampers with it."

"And gives him a cigar and a brushdown?"

"No; when the authorities get the photograph they attend to the brushing down. It's the only lock of its kind in the world, and poppa and I are the only persons in the world who know how to open it. Why don't you invent something useful like that instead of wasting your time with flying machines that tip over and spill people out?"

"The Bug never spilt anybody."

"Didn't it, now—crisscross, hope to die?"

"Well, not since it passed the experimental stages."

"The Lieutenant says that a wind such as we had last Thursday would crumple it up like a sheet of paper."

"I am gratified," said I coldly, "to know that you and the lieutenant do me the honor to talk about me while you are together."

"Oh, we don't talk about you all the time. Sometimes our conversations are real interesting."

It was a cruel blow. My manner was haughty and impressive as I rejoined:

"Lieutenant Morearity, as an authority on aerostatics, would make Santos Dumont look like thirty cents! The storm of last Thursday was not a wind, but a pair of twin cyclones, that would have crumpled up the Chinese wall! I don't claim the Bug can live in a two-ply tornado, Miss Polly; neither can Morearity's gas bladder!"

"Who is that coming up the draw?"

She evidently had not heard a word I said about Dumont and the Chinese wall, and I felt abused. I was not interested in the person coming up the draw, and would not even look.

"He's coming this way; he acts excited; he's got a letter or something."

I stole a reluctant glance at the intruder, and recognized a boy who worked as roustabout in a Valentine livery stable. He was struggling up the sand hill on a spavined cayuse, holding aloft a telegram.

"I've been tryin' to ketch up to you ever sence you left town!" he shouted to Polly. "Here's a telegraph as Hopkins says is important, an' you ort to have it right away."

Polly glanced at the yellow page, dropped it as though it had burned her, and gripped the shank of the Bug's rudder.

"Read it," she gasped.

Orfino, Neb., May 12—Polly Brown, Valentine, Neb.—Father locked in vault; air won't last four hours; wire combination quick. WALLACE

"Come!" I exclaimed, seizing her arm and dragging her toward Rex. "Ride fast, and you'll be at the telegraph office in thirty minutes."

"No use—no use!"

The anguish in her tone paralyzed my faculties for the moment, and I stood staring stupidly.

"There is no combination," (She was speaking as if into empty space) "and the secret of the lock cannot be explained on paper. Nothing can save him—nothing but my presence there in person—and it's a day's ride by rail."

I remembered that Orfino, while a paltry 165 miles from where we stood, was due south, whereas all the railroads ran east and west. Polly swayed unsteadily and seemed about to faint. I caught her in my arms.

"Water!" I shouted to the dumfounded roustabout.

I thought of the water in the cooling tank of the Bug, and dragged her in that direction, but at that instant a black shadow fell at my feet, and I looked up. Lieutenant Morearity's gas bladder hung over me, so close that I could catch the malignant gleam of the skipper's unhampered eye—the other being poulticed with raw beef.

He was waving his arms and shouting some incoherent command.

I lifted Polly to the cosy nook on deck, made of cushions placed at the point where the midsail braces converge, then sprang toward the water tank.

I never clearly understood how it happened—perhaps her clothing caught in the friction clutch, or I may have struck it inadvertently with my foot—in any event, I failed to reach the tank. Before I realized the situation a strong gale of fresh air swept the deck, and the Bug was rocking in the arms of her native element. I stepped to the throttle and threw it wide open.

III

My first concern was for altitude—"sea room," as the master of a side-wheeler would say—for the gyrostat was not yet steady in its plane; the ground swell was fickle, the hills ambitious and stubborn, and, moreover, I was uncertain as to the avoirdupois of my brown-eyed ballast. I raised the rudder a few notches and tilted the side fins to a steeper angle. There was an appreciable lull in the breeze across the deck, which now had the slant of a cottage roof; the Bug was "aspirating" superbly, climbing an invisible grade of the ambient, up into the big breathe. By the waving branches of a cottonwood grove beneath, I made out that we were running almost in the eye of the wind, which was in the southwest; our altitude was not to exceed 300 feet, but was rapidly increasing. Everything seemed snug and shipshape. My hand automatically sought the oil can.

A boisterous squall from beneath sent the Bug listing giddily, and disclosed a patch of sky hitherto obscured by the canvas.

"Look! Look!" cried Polly. "There's another airship!"

I had a bare glimpse of Morearity's queer craft, and then the sails eclipsed it, and the Bug was back upon an even keel. He was hanging directly in our

right of way, and not thirty feet over our bow. I swung the rudder sharp to port, like the trolley of a motor car rounding a curve, and the next instant we had climbed abreast and to the windward of him.

"Ten seconds more and we would have fouled him with our screw!" I shouted to Polly. "Thanks—thanks awfully!" (putting the rudder back to the horizontal straight ahead notch) "Our propellers aren't used to plowing through anything more substantial than thunder cloud. You make an excellent first mate! I shall—"

Polly was holding a hand up to enjoin silence. "He's hailing you," she said.

Morearity was leaning out of his car and making a trumpet of his hands, but the wind buffeted his voice, and I could catch only a word now and then: ". . . command you . . . orders to arrest . . . government property . . . run you down . . ."

"Give him the wigwag," I said to Polly.

She produced her handkerchief.

"I want to tell him you're kidnapping me," she said; "that I am in distress and need his assistance. What are the signals for that?"

"Three strokes down, pause; five strokes horizontally to the right, pause; one horizontal circle above the head."

"That's not right; I've studied the code.' She took a printed card from her purse and consulted it. "You are a wretch!" she said, replacing it.

"Well, what *does* it mean?"

She shrugged a saucy shoulder at me.

"You could never pass the signal corps examination. It means, 'Go chase yourself!' "

"What an awkward blunder! Well, blow him a kiss, then."

I cannot be sure if she obeyed, as my attention was distracted by the alarming proximity of the gas bag, and by that other disquieting circumstance—a glint of sunlight from Morearity's right hand, revealing the presence of a pistol. A continuous blast of steam from his funnel told me his engine was working to the limit; and that the power was effective I could not doubt, since the pennant on which appeared the balloon's name, "Pioneer," trailed out straight behind in a breeze of the ship's own making. The wind was in her starboard quarter. Her twin screws, just beneath the rear taper of the bag, were visible only as shimmering disks of broken sunbeam. The distance between us was diminishing appreciably, though whether as the result of the Pioneer's rudder or the Bug's drift I was in doubt. The Bug's course still lay up grade, as I estimated, from sixty to eighty feet to the mile, and our altitude was a safe 2,000 feet.

"Guess we'd better show him a clean pair of heels," I said, reaching for the rudder helve.

"What are you going to do?" asked my mate.

"Coast—descend on the other side of the hill we've just climbed."

I struck the helve out of the notch and tried to depress the rudder. I tried again. I summoned all my strength, and lifted like a rustic at a county fair muscle tester, tugging and wrenching at it till I reeked with sweat. It stuck like the proverbial bureau drawer; something was wrong. The Bug continued to climb, her deck aslant as the floor of a toboggan slide. The gas bag was steadily approaching; I could hear Morearity shouting something derisive.

IV

"He's going to run into us!" gasped Polly.

I gave the lever a lateral pull, and had the satisfaction of seeing the rudder respond: I could steer horizontally, if not vertically.

"Why don't you show him a clean pair of heels?" asked the cosy corner.

The Bug was now heading south, and, as a result of the tack I had taken, she crossed above the Pioneer's bow and left her enemy to be jostled by a ruffainly gust some thirty yards beneath us, and to the westward. The tack proved ill inspired, however, as I was made to understand a moment later. Looking over the rail, I saw the Pioneer tilt on her short axis like a giant seesaw, and then shoot up; Morearity was discharging ballast; before I could seize the helve the Bug was in the lee of the Pioneer's colossal bag.

Again I sought to depress the rudder, and again it resisted. I invoked the blight of Egypt upon it. We were 2,500 feet above *terra firma*, and still climbing. Oh, if I could only get that rudder down—in ten minutes the balloon would be a speck on the horizon! As it was—I tried to annul the unfriendly influence of the rudder by reversing the angle of the side fins, and the result was a shock which nearly threw me over the rail.

"Terribly rutty road up here," came from the cushions. "I know now what makes the thunder roar."

The fins brought the Bug's nose down a few feet, and I felt that our speed had increased, but it was still a snail's pace; the Pioneer's twin screws, abetted by 7,000 cubic feet of hydrogen, enabled her to gain on us. If I could have descended she would have been at my mercy, since she was so buoyant from lack of ballast she could not follow; but that was out of the question. My only salvation, it appeared, was to tack and double on my course like a hare before the pack.

The Bug's burst of speed proved but transitory, as the gyrostat, working automatically on the rudder, had brought the sails back to their former slant of twentytwo degrees, and again the screw was wasting half its power in acquiring an altitude that was already a glut on the market. In a calmer moment this fact would have had a happy significance: it would have told me that if the rudder would yield to the gyrostat it would also yield to the helve; that the obstinacy of a moment before had passed, and that all was well. I thought this out afterward, when it was too late.

Glancing back, I saw the Pioneer foreshortened in our rear and almost close enough to avail herself of the suction in the Bug's wake. With feverish haste I oiled such bearings as were most easily accessible, and advanced the sparker to shorten the piston stroke. The screw attested its sense of this attention with a shriller note, and the gyrostat with a mounting crescendo. For twenty pulse beats I waited, only to learn the discouraging fact that the balloon still gained. I went about on a westerly tack, to take advantage of a transient breeze. The Bug could sail closer to the wind than the Pioneer; there was that satisfaction.

"We're right over a town," came from the middle stays.

Polly had lifted the hatch, and was looking down into the abysmal depths through the flying spokes of the gyrostat.

Her indifference to the main issue of the situation piqued me, and I forebore to answer.

The impetus of the Pioneer had carried her past the point of my last tack, and she now lay at right angles behind us, almost under the blades of our rudder. She was coming about slowly, however, moving around her center of gravity like a turnstile.

"What town is it?"

"I haven't had time to study geography since I started on this cruise."

"Humph! It's a poor skipper who doesn't know his chart!"

"Well, if I were to guess, I'd say it's Ainsworth," (moving the sparker up another peg.) "That watercourse we passed a while back was Plum creek; Ainsworth is thirtyeight miles southeast of the fort."

I consulted my watch, and found we had been in the air eighteen minutes.

The wind veered a few points, swerving toward the south, and I changed the Bug's course to conform to it. My purpose was to lighten the labors of the screw by getting every ounce of "aspiration" the sails could muster. Three thousand feet below us, and a mile to the eastward, I could see our shadow flitting along over a patchwork of husbandry, like the ghost of a summer cloud. We were over an imaginary line called the "rain belt," which divides the wilderness of the sand hills from the more arable district of the South Platte. The face of the country was altered; from yellow its complexion had changed to green, and the evidences of human habitation were less infrequent. Groves, man-planted, studded the prospect at intervals, but as to trees worthy the name, there was none, for Nebraska's paucity of sylvan monarchs is said to be the seventh wonder of the trans-Mississippi. I was down on my knees to inquire the temperature of the screw's shaft, when I heard in a musical contralto:

"Bon voyage, Lieutenant!"

I looked up and instinctively leaped back against the rail. The Pioneer was alongside of us. She was so close I could see the pin that held the handkerchief on her skipper's disabled eye. He was pointing a pistol at me.

V

"Descend!" he shouted. "Descend, or I'll shoot!"

"Oh, no; don't shoot, Lieutenant; I don't know how to manage this machine."

Her reason for the request struck me as inadequate. I again advanced the accelerator.

"Will you take the Bug in tow, Lieutenant," I called, "or lash her to your side and fight it out like a pirate?"

"Mister Hicks! I command you to halt!"

"Or you'll send me to the guard house, eh?"

And I paraphrased a popular ditty of the hour:

"My Tommie's eyes were blue,
But they were black when I got through!"

This obviously did not sweeten his temper. He returned the weapon to his belt, and began to reel a lariat about his left thumb and elbow. This was mystifying; I could not make out what he purposed doing with it.

"He's going to rope us," mused Polly, displaying a lukewarm interest.

By this time the Bug was shuddering from the vibrations of the engine, which hiccoughed in a frenzied spasm of energy. The heat from the screw bearings had found its way through the deck; an odor of hot oil reeked up from the complex tangle of gear, while over the cylinder head hung a perpetual halo of blue and green flame. The engine was working nobly, but I had reason to believe she still had a few pounds of reserve force, and I stood by to invoke them at the critical moment. A strange sort of affinity seemed to draw the ships together. Armed with a steel tipped fishing pole, I could have punctured his balloon, and ended the race then and there.

"If you have any regard for the safety of the lady," Morearity was saying, "you will—"

"That's just it, Lieutenant. When the air is so congested with flying machines one can't be too careful how one steers, especially when there are ladies aboard—and pirates abroad!"

"I'll give you one minute to 'bout ship and return to the fort!" taking out his watch.

"Come, come, Lieutenant," said Polly, "don't be disagreeable. If you were a nice man you'd get behind and push, 'cause my poppa's in trouble."

"In trouble?"

"Yes; he's locked up in a horrid vault!"

"Miss Brown, all my resources are at your disposal, and we'll hire the best lawyer in the state!"

Polly wanted to know of me what good a lawyer would do.

"Your father needs air, you know," I said, sotto voce, "and so the gentleman over there suggests wind."

"Lieutenant Morearity," cried Polly, with feeling, "I think it ill becomes you to make light of this situation, and my poor father smothering in a vault! A lawyer, indeed, sir! You'll be suggesting a bellows next!"

"I beg your pardon! Didn't I understand you to say, Miss Brown, that your father was in—that he was locked—that he was—in custody?"

The conditions were not favorable to delicate conversation.

"You're a brute!" exclaimed Polly. "Do you think a man can't be in trouble unless he's in jail?"

The Lieutenant evidently did not hear this, but something in her manner made him desperate, and he addressed me:

"Hicks!" he bellowed, "if you don't—"

His safety valve began spitting steam, and Polly put her hands over her ears.

"If you don't 'bout ship I'll run you down, and in ten seconds we'll all be corpses!"

"What did he say?" she asked, removing her hands in time to catch the last word.

"He said he'd get your father out on a writ of habeas corpus."

"Wretch!" she panted, withdrawing among the cushions.

In a tool box I found a package of luncheon, where I had placed it before slipping cable. Taking a boiled egg therefrom, I balanced myself, took careful aim and let go; it exploded on the Lieutenant's forehead, and the way the yolk rilled down his florid countenance bore evidence that our Chinese cook at the ranch had had trouble with his fire.

"Tag! You're it!" I called.

At that instant a shock ran through the Bug's timbers; the ships had actually touched. This was the critical moment for which I had waited. Taking advantage of the Lieutenant's temporary blindness, I placed my heel on the friction gear cap, and pushed it down to the floor.

The Bug shot forward, and at that moment, under the influence of a vertical gust, lurched sharply to starboard. To correct this, I restored the side fins to their original angle, and looked back to see what our chances were, at this rate, of beating the Pioneer. Fifty feet in our rear, Morearity was standing in his basket, swinging the rope over his head like a cow puncher. Whiz-z-z! The cord spun out from his hand, traced a graceful scroll against the sky, and—wrapped four or five times around the Bug's rudder shank.

VI

I was conscious of a curious composite sensation—that of falling, of indifference to the consequences, and of a sharp pain in my head—the latter caused by the taftrail striking me when the Bug's nose dropped. I crouched in the "scuppers," rubbing my eyes; the deck, slanting now from stern downward to bow, was swept by a veritable hurricane, that roared in my ears, drowning the noise of the enigne. The canvas planes strained against their ribs like the skin of a famished horse. Through it all Polly sat unperturbed; she was holding to the stays with both hands, swaying in the home-made tempest, and struggling to keep the hair out of her eyes.

Gradually, under the influence of the gyrostat, the deck became more nearly horizontal and the gale abated. Our downward flight less precipitous, the whereabouts of the Pioneer was again of interest; and a glance assured me that, unless she was either directly above or directly beneath, she was nowhere in our immediate vicinity. I swept the entire circle of the horizon in quest of her, and was beginning to wonder to what accident I was indebted for her removal, when I caught sight of her long, superannuated hulk, turned broadsides on, of the size and general outline of a devil's darning needle. She was a good mile and a half to the northwest.

"Have we looped the loop?" gasped Polly, catching her breath.

"We are crossing the Loup," I answered feebly. "That stream beneath us is the Middle Loup river. Moreover, we've shown Morearity that clean pair of heels you were speaking of."

Secretly, I knew it was Morearity who had turned the tables in our favor with that ridiculous lariat of his, but I did not tell Polly so.

"We've covered the first 100 miles of our distance," I added, "in a little more than two hours. It's six o'clock now; let's have luncheon."

"I thought you let Lieutenant Morearity have it."

"I shared it with him, certainly. I'm not a savage, to starve my enemy."

I wrapped a cut of apple pie, a sandwich, and an egg in a piece of newspaper and pushed them toward her down the deck.

"I think you treated him shamefully," she said, reaching for them. He's really a clever gentleman, and you won't deny that he's an inventor of promise."

"Of promises — permit me to correct you. As to his machine, the details are all right; the defects are merely fundamental. It's an aerial dredge, graceful

as a mud scow, and tractable as a Kentucky colonel's temper."

"You're envious; you're angry with him because he called your machine a stick-in-the-mud."

"Did he call it that?"

She nodded emphatically.

"And he said you had to keep your quid of tobacco in the middle of your mouth or it would tip over—but you don't chew tobacco, do you?"

"If I do I don't have to borrow of him."

"So of course that can't be true. And I really think the Bug is a real nice, cozy airship, really!" (munching the sandwich.) "What is it that keeps us up here?"

"Spirits."

She lifted the lid of the sandwich and inspected the filling meditatively.

"Distilled or disembodied?"

"Nayther;" (pronounced in imitation of Morearity) "animal. Your buoyancy of mood would float a church."

She replaced the lid.

"Edifice or debt? No, but seriously—what does do it? Isn't it a violation of gravitation's laws?"

"They are hereby repealed. I know no gravitation."

"I used to know of a Colonel Gravity in St. Louis who was a ward heeler."

"Well, it was no ward heeler built this machine, so he has no pull with me."

"You talk like Tammany Hall," (cracking the egg). "Why are you so frivolous?"

"It's characteristic of the secular sky pilot; it hardly seems worth while taking life seriously."

During this cross fire of pleasantries I had been testing the steering gear, and was gratified to find it in working order. I estimated that our speed was now something better than a mile and a half a minute. The Bug was flying as "easy as old shoes;" the engine was wheezing asthmetically, but was doing its work, and the screw spun as though it took delight in it. Now climbing an invisible wave of air, now descending into a trough, we were soaring like a swallow, in long undulations, a motion as soothing and rhythmic as a lullaby. A sense of exhilaration possessed me, and that our venture would end happily I had no doubt. We would touch at Orfino, I calculated, about dusk. Our course lay directly south, as shown by the section lines which converged at the four cardinal points, transforming the landscape into a monster checker board. The panorama upon either side twisted by as though tortured with seismic convulsions, the more remote landmarks seeming scarcely to move; those in the middle distance passing leisurely and majestically, while those near at hand raced by with the speed of the wind; it was as though we flew between the rims of two Titanic wheels whose hubs were somewhere in the hills of the horizon.

I reduced the strain upon the engine by switching the gear to a lower speed. Polly, availing herself of my oil can, ornamented the deck with an unctious monogram of interwoven initials, and then reproved me for not warning her that the can was greasy.

"Whose initials are those?" I asked. "I can't read them from here."

She blushed through a daub of crude petroleum.

"They belong to a friend of mine."

"Polly," said I, severely, "come here. You're too far in front; you're disturbing our equilibrium."

"Mine is not disturbed," she retorted, and there was a glimmer of malice in her eye. "You should take something for that."

She lifted the hatch and again peered down through the shimmering fog of the gyrostat's spokes.

VII

The sun was going down as we crossed the Platte river, that fickle stream—a mile wide and an inch thick—with its inconstant flow, changing from side to side like a mercenary legislator. The shadows were deepening, and the air was taking on the chill of evening. We were flying lower now than in the earlier stages of the cruise; at times when at the bottom of a trough we almost flicked the topmost branches of cottonwoods, set in stiff, uncompromising rows. A sod farm house would spring into view in front of us, stand stationary an instant, and then whisk away in a streak of weed grown thatch. Men could be seen moving about in barnyards; the tinkle of a cow bell arose from a bunch of homing cattle; a belated farmer, on his way from town, caught sight of us, and, in his astonishment, pulled his horse back upon its haunches. A long smudge of smoke to the eastward attested the neighborhood of a railway.

"Oh!" exclaimed Polly, raising from the hatch and clapping her hands in ecstasy. "Look—look! There's Farmer Burns' windmill! I'd know it among a thousand. Orfino is just on the other side of that hill, and you can see the standpipe of the waterworks sticking up there to the left of the grove. Oh, I hope we shall be in time!" She shaded her eyes to get a better view of the prospect. "Dear, dear! Pop'll be so hot and sweaty and cross! Look, Mr. Hicks—there is the roof of the grain elevator, and—oh! there's the belfry of the dear old school house!"

Polly was almost inarticulate with joy, and her mood was contagious; in me it took the form of a desire to do something rash and spectacular. I passed the brow of the hill where, in a saner moment, I should have landed, and an instant later was wheeling in broad circles, like a vulture, over the village of Orfino. It impressed me as an unlovely hamlet, built with mercantile disregard for beauty. The houses stood in separate rows, clustering about a square, upon which stood a court house—monument to a lost battle for the county seat. Its population could not have exceeded 800.

Polly took a hand mirror from her bag and gave a few deft touches to her toilet. "I'm ready to get out," she said.

Meanwhile, I had withdrawn well to the eastward of the town, and had brought the Bug in line with what appeared to be the principal street. The recent gusty wind had died to a zephyr. As shown by a few smoky oil lamps, the thoroughfare ahead was thronged with a motley crowd of citizens, who were gesticulating and running hither and thither. The Bug was hanging, steady as a brick wall, 200 feet above the earth, and was charging the rabble at a terrific rate. Suddenly I hoisted the rudder to its highest notch, and at the same instant reduced the speed of the screw. The effect of this was to cause the machine to assume the climbing attitude; but as the lifting power of the screw had diminished it could do no more than to hold the planes steady in the wind, and the

mechanism became a parachute. Our horizontal speed was retarded until the Bug traveled no faster than a cable car; we were approaching the earth at a rate of 200 feet to the mile.

"That's the First Methodist church," said Polly, indicating a spire from which we had frightened a flock of pigeons.

Tops of trees and occasionally the roof of a building began to come up abreast of us; then we could see second floor windows crowded with eager faces; high pitched voices arose at times above the rattle and jar of the machinery, and somewhere in a remote part of the village an alarm bell began ringing clamorously.

Chug! A shock ran through the Bug's timbers, and her deck began jolting like a lumber wagon on a corduroy road. Her rear castors had come in contact with the "dirt pavement" of the street. I reversed the screw. The bow descended; the deck became horizontal; the forward castors struck earth with a shuddering impact, and the airship of a moment ago was rolling on wheels like the meanest dumpcart on the sunset side of the Missouri.

VIII

I stopped the engine, and the Bug's cruise was at an end.

"Hullo! Whar did it pick you up?" shouted an old farmer, who had climbed half way up the windmill tower of the town pump.

"Do you know if it done any damage?" "Was anybody killed or hurted?" "Is it comin' this way?" And other like questions arose from the Babel in the street. Meanwhile, Polly had made it understood that she wanted a ladder, and several youths ran to do her bidding.

"I say, stranger, whar did it pick you up?" came from the windmill tower.

My attention was diverted by an hysterical feminine scream from somewhere in the crowd: "It's Polly Brown! Sakes alive! It's Polly Brown!" The cry was taken up and passed from mouth to mouth. Then, as I made all fast and snug on board, other fragmentary exclamations were wafted up from the rapidly growing throng:

" . . team running north on Stockville road . . . It's the roof of the canning factory at North Platte . . . buggy shaft run clean through Updike's mule . . . twenty people killed at Plum Creek . . . Seestead's gone after him a-hossback . . Must o' started up north, 'cause Polly was at Valentine. . . . Lucky it didn't hit th' meetin' house. . . . Was Bill alone in th' kerridge? . . . Looked threatenin' like up that a-way all day. . . "

By putting two and two together, I concluded that the townspeople mistook us for cyclone salvage. As I descended the ladder down which Polly had disappeared a few minutes before, I was trying to decide upon the best means of correcting this impression, but upon reaching the ground I saw something which altered my plan. A dead mule lay against the curbstone; beside him was the wreck of a buggy, while the street was strewn with such staple groceries as sugar, coffee, yeast cakes, prunes and cooking soda. I divined at once that my port castor had wrought the havoc by coming into violent contact with the vehicle. A farmer boy stood in the midst of the desolation, blubbering and explaining between his sobs that this was the first time he or any of his folks had been visited by "one o' them twisters." I concluded that the funnel shaped cloud theory would do very well for the present, but calmed the boy and made myself

popular with the crowd by pressing something into his hand. The man I hired to watch the Bug over night informed me that my spectacular descent from the clouds had frightened the town marshal's team and that it had run away, taking the marshal with it. He then told me how I could slip away from the rabble and get into the hotel by the back entrance.

IX

Before the village was fairly awake next morning I was standing on the veranda of the Brown residence awaiting a response to my ring. All was quiet within. Had Polly arrived in time to fulfill her mission? From the fact that there was no crape on the door, I inferred that she had.

A little freckle faced boy carrying a pail of milk, evidently designed for the Brown cuisine, climbed the fence of the adjoining yard, and I accosted him:

"Does Mr. Brown live here?"

"Yes, but he ain't up yet, I don't guess."

"Did he get out of the bank vault all right?"

"Sure! Polly let him out—but they ain't got th' robbers yet."

"The robbers!" I echoed. "What robbers?"

"Why, they was men there tryin' to tap the till, an' Mister Brown ketched 'em at it, an' they locks him in th' vault an' makes a getaway."

"Did they steal much money?"

"I dunno."

There was a pause, during which I heard someone moving about inside.

"Did you see the cyclone yesterday?"

"Sure! They was a guy blowed into town last night on th' roof of a cannin' factory, an' it killed a mule, an' it didn't look very stormy, either."

He raised his eyes to the heavens, and what he saw so agitated him that he dropped the pail, upsetting it.

"Another cyclone, by the great horn spoon!" And he was over the fence and out of sight like a shot.

The "other cyclone" was Morearity's dirigible balloon, blowing off steam about a mile to the southward, and dipping in the choppy wind like a teeter board.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Hicks," came the voice of Polly from the doorway, "but I didn't get to bed this morning until one o'clock, and—won't you come in? Oh, yes; Poppa's all right, thanks. He was sitting there fanning himself with the cover of a fifty pound ledger when I unlocked the vault door. He was awfully glad to see me. It was all because the cashier left the window open so that the wind blew the door shut."

"Then there were no robbers after all?"

"Of course not; that's a silly story that got out—no truth in it."

"What do you suppose has become of Morearity?"

"Oh—!" Polly made a gesture indicative of irritation. "The wretch! After the way he talked I never—See! This is what I think of him!" She snatched his photograph from a mantel and was about to crush it, but at that moment a great light broke upon me, and I restrained her.

"Iconoclast!" I cried. "To thus destroy a work of art! In a calmer mood

you would repent the act. Meanwhile I'll take charge if it, please."

She demurred as though questioning the propriety of yielding.

"Come!" she said. "Let us be serious. I want to tell you how much—"

This was what I had been dreading, and I interrupted her.

"I'll accept the photo in full satisfaction of any obligations there may be between us," I said.

"What a ridiculous contract; you'd be laughed out of court!"

"Ridiculous or not, I want it—I really *need* it—because I'm going to suggest something to you, and I shall be embarrassed unless we can speak on terms of equality. As it is, I feel like the fellow who saved his sweetheart from drowning, and then could never pluck up courage to ask her to be his wife for fear she would think he was taking advantage of the debt of gratitude she owed him. Polly, I can't offer you the social advantages that some—I realize this is no time —Polly I—" This wretched monologue was finished in a universal language, unhampered by stammering tongues, and when I released her, the photograph had found its way into my pocket.

Ten minutes later the Pioneer hung over the shrubbery of Court House Square, within speaking distance of the assembled conflux. It seemed that the entire village and his wife had turned out. My vantage ground on the outskirts of the mob commanded an excellent view of Morearity's bruised optic, (now unbandaged) which scowled blackly over the basket rim. He appeared haggard and distraught; as to the rout, it was restive, and obviously unfriendly to this new argosy of the air. From scraps of conversation heard flying about, I inferred that, prior to my arrival, he had been trying to talk to the people, and, having failed to make himself understood, had written something on a piece of paper, weighted it, and dropped it into the midst of the swarm.

"They're readin' it over there now," said one, perched perilously on the limb of a tree.

No great effort of the imagination was needed to divine its contents. It referred with unction to his dignity as an officer, and sternly to his mission, which was to arrest and place in irons a miscreant civilian, James Hicks by name, who had stolen a flying machine, property of the government.

"Why doesn't he come down?" I asked of the man in the tree.

The answer was drowned by an excited shouting and confusion of running on the east side of the square.

"He's th' man that robbed th' bank!" came in piercing falsetto. "He's th' man that robbed th' bank, and locked old man Brown in th' vault! See! Here's his fottygraft! It was took by th' patent lock on th' vault door!"

I felt that moment like a red handed felon—that I deserved to be shaved, striped, numbered and consigned to a cell.

The freckle faced boy who had upset the milk rushed past me, holding aloft the photograph, and yelling: "He's th' man that robbed th' bank!"

A posse of a dozen men took the card from him, and spent some time comparing the face thereon with the lineaments of the lieutenant. They were a jury, weighing the evidence; they stood in the shadow of a temple of justice—thus far the tribunal was regular enough, but surely never before did the accused attend his own trial in a dirigible balloon. Such is the march of progress.

The posse with the photo constituted a counter attraction; it soon became the nucleus of a new crowd, and from it hoarse, angry shouts arose. The ver-

dict "guilty as charged," variously paraphrased, spread with astounding rapidity. The shibboleth of the moment was now heard from every quarter of the campus: "He's th' man that robbed th' bank!" A bewhiskered citizen bearing an ancient musket maneuvered for a position from which to shoot. A man on horseback clattered up, knocked down two inoffensive bystanders, and tried to exhort the mob, though whether his voice was for peace or war will never be known. A woman shook her fist at the gaseous apparition; frightened children ran hither and thither, searching for lost parents; an arsenal of nondescript weapons bristled about, threatening—no one knew what or why—and over by the calaboose a band of well meaning souls was trying to quell the turbulence by singing a hymn.

An old man leaned on his crutch, made a megaphone out of his hands, and shouted in my ear: "If he really is the man who robbed the bank, why don't they let him come down, so we can arrest him and hold him till the marshal gets back?" Why, indeed!

Three stalwart young yoemen, a few yards from where I stood, began fighting among themselves, presumably as a means of composing their frenzied nerves. One accused another of jostling him; the third took up the quarrel; in a twinkling, forgetful of the leviathan overhead, they were rolling on the grass and pummeling each other as though the occasion demanded bloody noses, the question as to ownership of the noses being immaterial. A fourth lad tried to separate the combatants, and two mongrel curs leaped about the squirming mass, barking gleefully. A middle aged man, with a clerical air and spectacles, whom I took to be the village preacher, tried to pull a reluctant member of his flock out of the crush. Under the awning of a store hard by several women were fanning one of their number, who was engaged in recovering from a faint. "He's th' man that robbed th' bank" had now become a composite medley, like the chanting of a round, and some inspired idiot added to the bedlam by ringing the fire alarm bell.

It is not likely that Morearity expected to be met by a brass band when he landed in town; neither did he expect a horde armed with pitchforks and meat cleavers. He was a brave officer, but, as I had often heard him say, there is a line at which bravery merges into foolhardiness, and when I saw him drop ballast on the court house roof, and start his twin screws, I knew he had entered Orfino in his list of unsalutary neighborhoods.

The crowd dissipated almost as quickly as it had formed. By the time the Pioneer dissolved into the fleecy clouds of the northern sky a Sabbath quiet reigned about Court House Square, and tradesmen were arranging their stores for the day's business. The town marshal, who had put up for the night at a farm house, arrived soon afterward in a badly dilapidated rig. He was amused when told that the bank robber had returned in a balloon and got away again, and his denial of the story that there had been a robbery was not believed.

I was still in the village when, three days later, a sergeant and detail came to take the Bug apart and ship her back to the fort by rail. As to Polly and myself, our little affair is not prospering as well just now as I might hope. She has had a talk with that freckle faced boy, and seems to think the use to which I put the lieutenant's photograph was not altogether honorable. However, she has given me reason to believe I can expiate this offence in time, and I still hope to retain her as my first (and last) mate.

American Auguries

or

Peeps Through the Keyholes of Our National Future

By FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D.

Author of "National Characteristics," "The Bible of Nature," etc.

I.—CLIMATIC PROSPECTS

PHILOSOPHERS have long thought it probable that Augury, or the science of prediction, could be improved by a comprehensive study of the past. Weather prophecies are accomplished in that manner. A gale that has ravaged Mexico last night and Florida today will find New England prepared tomorrow.

Social storms, too, might often have been forestalled on that plan. Our slave dealers could have avoided total shipwreck by watching the advance of the whirlwind raised by the wand of John Wilberforce. Our Sabbatarians had better heed the portent of the Belgian Blue Law riots.

But there is no doubt that, even within the field of meteorology proper, the enterprises of prediction might be carried a great deal further. The climatic history of the Old World will repeat itself in America. If forest destruction, at its present rate of recklessness, should continue much longer, our continent will have to dry up. So will an orator who should venture to urge that fact upon a boodle legislature, in this era of lumber trusts. But the fact remains, and its significance may be inferred from the experience of the Mediterranean coast lands, where thousands of god-gardens have been turned into Gehennas of wretchedness and desolation. By tree destruction alone a territory of 4,500,000 square miles has been withdrawn from the habitable area of our planet. The physical history of the eastern hemisphere is the history of a desert that originated somewhere near the cradle of the Caucasian race,—in Bactria, perhaps, and, spreading westward and southward, has blighted the Edens of three continents like a devouring fire and is now scorching the West Coast of Africa, and sending its warning sand clouds far out to seaward.

But in America—haven't we forestry associations and Arbor Days?

Ye-es. "National Parks," too. About one acre of a thousand reserved for ornamental purposes. We play at tree planting one summer day and work at tree felling for the rest of the year. The forestry appropriations of our government resemble the gifts of that boodle philanthropist of whom it is written that "with one hand he drops a farthing in the urn of poverty, and with the other takes out a shilling."

We have not only entered the path that brought the Old World to grief, but are traveling it at an unprecedented rate of speed. American buzzsaws have taken up the work of European bucksaws. Our ocean rafts dwarf the mediæval river rafts as our forest fires dwarf the Saxon Easter fires.

And, moreover, we cannot even expect the comparative immunity of the "Peninsula Continent." America will not fade, like sea intersected Europe, but wither, like compact Africa.

"One third to the hunter, two to the husbandman," was Landgrave Philip's rule for an equitable division of forests and fields, and expresses a limit that has never been passed with safety at a distance from the compromising influence of the ocean.

Rivers mitigate droughts for their immediate neighborhood, but aggravate a peril of a different kind where they bring down the drainage of treeless mountain ranges—especially in spring, when the accumulated snows of a long winter descend with the torrents of the first rainstorm. The Ardeche, a French mountain stream, not half as long as the Merrimack, has thus been known to rise sixty feet in half as many hours, and devastate the valley of the Rhone with a flood exceeding the average outflow of the Nile. On one occasion it suddenly filled its vast gorge from end to end and peasant women, washing their linen near the natural bridge known as the Pont d'Arc, barely escaped with their lives, though they abandoned their work and instantly scrambled uphill on hearing the roar of the approaching deluge.

The boom of similar floods will be heard

in many mountain regions of eastern America, but especially in the valley of the Ohio, where the snow masses of countless highlands are apt to melt simultaneously, owing to the east and west trend of the main river, and the rapidly increasing lack of protecting forests. The barren hilltops will shed water like a shingle roof. Torrents, rivalling those of the Rhone and the Yangtse-Kiang, will rush along with a roar announcing the facilities for a free excursion to the Gulf coast. It needs no trance inspirations to predict that, before the end of this century, Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Louisville will see their highest bridges submerged, together with the rooftops of their Ghettos,—if not of the Ghetto dwellers, (whom the magistrates of mediaeval Barcelona impeached on a charge of rain provoking heresy.)

On the whole, the winters will become milder, the summers dryer and dustier. Like the Nile, the lower Mississippi will protect its own, but the midland region of the great cotton belt will become as dry as a Kansas holiday. No irrigation will avail to undo all the mischief of what Parson Brownlow used to call the "run and ruin system of agriculture," the antebellum plan of wearing out the organic life of one district and then pushing on to devastate the next.

Some 12,000,000 acres of cotton lands were wasted in that manner and now sigh to heaven in the form of barren bramble fields, torn by deep gullies, and getting dryer and gulchier from year to year. Springs are failing, and the migratory locust, the ominous harbinger of the desert, has made its appearance on the Atlantic coast plain.

Droughts will become more frequent all over eastern America. Unless the saints of the twentieth century should expend all their gunpowder on Sabbath breakers, they will get a chance to try its efficacy in cloud compulsion, on the plan recommended by Professor Carl F. Meyers, who is lecturing on the foibles of the weather, and who, a few years ago, actually took a government contract to improve the meteorological conditions of northern Texas.

"Warmth is life; cold is death," was the motto of a French doctor who invited the public to a glass house sanitarium; and, from that point of view, tree destruction may seem to have proved a blessing for a large part of Europe. The Mediterranean peninsulas were not always abodes of perpetual summer. On the campaign against the rebels of Potidea, Socrates shivered like an Idaho temperance editor. The Tiber froze from bank to bank, every now and then, and Germany, "*sylvis horrida*," appears to have been about as frosty as modern Newfoundland. In northern Africa, where few permanent residents can now realize the possibility of a hotter hereafter, the climate was once delightful enough to attract many Roman home seekers, and Spain could be mistaken for a synonyme of the Hesperian Garden.

Fifteen degrees Fahrenheit seems to be about the average increase of annual temperature, and in America the same causes will not fail to produce the same result. Dixie will advance to the gate of the tropics, and bequeath her former thermal rank to the middle states. Toledo, Ohio, under the parallels of the European olive regions, may become as hot, if not quite as holy, as its Spanish namesake. In midsummer St. Louis will need the example of its patron saint, the pious king, who "avoided profane speech" even amidst the horrors of the African expedition. The delta of the Mississippi will hatch fellahs.

A Prospective Final Summer Resort

In the treeless highlands rock avalanches will descend like a malediction of the pillaged mountain elves, and climatic sanitariums will become so scarce that the proprietor of the Mammoth Cave may realize the project of fitting up his subterranean domain for a summer resort.

But, for a while, the mitigation of winter sorrows will make amends. The winter climate of Boston may get assimilated to that of Bordeaux; New York will rival Nice. The demand for fuel will decrease, and the deviltries of the Timber Trust may

thus accomplish the collapse of the Coal Trust.

The westward progress of forest destruction will not, however, prevent the northward progress of civilization. Within the last three thousand years the centers of culture have advanced from Memphis to Persepolis, from Athens to Rome, from Cordova to Paris, London, Berlin and Edinburgh.

Is it accident that our president hatchery has been transferred from Virginia to Ohio, and that the "Great City Belt" will no longer fit the latitude of the lower Potomac?

A few years ago I crossed the Eden of the southern Alleghanies in midsummer, and remember the amazement of my traveling companions, when our guides pointed out scores of abandoned homesteads that could be bought at squatter prices, their proprietors having vanished to try their luck in Oklahoma or North Dakota. "Look here, gentlemen," broke out the botanist of our party, "I begin to doubt if Adam and Eve had to be kicked out of paradise. I shouldn't be the least bit surprised if they didn't jump the fence to settle in some good old Siberian railway town."

Has the sunny birthland of the human race lost its charms? And even the "beckoning west?" The Star of Empire seems to have started out in quest of a Northwest passage, and will, no doubt, continue its joyful way through blizzards and snowdrifts.

The fact is that the enterprising tribes of the Caucasian race can no longer dispense with the tonic of a bracing temperature; and, like other stimulant vices, the frost habit is progressive. Cold air is a spur, and has inspired more than one northern nation to reap the harvest of its southern neighbors. A sword can thus be made a pretty good substitute for a reaping hook, as Spain and France proved in many a glorious foray, but at last also ascertained to their personal sorrow; and it may have been a remedial instinct that guided so many French settlers to Canada.

An ever increasing number of salvation seekers is hastening to the training ground of the northern woodpiles. In the ardor of competition they have approached, and in some cases passed, the Arctic circle. Cities are springing up in the Land of the Midnight Sun. The Muses are waddling in fur coats.

Where shall it all end? In "Symmes' Hole," perhaps; but the craze will continue until the higher latitudes are colonized to the utmost limits of arboreal vegetation, up to Sitka, Alaska, and a few hundred miles

A Mail Carrier of the Coming Northwest

beyond, to the labyrinth of scrub pines and ice coated boulders in the valley of the Chilkat river. Real estate will go begging in the Presidio de la Summa Paz,—

"Where in vain the soft wind calls,"

while colonists will compete for the privilege of freezing their ears on the snowfields of Manitoba.

But competition will reach its climax where frost and forests coincide with northwestern privileges. In the great timber belt of the Pacific coast the song of the buzzsaw will mingle with the symphonies of the blizzard till giant cities shall stud the shores of Puget Sound and the river valleys of British Columbia, and I will here record the prediction that before the end of the present century the North American center of population will move a thousand miles further northwest.

One world city in that land of tolerance and tower pines will complete the list of attractions, for the experience of more than one competent observer traces the reflux tides of westward migration to a homesickness after the metropoles of culture. Such grievances as the lack of baked beans, it seems, have already been remedied, and the omens of a coming boom have multiplied till they no longer admit of a reasonable doubt. The long half open secret is out, that not Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, but Vancouver and its neighbors, correspond climatically with the countries that have developed a race of world conquerors: Saxons, Teutons, Scandinavians and North Celts have begun to recognize the analogy

between the wooded northwest ends of the two great continents.

"I wouldn't give a damn for a country where a fellow can't digest pork and pickelschnapps," growled a Rotterdam sailor; and one main privilege of a damp, cold woodland is founded on the circumstance that there, if anywhere on earth, the ineradicable vice of tree destruction can be practiced with temporary impunity; nay, here and there actually with temporary benefits.

Before a dripping forest region can be turned into a desert, it has to pass through a midway plaisance of climatic comforts, perhaps equally preferable to both extremes.

Man's power of climate making is dwarfed in the presence of such monsters as the Arctic Ocean, and those

"Myth haunted, mighty mountains that distil
Indus and Oxus from their icy caves;"

but meteorological changes, set in action by his hand, have certainly ruined one third of Asia and half the Dark Continent, and have as indisputably benefited a few rain soaked woodlands. England and northern Germany have been improved in that manner, as well as Ireland, which the Romans called the "slop bucket of the planets," and which at present can plead guilty to an annual rainfall of only thirtysix inches—just one half that of Newfoundland, and *less than one tenth* that of Chera Punjee, on the Bay of Bengal. Nova Scotia, too, might have its damp locks clipped, with indisputable benefit. The once unbroken wilderness on our own side of the border is getting dryer and sunnier every year; so much so, indeed, that a few weeks ago it could treat itself to the luxury of a considerable bonfire *in spring*. The winters are getting milder. This century may end before our northlands pass the safe medium which some even of the middle states transgressed before the war.

In the meantime the climate up there will continue to improve, though the Katadeen Heights should get as bald as Mormon elders.

A large number of swarthy emigrants have lately been turned loose on the Maine lumber camps; thousands, perhaps millions of their countrymen will follow, and their threat to Italianize New England may thus be fulfilled in the sunniest sense of the word.

The Genius of Business

FOR THE UNIVERSITY, THE FREE CITY, AND THE PAN-AMERICAN REPUBLIC

V.—The Expansion of the Republic

By CHARLES FERGUSON,

Author of "The Religion of Democracy."

I HAVE suggested that the old regime was a social organization, not for working, but for praying and fighting. But it is possible to draw a more searching as well as a simpler contrast between the old order and the new. Thus it may be said that the commanding motive of the new democratic society is the production of wealth, while in aristocratic society the absorbing consideration is the distribution of wealth—all the praying and all the fighting is done for that end.

Old fashioned government proceeds on the assumption that if the good and bad things of life are rightly apportioned—property and punishment, palaces, cottages and prisons—society as society will have done its work; it is assumed that the distribution of values is the main social concern, that the production of values is a relatively unimportant affair and may safely be left to private initiative. New fashioned government is reversing this view. We are coming to see that we had better absorb our social energies in the conquest of the material world, the problem of production, leaving the problem of distribution to be settled by private initiative, the free play of personal forces.

Of course it is not to be supposed that

men can ever become careless about the distribution of wealth. That question is being subordinated, simply because it must in the nature of things, be subordinated, in order to be solved. If it should turn out, after all, that we are unable to subordinate it, then our society will dissolve into anarchy, for lack of a cohesive principle—a basis for law. For law rests upon the general agreement of the people, and where there is no general agreement, there can be no law. Now our new born industrial society cannot possibly agree upon a set of abstract principles to settle the distribution of wealth. The old world has always been able to do it, but it is not possible to do it here in America any more. We have here too many brands of dogmatic justice. The irreconcilable moralities of a hundred nations are accusing each other in our streets. The boundless confusion of reforming sects and parties is putting out of the question all hope that we shall ever agree on any suitable theory of wealth distribution.

It follows that the economic struggle of class against class must end in complete social disruption, followed by a reign of tyranny and fear, or else the more energetic element of society must succeed in doing what it is now, somewhat vaguely and without clear social consciousness, endeavoring to do,—must succeed in diverting the general interest from the jejune discussion about the payroll to the inspiring enterprises of wealth creation. We cannot agree upon any abstract principles whatsoever; but we can come to a working agreement on the concrete principles of the arts and sciences; and we are brought into real and convincing contact with these principles, not when we divide goods but when we make them.

Nature is just; and a people that shall seek, above all other things, to comprehend and compass her, by the power of perfect art, shall discover that there really are no social problems after all. The apparent contradictions of interest are seen not to be real when once the social ambition is set upon the advancement of the arts and sciences.

I find that the plans and specifications of all "up-to-date" machine shops call for large windows, wide air spaces, devices for maintaining an equable temperature and so on, not because the courts or the legislatures require it; not because the doctors of divinity, or of law or of medicine have agreed that it ought to be so, but because these are some of the necessary conditions of first rate work. The oil, the sugar, the beef trust must cease to exercise an arbitrary taxing power over us, not so much because of the memory of John Hampden and Sam Adams as because the proceeding is wasteful and uncivilizing. The "unearned increment" will gradually be squeezed out of all incomes, not because it has been a standing insult to the commandments of Mount Sinai, but because it is the enemy of artistic and scientific production.

The new industrial regime is upon us "without observation," and up to this time it must be admitted that it has behaved "like a thief in the night." But the burglary is everybody's fault. It is because we keep on "judging and dividing," in the spirit of the effete kingdoms, that we are governed for the present by grand larceny. We shall never escape the clutch of the money power until we quit trying to reestablish our social order on a wealth dividing basis. As the case stands we are the helpless victims of plutocracy, aided and abetted by the jangling cults of old fashioned philosophical reform. The distress of the people, when posed as a question of wealth distribution, has become an utterly insoluble problem. We shall find the solution only when the problem of distribution is stated with the understanding that it is primarily a problem of production.

The final and sufficient indictment against the existing rule of plutocracy, is that it does not know how to produce wealth. It heaps up food and clothes, while the people starve and shiver. What need is there to say that doing this is not wealth production? It is too obvious that wealth production is the getting from nature things that are really good for something. It ought not to be necessary to say that the passion for material civilization, when it is not spiritual and ideal, is simply fatuous and insane.

The progress of civilization is to men that are really of the modern spirit, the supreme object of devotion—the object, in dying for which they may truly live. To be sure the old world knows little or nothing of this kind of worship; it has only a ghostly and pulseless faith. But we must stand ready to die for our decencies and conveniences with consecrated zeal,—we must invent and explore the earth to discover the mind of God, —must build railways and cut isthmuses, to get to heaven. Of course the individuals called plutocrats are no more responsible for plutocracy than the mass of the people are. Money rules merely because men are for sale. And men are always for sale when they have no object of devotion.

It is true enough that one man standing alone among the class mobs, the party and sect mobs, must shrivel either in spirit or in flesh; but there is no effective law against the stubborn league and conspiracy of those who are determined to live well, both in soul and body; who are ready enough to die for civilization, but insist first upon living for it with full equipment of furniture and an outfit of the best tools. Such people will admire neither the physical parasitism of the rich nor the spiritual parasitism of the poor. They will decline both to live without work and to work without living. They will not be sentimentally "class conscious" in any of the imported modes, whether of Nietzsche or D'Annunzio, of Karl Marx or Count Tolstoi.

Upon the association of such people, in all American communities, the Republic depends for both its spiritual and its territorial expansion. It is impossible for an individual to work out a great career for himself without working out at the same time a great career for society at large. The first class men of history are those that have wrought in the passion of some conception of world order. And the great moments of history have been those in which a whole people has been inspired with a clear vision of a universal society. This definite relationship between the spiritual elevation of a society and its spiritual expansion is due to the principle that no man can bring his own life into unity, no man can act with energy and consistency, until he has first thought the world into unity and consistency,—at least so much of the world as he is obliged to realize and have dealings with. You may leave entirely out of your account the people on the other side of the world, or the other side of the street; but if you thoroughly realize and take account of their existence, you are bound by the very constitution of the human mind to feel that they ought to respect the laws that you respect. You are bound to make your social system large enough to take them in, either as champions with you of the social law that you acknowledge or as the reluctant subjects of it. All men of pure and energetic minds think in this way; it is only those that are weak in intellect or base in spirit, who can allow the world they live in to subsist in incoherent fragments with one law for this man and another for that. A whole man requires a whole world for his habitat. It is because a man of integrity requires an integral world to realize himself in, that so many empires have risen and have destroyed one another.

Now my contention is that the collision and destruction of rival political systems is inevitable, and will be of endless recurrence, so long as government is generally thought of as existing mainly for the just division of goods. On the other hand the immemorial quest for a whole world will be in a fair way of accomplishment as soon as there has risen here in America a great people determined to regard its government as a corporation that exists mainly for the production of wealth. The point is that wealth dividing systems must contradict each other when they meet, whilst a wealth producing system can easily coalesce with any other.

The remarkable success of the International Postal Union suggests the manner in which the new industrial spirit will gradually efface the political frontiers. On the other hand, the last five years have furnished some striking examples of how not to do it. There would have been no fight in South Africa and none in the Philippine Islands if modern industrial ideas had prevailed in the cabinets. Both wars were fought in defence of the ancient political principle of state sovereignty — wraith of the old regime, a bloody ghost that still stalks abroad to fright the children of this new age. Certainly we were bound to take in the Philippines; but we should have dealt in accordance with the principles of business, rather than those of diplomacy; we should have made our bargain with Manila instead of Madrid.

PHILOSOPHER AND BABE

To one who'd spent his life in mental gain,
And learned the secrets of both sky and sod,
A little child proved all his wisdom vain
By asking simply, "Please sir, who made God?"

Edwin Carlile Litsey

The Tiny One's Pinkie

By SARA LINDSAY COLEMAN

THE day Pinkie drifted into port the Tiny One, burdened with the serious thoughts that a birthday party and a big glittery cake adorned with four candles give, went to her Daddy shyly, when he opened the front hall door.

He tore the wrapping from a long white box, lifted out a wonderful flaxen-haired creature, and said: "The Lady Arabella Isabella Estella, mademoiselle."

With admiration not unmixed with awe, the child's eyes traveled from the pink satin-bowed head to the pink kid-clad heels. Suddenly she derided her father with a cascade of laughter:

"'Tain't," she said, "it's Pinkie—des my Pinkie." And Pinkie it remained.

The Tiny One dragged Pinkie into her world of primrose fancies—the world in which imaginative children dwell. In a way, Pinkie was a poor friend. She refused to get off her dignity; she didn't know the first principle of chumming, and she had no sense of humor. Still, she had her good points. There was a fine reserve about her; and she was never known vulgarly to project herself into a conversation. In fact, listening was an art with her.

Through the long, golden summer days the child and Pinkie lived on a broad beach. The Tiny One dug wells in the sand with her wee spade or dotted the beach with toad houses. These artistic structures she modeled, as do children elsewhere, on her own naked feet. Pinkie lay flat on her back and accepted the ruin of a beautiful complexion in heroic silence. Sometimes the Tiny One snatched her up and crooned to her — plaintive songs caught from the sea; sometimes, with gleeful laughter, she ran with Pinkie to the safety of the gleaming sand hill castles. Behind her, racing, tumbling, falling over each other in their haste to catch up, were the lambs—the naughty, little white lambs, running all out of breath in the hope of getting a nibble at the Tiny One's flying heels before the castle was reached. The people on the beach didn't live in the Tiny One's world, and they said—oh, the poor, prosaic people: "The little breakers run in fast today."

At the day's end there was a shadowy room with Muv's shiny head bent over them at prayers, and, in the doorway, Daddy, with reverent eyes, waited for the goodnight kiss.

The days slipped into months: into that sorrowful day the Tiny One came home to find a tinier one; into the more sorrowful one, when, wandering through the house, cheerless in spite of flooding sunshine outside, she found her Muv — the June sun on her bright hair, June roses on her quiet breast.

Then dark days came. The Tiny One was sent to a lonely place far from her beloved sea, and given into the keeping of a relative, who could by no possible chance ever have been young. A relative older than the songs of Homer, older than the Vedas, older than history itself. A relative whose cook and maid and gardener had all come into the world with stiff legs and frosted heads. This ancient family lived in a house as worn and gray as a deserted hornets' nest, a house from which one stepped into an old garden—an enchanted wilderness that held captive heavy scented flowers, drowsy bees and golden throated birds.

The Tiny One wandered through the

garden's many walks with always the same eager question on her lips. It was: "Fair my Muv? Fair my Daddy?"

She asked it of the laughing, girl-faced pansies; she whispered it to the shimmering lilies; she slipped through the fence, (a small person could do this), and put it to the cardinal flowers that grew by the brook. They burned like her Muv's big jewels; if they knew surely they would tell her: — in silence they kissed the brook that hurried to the sea. And, after a time, she ceased to question them. The clouds, brooding listless on a summer day, rearing themselves into vast cathedrals with towering spires, were the sky home where her lost Muv and Daddy lived.

Turning from a sunset glory that had flushed the far hills into a glow and glory and fire, to leave them darkening in the oncoming night, the Tiny One, a forlorn little thing, dragging a forlorn dollie, came suddenly upon a man, who swept the two of them into his arms. It had been long—so long—the child held her breath, unbelieving. The light on the hills faded, the rainbow with the pot of gold dangling at its end died.

The Tiny One found her Daddy real. The world was a different place when one's father, who understood the primrose fancies, led one out of the garden and into a world where the real battled with the unreal in a widening mind.

The swift years passed. Sometimes a girl flung herself down on the library couch, beside an old doll, and sobbed tempestuously, as do girls the world over when Latin lessons and unsolved problems vex them. But, always, there was Daddy to laugh and untangle things.

Math. problems solved, and Latin lessons forgotten, the Tiny One, a queen surrounded by an ever widening circle of admirers, found the world still primrosy—even when the young fellows, in hot anger, flung themselves from her presence, vowing to return no more. She liked them all, but there was no room in her heart for them. Daddy and Pinkie occupied all the rooms. All? There was one still, white room unfilled —when *one* with dignity and courtliness of manner and a quiet strength stepped into it the Tiny One, knowing its occupancy was the price of her girlish freedom, fled, frightened, into its farthest corner, there to surrender in proud humility.

In the hurry of the days that followed Pinkie was sent to the attic, where she suffered the agony of obscurity and faced a desolate old age.

The sacred day came. Life was at high pressure. There were none to think of an old doll; none, that is, but the Tiny One. She came to Pinkie in her gleaming bridal robes and whispered words too precious for utterance aloud.

When the carriage that bore her away moved to the curbing her eyes swept the faces; and one belonged to the shadowy door of childhood where prayers had been said. "Goodbye," she cried, stretching her arms to him, as the carriage door closed her in, "and goodbye to my Pinkie." Her little sobbing laugh tore at the man's heart.

The moon hung low in the sky; the guests had departed. In the silent house the Tiny One's sobbing laugh still rang in the ears of the man stumbling through the darkened rooms, as she had once done, and into the library. There, by the moon's dim light, he saw Pinkie, lying, in stiff and uncompromising dignity, in her old place on the couch—a Pinkie with faded, battered cheeks, thinned hair and dulled eyes.

The imagination plays strange tricks, or had the Tiny One laughed out in scorn: "'Tain't. It's Pinkie — des my Pinkie." Again the impression of spoken words: "A tiss for me, and anodder for Pinkie."

The moon went down; dawn came. In the garden below the flowers were

delicate hued ghosts. The day broadened with a flash of moving color, a burst of song. The man got to his feet stiffly. In passing the doll, a note pinned to her faded frock caught his eye. He opened it. It ran:

"It's the law of life, Daddy—his joy is your pain. Did you think I didn't know, Daddy? Did you think I didn't fight to stay yours—only yours. But he was stronger, Daddy, and he won. I'm his, but Daddy, *Daddy*—I'm yours first."

Timely Topics of the Stage

By GEORGE T. RICHARDSON

THE statement that hope for the future of the stage seems to lie in the stock companies that occupy the popular priced theaters throughout the country, may appear as rather sweeping. Nevertheless it has many of the elements of truth. Notwithstanding that the work of the actors and actresses who compose these stock companies is much impaired by the fact that they are overworked by daily matinees and weekly changes of bill, it is nevertheless true that the young men and women who enter these companies receive very broad and thorough training in the routine of their art. A player who is able to stand the strain of learning a new part almost every week of a long season certainly has the physical stamina to meet the most exacting duties of the profession. The strictest devotion to business is required to maintain a footing in the strenuous stock theaters of the day, and the weaklings and the insincere soon fall by the wayside. The earnestness which goes far towards making the accomplished player is thus assured, but how about the ability? This, to an extent, is the gift of nature, but it is unquestionable that experience and intelligent study do wonders towards the development of inherent qualities. In the first class companies of the time, those engaged for the support of stars or for big productions of notable dramas, one man plays not many, as Shakespeare has it, but few parts. Indeed there are innumerable instances in which an actor or actress plays one character two or three seasons. Under such a system it is obvious that it does not take long to identify the individual player with a certain line of work. He either actually becomes so stereotyped in method as to be unable to play more than one style of character, or else the managers assume that such is the case, which is practically the same thing. The effect upon the stage is patent. The principal companies, with their long runs, are educating a formidable list of "one part actors," men and women whose work lacks breadth and variety and whose highest ability may never have been brought to life by the roles they have been called upon to assume.

CLARA BLANDICK

In the stock companies the situation is much different. When a player may have been called upon last week to be a swashbuckler in "A Gentleman of France," plays this week a low comedy part in the farce "The Wrong Mr. Wright" and is meanwhile studying an emotional role in "Quo Vadis" for next week, he is certainly receiving a liberal education. And the average stock company runs a gamut of plays to which the names quoted do poor justice. The modern plays which reach the stock companies as soon as the stars have sucked all the milk from the cocoanut, are interspersed with the best plays of the standard drama; for

the stock company manager must keep a tight grip on the financial lever and the standard drama commands no royalties, while the sums paid for stock use of modern plays are often of astonishing proportions. An idea of the varied character of stock repertoire may be obtained from this list of plays produced by stock players in the West during the closing weeks of the past season: "Lord and Lady Algy," "An American Citizen," "Barbara Frietchie," "Catherine," "More than Queen," "A Gentleman of France," "D'Arcy of the Guards," "The Liars," "The Little Minister," "The Christian," "Heartsease" and "The Royal Box."

MADGE CARR COOK

Is it any wonder, then, that actors and actresses of caliber sufficient to take high rank in the first class travelling companies are being developed by the stock organizations? Clara Blandick, who is to be Kyrle Bellew's leading woman the coming season, hails from a stock company in Worcester, Massachusetts. Madge Carr Cooke, late of Amelia Bingham's company, who is to be "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," was formerly a stock actress on the Pacific coast. It is not necessary to multiply these instances. A brief glimpse at the career of one of the successful stock company graduates will suffice to emphasize my point. Mary Hall, who was leading woman last winter with the Pike company in Cincinnati, Chicago and other cities, and who headed the Boston Castle Square stock company during the summer, is an actress for whom a notable future can be expected. She has temperament, youth, vigor, intelligence and many other of the qualities which go to make up the ability to act. Her performance in "Audrey" almost elevated that play to power, while in "Fanchon" she compared most favorably with her great predecessor in the role of "the Cricket." Miss Hall's stage life began in 1900, when she played small parts with Modjeska, first attracting attention as the leader of the mob in "Marie Antoinette." Then came a summer season of stock work in Canada. The next winter Miss Hall had been "overlooked" and had no engagement. Bernhardt was playing at the Garden Theatre in New York and she wanted to see and study her. So she secured a place as "extra lady" and witnessed every performance and every rehearsal during the engagement of the great tragedienne. How much good this did her, how much she absorbed of the French woman's art, Miss Hall herself probably does not realize. In January she became understudy for Mary Mannering in "Janice Meredith" and the next season was engaged for Estrella in "Arizona," and went to London with the company. For this season she has been engaged by Daniel Frohman for Mr. Sothern's company.

MILLIE JAMES

THE cabled story that Edna May was to forsake musical comedy for the legitimate stage, to be starred by Charles Frohman in straight comedy, proves to have been a figment of some one's brain. I wonder if there is any more substantial basis for the report that Francis Wilson will desert comic opera for comedy *sans* music. His latest opera, "The Toreador," had neither music nor comedy and this season he is back to his old love, "Erminie." Would he be accepted in straight comedy? It is hard to tell. The public is a capricious monster, but Mr. Frohman will make it swallow the Wilson chuckle without music if any one can. Mr. Frohman, by the way, is developing of late a positive genius for advertising. While he was abroad he set the theatrical world agog by cabling to prominent players

on this side of the Atlantic to come and see him, just as if he were in his New York office and they on an "L" line that passed his door. Andrew Mack went over and when he came back he had a new play by Wilson Barrett called "The Middle of June," for which he shelves "Arrahna-Pogue." Margaret Anglin went over and came back with the starring bee merrily buzzing in her bonnet. Then Mr. Frohman took his "Admirable Crichton" over to Paris, scenery and all, for a single performance. The French people couldn't understand why, thus demonstrating their ignorance of American advertising methods. Is the projected union of the professional interests of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern advertising, too? Miss Marlowe next season, meanwhile, will play "Fools of Nature," by H. C. Esmond, an always intelligent if not continually successful playwright. Speaking of advertising, a good story is told of Charles B. Dillingham, who, by the way, seems to be qualifying to match Mr. Frohman at his own game of corralling popular favorites. "The Little Princess," cleverly played by Millie James, is very dear to him. So,—or such is the story,—he determined on a bold stroke. He sent for his stars. Julia Marlowe, Henry Miller, Fritzi Scheff and Maxine Elliott came with deference due. To Mlle. Scheff the junior Napoleon of the drama presented a slip of paper. "Sign, please," he suggested. She read: "The Little Princess" is a beautiful play. I wish it were an opera so I could sing the title role." "But I haven't seen it," stammered the little artiste. "It doesn't matter. I recommend it," insinuated Mr. Dillingham. "I regret I could only see 'The Little Princess' three times," was the significant phrase Maxine Elliott was asked to sign. "But I couldn't possibly have seen it. I've been out on the road, you know," suggested Mrs. Goodwin. But she signed and so did the others, and their testimonials now adorn a neat blotting pad. This sounds like a press agent's story. Perhaps it is, but it's not as bad as some of them, is it?

MAXINE ELLIOTT

FRITZI SCHEFF may be considered a full fledged star, for in singing in "Das Rheingold" at Covent Garden, she fell off the perch provided so that she would appear to be sitting in deep water. She was injured sufficiently for the news to be cabled but not so seriously as to interfere with the arrangements of her tour in light opera. Fred C. Whitney also has a grand opera artiste for comic opera in Schumann-Heink, but her contract will not begin till 1904. Apropos of music, American composers and librettists should be in high feather. Vesta Tilley's starring venture will be made in a piece by an American author, the foreigners who were to write it having failed to meet expectations. Now that the text of "The Sultan of Sulu" has been published for sale, how many comic opera librettists will dare to follow George Ade's example? Probably not the author of "Lovers and Lunatics," which is the insane title of a musical comedy of Chicago birth. It is quite appropriate, however, for in modern musical comedy there are always lovers, and the comedians may be depended upon to act like lunatics. It should be said, while speaking of musical comedy, that the "coon song" is no longer fashionable. It has been replaced by the "jungle song." Some people cannot see any difference. The initiated say there is a great one. As illustration they give "Under the Bamboo Tree" for the "jungle" and "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home" for the "coon" song. However, if you would be up to date you

VESTA TILLEY

must be able to hum the latest "jungle" songs.

ISADORE RUSH

NAT C. GOODWIN, having denied, with much vehemence and circumstantial evidence, that he and his wife are to be separated, except professionally, interest in the pair should relax into their stage doings. While the husband is playing Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (in which, by the way, Maxine Elliot appeared as Hermia in the Augustin Daly production eight years ago) the beautiful wife will produce a dramatization of "The Lady Paramount." She should find in the fascinating character created by Henry Harland an agreeable role, and Madeleine Lucette Ryley should make a good play of it, as well as of Mr. Harland's other success, "The Cardinal's Snuffbox." It is significant that some of our best dramatists are taking up the business of staging novels. Plots are a severe tax upon originality and it saves much gray matter if they can be taken from between book covers. When the prolific Clyde Fitch feels obliged to "borrow" from foreign tongues, how can less famous dramatists be blamed for calling on the novelists to aid them? Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop" is to be ransacked for material for a play for Millie James. Dickens served with Fitch sauce will be a novelty, but how it will please the palates of the novelist's admirers remains to be seen. Mr. Fitch will scarcely resist his constant temptation to be smart and modern. "The Spenders," Harry Leon Wilson's clever study of character, should give William H. Crane abundant opportunity, but it is to be hoped that the dramatic instinct of Edward E. Rose, who is making the play, will not forfeit too much of the color of the original. Kirke LaShelle, hitherto known as an opera librettist and a manager, is putting Owen Wister's rather unique book "The Virginian" into acts and speeches. The western hero should make a good character for some one. How would Vincent Serrano do? Mr. LaShelle should know, for he had him in "Arizona."

OLGA NETHERSOLE

THE selection of Clara Blandick to play Glory Quayle in the revival of "The Christian" introduces to general attention a young woman whose fame has hitherto been circumscribed. What a perennial success, by the way, is that of Hall Caine's play. Spite of its many obvious faults and its patent theatricalism, the love story of John Storm and Glory Quayle has the "good red blood" that stimulates an audience. One of the curiosities of stage lore is connected with the history of this play. Notwithstanding the celebrity of Hall Caine, no one except George C. Tyler, the mainspring of the theatrical firm of the Liebler Co., had any faith in "The Christian that he was willing to back with money — a paltry $5,000—for its production. As a gossip puts it, "Tyler walked Broadway with the play in his pocket looking for money to stage it." At last his confidence bore fruit and the venture was launched. So great was its success that a leading theatrical firm sought—and subsequently, by certain cogent arguments, secured — an interest in the play that has netted them a fortune. George Tyler, by this time, should have supreme respect for the "book play," for "In the Palace of the King" and "The Eternal City" also proved gold mines. Everybody admitted "The Eternal City" a bad play; but as the same "everybody" went to see it, what mattered their opinions as long as they paid their money to give them? The financial quality of this play of puppets labelled pope, prime minister and Donna Roma is apparent enough from the fact that

Mr. Tyler offered Olga Nethersole $1,200 a week to play Roma. The English woman refused. A cynic might say it was because the American version of the novel made the heroine a good woman, but it was probably because the exponent of Sapho did not care to wear the cast-off robes of Viola Allen, or, for that matter, of any other actress.

THE most delightfully naive exhibition of national pride I have ever noticed came to light in the Parisian version of "The Belle of New York." The French adapters of the Morton-Kerker musical comedy took heroic liberties. Fifi was made the principal character instead of the Salvation Army lassie and the change was explained, with much French gesticulation, thus: "Who, mon chere monsieur, could be ze belle of New York but a French woman!" This is fact!

A GOOD many regrettable attacks have been made upon "Hamlet" since Burbage first played the melancholy Dane, but "the unkindest cut of all" was dealt in Chicago recently when an all feminine cast from a school of elocution gave the tragedy. In deference, presumably, to feminine nerves, all the fatalities were expurgated and the Ghost was constantly invisible. Report does not say whether the elocutionary Prince of Denmark wore skirts or bloomers.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT is a pretty big subject for a playwright to tackle, but as the majority of the audiences that witness James K. Hackett's performances will go to see James and not Alexander, it will not make much difference what kind of a play Victor Mapes turns out. The actor who made "The Pride of Jenico" pass muster would do a "standing room only" business if he played a schoolboy's version of "Thanatopsis". Is Mr. Hackett's choice of the conqueror of the world symbolic? His bold dash into management would indicate an ambition somewhat comparable with, if in different direction, that of Alexander. He, —James, not Alexander,—will have at least half a dozen companies on the road this season; that is, at its opening. For his own use he has "John Ermine," a dramatization of Frederick Remington's novel. His delay in staging Alexander may or may not have been influenced by the knowledge that Richard Mansfield has had the character on his mind. It is said, by the way, that the testy Richard rather resented Hackett's purpose. Meanwhile Louis James and Frederick Warde are preparing another Alexander play, with Perdicas as a sort of Iago role for Mr. Warde. Curious, isn't it, how theatrical minds run in the same channel? Is there any occult reason for it?

MAY IRWIN succeeded because she could sing songs in inimitable fashion. Isadore Rush seems to be succeeding because she cannot sing songs at all. When poor Roland Reed no longer had need of a leading lady,—having passed to the land where it is to be presumed theaters are not —Miss Rush suddenly migrated to musical comedy. As Lady Holyrood in "Floradora" she demonstrated that a woman who cannot sing can pretend to, and make a big hit in a musical play. That this success was genuine is apparent from the fact that she was selected for the principal feminine role in "The Medal and the Maid," the latest British importation. All of which proves that the very last requisite for success in modern musical comedy is voice.

THE CITY DWELLERS

I PITY those who are by fortune doomed
To live within the city, where the heat
And dust and noise and smoke make every street
Well nigh unbearable. The woods, illumed
With sunlight, and the pleasant meads perfumed
With bloom, are not for them: their weary feet
Tread other paths, and nature's treasures sweet
They never taste; but, as it were, entombed
'Mid piles of brick and stone, they spend their days
Far from the sweet content and restful ease
Of country life; the wind, low murmuring,
Brings them no fragrance from the flowery leas
Where cattle wander, and the birds in spring
Do never gladden them with their sweet lays.

Oscar Johnson

The Punishing of Teddy

By KENNETT HARRIS

FOR four or five years Teddy Mullane had been the terror of the street, feared by all, shunned by all but his own select following. It was something of a distinction, this, for Arbor street has always been prolific of terrors. They are a rough speaking, hard fisted lot of cosmopolites in that particular district of the city of Chicago. There the appearance of the patrol wagon hardly creates any more excitement than the butcher's cart, except in the immediate vicinity of the riot, where the surging tumult of drab helmets, wielded staves, torn coats and red and bleeding faces is viewed by noncombatants with a full-bodied joy that age cannot wither nor custom stale.

Teddy, however, was no hulking, ferocious loafer, with a perennial stubble of beard and a bulging hip pocket. He was an undersized, impish boy of twelve, with china-blue eyes, a pale, usually dirty face and flaming red hair. He generally went about attended by from three to eight devoted adherents, Ishmaelites every one of them, though this was merely an escort of honor and not by any means demanded as a measure of safety. From Maxwell to Halsted there was not a boy who would actually go out of his way to assault the Mullane kid, although when that sweetly smiling young scourge went buccaneering about up and down foreign alleys, snatching caps and misappropriating marbles he usually, in the phrase of the district, "got what he was lookin' for."

But Teddy was always victorious over any single antagonist in the long run. His admirers said: "Some puts up a game scrap, an' some is dead easy—dat's all de difference—de results is de same." If the enemy was of overwhelmingly superior size, anything loose, hard and handy constituted, in Teddy's eyes, a permissible weapon of offense. There are no peace congresses or courts of honor to regulate the style of weapons that may be used around Maxwell street.

It was the opinion of the women of Arbor street,—which is in the Maxwell district, that Teddy would have been a different boy if Mrs. Mullane had lived. Their husbands were often heard to say that if Mullane had been a different kind of man, he would have taken short order with that young limb and given him the dressing down that he needed. Of course there is no telling what the maternal influence might have accomplished. Mrs. Mullane was certainly a good woman and well thought of in the neighborhood. Her friends still recall, with melancholy pride, the fact that her funeral from the society hall on Twelfth street stopped the cars running for nearly ten minutes. It is, therefore, altogether inconceivable that such a woman would have allowed her son to run wild about the streets, if she could have prevented it. On the other hand, she might not have been able to prevent it.

As far as Mullane himself was concerned, there was little doubt, as his critics said, that if he had been a different man he would have acted differently. That is the way with so many of us. But to do him justice, he did his best, according to his lights. He was a rather undersized and wiry little Irishman, was Mullane, with the flaming red hair and china-blue eyes that distinguished his son among the rising generation of the ward. Ten hours of his day were spent in the wagon factory, piling and

moving seasoned tongue timber, so that a careful and constant supervision of his son's conduct and education was out of the question. But he remonstrated with the boy day by day, endeavoring by earnest precept to persuade him to comport himself in a meek and inoffensive manner toward society at large.

It began with Teddy's battle with Pony Baumgartner. Mr. Mullane, noticing a large green and yellow bruise under the boy's left eye, called him up, and inserting two thick, strong fingers in the neck of his little shirt waist, drew him, wriggling unwillingly, to his knee.

"I take note that you've been fightin' again," he said, frowning tremendously. "How often am I to tell you that I will have you behavin' peaceful an' decent? Am I to lick the troublesome, contendin' spirit out of you with a neckyoke, or will you try to curb the ugly disposition you have, so I can hold up my head when I hear your name mentioned by the neighbors. The first thing that you know, there will not be a taste of difference betwixt you an' the Polack raff down by the slips. It's a dose of hazel oil that you're system is requiring, my boy, and I'll have to give it to you. Who was it you was a-fighting?"

"Dat skate, Pony Baumgartner — Say! you're a-chokin' me! Leave me go, Dad."

"That long-legged lad at the butcher shop, is it, you mean?"

"Uhuh. Quit now! I'll stay here 'thout you holdin' me."

"He ought to have smashed you to smithereens," said Mr. Mullane, a gratified smile spreading slowly over his face. "Is that all he done to you?"

"He wouldn't have done that if my foot hadn't slipped," said Teddy, boastfully. "He couldn't smash nuthen. I wiped de sidewalk wit' him." Mullane forgot himself so far as to pat Teddy on the back and chuckle: but presently, recovering his sense of the enormity of the offense, he turned the chuckle into a dry cough of reprobation, and the pat into a punitive shake. "What was you fighting about?" he asked.

Teddy grinned. "Oh, nothin'," he answered.

"Because you was a-needin' the exercise, I suppose," said the father, sarcastically, but with his blue eyes twinkling. "You settled it with yourself that Pony was havin' too easy a time, so you had to slug him on suspicion, you little tarrier."

"He jumped on to me."

"An' what for did he jump on to you?"

"Oh, nothin'."

"I see that I'll have to ask Baumgartner about it," remarked Mullane, releasing his offspring.

After he had eaten his supper he lit his pipe and strolled round to Baumgartner's market. The evening rush was over, and Max, the white-aproned assistant, was industriously scraping the block. He laid down his cleaver as Mullane entered, and, wiping his hands on his apron, came up to the counter.

"I don't want nothin' tonight, Max. Where's the boss?" asked Mullane.

"He's back eatin', I guess," replied the assistant. "I'll call him; it's time he was through, anyway."

Not heeding Mullane's "No hurry, Max," the young man opened a door and shouted down a passage, and in another moment the butcher entered. He was a large, pale, flabby man, irresistibly suggestive of the lard he sold. He seemed annoyed when he saw Mullane, and responded to his cheerful "Good evenin'" with a curt nod.

"Is it about something which you wished to see me?" he asked coldly.

"Yes," answered Mullane. "My boy, Teddy—"

The butcher's pallid face flushed. "Your boy, Teddy, I shall have arrested," he said angrily. "If I had such a boy like that I would take and spank

him until he was tired of his foolishness. It is a disgrace that a man should—keep back away from me, Mr. Mullane; I'll have no disturbance in my shop."

"You keep a civil tongue in your head, then;" said Mullane, pausing in his advance, "if you don't I'll break it for you. It's a pity that you haven't a boy like my Teddy, so it is, instead of a poor, spiritless lad that'll let himself get basted by a child half his age. Will you tell me, like a gentleman, what it is that Teddy has done?"

Max began to laugh.

"Shut your fool mouth, Max," said the butcher spitefully. Then turning to Mullane, he continued rapidly and earnestly: "What is it that he done? I'll tell you what he done. He come in here with something rolled up in a newspaper — and the shop was full of customers — and he says, very nice and polite, yes, very nice and polite: 'I couldn't get into the back way, like you told me to, Mr. Baumgartner, so I had to bring it in to the front. This is all that I could get this morning,' and he lays the parcel down and backs out by the door, and I open the paper and it is a dead cat—and people in the shop to buy sausages;—that is what he done, Mr. Mullane."

The door of the passage opened again and a large, blonde woman, with her sleeves rolled to the shoulders, came into the shop and took up a position by the side of the butcher. Her expression was one of uncompromising severity.

"Then, when our Otto speaks to him about that, he takes a rock and knocks him down and muddies his clothes and tears his hair like a little wildcat. He has not been well ever since," she broke in. "It's that Mullane young one, Mrs. Owens," she added, turning to a customer, who, with a shawl over her head, had been an interested listener. "Did you see the way that he mistreated our Otto?"

"No ma'am," replied the other, with much asperity, "I didn't see him, but there isn't a decent child anywheres about that he doesn't mistreat if he gets a chance. It was only last Tuesday, a week ago, that he stole my little George's marbles, an' then, as if that wasn't enough, he took and thumped him until he could hardly stand up. It's the talk of the whole street the way that boy acts; he'll come to no good, you'll see."

Mullane stood a moment, looking from one woman to the other in a dazed sort of way; then he turned to the butcher with a gleam of inspiration in his eye.

"Don't you want to come outside and talk it over with me, Baumgartner?" he asked coaxingly.

The blonde woman laid a fat, detaining hand on the butcher's arm. "You don't go out with him, not one step; do you understand?" she exclaimed.

"I wasn't going with him," said the butcher, reassuringly, "I don't want to have no fuss here—but I shall see about that boy. You musn't come around here and make disturbances, Mr. Mullane."

"It's easy to see how the boy comes by his mean disposition," said Mrs. Owens, sourly, drawing her shawl tighter about her and nodding significantly at Mrs. Baumgartner."

"The boy ain't so much to blame," said Mrs. Baumgartner. "It's them that ought to correct him and don't; and that sets him a bad example, tryin' to fuss all the time."

"I wasn't tryin' to fuss," said Mullane meekly. "I thought that I would be doin' the man a favor."

He went out of the shop slowly and sadly, feeling as if someone had ruthlessly destroyed an illusion that he had cherished above all things. Yet was it an illusion that his boy—his Teddy—was the bravest and cleverest lad that had ever gladdened a parent's eyes or caused his heart to swell with pride; generous

as he was light hearted, and popular as he was well favored.

He had felt that of course it would be too much to expect people whose sons Teddy had mauled to be enthusiastic on the subject of the mauler's merits—and then there would be that feeling of envy. But that anyone in their right senses could look at the lad—at the dancing blue eyes of him, the high held chin, straight back and sturdy legs, and feel anything but admiration for him was incomprehensible altogether. Yet the woman had said that it was the talk of the street—the talk of the street, that Teddy Mullane was an ill reared, tearing, scrapping little blackguard. What would Judy have said to that?

He had promised Judy that he would bring the boy up right, and, for that matter, he had tried to do so. Mrs. Clancy, who had taken them both in after the little cottage home had been broken up, was as good to the boy as a woman could be, and though he might have played "bummin'" from the Pozlansky school more than he ought, yet he was in the fourth grade for all that. He, Mullane, had given the boy good counsel. But as for beating him!

It was curious about that. Mullane himself had been plenteously treated to the "oil of hazel" he spoke of, back in old Cappagh, when he was a bit of a gossoon, both at the hands of the irascible hedge school master and from his own father, and he had always been of the opinion that it had done him good. He had seen the Arbor street equivalent applied, with beneficial results, to the children all about him; but, somehow, it was different with Teddy.

For why should he whip him, when there was not a taste of meanness in the four parts of him! So he had thought; but he might have taken a wrong view of it, and it might be his duty to baste the boy, after all. Again, as to the example: Mullane was conscious that there he had sinned. When he whipped the big expressman who was "fresh" with old Mrs. Baucek it was in a fairly good cause, but he had undeniably forced the fight. Nor was there really any occasion for him to have taken notice of Sleazy Patterson's vainglorious boast that he could "knock the tar out of any Irishman that ever had hair on his teeth." Mullane's teeth were absolutely bald, so it could hardly appear that there was any personal reflection to be avenged, still he chose to consider that there was, with the result that Mr. Patterson was thereafter in no position to make remarks concerning people's dental peculiarities. There were other victorious instances, and Mullane knew that because of them he was a hero in his son's eyes. That was just the trouble. He had never considered it in that light before.

By this time Mullane had reached Arbor street. He was within a few doors of Mrs. Clancy's when Sam Cochran, Timmey's foreman, called to him. Mullane responded with a sinking of the heart, which was soon justified. It was about Teddy, as he had supposed.

Cochran was friendly, although his son had suffered to some extent and was still terrorized. He told Mullane that if he did not take his son in hand that the reform school was likely to do it for him. Mullane was humbled to the dust. All the fight was gone out of him. When Cochran had finished he only said: "I thank you kindly, Sam; I'll have to attend to it."

And when he got inside he talked it over with Mrs. Clancy, having a forlorn hope that she might defend Teddy and make excuses for him. But she had joined the rest of them.

"I can do nothing with him, Mullane," she said. "He's clear beyond me. When I tell him anything he laughs at me and goes on in the same old way. I have trouble with some of the neighbors about him, all the time—

standing up for him — but if I didn't stand up for him, who would. He's a good boy, but he needs a man's hand."

"He shall have it," said Mullane, meaningly.

"But not now," said Mrs. Clancy, with quick repentance. "Let me talk to the boy and reason with him, but don't you beat him."

"It's too late; I've got my mind made up to it now, and I'll do it," said Mullane.

He kept his word. When Teddy came in he took him gravely by the arm, led him out to to a disused stable, and there thrashed him. It was not a chastisement of mere form and ceremony; Mullane felt that the future of his son depended on the weight of his hand, and he conducted himself accordingly. Moreover, he was wounded to the soul by Teddy's reproachful surprise that hardened into defiance before the first blow fell, and he worked himself into a spasm of anger to dull the smart of it. Teddy set his teeth and bore the infliction like a Spartan, without a cry or a tear, and when it was over he walked to the house with his chin in the air, brushed silently past Mrs. Clancy in the hall, and, running up the stairs, shut himself in his bedroom.

Mullane came in close after him, nodded to Mrs. Clancy's inquiring look, and went outside and sat down on the steps. He tried to interest himself in the play of some children opposite, but they skipped out of the limit of his fixed gaze and he never noticed it. He was in spirit with his outraged child upstairs. He would have gone up boldly, but he had in mind the way Teddy had shaken off his detaining hand as he marched out of the stable.

There had been more than anger in the gesture, it had seemed to express something like aversion.

He pulled his pipe from his pocket, filled it thoughtfully, and, lighting it, tried to suck solace from the bowl. But the clay had lost its pungent relish, and before long it slipped from his nervous fingers, fell into the gutter and smashed into hopeless fragments. Ordinarily, this would have been little short of a calamity, but now Mullane seemed hardly to notice it. He looked blankly at the glowing dottel as the night wind caught it, and, rolling it over once or twice, whirled it off in a stream of sparks; then he arose, sighed heavily and went into the house.

Before he went to bed he looked into Teddy's room. The boy was lying with his flushed face to the wall, his eyes closed and swollen with tears that had left their grimy streaks down his cheeks. Something seemed to clutch at the father's throat at the sight. He bent over the bed and whispered "Tedeen."

There was no response, and Mullane stooped lower yet and softly kissed the boy; then he tiptoed dejectedly out of the room.

Mullane went to work early the next morning, and as he took his dinner bucket with him and there was work over time at the factory, it was nearly night again before he returned. He half expected to find Teddy waiting for him at the gate, but instead Mrs. Clancy was there. As soon as he saw her face he knew that something was wrong.

"It's nothing very much, I guess," she said, "only I was feelin' a bit nervous with you so late. It's Teddy. I'd like you to look at him before you take your supper, for he's sick, or I'm mistaken. He won't eat and he's shiverin' an' burnin' by turns. I wouldn't let him out."

Mullane stumbled heavily up the stairs and walked into his son's bedroom. Teddy was sitting in a rocking chair, with his eyes half closed and his hands lying in his lap with the palms turned listlessly upward. He took no notice of his father beyond a brief, languid look

and only answered his anxious questions by sullen nods and half intelligible mutterings.

Mullane laid his rough hand against the boy's flushed cheek and then against his breast.

"The fever's scorchin' him up," he said to Mrs. Clancy. "I'll go for the doctor if you'll stay with him till I come back."

He hurried out, and in a few minutes returned with the doctor, who made a rapid examination of the small patient. Rolling back the boy's collar, he directed Mrs. Clancy's attention to a rash of bright red spots on the neck and breast.

"You know what that means?" he said. "It's scarlet fever, and the best thing you can do is to get him over to the county hospital."

But a removal Mrs. Clancy would by no means allow. She granted that they might be better able to care for the child at the hospital, as the doctor said, but she wasn't going to have any strangers that didn't know his whims and his ways nursing him. So the health officer came around to the cottage and tacked a flaming red placard on the front door, as a warning to the street; seeing which, mothers shuddered and gathered their children about them, threatening inhuman penalties if they should go near the baleful sign.

Then it came to pass that as day by day the neighbors watched the cottage windows for the expected downfall of the fatal blinds, and as they waited at their own gates while the doctor's trap threaded its way among the pitfalls in the rotten roadway to the Clancy cottage, and until it went swaying and bumping off again, so day by day did Teddy's virtues become recognized.

It was remembered how he had jumped across the track in front of the Twelfth street trolley, jerking little Myrtle Brennan out of danger from its perilous flight. There was grateful testimony to his obliging disposition on the part of old Mrs. Porter, whose "arrants" he had run time and again.

"He was mischievous, but he wasn't never mean," said Mrs. Owens. "I complained to his father—poor man—about him the other day, and I wished now I'd kep' my mouth shut. He had been fussing with my little George about something or another, but I guess George was to blame as much or more'n he was. A person is foolish to mix up in young ones' quarrels."

"You never seen him when he wasn't laughin'; the sight of his face was good for a fit of the blues."

And so the chorus ran.

Mrs. Baumgartner astonished Mrs. Clancy the third morning by appearing at the door with a large basket.

"There's some little things in there maybe he'd fancy—" she began; then, seeing Mrs. Clancy's red-rimmed and moistened eyes, she said: "It is not too late?"

"Praise be, not yet," replied Mrs. Clancy, raising her apron to her face. "It's the father; it's—give me a moment, Mrs. Baumgartner."

In a moment she resumed:

"Mullane whipped th' boy the day before he was took sick. It's my belief that he was sick then, an' it was th' first time he had ever done it—an' Teddy has not spoke to the man sence, until this moment. An' it's heartbroken he was, fairly. Oh dear! Oh dear!"

"I seen him pass yesterday, and it was pitiful to look on his face," said Mrs. Baumgartner, as the other paused again to wipe her eyes. "My husband he felt so sorry he wanted to go to speak to him, but I have told him it is better not now—and I would come in and help you—but for Otto. The poor boy. So smart and bright as he was! But the father?"

"I was going to tell you," said Mrs. Clancy. "It is all right now between

them, for Mullane he was sobbing that he should have laid an angry hand on him, so he said. And Teddy, he hears him an' he whispers—for 'tis low he is an' weak—says he: ' 'Tis all right, Dad.' An'—well, they are hand in hand now. . . . I ought to know better, so I ought, but . . . 'Twas good of you to bring the things, Mrs. Baumgartner; but I fear he'll not need them."

And the neighbors from across the way, seeing Mrs. Baumgartner going away crying, kept a closer watch and ward than ever for the downfall of the blinds.

But for the passing of Teddy the blinds never fell.

"You couldn't kill that imp," said Arbor street; but, after all, Arbor street was rejoiced, and on the occasion of Teddy's first appearance it resolved itself into an informal procession of congratulation. Even the big policeman, Teddy's ancient enemy, waddled majestically from the corner to offer felicitations upon the event.

It was a balmy Spring morning, with the sun shining warmly upon the broken plank sidewalks and making the litter of straw in the alley like a heap of glistening gold. A soft breeze came with tender puffs from the south, and stirred the wisps of red hair about Teddy's face as he leaned back in his father's arms and grinned bashfully at the group around him.

"Looks sort o' peaked yet," said the big policeman, stooping over with his fat hands on his knees. "He's all right, though."

"You bet he's all right," said Levison, the little tailor. "There ain't nothin' the matter with Teddy."

The heart of Mullane swelled within him.

"Git onto his hands," said one of the of the gang. "Dere ain't nottin' to 'em."

"Dey shrunk out uf de skin," said Teddy. "Dat ain't no lie."

The "gang," awkward and shame-faced in their gladness, gathered closer around to inspect the hands.

"You can't whip Tug McIllery wid dem," said Chuck Stephenson.

Teddy looked up in his father's face and smiled.

"I don't need to," he replied. "I'm goin' to quit scrappin' from this out."

Mullane smiled back at him and patted him on the shoulder lovingly.

"At least," added Teddy, with an obvious desire to be honest, "I ain't goin' to scrap with everything that comes along."

MY LADY'S TASK

SHE worked a yellow butterfly
With dots of black its wings across;
A shining bead of brown each eye,
And all the rest a silken floss.

Outside, the butterflies winged by,
In red and gold and azure they;
It seemed they might with tulips vie
Were not the blossomed beds so gay.

The catbird all his neighbors mocked,
The swallow skimmed across the sky;
While in her parlor chair she rocked
And worked a yellow butterfly.

Cora A. Matson-Dolson.

Some People of the New South

By LEWIS E. MAC BRAYNE

A Typical New Cotton Mill Town in the South

ALONG a road in Georgia that is flanked by cotton fields, and holds to a valley between peach crowned Southern hills, there passed one day last month a pair of mules attached to an open wagon that contained three chairs, a table and a stove, and a family of mountain whites. They had come fifty miles from the uplands, and their destination was a new cotton mill, built largely with northern capital, and already surrounded by a thriving village.

"We-uns want work," said the head of the family, leaving the mules at the mill gate, and walking unabashed into the office of the agent.

"All right," replied the latter, as accustomed to raw help as to raw cotton. "I reckon we can find a tenement for you somewhere. How did you know that I could give you work, though?"

"Oh, I reckoned you-uns would," drawled the man from the hills, after a moment's pause.

And this illustration is so significant of what is taking place in four of the great cotton states of the South, that it tells a story as completely as an entire chapter could relate it. The "trek" westward of the settler seeking new lands and a better opportunity for advancement has all but gone into the history of the country. That a no less significant movement should take place in the South at this late day is an event to be equalled in importance only by the solution of the negro problem.

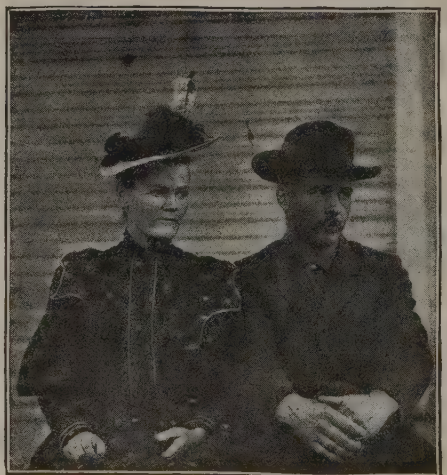
The unsuccessful farmer of the North never got far from the rescuing arm of civilization. The "poor white" of the South appears to have been lost on the uplands a hundred years ago. And even the Civil war, which liberated the blacks, gave him no emancipation in the reconstruction of his state, but left him poorer and more helpless than before.

The soil yielded him a scanty living, and the cotton that he raised and picked with his own hands went to the owner of the county store, who supplied his family with all the purchasable necessities of life, and in return held him mortgaged year in and year out. If the cotton turned out a good crop, the man who took it "on account" figured that the quality was low. "We were in the hands of a sharper," one former mountain white told us, "and we couldn't tell good strict middling cotton from a dog's tail. We weren't surprised at our inability to raise good cotton because we had been used to it so long."

Where in the country, then, would you look to find better material for the cotton mill worker, than in this family of the man

GIRLS EMPLOYED IN LINDALE COTTON MILL

who had dickered in cotton all his life without being able to make it pay, and who now followed the track of his own bale to the new southern cotton mill, and there received cash for the labor of his hands and a tenement beyond all comparison with his ancestral "shack." The very fact that these people had led lonely lives made them eager for a "community of interest," and made possible for the manufacturer a condition of affairs once cherished in the North, but now lost beyond the hope of recovery. They were bidden to an Anglo-Saxon town, intensely southern in its sentiments, and relying upon the negro to perform the rough work that might be required. They held the southern idea of looking up to the leading men of the place, and taking their laws from them. Because they were building for the South, it mattered not that others before them had builded for the North, or had held that certain laws were necessary for the work that they did. Each mill town that sprung up was a new law unto itself.



THIS COUPLE WAS NEVER "TOOK" BEFORE

In discussing this danger of southern textile competition, a New England labor leader of prominence said to me: "Wait until we organize the South. Then we will teach those people that their hours are too long, their wages too low, and their children too young to work. What they need today is leaders in the South."

But they have them; and the leaders are the men who

manage the mills; the men who are judge and jury, town council and school board, politician and policeman, of these unincorporated towns. If the labor agitator is to gain a foothold in the South he must be a southerner. Else he must run the risk of crawling from the yellow stream that flows through every town, when public favor turns against him.

At four o'clock one morning a mill agent of my acquaintance in the South was aroused from his sleep by a man who desired to hire a larger tenement in the town. Had he interrupted the mill manager at breakfast, or intruded on his privacy in the evening, the chances are that the manufacturer would have shown no resentment, but have accepted the incident as an evidence of the cordial relations existing between employer and employe. But four o'clock in the morning was the limit even for an agent who understood his people, and he flatly refused to discuss the tenement question until later in the day. "But I only wanted to sawn yer a minute," was the aggrieved comment of the man as he turned away.

You who are familiar with northern mill cities and towns can appreciate the surprise of any manufacturer whose privacy might be invaded by one of his operatives at daybreak; but the incident is illustrative of the different conditions prevailing in Dixieland; conditions that are possible only in the community of quaint but independent Anglo-Saxons who are working out their own ideals. At Lindale, Georgia, where the model mill town of the whole South has been built up within a few years, the superintendent makes a practice of opening his office during the entire noon hour to all who desire to make requests or complaints, or ask advice. Not a day passes without a line of men, women and children so engaged; and the matters wisely passed upon range from domestic troubles to charges of profanity—the latter a most serious one if committed in the presence of women or children.

An investigation of such a complaint one day was sifted down to the statement that a youth had been called "of no account;" but he considered that this was in the class with "cussing." Yet, trivial as they may seem, it is in the handling of such cases that the southern mill man, himself the son of a family that once owned slaves, is able to win the confidence of his employes and hold them loyal to his corporation.

When the mills in Lindale were built, it was an event in which the whole countryside became absorbed, and even the colored parson worked while the walls were going up, taking off every Saturday for the preparation of his Sunday sermons. And among the hundreds of people who migrated from the upland farms were families who had never ridden on a railroad, never seen an electric light plant, and never "set" for a camera.

An Upland Family Transplanted in a Mill Town

Now their children are attending the kindergartens, and they are meeting the deficiencies of their own early education—or the lack of it—by absorbing the limited volumes of their circulating library. I was deeply interested in the books that were favorites

among them. Few if any of the "greatest sellers" of the East and West were there; but they were reading Shakespeare, Scott, Hawthorne, Alcott's "Little Men" and "Little Women," Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" and "Life on the Mississippi,"—three volumes of each being in constant circulation. The lives of Robert E. Lee and John E. Cooke were in great demand, "Knickerbocker's History of New York" was worn out, and a "Life of Christ" was threadbare. It was to my mind one of the most promising signs that I had found, and quite prepared me for finding upon the village green, after sunset, a company of volunteer militia, composed of young men who had worked all day in the mills, and who were officered by a mill agent, his superintendent and the paymaster. When that condition is found in the North, there will be few labor wars.

One Alabama mill manager who has a prosperous and contented village, in which southern girls predominate, said in explanation of it that when his girls first came from the farms they were hardly clothed as a woman should dress, and many of them were wearing men's rough shoes. He made it a practice of providing them with shoes and complete outfits of clothing before they entered the mill; "and," he added, "we have been repaid a hundred times in faithful work."

A young woman who has recently attracted some attention in the literary world by writing of the lives of the factory girls, spent a morning in a southern mill, and drew from it a picture of the poor condition of the young employed there. It did not escape the attention of these same people, and when I went there they said to me: "Are you really after the facts, or are you looking for something that the public will read about?"

Then they explained to me that because they were descended from a race of mountain people, spare and thin, it did not follow that they were overworked in the mills if they remained in personal appearance much as they had been on the farm. They were working long hours, they did not deny; but they had always worked long hours, and formerly they had nothing to show for it.

But I will venture to say that the young women of a southern cotton mill will compare favorably with a similar class in any part of the country; and on a Sunday you will travel far in the South to find girls more becomingly dressed.

The North says that the southern mill worker is overworked, underpaid and sent into the factory when a child of tender years. By northern standards this is so; but by the same standards it was all true of New England half a century ago. But in that half a century, says the North, the world has moved. And while this is true, the upland white of the South did not know it.

If you are framing a speedy reform of the industrial South on northern lines, go into the South yourself and talk it over with the people of the mill towns. There may be minor amendments that they might desire to suggest.

Our Army and Navy

By WALDON FAWCETT

UNITED STATES CRUISER PRAIRIE

THE administrative officers of the United States navy have recently taken an important step toward the organization of a training squadron on the Atlantic coast, to be followed by the formation of a similar squadron on the Pacific. The adoption of this measure to contribute, by means of a thorough training, to the efficiency of the enlisted men of the navy, is the result of exhaustive study on the part of the general board of the navy,—of which Admiral Dewey is president and Rear Admiral

CREW OF THE UNITED STATES TRAINING SHIP PRAIRIE

Taylor, chief of the bureau of navigation, is senior member,—into the problem of ways and means of rendering American enlisted men the peers of any foreign men-'o-war's-men.

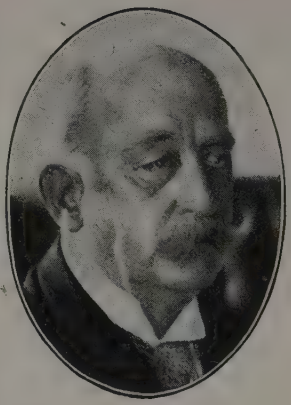
Thirteen ships in commission or under orders to enter active service will be embraced in the training squadrons which are to be organized. These thirteen vessels represent about eighteen per cent. of the tonnage of the navy in commission, and about one fourth of the entire enlisted force will be attached to them. The inauguration of the training squadrons is made especially necessary by reason of the constantly increasing number of naval recruits received from the middle West,—young men who prior to enlistment have, in many instances, never even seen salt water, and to whose education working contact with the sea and an introduction to maritime customs is quite as essential as familiarity with naval discipline. The Atlantic training squadron will have its summer headquarters in Long Island Sound; in Spring and Autumn the boys will be drilled in Chesapeake Bay and in Winter the ships will rendezvous in the vicinity of Pensacola, Florida.

THE recent changes among the occupants of the positions at the head of the United States army will be reflected during the coming Winter in official life at the national capital. The most important change is found, of course, in the passing of General and Mrs. Miles from the leadership of the army circle. The promotion of General S. B. M. Young to the head of the army adds to Washington society an interesting family of daughters, all of whom are married save the youngest, Miss Mary Young, a debutante of last season. The married daughters are Mrs. C. Charters of New York, Mrs. J. H. Gibbon of Philadelphia and Mrs. Reed, wife of Captain S. W. Reed, now stationed at Monterey, California. General Young will, it is understood, take a larger house and his daughters will frequently visit Washington to assist in the hospitalities which will be dispensed. Miss Mary Young, the only unmarried daughter, is shortly to emulate the example of her sisters, for announcement has

just been made of her engagement to Lieutenant Hannay of the twentysecond infantry, which is now stationed at Fort Crook, near Omaha. The reign of the Youngs at the head of army social circles will, of course, be a comparatively brief one, for early in 1904 General Young will retire and will be succeeded at the head of our military establishment by General Chaffee, the hero of the Chinese campaign.

COLONEL GEORGE F. ELLIOTT, who will early in October succeed Major General Charles Heywood as commandant of the U. S. marine corps with the rank of brigadier general, is one of the most popular and efficient officers in the service. His promotion was based entirely on merit and mainly in recognition of his splendid services during the Spanish war and the insurrection in the Philippines. Colonel Elliott while a first lieutenant served with the battalion of engineers which rendered such efficient service on the isthmus of Panama in the Spring of 1885, when American forces were landed for the protection of American interests. During the Spanish War he rendered conspicuous service in the engagements at Guantanamo, Cuba, and it was here that he made his famous fight against the force of Spaniards guarding a well at Cuzco. The Spanish force was superior in numbers to that of Colonel Elliott, but the brave American officer coolly led his men up a rocky mountain path and after steadily climbing forward for twenty minutes, during all of which time they were under fire without being able to return it, Colonel Elliott and his men completely routed the enemy. During the latter part of 1899, Colonel Elliott, in command of the second battalion of marines in the Philippines, displayed conspicuous gallantry in a hot fight at Novaleta. For this he received the special thanks and commendation of General Otis and the secretary of the navy.

COLONEL ELLIOTT, NEW COMMANDANT OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS



REAR ADMIRAL HARRIS, NEW PAYMASTER OF THE NAVY
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REAR ADMIRAL HENRY T. B. HARRIS is the new chief of the bureau of supplies and accounts and he will be known officially as the paymaster general of the navy. This promotion is another one of the recent important changes in the high places of the navy which is based solely upon merit. During the war with Spain, Paymaster Harris served on the receiving ship Vermont, where his duties were exceedingly onerous, it being necessary to maintain the accounts of and subsist the thousands of newly enlisted men and recruits passing through that vessel. In August, 1889, Paymaster Harris was promoted to the grade of pay inspector with the rank of commander and joined the U. S. S. Brooklyn as fleet paymaster of the North China fleet in time for the war of the allies, where he remained until the fleet was ordered to the Philippines. He was afterward made paymaster of the European station.

THE American soldiers will, ere long, be rearmed with the best, shortest and light-

est rifle ever devised. The evolution of this marvelous new weapon is the result of experiments which have been in progress for a long time past on the part of officers of the ordnance department of the United States army. In discussing the new rifle Captain W. W. Gibson, recorder of the board of ordinance and fortifications, said, a few days since: "Tests have proved that the new rifle, with a muzzle velocity of 2,300 feet per second, is much more effective against steel shields than the present magazine arm. The new rifle and rod bayonet weighs two pounds less than the magazine rifle now in use and yet the penetration of the new arm is fully fifty per cent. greater than the old." It has been conclusively demonstrated that the new rifle can be fired much more rapidly than the weapon now in use, and it has greater accuracy. The complete encasement of the barrel in wood serves to prevent the burning of the hands of the marksman when the gun is discharged rapidly.

A DECISION has recently been reached to the effect that athletics shall be made a feature of the training of the American troops. The various military posts in the country will be divided into athletic districts, each embracing from two to thirteen posts. There will be competitions in each district and then the winners in the various districts will meet in national contests. Post commanders have been instructed to allot not less than half an hour each day, Sundays, Saturdays and holidays excepted, when their whole commands will participate in calisthenic and athletic exercises. The national meets will probably be held at West Point and it is expected that they will develop into events of interest to the whole country.

PROGRESS is the word of the hour in both the army and the navy. The new general staff of the army has just been inaugurated and now the navy is planning to follow suit by the establishment of a general staff of its own. Incidentally the heads of the war and navy departments have each appointed members to a joint committee which has been formed for the purpose of insuring more perfect cooperation between the military and the sea fighters in both offensive and defensive operations. The growth of this spirit of cooperation so essential to the best work is still further evidenced by the fact that both military and naval forces are cooperating in the maneuvers which have become an important feature of the activities of Uncle Sam's armed forces.

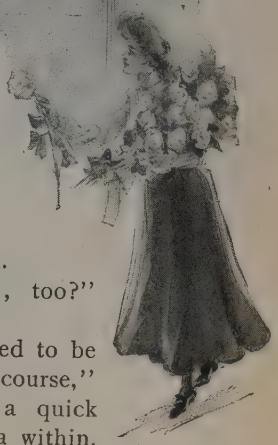
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT DEDICATING THE DEWEY VICTORY MONUMENT AT SAN FRANCISCO

A DAUGHTER OF EVE

MOTHER EVE in the garden, as I have been told, bought the knowledge she wanted of yore
By taking an apple in spite of the law and eating it down to the core;
Yet, though pain was her portion because of this deed, and toil and death fell in men's way,
The lesson is lost, for this daughter of Eve is still after the apples today.

LOU LAWRENCE

A Tangle Of Roses



By
LOUISE
J.
STRONG

"OH loveliness! See, mamma, from Judge Linford." Cora danced into the room with a great bunch of roses. The lady she addressed looked up with something of restraint in her manner, nodded, and returned to her book.

"Have one?" the girl offered.

"No, thanks. I wouldn't rob you," she replied coldly.

"Why, I couldn't miss one from so many, mamma!" Cora selected a glowing beauty, kissed it, laid it on mamma's lap, and danced away.

Mamma, otherwise Mrs. Cora Carew, tossed the rose out of the window, quoting contemptuously, "There's no fool like an old fool."

When Judge Linford presently followed his floral offering, Cora detached herself from the group on the veranda, and met him with profuse thanks and expressions of delight, adding as she indicated the discarded rose below, "That was mamma! Don't think I would do such a thing. Bring it up, please."

The perplexity on his face was swept away by a wave of anger, and he planted a foot on the unoffending blossom, unheeding Cora's shriek of remonstrance.

"All rejected things should be crushed," he declared.

"Rejected suitors, too?" laughed the girl.

"Oh, they're supposed to be crushed, as a matter of course," he responded, with a quick glance at mamma within. Then with stately courtesy he added:

"Miss Carew, will you grant me a favor, and kindly allow me to show you the prettiest drive in the country? My blooded bays are fleet and eager."

And, blushing with gratified vanity, for Judge Linford was a person of wealth and distinction, Cora graciously complied.

"Father, do you think it safe for you to take out the bays?" young Ralph demanded, somewhat superciliously. "Why, I would hardly dare drive them myself."

"And I would not allow you to attempt it, youngster. It requires a man to handle them," his father retorted.

Mrs. Carew leaned out, joining in the laughter at this passage of arms, then said: "I trust you to return her safely, Judge Linford."

To which he responded with a stiff bow, and a look of haughty resentment.

When they had departed Ralph cajoled mamma out for a stroll, that he might give vent to his disgust at this open wooing of blithesome May by hoary December. And she sympathetically condoled; and skillfully appealed to his masculine superiority in the matter of golf, until he was greatly comforted, and proposed to perfect her in the game.

"What appeared to be a train of admirers."

Therefore, when Miss Cora was whirled up the driveway in pride and triumphant state, there was no crowd of envious spectators, nor moody young lover awaiting her. Everybody was at the links watching a hotly contested game, in which mamma and Ralph figured conspicuously as devoted partners.

From being an occasional player, Mrs. Carew developed an enthusiasm for golf, and under Ralph's tutelage she speedily became an expert second to none but her teacher, and they clung together like burrs, scoring many a victory.

Also, Mrs. Carew developed what Cora called "a shameless tendency to flirt," but which was only a genially expressed sympathy, very soothing to the injured feelings of the moths who singed themselves in the various flames of beauty, and flew to her for comfort. Thus she was seldom without what appeared to be a train of admirers, but was really a company of sighing swains.

"It's perfectly ridiculous; and she with one foot in the grave!" Cora exclaimed one evening to Ralph, who had paused beside her.

"That continual tremor does make one feel that she is balancing on the verge, but I wouldn't call it ridiculous," he returned.

"You know I do not mean old Mrs. Mills!" she snapped.

"I see no one else to whom your remark can apply."

"Look at mamma, then — an old woman of fifty!"

"Minus something;" he smiled, "and a magnificent woman, as sincere and kind as she is handsome."

"With massage and physical culture, and all the rest of it to retain her magnificence!"

"That's right! It isn't religion any more to let yourself frazzle all out and go to seed," Ralph teased. "She's fresh as a rose, and she'll out-golf most of you girls any day."

All of which Cora knew was the truth.

"And out-flirt most of us, too," she added, which she knew was not truth.

"Mrs. Carew isn't a patch to father in that respect, and he's years older, and gray as a badger."

"Judge Linford is only in his prime," she asserted. "A man is always younger than a woman. At twenty you're just a boy beside me, if I am two years less." He colored and stroked his downy mustache, but let the stab pass.

"You used to say 'Uncle Linford,' when we made mud pies," he suggested.

"And you used to say 'Auntie Carew,' but now it's — follow your eyes and go to her, since you're longing so to," she broke out wrathfully.

"Thanks," he muttered sullenly, and, scowling, made way for his father, whom Cora welcomed profusely.

In her room that evening mamma studied herself in the glass. "Well preserved, and handsome enough," she mused, "but what is the fading rose beside the opening bud! He has eyes for her alone."

Across the hall, the "bud" also stood before the mirror and shook her fist at the slender figure. "For shame!" she cried, "To be beaten by your mother! But let him go! I'll be his mother at any rate!" She laughed, but her laugh was suddenly drowned in tears.

At the hop next evening she was especially bewildering to Judge Linford with her significant favors. Toward the end of the evening, having given Ralph a dance, she beguiled him into the garden to prevent his hunting up her mother, which she suspected was his intention.

"For shame!" she cried, "to be beaten by your mother!"

Ralph was sullen and distant; he was not going to yield to her blandishments for her amusement. If she preferred old duffers, by all means let her have them; so they wandered silent, stopping at sound of a voice on the other side of a clump of shrubbery.

"When you refused me ten years ago, I told you I should never give it up, and I have asked you every year since, and I—"

"Father!" muttered Ralph.

"You appear to have consoled yourself at last," a voice replied incisively.

"Mamma!" Cora gasped.

"I told you in the note accompanying them, that if you accepted my roses, I should take it as encouragement—"

"Roses!" she exclaimed.

Unheeding, he went on: "You gave them to little Cora, and I concluded—"

"But they never came to me — they

were hers—how could—your note—" mamma stammered.

"Is it possible there was a mistake!" he cried eagerly. "I do not remember distinctly, but perhaps the note was worded so that she mistook it for—surely, Cora," he said, entreatingly, "surely you didn't think me in earnest with the child. She is an arrant little flirt, and I let her amuse herself with me since you had refused my gift, with it's meaning."

"The gray headed old wretch!" Cora hissed in Ralph's ear; her cheeks burning at thought of her calm appropriation of mamma's property.

"'Judge Linford is only in his prime!'" whispered Ralph, maliciously.

Cora put her hands over her ears. Ralph pulled them down, then repented of it when Mrs. Carew, in answer to something they had lost, said:

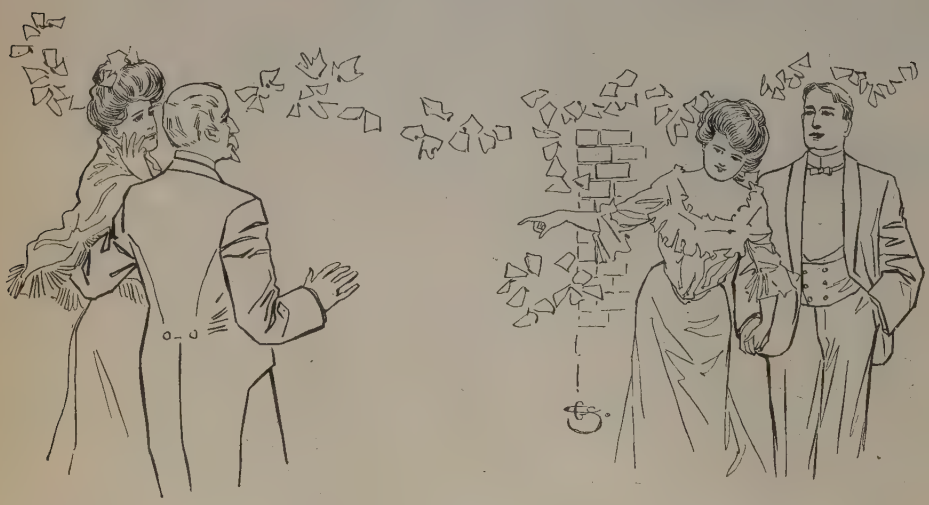
"Yes, the cub bored me dreadfully, with his continual whining about Cora, and his injured feelings."

"Of all the frauds!" Ralph growled. Cora giggled, whispering: "'Sincere as she is handsome.'"

"But it's the truth, Cora, will you—" the rest was lost in a kiss.

"Let's turn the tables on them," Cora whispered. Pulling him after her, she darted around the bush, crying:

"Congratulations—mamma and papa! Aren't you grateful to your children for opening your eyes?"



THE LOVERS

IN the quiet woodland way,
Loitering idly that last day
Ere he sought the battlefield,
Here he pressed her to his bosom
When the roses were in blossom—
Here their plighted vows were sealed.

Now the summer birds have flown,
Pale and sad she walks alone,
Thinking of her soldier brave;
But the night winds moan their dirges,
And the restless ocean surges
Round his far off tropic grave.

Eugene C. Dolson

LILIAN WHITING,
Author of
"Boston Days"

MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY
Author of
"Love Thrives in War"

FRANCES CHARLES
Author of
"The Siege of Youth"

Books As I Find Them

By KATE SANBORN

AS one grows older (but not old) there is nothing much better in life than friends and books. And when one can talk about books to friends, friends by the thousands in all parts of our glorious country, through the courtesy of Mr. Chapple, that is an honor as well as a delight. We may not always agree in estimates and criticisms, but that opens the way for discussions; the monotony of constant acquiescence indicates stupidity rather than harmony.

It may seem improbable, but I really read not only the publishers' notices which accompany the volumes sent, but every word of the books themselves, most carefully; then for an honest judgment.

And now to work, after sending by mental telepathy a most cordial greeting and hearty handshake to each reader who cares for it.

MARGARET FULLER

THE *Love Letters of Margaret Fuller*, with an introduction by Julia Ward Howe, reminiscences from Emerson, Horace Greeley and Charles T. Condon, and published by the Appletons, New York, ($1.35) happens to lie at the top of a pile of new books. Some love letters are delightful reading, even if it was dishonorable to give them to the public, as those of Robert Browning and Miss Barrett; some pitiable and nauseating, as those of the morbidly passionate Julie de Lespinasse. I feel with these as if a veil had been cruelly torn from an aching heart.

Margaret Fuller had a man's intellect and a

woman's heart; always an unfortunate combination. She was an oriental priestess, sent by some mischance into a prim puritan abode, a Sybil in a straight jacket. She achieved great things, but was always alone with baffled hopes and unsatisfied longings until the very last years. She proved herself a successful teacher, a rare talker, a critic, essayist and editor, a reformer, pioneer, philanthropist, almost a poet, nearly an improvisatrice, and best of all, a loving, true-hearted woman, who never neglected home ties, or homely duties, as is shown by her brother's tender tribute.

But Fate is stronger than prudence, and the sarcasm of destiny pursued her from the cradle to her grave in the relentless ocean. The forty years of her life were one long struggle with pain, disease, poetry, pent-up affection, tremendous repression, joy ever rimmed with torture.

Working with Mr. Greeley on the Tribune, and an inmate of his home, she met a young Jew, a business man, who also wrote a little, and who without doubt flirted outrageously with the intense and sympathetic woman. I cannot find the slightest reason for thinking that Mr. Nathan was desperately in love with her or in love at all, except with himself. There were "kisses" and "embraces" and words of devotion on his part; she gave herself in a humble, grateful, submissive manner, that is depressing — considering her superiority to him in every way. He was evidently embarrassed by her absolute devotion and obliged to restrain her credulous ardor.

Listen to her. "But your heart, your precious heart (I am determined to be absolutely frank) that I did long for. I saw how precious it is, how much more precious it may be. And you have cruelly hung it up quite out of my reach, and declared I shall never have it. Oh das ist hart! For no price! You must not give it away in my sight, at any rate." I fancy she was hypnotized, for she says to this peculiar sort of lover: "You have claimed me on the score of spiritual affinity and I have yielded to this claim. You have claimed to read my thoughts, to count the pulses of my being, often to make them by your heart or will. You have approached me nearer, personally, than any other person, and have said words to me most unusual and close, to which I have willingly listened."

Poor Margaret! Her soul companion went abroad, and intimated that he should not want a "real" correspondence with her, as he needed to be "unaccompanied." Yet she kept on writing. One of his phrases in his occasional letters was this: "You must be a fool, little girl." Even that she interpreted to be a whimsical tenderness of his own. He was contemplating a foreign alliance, and the loving, craving, hoping, fearing words of her letters must have been tiresome and undesired. Mr. Channing, who saw these letters, suggested to Nathan that it would be well to destroy them. But no, he kept them and they are public property now. Every word Miss Fuller poured forth shows the noble, pure woman of high aspirations and lofty ideals; but a woman's heart wounded and suffering is not a piece of property to sell to a publisher for so much as he chooses to pay.

There is a lesson here writ in large letters for the brainy, overfond, and solitary woman who is impelled to write love letters. Be mighty sure of your man before writing; then tear the burning words into atoms and sacrifice them to a flame warmer than their own.

It is remarkable that Margaret Fuller, with all her great thoughts, left no quotable sentences. Query: is quotability one test of genius?

A NEW novel by James Lane Allen always commands respectful and in-

terested attention. It represents earnest thoughts and pictures of life clothed in most choice and fitting language. He is sure to give us an engrossing love story with marvelously good word painting; his full vocabulary showing the lights and shades of our language so rarely used and which every one must delight in, like strains of exquisite music or a subtle fragrance, dainty, yet penetrating. I enjoy reading aloud certain sentences from his historical novels, as I would repeat a favorite melody on the piano. There were plenty of quotable gems in his previous volumes, but I must own a little disappointment in this story. He does not seem to have had the usual amount of inspiration, or to know exactly what he wanted to do himself. First he intended another historical novel; then he changed to a purely love story. First he named it *The Crypts of the Heart*, then a stranger title yet, *The Mettle of the Pasture*. Owing to extreme ignorance, I could not guess what that meant, and said: "Why not *The Fettle of the Pasture* or *The Kettle?*" Now I know, because he has kindly explained in several pages, but I shall not disclose the mystery.

The motif of this harrowing love tale, this tangle of cross purposes, is the desire for the reign of truth in the American character.

"I wish to God that some virtue, say the virtue of truthfulness, could be known throughout the world as the unfailing mark of the American—the mettle of his pasture."

Should a man lie to the woman he wishes to marry, or conceal the sins of his past life, or tell the whole truth? The hero of this novel tells the truth, like a brave fellow, and ruins his whole life.

I look eagerly for those fine passages, and note but one; and that is perhaps a little too fanciful:

"The life of man should last a single year. He should have one Spring for birth and childhood, for play and growth, for the ending of his dreams and the beginning of his love. One Summer for strife and toil and passion. One Autumn in which to garner the fruits of his deeds and to live upon them, be they sweet or bitter. One Winter in which to come to an end and wrap himself with resignation in the snows of nature. Thus he should never know the pain of seeing Spring return when there was nothing within himself to bud or be sown."

And so on.

If I were asked to read this lugubrious story over again, I should plead to be allowed to take instead *A Summer in Arcady*, *A Kentucky Cardinal* or *The Choir Invisible*.

The Macmillan Co., New York, $1.50.

DO you want a rattling good story, jolly, full of incident and rapid movement in a motor car? Get *The Lightning Conductor*, edited by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. It is an idealized guide book through France, Spain and Italy, with many strange adventures for a pretty American girl, with Cupid himself as her chauffeur. It's an international romance, of course, and ends well, in spite of the usual bad behavior of designing men and two automobiles.

Henry Holt & Co., New York, $1.50.

THE Autobiography of a Beggar, by I. K. Friedman, published serially in The Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia, opens a new vein in American humor, showing an intimate and rare insight into the daily doings and sayings of hoboes, tramps, and professed beggars. It is witty, and the ragged story tellers are full of genial human nature and harmless fun.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, $1.50.

BUT best of all, to my mind, for power and genius, is Jack London's last, *The Call of the Wild*. O, it is strong! A truly original plot, full of vigorous action, vivid description, heart stirring adventures, with a dog for the hero and victor. A big, noble creature, a cross between a St. Bernard and a Scotch

shepherd. Buck struck hard luck, desperate encounters, maddening attacks, brutal treatment, and at last the dominant, primordial beast in that grand animal was forced out and fully developed. He is the chief character in a picture of wild, desperate primeval life in the Klondike region in the early days of the gold fever, and he wins his way through everything.

You cannot often say that a book is brilliant, absorbing and unforgetable, but you can say all this of Jack London's dog story, and even more. I do not tell too much, for you will want to read this, not read about it. It pains me more, I believe, to read such realistic accounts of the superb courage of a dog in such sore straits than to hear of a man in similar struggles. For a dog cannot speak or philosophize or — shoot. He can only fight and bite, and then probably be killed as rabid. Buck well deserves to rank with Dr. Brown's *Rab* and *Bob, Son of Battle*. The literature of the pet dogs of noted persons sounds tame indeed after this stormy epic. Beecher said that "in evolution, the dog got up before the door was shut." And Frances Power Cobbe closes an article on *Dogs Whom I Have Met* with these thought compelling words: "One thing I think must be clear: until a man has learned to feel for all his sentient fellow creatures, whether in human or in brute form, of his own class, and sex, and country, or of another, he has not yet ascended the first step toward true civilization, nor applied the first lesson from the love of God."

Whew! That book takes hold of one with an electric grip.

Macmillan Co., New York, $1.50.

THE *Kempton-Wace Letters* are not love letters, but letters about love from a poetic and a scientific point of view. Well written and full of fine thoughts, but not easy reading for warm weather, and likely to prove wearisome to many in midwinter. A seesaw correspondence, scientific exploitations on one side and elegant essays, glorifying the old fashioned ways of loving a woman and a wife, on the other. At the finish you feel as if you had been attending the Concord School of Philosophy in the morning and a Convention of Pedagogues in the afternoon. And to what purpose? There is not one new idea promulgated and the object is not worth the work, for it will not change one opinion.

Jack London is imagined by some to be a joint collaborateur in this effort with a clever woman; possible, but not probable. He would hardly pose as an anonym.

The words are of great length, equalling the interminableness of the letters — "mutuality," "adumbrate," "neo-Darwinian," etc., and all life is discussed from the amoeba up the ladder, way up to Mr. Herbert Wace himself! Hear his description of the beautiful, loving woman he finally intends to honor with his name, allowing her (as she is properly fitted physically and mentally) to be the proud mother of his children:

"A George Eliot fused with an Elizabeth Barrett, with a hint of Huxley and a trace of Keats. There is about her a certain lightsomeness, a glow or flash almost Latin or oriental or perhaps Celtic. Yes, that must be it—Celtic. But the high-stomached Norman is there, and the stubborn Saxon. The Saxon grapples with the Celt, and the Norman forces the twain to do what the one would not dream of doing, and what the other would dream beyond and never do."

He closes with the elegant inquiry, "Do you catch me?" Not wholly, Herbert. Richard Le Gallienne speaks of this conceited horror as a "scientific ass!" To me he seems a pseudo-scientific clam with a swelled head, and I drop him, as did Hester.

Macmillan Company, New York.

From the same house:—

THE "Commuter's wife," whose garden we all learned to love, gives us a

second volume, *The People of the Whirlpool*, a thoroughly delightful book. We do not stay among the flowers this season, but are allowed to enter her charmed home, where love—pure, infinite, eternal, immortal—ever reigns. There is no cussing or discussing about it in that earthly paradise. We like her father and husband and the twin boys better than ever. Even the New York bachelor and spinster who meet there are influenced by the Elysian harmony of the household, and determine to start housekeeping themselves. We admire the little woman's kindly but open-eyed criticisms of the "smart set," rapid and restless, who invaded their quiet village; and there is much to think of, and to smile over. It is a woman's garden, where fragrant blossoms flourish, while noxious weeds and flaunting parasites are all outside. We cannot give her picture, as she prefers to remain unknown.

So, *au revoir* till October.

Kate Sanborn

ORME ANGUS
Author of
"Sarah Tuldon"

WM. R. A. WILSON
Author of
"A Rose of Normandy"

J. H. WHITSON
Author of
"Barbara, a Woman of the West"

FREEDOM IN DRESS

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast:
Still to be powdered, still perfumed,—
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,—
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Ben Jonson

A General View of Zanesville

Zanesville, Ohio

By HARRY E. HOLLISTER

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, a city of about 30,000 inhabitants, is the natural center of the southeastern portion of the Buckeye state.

Situated at the convergence of two rapid streams, the greater of which, the Muskingum, is navigable to her docks, and is under governmental supervision, Zanesville's founder builded better than he knew for the generations to come in selecting the site "at the mouth of the Licking," for the early town of Westborn, as Zanesville was first called. This public benefactor, John McIntire, secured his titles to the tract of land now covered by some of the best manufacturing concerns of the city, as a reward for blazing a trail through the primitive forests from Wheeling, West Virginia, to Mayesville, Kentucky, in the days of the old Northwestern Territory. This was by act of congress in May, 1796, and the first settlement was made in 1799; and so rapidly did the new settlement grow that in February, 1810, the legislature, then sitting temporarily at Chillicothe, passed an act making Zanesville the capital of the state. The legislature met here during the Winters of 1810-11 and 1811-12, and then the site of Columbus, by reason of its more central location, was made the capital by act of the legislature. The present court house of Muskingum county occupies the site of the old state house, which was torn down in 1873 to give place to this more modern structure.

Rogge Hotel, Zanesville

Today Zanesville may be termed an even tempered town, being slow to feel a financial depression, and quick to recover from reverses. This may be attributed to the wide diversification of her manufacturing industries, —a touch of iron, a little more of glass, plenty of pottery, large interests in paving and building brick, a splendid agricultural implement works, milling, burial casket factory, several bentwood works, woolen

mills, engine foundries, stove manufacturies, mining car and tool works, cigar factories, furniture factory, ice plants, breweries, a mammoth soap work with glycerine and bye-product plant attached, a canning factory, railroad shops, sash and door mills, a branch of the United States Baking trust, encaustic and mosaic tile factories, sheet steel mill, blast furnace for making crude iron, a tubing mill, all of which are running to their utmost capacity, save the last named.

One establishment alone, the American Encaustic Tiling company plant, employs nearly 700 men, women and boys, while the Brown Manufacturing company, makers of cultivators, plows, wagons and other farming implements, house in all Ohio, the Weller Theater on North Third street, and may be pronounced one of the very wealthy men of southeastern Ohio.

The section of the state around Zanesville is a vast tract of virgin territory, when the most modern mode of transportation is considered; for, while other sections of Ohio are networks of electric interurbans, Zanesville at the present day is not connected with any other settlement by this mode of travel. A first road, of the Tucker-Anthony (Boston) syndicate, is projecting from Newark on our west; but the vast stretch of territory, filled with veins of six and seven-foot Hocking coal, with the numerous towns and villages contributary to Zanes-

The Largest Tile Works in the World

gives steady employment to over 500 men at a splendid average wage scale. Nearly 100 glass blowers are employed in the two bottle factories, each drawing wages that will pass the $1,000 mark for the six months of the year in which a glassworker will work.

But the greatest industries of all are the tile and potting plants. One of these great art potteries has sprung from a little "one-horse" plant, whose power was furnished by a single equine some fifteen years ago, to a twelve-acre plant whose art wares are known and purchased in every civilized country on the globe. The sole owner started, a poor boy, some twenty years ago, peddling his cooking crocks about the country in a one-horse spring wagon. Recently he completed the most magnificent opera ville, is yet to be connected with the city. The pioneering of these schemes has all been done, and Zanesville with her environs awaits patiently the actual building of these lines.

And what does this mean for the men with brains and capital to invest? It foretells fortunes for manufacturers, in the bringing of the cheap coal to one's factory at a nominal cost; spells outlet for the finished product in a rich and prosperous community for 100 miles around, and proclaims that Zanesville will gain 10,000 to 20,000 more inhabitants during the next five years.

Eight railroads enter Zanesville, two of which are trunk lines,—the Baltimore & Ohio and the Pennsylvania, the remaining six having this city as a terminus. These are the Zanesville & West-

Masonic Temple, Zanesville

ern, the Ohio & Little Kanawah, the Ohio River & Western, (now a narrow gauge, which is to become a part of the Tucker-Anthony electric and steam system, which will make it possible to travel from Wheeling, West Virginia, across the state of Ohio by electric lines, and which will penetrate a heretofore unworked field of coal of the finest quality); the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus, and the Wheeling & Lake Erie, which is to connect with the Wabash's new line now building to Zanesville from Parkersburg, West Virginia, and is styled the Zanesville, Marietta & Parkersburg, forming a Wabash chain from the Atlantic seaboard to the Great Lakes and the West. Beside these there is the Cincinnati & Muskingum Valley, the connecting link for Zanesville with the Pan Handle, or Pennsylvania lines at Trinway, sixteen miles to the north. This road passes through a fertile territory, and is one of the great retail trade bringers for the many splendid retail houses with which Zanesville is blessed. This happy railroad position has done much to build Zanesville up as a jobbing center, and her interests in that line are two drug houses, a coffin factory, six groceries, two boots and shoes, one dry goods and notions, one shirt factory, two hardware, two liquors, each of which is a sterling institution, selling goods throughout the entire central and southeastern portion of the state. In addition there is the Pinkerton Tobacco works, makers of "scrap" chewing and smoking tobacco, and the Stolzenbach branch of the United States Baking company, the salesmen for each of which reach territory other than local, going out into the surrounding states, spreading the fame of Zanesville.

The social side of Zanesville is of the best, and it may be said that her women are all that grace and refinement beget. There are many secret societies here, the strongest of which, perhaps, is the Masonic fraterity, which has just completed and dedicated a magnificent $200,000 temple. This beautiful building was projected by the various Masonic bodies, the two "Blue" Lodges, the Chapter, the Council and Commandery —all York Rite—and was funded by stock subscriptions of $100 each made by the lay members. The corner stone was laid with pomp and splendor on St. John the Baptist's Day, June 24, 1902, and the dedication was carried out just one year later. This, perhaps, is the most modern and handsome building in the city, being built from mottled brick made by the Ohio Pressed Brick Company. This temple has been pronounced by Masonic authorities the finest equipped in the state, the commandery room especially being of such character as to make the sublimity of those beautiful orders the more impressive. As a revenue getter the Masonic temple will shine, for all the modern conveniences are introduced.

In the People's Savings Bank building the city has another modern structure, and the banking house proper will compare with any that may be seen the nation over. Finished in marble, tiles and onyx, with fixtures of solid mahogany, this house forms a splendid asset of itself. On the top floor of this building the Builders' Exchange and Retail Merchants' Chamber of Commerce are quartered, with R. L. Queisser as president; while the Citizens' League, a property promoting association of merchants, capitalists and manufacturers, meets there also. These bodies have much to do with the prevailing conditions at Zanesville. Another magnificent building is the Muskingum County Soldiers and Sailors Monument building, in which the postoffice is now located. This is a tribute to the memories of the soldiers and sailors of the city and county who fell in battle during the dark days of the early sixties. Each fallen hero has a tablet on the wall, and as time speeds on and men who wore the blue pass out of life, tablets to their memory are inscribed.

Zanesville has four national banks, two of which are United States depositaries, and all of which are in most prosperous condition. The aggregate capitalization is nearly one million dollars, and in all instances stock is at a sharp premium. Beside these there are two private commercial banking houses and four savings banks, one of which has a deposit list of $960,000, representing the savings of mechanics, clerks and workmen and is a striking proof of the prosperous condition of Zanesville's citizens of all classes.

When, in 1840, Henry Clay, then on a visit here, made the statement that Zanesville was destined to be the Lowell of the West, he referred to the magnificent hydraulic possibilities of the falls of the Muskingum at the mouth of the Licking. This prediction has been fulfilled but in a half-hearted manner, even though since that time the Muskingum river has been made a slack water level, navigable stream from Marietta, at its mouth, to Zanesville, thereby giving him who would harness its waters to his bidding the more opportunity to gain results. At present there are but five institutions taking power from the waterfalls; but there is the dawning of the new era in sight, the first streaks of which appeared when the Zanesville Railway, Light & Power company, owning the street lighting and traction lines franchises, bought the most available of these wonderful sites, and began the erection of a monster power plant which shall supply all its utilities with electric currents, and have plenty to sell to interurbans and factories beside. From the upper pool formed by the dam at this point, countless units of power flow on untrammeled and unthought of; and it wants but the enterprise of man to convert them into an investment that will yield the investor profits inestimable. With the coming of the electric lines, and the converting of that fluid to general manufacturing, lighting and heating

THE OLD "Y" BRIDGE

THE NEW "Y" BRIDGE AT ZANESVILLE

purposes, will arrive the awakening to the mighty importance of this point.

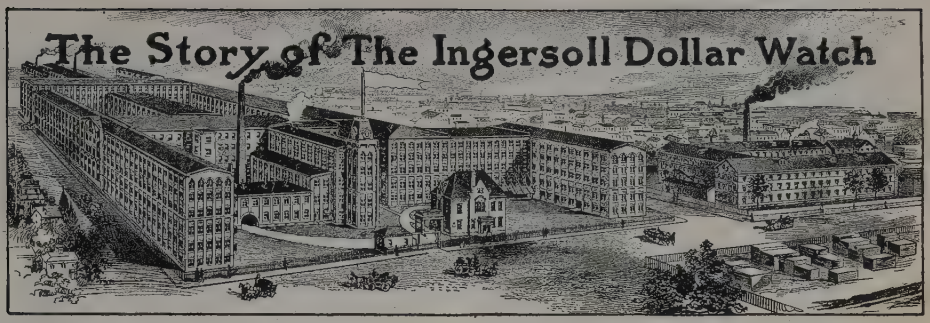
These are a few of the points of Zanesville, touched lightly and in a general manner; but there are many which in an article of this character cannot be dealt with through lack of space, and the handsome and truthful engravings herewith presented tell an abridged story better than the words.

Zanesville is worthy of the investor's attention, and the points that the writer has tried to make are worthy of careful consideration.

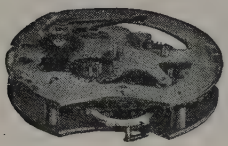
SUNSET ON THE GREAT SALT LAKE OF UTAH

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. B. HULL MCCREERY, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

The Story of The Ingersoll Dollar Watch



By BENNETT CHAPPLE



THE WORKS

PROBABLY every one who has been attracted by the striking advertisements of the Ingersoll Dollar Watch, on sign boards and in magazines, has asked, as I have often done, the question:

"How is it possible to make a perfect time keeping watch to retail at $1?"

It is a natural question to ask. We are used to thinking of a watch as a delicate and intricate thing, and delicate and intricate things usually come high in our estimation of values. But the Ingersoll Dollar Watch is unique. It gets down to its business of harnessing time with less on than any other watch. No calculating over the number of jewels and other costly items that enter into the construction of the ordinary watch. Omitting these, once termed essentials, it does a perfect job of ticking off the seconds, which is all that any watch is expected to do. And herein lies the secret.

The factory where the Ingersoll Dollar Watch is made contains several acres of floor space. It is estimated that the watchman of the factory at night covers twentytwo miles in making his rounds. All the machinery is run by electric power, the dynamos being driven by two huge engines. Although the factory walls are built of brick and the buildings are made as nearly fireproof as possible, yet they have a larger fire fighting equipment than the city of Waterbury. Another interesting fact in connection with the factory's water supply is that the drinking water for the employes is drawn from two artesian wells drilled by the company for that purpose. Great care is always taken in a watch factory to guard the health of the employes—so much depends on skilled labor and steady nerves. With this end in view, the factory is thoroughly disinfected once each week, generally on Saturday nights, in order that the odor of the disinfectant may have time to disappear before the working force again enters the factory.

A large number of janitors and sweepers begin work each day immediately after five o'clock, when the workmen quit. The metal sweepings in the machine room are saved and separated by magnets, which carry the iron to one place and the brass to another for smelting.

THE WATCH

A trip through the factory is fascinating and enjoyable to one who has a curiosity for such things. The first part of the watch that we find is un-

WHERE THE WATCH CASES ARE MADE

recognizable as such, being still in the form of large brass sheets twentyfive one-thousandths of an inch thick and cut to various widths. These sheets are fed into huge stamping machines, and as the die comes down it cuts out the required wheel or frame without a flaw.

Generally, the machines are built to cut two parts at a time, and in this way their capacity is raised to 50,000 per day, or more. The making of the hands of the watch is carried on in the same way. These are stamped out of thin, narrow sheets of steel, which are fed automatically into the machines.

A watch case could be made in a fraction of a minute if all parts of the work were placed together. But in watch factories each operator does a certain part of the work and passes it on. The case consists of three parts—band, bezel and back — or, in other words, the center, front and back. These are stamped and shaped as rapidly as the operator can work his fingers. Each part is made to fit any other part, and it is rare that a case comes back from the assembling room because of a misfit.

The automatic machines, 150 in all, working together in one large room, do a considerable share toward aggregating the total of nearly 60,000,000 different pieces per month that represent the present capacity of the factory. These make all the little screws and other intricate parts of the watch with the perfect accuracy that tells in the perfect construction of the Ingersoll Dollar Watch.

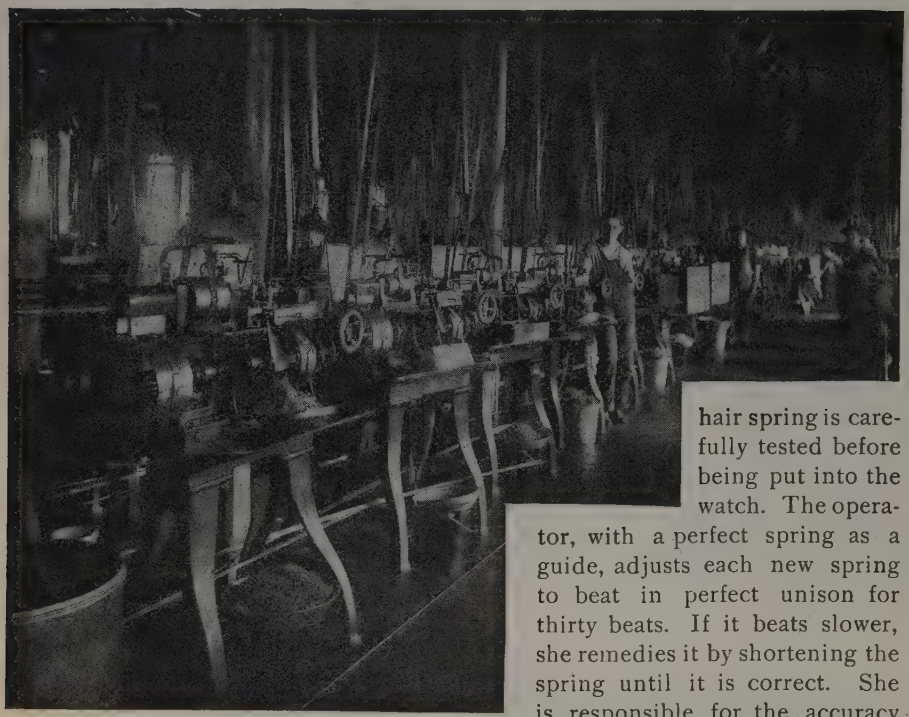
The making of the springs is a delicate and decidedly interesting phase of watch building. I was especially interested here, for I remembered that the price for putting in a new main spring in an ordinary watch was usually more than the entire cost of an Ingersoll Dollar Watch. Here were long strips of steel, run automatically through iron gas pipe tubes that lay in the bed of a fierce coal fire. In going through, the steel became red hot; its course then led through a tank of oil artificially cooled; from here it emerged again and traveled through a tank of hot lead. When this is completed, the spring is tempered to its highest degree, and it is then run through emery wheels to be polished on the edges and sides, being cut into required lengths, with little holes punched in each end, as it emerges. It is estimated that nearly seven miles of steel spring travels along this way every day.

The spring is finally tested for its temper by its weight. If tempered properly it should weigh just so much, and

WHERE THE WHEELS ARE MADE

THE "TIMING" RACKS

WHERE THE PARTS ARE ASSEMBLED



AUTOMATIC MACHINE ROOM

if it fails of the mark it is thrown out.

The hair spring of the watch is the same as a pendulum to a clock, or the governor to an engine. It regulates the time of the watch. These hair springs are formed spirally in sets of eight, and separated by girls, with the quick action of nimble fingers and tweezers. Each hair spring is carefully tested before being put into the watch. The operator, with a perfect spring as a guide, adjusts each new spring to beat in perfect unison for thirty beats. If it beats slower, she remedies it by shortening the spring until it is correct. She is responsible for the accuracy of each spring that goes through her hands, when placed in the watch. The shaft on which the hair-spring clings is a delicate piece of mechanism, whose ends are sharpened fine enough to bite the finger nail before it is approved. Thus it will be seen that the friction is reduced to its least fraction. The assembling room, where watches are put together, is a busy scene.

WHERE THE WATCHES ARE ADJUSTED

Here, from the different parts of the factory, come the several parts for the skilled operatives to put together. Each "movement," before it is put in the case, is "timed" even to a tick with one particular watch, and by reason of a special device attached to this watch, it takes but a fraction of a second to set each new watch accurately. When the movements are passed they are put into the cases and removed to "timing" racks, where for several days they are allowed to run, first on their back, then hanging up, to get a thorough test before being sent from the factory as perfect.

THE FIRST INGERSOLL DOLLAR WATCH—THE LARGER ONE—AND THE INGERSOLL OF TODAY

How well they succeed is told by a glance into the repair room, where less than a dozen people take care of the imperfect watches culled from an output of over 2,000,000 per year. In 1892, Robert H. Ingersoll, when making a visit to a tinkering shop in New York, espied an old fashioned alarm clock fashioned like a huge, cumbersome watch. As he looked over its battered sides, he fell to wondering if it would not be possible to get such a thing down to a size practical for watches. The more he considered it, the more he became convinced that he was on the right track for a great success with a universally useful article. From this conception grew the large business whose general offices, at 51 Maiden Lane, New York, are in touch with 50,000 dealers throughout the United States.

WHERE THE DIALS ARE MADE

The first Ingersoll Dollar Watch was put on the market in 1892. It was thought to be a triumph, and over ten thousand were sold that fall. But as yet it was a trifle too large and cumbrous. It did not "feel" like an ordinary watch; and so, at a considerable expense, the watch was much reduced in size, and the following year it was improved again. It was made smaller and more serviceable, and with an extensive advertising campaign that averaged over $100,000 a year, the Ingersolls have built up the sales to over 6,000 watches per day.

One little touch of sentiment and I have finished. Consider the Ingersoll as a watch for the common people,—the good it is doing by teaching order and system to those whose labors are set apart in hours. It is these who have learned to regard the Ingersoll Watch as a trustworthy friend, and wherever they are, you will hear it praised.

Ohio Knights of Pythias Home, Springfield

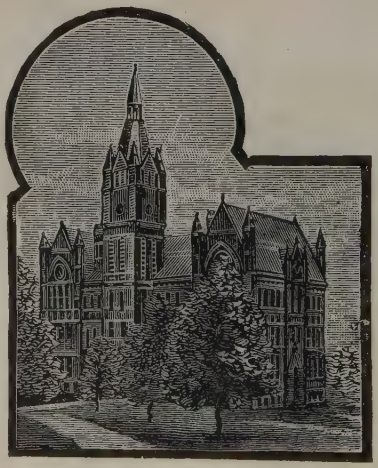
Springfield, Ohio

An Abridgement of Mr. Hypes' Address at the Springfield Centennial Celebration in 1901, with His Brief Resume of Springfield Today.

By HON. ORAN T. HYPES

THE story of Springfield's century of business, is, in miniature, the story of the life of the nation. Our beginning was in the single log house erected in 1799 by James Demint, who had journeyed hither from Kentucky. On March 17, 1801, Mr. Demint, assisted by two others—Mr. Griffith Foos and Mr. John Daugherty—attracted by the favorable location, laid out the town. Tradition accredits the wife of Simon Kenton with suggesting the name—Springfield. From this humble beginning Springfield, in a single century, has become a city known throughout the length and breadth of the world — wherever the torch of civilization has enlightened the peoples of the earth.

That Springfield was a favored spot before the dawn of civilization, is readily established, in the location near by of the Indian villages of Chillicothe and Piqua. At the latter village, west of town, when destroyed by General George Rogers Clark in 1780, some three hundred acres of Indian corn were under cultivation. In fact, the first shipment ever made from what is now Clark County consisted of a cargo of provisions. They were loaded by David Lowry into a flatboat, built by himself in 1800, placed upon the waters of the Big Miami, and thence taken to New Orleans. Provisions thus sent were usually exchanged for sugar. The Indians did not cease to be a threatening factor, retarding the growth and prosperity of the village, until General Harrison secured peace to the frontier in his famous victory at Tippecanoe.



Recitation Hall, Wittenberg College

The early forests proved to be a friendly factor, not so much as a pronounced article of trade and commerce, as in furnishing abundant supplies for building material and fuel. A liberal growth of beech, oak, maple, walnut, ash and hickory, have, until recent years, served as an ample source of local supply.

"Springfield limestone," as it is known,

has proven thus far our only source of mineral wealth. In the absence of underlying coal, oil or gas, the stone quarries have proven no small factor in our commercial life. The strata of rock averaging thirteen feet thick has been quarried for sixty years.

In 1820 came that leavening and enlightening force and powerful aid to business, the printing press. After various ownerships, the first publication of influence was the Western Pioneer. In 1825, with a vim and vigor creditable to modern journalism, the paper brought about the adoption of street lamps. They cost $25 each. The expense of maintaining them was a tax of 12 1-2 cents, collected from each house, to pay for oil and wick—the lamp to be cleaned by the family nearest its location. About this time, in addition to several mills producing flour, woolen and cotton products, there were eight stores, and several lawyers and physicians. The county had a population of 9,533.

During the period of our village life we grew from 935 inhabitants in 1828 to 5,109, reaching the latter figure in 1850, when the city charter was granted. Compared with the rapid growth of large cities in the far West, this increase, covering a period of twentytwo years, is not startling. Manufacturing, however, that was to prove the keynote of our prosperity, was just beginning to assert its influence. Having ratified the city charter, one of the first steps toward metropolitan manners was the abolishing of the oil street lamps and the adoption of gas light—on the evening of April 4, 1850, the city was first lighted with gas. The price was $6 per thousand cubic feet. Fifty years later the same gas company supplies us at $1 per thousand. The needs of the city now require a distribution of nearly sixty million cubic feet annually among 2,172 consumers. In addition, 2,600 consumers use natural gas for fuel at 25 cents per thousand,—the supply coming originally from Mercer county, but latterly from the Fairfield county gas fields, seventyfive miles distant.

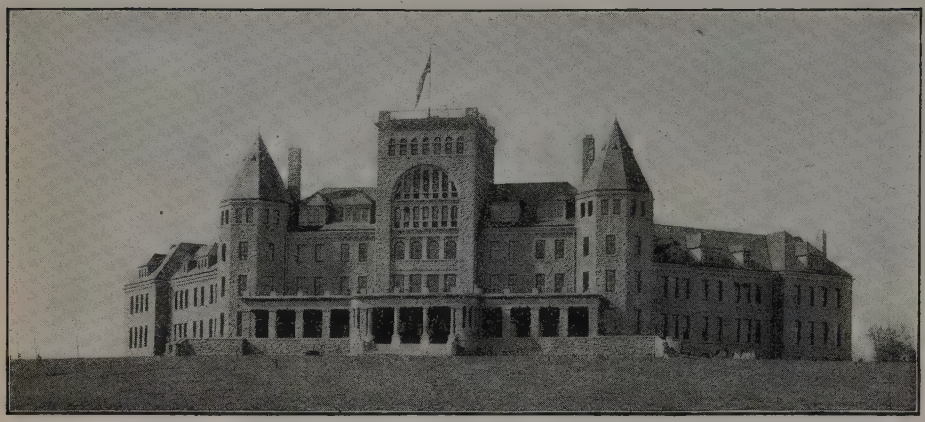
Transportation

"Still from the hurrying train of life
Fly backward far and fast,
The milestones of the fathers—
The landmarks of the past."

As a means of developing our own resources, and marketing them upon the world, transportation is a most important factor. Clark County has well developed roadways. They were not always so. When Griffith Foos and his small party, in 1801, blazed their way through forest and over stream, they made the first wagon tracks leading into Springfield from the east. About the same year Mr. Foos assisted Daniel Lowry and John Daugherty in surveying the first road out of Springfield. It led to Dayton, and was possibly over the trail cut by General George Rogers Clark some twenty years earlier, when he led his brave band of Kentuckians in the destruction of the Indian village of Piqua. Of material benefit, from a commercial standpoint, was the completion in 1832 of the National Road, which event was duly celebrated at the time. This brought Springfield prominently before the state and country, as a stopping point on that great channel of early commerce and travel. Crossing the 412 square miles in Clark county today are 312 miles of county turnpikes. In addition are the township and county roads, aggregating 498 miles, making a grand total of 810 miles of improved roadways in the county.

WARDEN FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Assisting in our development, at the beginning of the last half century, was the opening of the railroad era. On August 6, 1846, the engine "Ohio" whistled its greeting to Springfield, arriving on the tracks of the "Little Miami" railroad, the first train following on August 11. Two years later



OHIO MASONIC HOME, SPRINGFIELD

the "Mad River" road was completed, connecting Springfield with Lake Erie. In 1851 the Springfield & Dayton road was finished. Later the Springfield & London, also the Springfield & Pittsburg. The last line completed was the road to the coal fields, originally the Springfield, Jackson & Pomeroy; now, with northern extensions, known as the Detroit Southern. Springfield capital was largely instrumental in its building.

Our adventure in street car traffic began in 1871. The original line was built from Limestone street west on High to Dayton road. The road was a bonanza when the state fair was held in Springfield, but the patronage thereafter did not pay "horse feed." Street car traffic began in earnest when the Citizens' Company was organized in 1882. The lines were extended and a fair service rendered. In 1891, Mr. I. Ward Frey successfully inaugurated the first electric street railway, having received a franchise to the North Side. The line was later merged into the Citizens' line, and the whole system became electric in 1892.

The latest development in transportation lies in the interurban electric lines. By this system Springfield has added facilities in reaching hourly and cheaply the surrounding cities of Dayton, Urbana and Xenia.

With the development of our manufacturing and commercial interest came the need of a proper railway outlet for our products. By the consolidation of various roads, we also became a junction point on the Big Four (C. C. C. & St. L.) system.

The total number of trains arriving and departing daily by the various lines is seventysix—thirtysix passenger and forty freight. In point of revenue, Springfield is the fifth city on the entire Big Four system, being exceeded only by Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago and St. Louis.

In the rise and fall of the business world, Springfield can take pardonable pride in her financial institutions. During the dark days of depression, our finances have been a Gibraltar of strength to the community. On January 22, 1847, the Mad Rivey Valley branch of the State bank opened its doors for business. In 1851, the Springfield Bank was organized. Today we have five national banks with an aggregate capital of one million dollars, and nearly five thousand depositors. The Springfield Savings Bank adds nearly ten thousand depositors, who have received on deposits since its organization nearly one million dollars in interest. Building and loan associations are flourishing under wise management.

Manufacturing

It is as a manufacturing city that Springfield stands preeminent before the world. For half a century the name "Springfield" upon any of the products of her factories has been a guarantee of excellence, the maintenance of which keeps the city to the fore-front as a manufacturing city of good repute. In 1840 plows were manufactured by William Whitely, antecedent to the enormous shops of William N. Whitely, which a half century later had built up the mower, reaper and selfbinder industry to its perfection. From the beginning, Springfield has developed unusual inventive genius and manufacturing merit in agricultural machinery. So well and favorably known were her machines that in the recent consolidation of leading imple-

ment makers, the Springfield plants were utilized as central points for further exploitation. This was notably true in the organization of the American Seeding Machine Company, an absorption of many plants making seeding machines (drills, etc.) in the selection of Springfield as general headquarters, and the enlargement of her output. During 1903, more grain drills will be made in Springfield than at any spot on the globe. They are marketed by the train loads in almost every foreign land, as well as in every state in the Union.

In the organization of the International Harvester Company, the great Warder-Bushnell & Glessner shops were merged. These employ more than 2,000 people. For years ex-Governor Bushnell has been the dominating spirit of this successful output. For a third of a century Springfield water wheels have stood the test of time. Their product goes beyond the seas. Niagara (so long untamed) is now harnessed in the economy of modern ingenuity. Springfield water wheels are there installed and turned by its torrent.

While 5,000 persons find employment in a dozen implement factories, perhaps as many more are employed in the other manufacturing interests. In 1899, at an exposition of Springfield products, more than 200 different kinds of machines were displayed, all made in Springfield. These include malleable iron works, steam engines and boilers, steam road rollers, water wheels, gas engines, furnaces, iron bridges, structural iron work, railroad frogs and switches, iron fences, pumps and wind mills, lawn mowers, brass foundries, boiler purifiers, emery wheels, machine tools, steel wheels, electrical supplies, coffins, metallic caskets, embalming fluid and undertakers' supplies, electric fans, piano plates, leather furniture, clothes wringers, rubber tires, plumbers' supplies, sheet metal works, roller bearing axles, wire bale ties, bicycles, automobiles, carriage works, planing mills, shoes, stationery, mailing tubes, paper boxes, cigars, cigar boxes, flags and awnings, leather tannery, electric plating works, suspenders, rubber heels, and many other products that mark the progress of the twentieth century. A recently established art glass industry finds a ready output from the New York office.

Springfield's publishing interests rank high in point of merit and importance. At the fore-front stands the Crowell Company, long known as The Farm and Fireside, with the largest circulation of any farm paper, and their more recently established Woman's Home Companion, competing favorably with the best of its kind. The newspaper field is well covered by four dailies, two morning and two evening, where may be found full Associated Press dispatches. The weekly papers include one German publication; The Chatauquan, the official publication of the New York assembly grounds, bears a Springfield imprint, as does all of the Ohio state printing for 1903.

The causes of world-wide success attendant upon Springfield industries have been summed up by Honorable W. S. Thomas, himself a manufacturer representing an old established business, in the following terse form: First: honest and competent men. Second: cooperation. Third: making the best goods. Fourth: push, and plenty of it. Fifth: freedom from labor troubles. Sixth: liberal

OHIO ODD FELLOWS HOME, SPRINGFIELD

banks. To this may be added a low tax rate.

It is certainly true that no field for advancement is greater to the energetic student in industrial life than here. Young men have grown up from poverty to become the heads of business enterprises. A present factor in developing the best resources in the rising generation is found in the Young Men's Christian Association. The Springfield institution has all modern equipment, likewise an industrial department where young men receive practical training for their chosen trade. Springfield also presents educational advantages equal to eastern cities. Her public school system stands high, new buildings being recently erected to care for an increasing population. Here also is the seat of Wittenberg University. Of Lutheran

Residence of Former Governor Bushnell

origin and direction, this institution has long been a factor in shaping the affairs of state and nation. For over fifty years she has sent her graduates to fill many positions of trust and importance. Reverend Chas. G. Heckert, D. D., is president. He is supported by a faculty of well known ability and learning. Business colleges are in evidence, as well as private schools. All church denominations are represented, there being some forty congregations in the city. One public building of note is the Warder free public library, a gift from a deceased manufacturer. Free reading rooms are open to all. Springfield is also fortunate in her beautiful Snyder park. Some two hundred acres of river land, together with a magnificent sum for its beautifying and maintenance, were recently bequeathed to the city by the Messrs. Snyder, old and esteemed residents. It is open to all, and a boon to the overworked and weary. The same donors added to the efficiency of the Mitchell-Thomas Hospital (the gift of Ross Mitchell and John H. Thomas) by further endowing it in behalf of the "sick poor."

Springfield is a healthful city; for years the death rate has averaged twelve to thirteen per thousand. With a present population of about 43,600 the death rate ranks lower than in most cities of similar size. As an adjunct to this low death rate may be mentioned her ample supply of pure water, which has been recently augmented. Likewise, nearly ten miles of paved streets, in stone, brick and asphaltum. In the center of the city stands the beautiful Kelly fountain, a valued gift from the Hon. O. S. Kelly.

Perhaps the best index of the city's activity and the part it plays in the symposium of the world's traffic, may be found in the business transacted through her beautiful government building. In a single year, the postal receipts exceed $125,000, meaning a net revenue to the government of over $80,000. Nearly twelve million pieces of first class mail is handled annually. In second class matter 2,000 tons are sent out yearly. On this item, Springfield ranks sixteenth among American cities. In addition, about 150,000 telegrams are handled annually by the Western Union and the Postal, besides nearly a hundred thousand long distance messages by telephone.

The beauty of the sites surrounding Springfield, added to the activity of her people, has secured the location of three state homes—The Ohio Masonic home, the Ohio Pythian home and the Ohio Odd Fellows home. These overlook the city from its suburbs and are magnificent memorials of the living "brotherhood of man."

The story of Springfield of today would not be complete without mention of her energetic Commercial Club, of whom Dr. R. B. House is president and John H. Long secretary. This institution of 300 active business men is a coalition with the Board of Trade. Its officers welcome and invite correspondence with the outside world, upon any subject relating to the city, its advantages, and usefulness to all mankind. Their motto is characteristic of the people; "Make Springfield flourish,"—and they are doing it.

The National's Prize Competition

Subject: How Many Trades Must A Housewife Learn?

THE prize winners in this competition—(announced in the National for July)—are:

First—Mrs. Josephine M. Valentine, 48 Wolcott st., Dorchester, Massachusetts.

Second—Mrs. Eva Pittman, Rinard, Illinois.

Third—Mrs. Helen C. Day, Grand Bay, Alabama, and Abbie Libbey Homes, Janesville, Wisconsin. Only three prizes were announced, but the judges agreed that both Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Day should receive prizes, so the National awards each a third prize—three years paid-up subscription to the Magazine. Mrs. Holmes' paper will be published in the National for October.

Other competitors whose contributions were deemed worthy of honorable mention are:

Edith F. Peters, Upham's Corner, Massachusetts.
Mrs. Mary Martin, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.
Miss Agnes M. Day, Grand Bay, Alabama.
Jennie Whitney, Worcester, Mass.
Minnie H. C. Ellis, 663 La Salle ave., Chicago.
Mrs. R. B. Jennison, Proctor, Pennsylvania.
Alice L. Moore, San Francisco, California.
Carrie Campbell, Poughkeepsie, New York.
Olyetta Cookman, Clear Lake, Iowa.
Minnie L. Brimmer, Winterset, Iowa.
Mrs. Esther V. Higgins, Austin, Illinois.
Ruby Kirkpatrick, Anchorage, Kentucky.
Mrs. Emma A. Maynard, Buffalo, New York.
Mrs. Hattie D. York, Manchester, New Hampshire.
Clara M. Glover, Gordon, Nebraska.
Miss Ophelia S. McMorries, Walnut Springs, Texas.
Mrs. Lucinda S. Fenner, Plainwell, Michigan
E. A. Crum, Charleston, South Carolina

The ladies our readers were invited to discuss this subject for the information of the gentlemen their fathers, husbands and brothers. Our only regret is that we have not space for all the replies, since there is not one but contains information that should be valuable to every father, husband and brother. We warrant none of them, having read these papers, will fail hereafter to set a higher value upon the endless loyal services of womankind.

EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF A HOUSEMOTHER

By JOSEPHINE M. VALENTINE

Dorchester, Massachusetts

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

The Housemother. *Edward, her husband.* *Max, the baby.* *Helen, the nursemaid.* *Mrs. Mulligan, the washwoman.*

MONDAY—Fought with order man over incorrect items in the weekly bill. Wrote out menu for the week. The baby has been exposed to scarlet fever. Must watch for symptoms—sore throat, headache, nausea, rash. Made about four quarts rhubarb marmalade. Wonder if it wouldn't pay to make it for the trade.

Tuesday—Helped Mrs. Mulligan clean parlors. Shopping. Bought material for my wrapper, Edward's shirts, creepers and nightgowns for the boy, etc. That means sewing! Looked up cost of sugar in quantity and of jelly glasses. Looked for material for Christmas things. Shall do a set of Mexican work for mother's best chamber. Hope this year to have everything done beforehand. Was tempted to buy a cheap copy of the *Odyssey* for the boy, but print was too poor. Home to get a very late luncheon in a rush, and then another scramble to finish putting rooms in order and get dinner. The cooking doesn't seem much, now the family has dwindled to four. Straightened accounts.

Wednesday—Sounded order man about disposing of my marmalade. Prospects good. Cleaned cellar and put preserve closet in apple pie order. Made a special closet for my jelly, by putting a shelf in a box which stands on end with a curtain in front to keep out dust. By using the top, I

have three shelves "where only one grew before." If Edward weren't so handy with tools I should do more such things, for I enjoy it; but as it is, I don't have to. Why in the world the builder didn't make the preserve closet partition solid to the top instead of slatted, I don't see. Bright idea! I will tack up those old burlaps over the slats. That will keep out some dust. If this house were mine, I'd make some improvements in it — transoms over the chamber doors, for instance; it means so much better ventilation, especially in these rooms with windows on only one side. Finished day with mending. Did some fine darning on a moth-eaten shawl of Mother's. Filled in a place three eighths of an inch in diameter so you couldn't detect it a foot away.

THURSDAY — Opened trap below basin in bath room to see why water didn't discharge faster. Found nothing but some thickish scum on top. Some improvement after vigorous ramming with a long wire. Must look up the "force cup" I have seen advertised. Cut shirt waist suit for Helen. Had to cut a pattern first from an old waist. She is to help make it and learn to make button holes.

FRIDAY — Little girl next door was knocked down in the street by an express team and slightly cut on the forehead. Her mother was useless, and wasn't I glad of my hospital training! I washed her off with creolin, and when the doctor came gave her chloroform while he took a stitch and made an examination. She will be all right in a few days, as it does not appear that the wagon went over her. Trimmed my raffia hat with a little black velvet and rosette of raffia. I'm tolerably sure I shan't meet many like it. It is the most satisfactory hat I ever owned — so light and comfortable *and so cheap!*

SATURDAY — Auntie came down with her new silk waist on, to have me "pinch it in" a little here and there. She has taken it nearly all apart since the dressmaker finished it She calls it a shirt waist, and it fits like her skin, at least all around the neck, shoulders and back. I managed to get the designs transferred on the last two sides of my new wooden waste basket, so Edward could burn it when he came home. It is finished now except for the shellac. The design of each side is different. But it was a lot of hard work, for we could have Sister's pyrographic outfit only a week.

SUNDAY — Begin to feel safe from scarlet fever. Helped Edward finish and stain the bath room cabinet. It has a mirror in the door and is stained in oak. It may not look as well as one you buy, but it answers the purpose just as well. Sunday is always the end of the week to me, instead of the beginning. I think over all the bad things I have done, preparatory to doing a few more — like the Lady Mary in "Sir Charles Danvers" — only it's more likely to be the good things I haven't done. I meant to have shown Mother what Sister told me about the reed basketry, and to have had her finish the one Sis begun. I have tried to study Spanish a little evenings while I darned stockings, but haven't accomplished more than an introductory acquaintance. I'm glad I don't belong to a woman's club and have papers to write. Think I did enough of that when I taught school. I must get hold of one foreign language, anyway, so I can start Max on it when he begins going to school, or earlier. And I must take up my piano practice again, for he is to begin that even sooner. Well,— when I get my sewing done, I'll practice at least an hour a day. When I get it done!!! Yes, when?

THE HOUSEWIFE ON THE FARM

By MRS. EVA PITTMAN

RINARD, ILLINOIS

HOW many trades must a housewife learn? One, to be sure. Remember the good old maxim — "One thing at a time and that done well, is a very good rule, as many can tell." But this one includes several. I will try to mention a few that I have felt the need of in my experience as housewife, as I have been one for twelve years. Of course housewives are not supposed to be "rich," and must economize and try to make the best use of their capital.

First and second—An accountant and a financier: to be able to keep account of all household transactions and know when you

are living beyond your means. As we are farmers, I will give the experience of a housewife on the farm.

The third trade I will speak of is cooking, the fourth baking. For we must all eat, and the farmer's wife has her own cooking to do. I have four healthy children, two girls eleven and nine years of age and two boys of eight and two years, and a husband who is ambitious to get rich, and believes in "taking care of the pennies and letting the dollars take care of themselves."

The fifth I wish to speak of is dairying. We have four cows with young calves, (one cow has twins) and I have the milk and butter to care for.

Sixth — I have the washing and ironing for the family to do; laundrying I should have learned.

Seventh — I must be a housekeeper, as I have to put my own house in order. During hay harvest the three older children are expected to work out in the field, ride horseback and haul hay shocks at twentyfive cents per day, and we have as high as twelve or fifteen "hands" to cook for. (I do the cooking by myself when I am in good health.)

Eighth — When I went to clean house I found part of the woodwork sadly in need of paint, and some of the furniture needed varnishing. It would not pay a painter to come out for such a small job, so I decided to do the work myself.

Ninth — I raise chickens and turkeys to help defray living expenses, so may count myself a poultry grower.

Tenth and eleventh — Yes, I felt the need of being a carpenter and a cabinet maker. I often want a chicken coop fixed up or a screen door hung or a porch enclosed with screen wire and a nail driven "here and there;" and I have learned to do these little things. I make part of my furniture out of boxes and barrels. Two pieces of this I will describe. I took a piano box, sawed it off even across the front, drove large nails in it to hang the children's clothes on, made a curtain of cretonne across the front, and papered the sides to match the wallpaper in the room. And I made a very handy washstand out of a barrel, by laying a square board over the top, with oilcloth over it, and curtained around three sides of the board with lawn, gathered full to hide the barrel, and hung a glass on the wall over it.

Twelfth — In the Spring, when I went to clean house, I found the little bedroom needed papering. I thought it would cost too much to hire a paperhanger to come out for just one little room, so now I must turn paperhanger.

Thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth — And I have to do my own sewing, so I must be a seamstress or dressmaker, as well as tailoress, and milliner or trimmer, as I generally buy the material and make our hats, to save the price of making, which is from twentyfive to fifty cents a hat.

Sixteenth — I am expected to raise "garden truck" for family use, so need to learn agriculture.

Seventh — I have made several rag carpets and sold two of them, and am thus a weaver.

Eighteenth — Yes, and I am expected to dry fruit for family. I have to run a small evaporator and a small canning factory, as I am expected to can and preserve and make jelly and fruit butters enough for family use.

We are just through putting up our hay and my husband has gone five miles away to help his brother-in-law in his haying for a few days, and I am left with the responsibility of the family, farm and stock, which latter consists of twenty yearlings, four cows with young calves; three sows, (one has eight young pigs); three mules three years old, (one has a bad wire cut on left hind leg, which we can't get to heal, though we have tried all the remedies we know); two horses, (one with a skinned shoulder and the other met with an accident while one of the children was hauling hay shocks — got his feet tangled in the ropes and fell down, the rope cutting a gash on the back of the foot just above the hoof, and he is so lame he can barely hobble up to the watering tub. The child was not hurt except slight bruises and badly frightened. I need to know veterinary surgery and stock raising so that I can care for the animals in emergencies.

This brings the tally of my trades to twenty.

And, by the way, here is another trade I need. The cattle got to the surrey and tore the cushion so that I had to upholster it, as there was not a professional upholsterer at hand.

And now three of my children are old enough to take music lessons; it is not convenient to hire a teacher, and we don't feel that we can bear the expense, which would be about $24 for three months or $96 per year. So I must rally my forces and review on the rudiments of music, and turn music teacher, which will be trade No. 22. And a mother has to serve as nurse, governess and family doctor.

THE PRINCESS WHO BECAME A QUEEN

By MRS. HELEN C. DAY

GRAND BAY, ALABAMA

ONCE upon a time there was a queen who was very anxious to serve her subjects faithfully — for even a queen must serve; she must give time, talents and opportunities to promote the welfare of her subjects. This queen of whom I write was queen of a beautiful realm called Home, and had been trained by a Wise Woman whom we will call her Fairy Godmother.

The Wise Woman had advised her while she was yet a Princess to fit herself as nearly as possible for the weight of care she was about to take upon her slender shoulders.

So the Princess, under the tuition of the fairy, who had but to raise her wand and the thing was done, learned all the secrets of the kitchen. She learned to broil a steak fit for a King to eat; to make delicious coffee; to bake bread light and sweet and delicately browned; pastry that fairly melted in the mouth; cake of a feathery lightness; to make jellies of crystal clearness, rich jams and preserves, and many other things dear to the heart of kings. She learned to set a dainty, flower-crowned table, and to serve the food as deftly as ever waitress could; and, being a College Graduate, her knowledge of chemistry, added to the teachings of the Wise Woman, enabled the Princess to prepare food that made

> "*Good digestion wait on appetite,*
> *And health on both.*"

Under the guidance of the Wise Woman the Princess also supplemented her school course in physiology and hygiene by a short course in medicine limited to *Emergency Cases* and *What to Do Until the Doctor Comes.*

The milliner, dressmaker, tailoress and others were called upon in turn to contribute to the Princess' store of knowledge. Indeed, she became so wise and capable that when the King called her to share his throne, she was not Queen in name only. Her subjects were devoted to her, and the King crowned her with his love. "Her children rise up and call her blessed; and her husband also, he praiseth her."

Dressmaker and Milliner,
Seamstress and Cook;
Professor, familiar
With many a book;
Carpenter, ready
To put up a shelf;
Nursery Maid, tending
Each plump little elf;
Machinist, repairing
The sewing machine;
Chamber Maid neatest
That ever was seen;
Caterer, Carver,
Baker of Bread;
(The thought of it gives one
A pain in one's head!)
Hostess and Dishwasher,
Tailoress, too;
Teacher of Music,—
(I'm weary! Aren't you?)
Laundress; Doctor,
Without a fee;
Trained Nurse and Bath Girl
At times she must be;
Teacher and Preacher;
(The busiest life!)
Queen of the Household,
Mother and Wife.

ON THE LEVEL PLAIN

I DREAMED of heights of worldliness,
Of rainbow paths my feet might press;
Joy beckoned, and Hope led me on,
But Love, with dew-wet kisses, won.

Beside Love's steps my own are stayed,
On level plain my tent is made,
With round of tasks from day to day
And wee hands crowding in my way.

The distant heights I may not see
While these small hands reach up to me;
Nor look I to the arching skies,—
My stars shine in my baby's eyes.

But when, at night, beside the bed,
I lean above each sleeping head,
I thank God that my feet may press
The Mother road of Happiness.

Cora A. Matson-Dolson

PLUNGE BATH AT HOT SPRINGS, SOUTH DAKOTA, THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA

In the Wonderful Black Hills

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

"OFF for the Black Hills!" Aboard a Pullman on the Chicago & Northwestern at the Chicago station, I waved my hand to an old miner of '75, who had made his adieus years ago in a very different way. Then it was a perilous trip of months, by ox-team express, and he had just finished telling me of some of the thrilling adventures of early days as I handed my grip to the porter. He was traveling in another direction on this occasion, but the fascinating interest associated with a trip to the Black Hills never wanes, for those who have been there.

The Black Hills? Where are they? What are they? How do you get there? These queries I have heard from persons well posted on the geography of the eastern states. Somehow one never has a clear and comprehensive idea of a section until he has visited and seen it. Yes, I will confess it, my first impressions of the Black Hills were gained from literature that made immortal the fame of "Deadwood Dick." And how these visions were shattered upon finding the Black Hills country in the very forefront of culture and those things that go to make up the best we have in American civilization.

The "Black Hills Express" dashed into the constellation of switch lights in its flight across the prairies of Illinois and Iowa. In the early '60s the Northwestern was the first railroad to reach the Missouri river and now it has a double track to Omaha with perfected equipment equal to that of any railroad in the world. This railway has played an important constructive part in the development of the great Northwest. Cities have been developed at each temporary terminal, as the road pushed on toward the setting sun.

Rubbing my eyes after a refreshing night's rest, I saw the station signboard outside, which read "Missouri Valley Junction." Here one line of steel goes to Omaha and the other on to Fremont and the Black Hills. At the city of Fremont, named after the great "pathfinder," General Fremont, we found a thriving city of homes bounded on every side by limitless acres of rich farming lands. On up the famed Elkhorn valley we dashed, noting the stages of development which followed the railroad.

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The following morning breakfast was taken at Buffalo Gap, where a branch line leads to the famous Hot Springs,

South Dakota, known as the "Carlsbad of America." At this historical distributing point of the early pioneer days we got the first glimpse of the Black Hills, that rose up out of the great sea of prairie like islands in the ocean. The dense growth of Norway pine, covering about 3,500 square miles, is what gave them the name of Black Hills. Very few portions of this great country furnish a more thrilling and picturesque chapter to history than the Black Hills. It was not so very long ago—1874—that the first discovery of gold was made by courageous adventurers following the Custer expedition among the hostile indians. The first date of actual settlement is given as 1876—the centennial of the signing of the *Declaration of Independence.* The military occupation, resisted fiercely by the indians, made the life of gold seekers and frontiersmen in those days rather hazardous; but on February 27, 1877, the gold bearing treasure trove of the Black Hills was thrown open to settlement.

HOT SPRINGS, SOUTH DAKOTA, SHOWING THE EVANS HOUSE AND THE GILLISPIE HOTEL

The branch line to the Hot Springs furnishes a glimpse of the famous stretch of grazing lands. The road winds up the hills in a picturesque canyon where the upheavals of earlier ages have left peculiar formations in the foothills. It seemed like an ornamental gateway to one of nature's great sanitariums. The quarries of beautiful pink sandstone provide a fitting embankment for the stream fed by the springs above. Watercress fringes the banks of the stream, giving a bright touch of green to the landscape, Winter and Summer.

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Rounding a curve, one comes upon the "Carlsbad of America" nestling in between the hills,—an ideal health retreat. Now one can realize why this spot was the scene of many bloody contests between rival tribes of indians. The wonderful curative properties of the springs were recognized long before the white man came and they were regarded as a supernatural gift. On the summit of Battle mountain, near Hot Springs, the mighty Sioux of fifty years ago conquered the Cheyennes and nearly exterminated the tribe. The Cheyennes, outnumbered, fought for their home in the fortifications which still remain and are now a scene of historic interest to thousands of tourists. In 1876, the Sioux were given $4,500,000 by the United States government for the Black Hills district, including the springs.

Originally, the springs were called "Wi-wi-la-kah-tu"—"springs hot"—and the region was known as "Minnekohta," "hot water," by the indians; and they were literally in "hot water" all the time to retain possesssion of the famed spot. A primitive log cabin still remaining, and the handsome Evans Hotel and the Gillispie House, built of pink sandstone, show by contrast what has been done in the development of Hot Springs as a pleasure and health resort. The Evans Hotel with its spacious verandas, perfect appointments for 400 guests, its famous baths and plunge, is not surpassed. The great plunge baths are a center of interest. A spacious oval glass-and-iron structure seventyfive by 250 feet, covering a bathing pool with a natural gravel bottom and fed by the crystal waters at a temperature of ninetysix degrees, is the scene of many pleasant hours for bathers and spectators. A visit to the plunge is a part of the program every day and is one of the pleasures

incident to health building in this city.

The seventyfive springs of various temperatures flow from the hills into the valley of Fall River, and the evidence of their curative and health building qualities is certainly astonishing. The famous "Hygeia" or Kidney Springs, nearly opposite the hotel, possess remarkable diuretic qualities, when drunk in large quantities fresh from the springs and in connection with the baths.

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Showers of sunshine and the bracing, buoyant, prairie air of Hot Springs have made it immensely popular as a pleasure and health resort. The old Chatauqua grounds, on a beautiful plateau surrounded by mountains, has been the scene of notable gatherings. There is an atmosphere of social life and culture at Hot Springs that is attractive. The merry tallyho whirling over the picturesque and historic stage routes, with old time stage drivers to recite indian stories, is a pleasure never to be forgotten. Horseback rides alternate with mountain climbing excursions —showing the wide range of pleasures always at hand. The golf links are always in favor. The healthiest pleasures of East and West meet and blend in this land of scenery and sunshine.

Soldiers' Home at Hot Springs, South Dakota

Hot Springs is a substantial little city of hospitable people, worthy of its good fortune and growing with its fame. It is one of those fortunate places which thousands remember gratefully as the scene of their restoration to health and happiness. Down either side of the streets of Hot Springs flows the water of the springs. The great plunge bath is fed by myriads of springs flowing into the pool through its gravel bottom. The water of the pool, tempered "just right" by the hot and cold springs, passes on through the pool to the irrigating ditches.

The wonders of irrigation are revealed in side trips from Hot Springs, in great fields of green alfalfa. The water wheels lend a touch of quaintness to the view, and the methods by which every source of water supply is utilized are a triumph of modern engineering. It reveals the vast latent farming wealth of these huge stretches of prairie. The irrigating ditches are life giving arteries that almost make tropical luxuriance possible in the temperate zone of the Black Hills.

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It is a commonplace that character is mainly determined by climate. And in this particular the Black Hills district is the golden mean, the equable zone between the lofty highlands westward and the low plains of the midland river valleys. "An average elevation of 3,000 to 4,000 feet seems best fitted for average human beings," said a well known physician to me. "While I have the utmost respect for the eminent physicians who ascribe the great restorative qualities of this South Dakota country to the hot springs, yet I firmly believe the chief virtue is the well tempered, pure air, — the three hundred days of perfect sunshine,—the wealth of freely circulating breezes : — in fact, the perfect environment which has made this country one great solarium of nature."

On a sightly hill near by is the Soldiers' Home of South Dakota, where over a hundred old veterans are spending the sunset of life; and I never visited an institution of this kind where there was

a more happy, jolly lot of contented veterans. The United States government has appropriated $530,000 for a soldiers' sanitarium situated on a commanding hill. Its selection as one of the eight sanitarium branch homes of the National Soldiers' Home system shows that Hot Springs, South Dakota, has the endorsement of the federal government as an ideal place for recuperation. Hot Springs has often been the resting place for a number of celebrities in all professions, among whom is General Miles, who knew of the place during the exciting Indian wars in which he made history.

In a cemetery just back of the Home

FALL RIVER, HOT SPRINGS, SOUTH DAKOTA

sleep the scarred veterans who have passed into the shadows. Gathered here in this lovely spot were the boys in blue from twenty different states, who went forth to the defence of the old flag. Here they came and were cared for as adopted citizens by one of the youngest states of the Union they had helped to preserve. Tenderly cared for, life was prolonged to its utmost limit until taps were sounded amid the beautiful surroundings of this last bivouac.

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A drive beside the banks of the Fall River and beyond its confluence with the Cheyenne, about twelve miles from Hot Springs, brings our party to the famed Lithia springs for a most pleasant day's outing. "There's a sweet companionship in these hills," said an old settler to me. "Lonesome? Bless you, no. We never tire of the hills—they greet us at sunrise and bid us a sunset farewell; and in all the ups and downs of pioneer life they stand as faithful and sympathetic sentinels about our canyon home."

Following up the canyon, we drove to the entrance of Wind Cave, twelve miles from Hot Springs. An occasional abandoned claim shack—dugout or sod house—furnished a picturesque glimpse of the early pioneer life. The modest little school houses told a story of the strength of the Republic. The entrance to Wind Cave is rather unpretentious, in keeping with the story told of its discovery by a cowboy who in 1877 found the opening and felt the whistling wind from its interior blow cold on his face. The extent of the cave is not yet known. The passages run in levels, much the same as mines. Some at first thought that it might be an ancient gold mine, but the generally accepted theory is that Wind Cave is a "great geyser gone dry."

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The first breathing spell in the cave, after a glimpse at the Lincoln fireplace, was at the "postoffice." Cards, letters, telegrams, papers with names and addresses were scattered about in profusion in a lobby of the cave, where the formation suggested letter boxes in a postoffice. The beauties of the chambers were splendidly shown by dripping candles and burning colored lights. In McKinley hall, moved by the grandeur of the radiant reflections, the company stopped and sang *My Country, 'Tis of Thee;* and, as the refrain echoed far down the corridors, it recalled the old, weird stories of the catacombs of Rome. Some of the other halls are appropriately named, as the peculiar formations in the cave suggest. There was one hall dedicated as a church by enterprising Meth-

odists. Then the Odd Fellows, Elks and traveling men have assembly rooms. The climb down 250 feet, and on through the labryinth, was full of interest at every point. No palace of ancient or modern times was ever hung with such jeweled decorations. The guide was a merry man with many jokes, and he told of how the bright Dakota maiden had evaded as well as kept her vow "not to be married to the best man on earth," by having the nuptial bond sealed in Wind Cave, underneath the wind-swept prairies.

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Embracing about 5,000 square miles, chiefly in South Dakota and a portion of Wyoming, the Black Hills reach elevations varying from 3,500 feet in the foothills to 8,200 on Harney peak. The hills lie between the North fork and the South fork of the Cheyenne, and run in a northwest-southeast line for 120 miles, with a width from forty to sixty miles.

The Black Hills were mentioned in Washington Irving's *Astoria* and were known to John Jacob Astor's fur traders in the early part of the last century. After the treaty of 1858 the Hills were set apart as a reservation for the Sioux indians, and for many years were the red man's "happy hunting ground." When General Custer officially announced the discovery of gold in 1874, a tide of gold seekers began to flow into this Eldorado that lay a little to the north of the overland trail. In 1877 Senator George B. Hearst and other California capitalists were attracted to the Black Hills. They secured the Homestake mine, which has become the largest producing gold mine in the world. Incorporated on November 5, 1877, it has yielded over $75,000,000 of gold, nearly half of it from open cuts, and has paid about $12,000,000 in dividends.

The Northwestern line was the first to reach the Black Hills, in 1890, and in the wake of railway construction followed a rapid development of natural resources. Mining has in later days come to be a distinctly industrial operation, and in no mining camp is this more clearly demonstrated than in the Black Hills district.

In respect of attractive natural scenery, the Black Hills district has few equals. The ride over the line of the Chicago & Northwestern from Deadwood to Lead, the twin cities, reveals a panorama of the Black Hills. The great horseshoe curves wind in and out of the hills. At the junction of Black Tail and Gold Run gulch is Central City, a place which has figured prominently in the pioneer history of the hills. Sixteen miles of curved rails radiating from Deadwood to Lead, and branching off to the Bald Mountain road, reach points of scenic interest that well repay one for the entire trip from the Atlantic coast. The great mountains on either side are honeycombed with prospectors' shafts. What tales those hills could tell! Above the roar of the train I could hear the busy hum of industry—the ceaseless chatter of the stamp mills. The cyanide plants are drawing gold—pay dirt—from the tailings of the mills, stuff counted as waste in former days.

LEAD CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA, AND THE HOMESTAKE MINE WHICH HAS PRODUCED $75,000,000 IN GOLD SINCE 1876

In Deadwood again we find the Northwestern station just in the center of things, within a minute's walk of the Franklin House, one of the finest hostel-

DEADWOOD, SOUTH DAKOTA

ries in the Northwest. The main business street is built down the gulch, and is a scene of activity. It is difficult to reconcile the stories of early days, when six shooters were rife, with the city of today, with its homes, schools and air of thrift and comfort. Three railway tracks cross each other at the entrance to Lead, one of the most interesting and thriving mining towns in the world. A city gateway of railway tracks is certainly typical of the times. The celebrated Homestake gold mine, the largest in the world, is located here. On up the hill, almost at the head of Gold Run, can be seen the great open cut where the original Homestake claim was located. On every hand are towering smoke-stacks and the busy rumble of machinery and stamp mills.

The net result of a day's work of 2,500 men in the Homestake is shown in little balls of gold, covered with mercury, which look like oranges covered with tin foil. The ceaseless stamps of the mills, grinding up the rock, release the golden grains of metal. The great plant, located on both sides of the canyon, is indeed an illustration of the American way of "doing things on a big scale." The men are all paid the same wages as in the days of the gold boom. There has never been even the suggestion of a strike. There are workmen in the mines who own brick blocks in the city. The sons of miners are attending eastern colleges and institutes of technology, and spend their vacations under the glimmer of a Homestake candle. They are the region's best asset.

There is a blunt frankness and picuresque originality in the nomenclature of the mines. While the Homestake is the golden sun of the hills, there are hundreds of other paying properties. The titles, such as "Golden Reward," "Highland," "Horseshoe," "Hidden Fortune," "Holy Terror," "Spearfish," "Saginaw," "Keystone," "Uncle Sam," "Wasp No. 2," "False Bottom," "Two Bits" and others indicate that there was no lack of appropriate names to make a choice from when a lucky strike was made.

ENTRANCE TO WIND CAVE

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The scene is thrilling as we ascend and look upon scenery that rivals anything in the world. A trip to the Black Hills is certainly the cap sheaf

of a variety of landscape views offered in the thousand-mile journey from Chicago to Deadwood, all over the one railroad, the Chicago & Northwestern. For novelty, variety and beauty it is not equalled on the line of any single railroad in the world. It is a tour rich in industrial thrift and scenic surprises; and, as the gold seekers turned this way after the California rush of '49, so the tourist tide is today discovering in the Black Hills one of the most fascinating outing grounds in America.

The Black Hills never can be adequately appreciated until visited. They are indeed one of the "sights" of the country, quite as well worth studying as the Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, the Yosemite and other star attractions in the western wonderland.

THE National Magazine Library plan is already a whirlwind success. It grows so fast that the books actually appear to be fluttering about, looking for locations. Mr. Carnegie is erecting hundreds of handsome public library buildings — but we want to get these books directly into the homes and hearts, so that the individual, not the public, will own and prize them.

You own them. The American spirit doesn't take kindly to borrowing where it can earn and own. And if you want to mark a book, fondle a book, dog-ear it or doggone it, or turn down its pages, —just do it: the right to do this goes with ownership. The National's plan is a new one, making it possible for every one to read the latest and best fiction practically without cost and to *own a volume in the library*. The volume means you are a stockholder, not a borrower nor recipient of charity: your book is your share. It also means that you are a part of a cohesive organization that meets on the common ground of reading the latest fiction; of social greeting with neighbors. Families in apartment houses living next door for years, with hardly more than a speaking acquaintance, write us that the National Magazine Library has performed the good offices of a friendly introduction, and the janitor is duly installed as librarian. The neighbors now "neighborate" and know more of one another than the name on the mail box in the vestibule.

Now the next month will count in the Library undertaking. If you are interested, just make an effort and see how the ball will roll. We are now equipped to furnish the books promptly. It is the new books of fiction that we find best suited for the National Magazine Library. The people read book reviews in the daily newspapers and want something beside those installment-stuffed old novels with gilt binding, which possibly ornament a room but are read by few. Even the fiction that had a great run only a few years ago is read with keen interest after its period of fallowing. You keep in touch with the current American thought, which is far more useful and satisfying than an exclusive diet of Dickens, Thackeray and Scott — excellent though they are. This Library fills in the niches of time,—and there is no occasion to wait for six months, as at the public library, to obtain a book of fiction that is in popular demand. You go to your drug store, corner grocery,

factory or office, hotel or club, or even to your neighbor's or the janitor and get the book out of your own library.

The odd moments spent on street cars will enable you to read a current novel and understand it so as to judge for yourself of the trend of American fiction.

The story of National Magazine Library No. 1 is worth telling. Postmaster Robinson at Louden, New Hampshire, owns a store and is located nine miles from a railroad. A Boston friend with a summer home there gave him prompt notice of the Library plan and offered to go in. Mr. Robinson drove about the neighborhood—those charming old farms in the New Hampshire hills—rushed the money to Boston that night and had the National Magazine Library No. 1 installed in his store within a short time. The people are proud of their library, and the membership bids fair to increase to 100 or more and to include every family in the neighborhood.

The picturesque triangular crossing of the roads at a little New Hampshire town was a fitting place for the great movement to start; and if a million books are placed, as we anticipate, we will certainly feel that the National Magazine has done its part in the great library epoch inaugurated by Andrew Carnegie.

THE trend of modern business has been emphasized in the tendency toward consolidation of banks, giving the ablest bankers larger resources with which to withstand all sorts of panicky epidemics and to meet the growing demands of legitimate trade expansion. Especially has this phase of business been marked of late in conservative Boston. The oldest bank in the city, the Massachusetts National, established in 1784, with all the splendor of historical traditions leading back to the very formation of the nation, was absorbed by the First National, organized two years before the war of 1812 aroused the ire of the Hartford convention. The new consolidation was a case of the absorber using the name of the absorbed, for Daniel G. Wing, president, and Fred H. Curtiss, cashier of the Massachusetts National, are at the head of the new bank, with John Carr, president of the old First National, as chairman of the board. The growth of the Massachusetts National bank under the able, aggressive and conservative management of Mr. Wing has been one of the features of Boston financial history for several years past. The quiet, unpretentious way in which this great consolidation was effected in a few hours, with every dot and dash of legal process and formality observed, reveals what American business men can accomplish in these days. At eleven o'clock on Saturday, June 27, a syndicate purchased control of the First National; at twelve the Massachusetts National voted to liquidate; at two o'clock the bank examiner had his report ready for Washington. Before the four o'clock closing hour in Washington the comptroller had telephoned approval, and in another hour the $5,000,000, money and securities, was transferred to the old Massachusetts bank and right on the tick of the watch, without losing one second of business time, this consolidation was effected. The new First National Bank was ready for business at nine o'clock Monday morning. The new bank has an aggregate of $10,000,000 and upward in deposits and is counted one of the strong financial institutions of Boston, ready to cope with banking propositions according to the needs of the times. It is the strong centralization of interests in institutions of this kind that does most to avert disaster from spasmodic stock flurries, when the actual resources of the country do not warrant apprehension.

SCARCELY one year ago, out of the scorching haze of Italian September, I ascended the long marble stairway from St. Peters at Rome to the Vatican. After a short wait in the corridor, we were in the presence of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. The prim puritan lady at my side was greeted first, and she stooped and kissed the great green seal ring on the extended hand. The gentle, gracious smile, the tender light from the brown eyes beneath the white cap—all so simple, so unstudied—made a picture fascinating and vivid. Pontiff and puritan met, and the barriers of centuries seemed to me dissolving in the sunlight which streamed in from the Sistine chapel like an aureole.

The plaudits of the thronging pilgrims

whom the pope had just blessed; the measured march of the procession of cardinals; the treasures from the brushes of masters on the walls and ceiling; the storied traditions of ages: all these were lost to me as I watched this simple scene —so void of all ceremonial, so vivid in its simplicity, and so divine in its touch of the human.

As the last embers of life faded in Pope Leo—somehow I felt the hot tears rushing. Although not of his church, I never could forget the beneficent kindliness of that look given the kneeling daughter of the puritans who paid her tribute to the pontiff not only as the head of the Catholic church but as a man whose life belonged to all history and was a heritage of humankind.

The small and stooping, white robed figure in the chair borne on the shoulders of the sturdy Swiss guards toward the altar was an ideal picture of serenity. The little crucifix sparkled in the sunlight as he arose, with 'kerchief in one hand and holding to the side of the chair with the other, turning right and left to the cheering pilgrims from Austria. There was an unstudied and winsome graciousness in every move of the slight form that reminded me at once of William McKinley: that giving of himself to others; that heartsome pulsating sympathy that never fails to awaken a responsive chord.

Memories of days in Rome cluster about this scene. The Forum, the Parthenon, the Coliseum, the Quirinal—all these were interesting as history; but here was a man—regal in the richness of manhood—who gave life to the picture. The vast splendor of St. Peter's, sublime in its traditions and associations; the great monument of Michael Angelo—all this of vital interest, because of Leo at the Vatican.

The history of the Roman people of centuries is told in paragraphs of broken English by the guides, as we stand on Palatine and look upon the seven hills which reveal the scenic setting of the story. Frowning St. Angelo near by has its prison shadows by way of contrast to the glittering dome of St. Peter's. And yet in all this, the interest centered in the slight figure within the Vatican walls, who belonged to humankind of his day, as did our own McKinley. Kindred affections of the world focus in ideal human character, and this is truly a Catholicism far beyond creed and dogma. Pope Leo won the heart of the world by love—the attributes of his God and Christ,—and the beautiful sunset of his life illumes the great and stirring epoch in which he lived.

The rich, resonant voice at the altar had a mature strength of its own. This man's mind had spoken to a world in encyclicals; had grappled the great questions of present and future with an understanding and comprehension of life gained in those days when Joachim Pecci was a welcome visitor at Windsor and all the other capitals of Europe where the problems of civilization were met. His visit to England indicated where he obtained the beautiful enunciation of English with which he greeted American visitors.

From the great organ came stately harmony as we retraced our steps down that long stairway. One last look at the white form as it faded away within the great doors. The papal chair which he had just left was touched by the pilgrims as they crossed themselves devoutly.

As we drove away from the fluttering pigeons on the Plaza of St. Peter's to seek midday rest, there was a feeling that we had met in the flesh one of the great men of the times. After a long sigh, the silence was broken:

"Such a good man and pure soul—so Christlike—I am glad I had the privilege of kissing the signet."

This from the lady of stern puritan blood and faith may not possess the rounded periods of classical eulogy, but it came straight from the heart. As for me—the inspiration of that noonday greeting of Pope Leo XIII was a sunburst of the splendor of love—that love which comprehends all religions and all humanity.

AUTUMN has begun to flaunt her banners along the roadsides. The farmer sees his outdoor year drawing to a prosperous close. The school boys and girls count the few remaining days of their vacation. The foresighted householder lays in his winter's coal. Wall street has wrung the water out of stocks, some of it, at any rate, and sheared the lambs. Incidentally, some wolves also got sheared. Business generally is good, and the temper of the people is hopeful.

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